

THE MICK 53

Xmas 2010



EDITORIAL VOMIT



CHRISTMAS PAST: What are your abiding memories of Christmas, and what fills you with the greatest joy, or trepidation?

AINE BRANCH

www.facebook.com/pandorasbox

The great joy of Christmas past was when I was little and my dad was still alive. He made the holidays magical in way that I have never experienced again. The hardest part of Christmas was the night before and trying to get to sleep

ALAN HICKS (Writer/DJ)

www.dominionmag.com www.komodorock.com

www.myspace.com/rockmatrix www.myspace.com/hiximus

I think like most people I remember Christmas as a kid. As soon as you start work each Christmas seems to meld into one unless you go somewhere special or have kids of your own. My main memories are Christmas dinner (my favourite meal), usually watching at least one film and of course loads of lovely presents! I've missed out family as I am lucky enough to live close enough to see them all year round anyway. Snow is the only thing I dislike if it is on any day other than Christmas Day. It just gets in the way and makes everything more difficult. Yes, I have been called Scrooge and used the word 'humbag' on various occasions.

ALETHEA CARR

www.facebook.com/profile.php?id=1849481100

I grew up with two sets of great-grandparents still going strong (one great-grandmother lived to 102), and so Christmas was always centred around their houses. My great-grandmothers had this sort of unspoken, decades-long competition when it came to ornaments. Soft and tiny Mae would make, say, miniature working postboxes to hold



money or candy - absolute torture to see them hanging from the tree and be forbidden from looking in all month - and grand, queen-like Rona would answer with something like a set of small cardinals with wired feet for attaching to the branches. They'd look so realistic you could almost imagine she had a secret taxidermy hobby. This went on for a good half-century, and the pile of ornaments grew to a ridiculous amount - well near a thousand all together! Now they're gone, I've inherited part of the collection, and my children, husband, and I hang them on our tree (or, at least, all we have room for). I don't really put anything in the postboxes after the year I forgot a bit of peppermint in one and it melted all over the inside in storage (but I still like to open and close the little door when no one's watching); and the birds look a bit mouldy and extra-deceased, and they smell a bit weird - I swear they were never real birds, so I don't quite understand it - but I like them and I like that they creep out my eight-year-old so delightfully. My greatest joy? Having an annual time set aside just for telling my friends and family how much I treasure them and how glad I am they exist! Greatest trepidation? Trying to keep a poker face when one of them gives me something revolting for Christmas.

ALI HOWELLS (The Danse Society Reformation Plot)
www.facebook.com/pages/THE-DANSE-SOCIETY-REFORMATION-PLOT/227357422417

My fondest memories would have to go back to my childhood days, living at home with my Parents. Power-Cuts were the 'must have' for every Christmas at home, with my Father rushing out to the shed to fetch the car battery so that he could rig a light up for my Mother to sit and do her tapestry by, whilst my Father and I sat playing Monopoly on the small table in our lounge with a large candle sitting in the centre of the board.....Health & Safety ??? With all that paper money around - yes - I think so!

Another memory is my Mother putting Christmas lights up all around our kitchen window, and my Father going mad, as she *only* used to switch them on for the Paper Boy every day!, and she would bring him in and give him beans on toast if he looked cold - bless her.

Also the excitement of seeing loads of little turquoise trifle dishes being set out on the draining board, and then when filled with jelly put in the Piano Room over-night, and no-one was allowed in there! And as if by magic the next day they'd have custard and cream and hundreds and thousands on the top.....they looked so pretty and delicious.

We always had to have the bloody Nativity Scene set out around the bottom of the Christmas tree too - which half my farm animals went missing out of my Animal Tin every year! (LOL) an old HACKS tin it was, and my Father used to bring polystyrene shapes home from work for snow, and my Mother used to have me sitting quietly threading them onto string.....and oh yes, whilst I had a needle in my hand she'd get me eating a Pomegranate (well, the bits) off the end of a needle too.....Health & Safety again ??? (LOL).

As a child my Parents told me that one year (think I was about 3 or 4) that I cried on Boxing Day. Why, I hear you ask ???.....I was born on Christmas Eve, so obviously had presents given to me that day, then again the next day.....and apparently they told me that on Boxing Day I was in tears because, "He hasn't been today!"(LOL).....everything is so simple in a child's eyes.

I must admit though Mick, I still have the same problem today though! (Not crying over presents - I'm not that bad) HEHEHE....but still people/family will buy me one present for both - so I never know whether to open it on my Birthday or save it for Christmas !....and yes, before you ask - you *always* feel as though you've been done! HEHEHE

On the upside though, when I was old enough, I used to go for a walk around our little village and into every Public House - saying that it was my Birthday today (Xmas Eve) and they all used to give me a FREE drink! :) - Those were the days my friend.



Was great when our girls were small, but now I feel that this just may be the last year of them believing that a huge fat red guy comes down our chimney, and that reindeer fly in the sky!

Also we have lost my Mother now, so Christmas is basically just making sure that my Father is NOT left on his own at any point - he is 90yrs old now and I always fear that each Christmas could be his last, so we like to make it special for him.....although, in all honesty I think that he'll out-live me and my girls! HEHEHEHE. Well, I'd like to think so anyway ;)

AMBER ERLANDSSON (Morrigan Hel)
www.nemhain.com www.murdermile.co.uk
www.morrigan-hel.com www.facebook.com/morriganhel

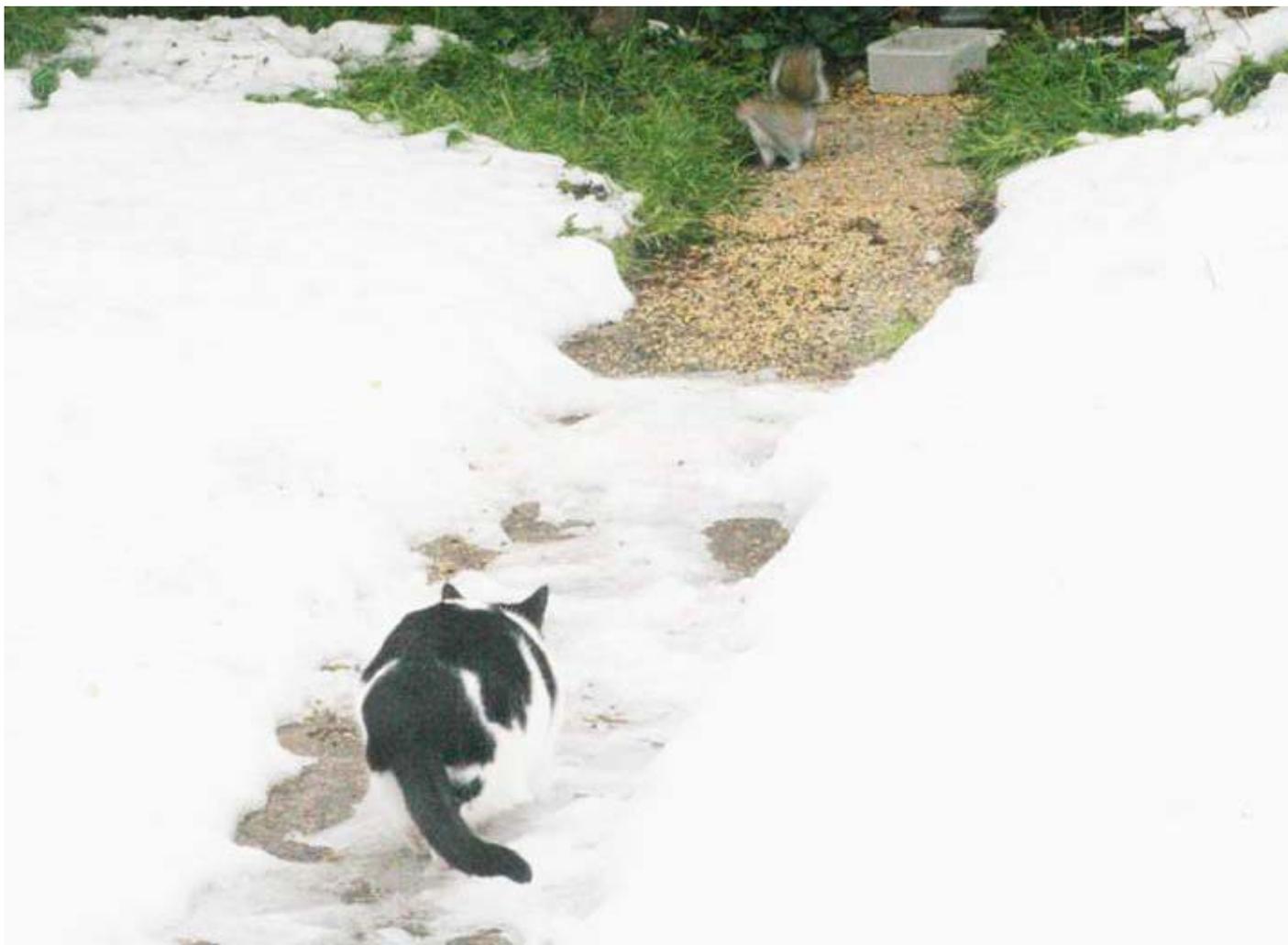
My mum never liked Xmas because her parents died in a car crash when she was a kid, so it was always a bit of a mixed bag so to speak. She suffered quite badly from depression at that time of year. Other than that I have pretty good memories of Xmas as a child. I'm from Wales and I remember there being a lot of snow in December which I loved but I hated snowmen so I used to make snow cats instead. The stream at the bottom of our garden would freeze over and myself and my brother would slide along it on our arses, great fun! Towards the top of the stream there was a tunnel with icicles hanging from it and I remember being totally fascinated by them and then of course there were the snowball fights :)

ANDY CALE COUSIN (Many bands you have loved)
www.facebook.com/profile.php?id=100001715968859

I love Xmas, it's a laugh, but a very dangerous time for old people

ANDY DEANE
www.andydeane.net
www.bellamorte.com
www.TheRainWithin.com

I remember how tough it was getting to sleep the on Christmas Eve. And spending Xmas day at my grandma's house with my family, which was enormous on account of my mom having eleven brothers and sisters. To this day, being around my family and friends means more to me than anything else on Xmas. My only trepidation involves



those folks who think it's worthwhile to trample people to get a \$400 laptop.

ANDY PEARSON (Fear & Loathing)

<http://www.facebook.com/profile.php?id=1072187336>

As a kid, I always found Christmas to be disappointing. You really build it up to be this great approaching moment, but when it happened it never seemed to match up to expectations. Not that it was necessarily bad, just that it was never as good as it had been 'advertised'.



ANNA ALIENA (Singer of ShirayasDream and Verney 1826)

www.myspace.com/shirayasdream

www.myspace.com/annaliena

When I was a child, Christmas was the most exciting event of the year. I just loved receiving presents and couldn't wait to get them! ;-) On

Christmas Eve I used to watch lots of children's movies on TV to pass the time till the arrival of Santa.

AZIA JUSTINE (Des Modules Etranges)

www.myspace.com/lesmodulesetranges

www.lesmodulesetranges.fr

Time with my family who I only rarely see due to the distance (I'm leaving in France and most of them live in Denmark). Eating lots of delicious food and drinking lots of good wine. I actually like Christmas... Not so Goth I know lol!

BARRINGTON STEELE

<http://www.facebook.com/barrie.young>

A time for being with family above all else. These days is mainly kept magic by the presence of my daughter who thankfully at nearly 8 'still believes'. Makes you feel very humble and realise the blissful ignorance and innocence of youth.

BARRY DJBATS

www.facebook.com/barry.djbats

Having dinner & drinks at my mom's house, watching Willy Wonka (original movie).

BOD

www.facebook.com/bodbaber

I haven't entirely grown up yet, but most of my boyhood (aged 1 to 8) was spent howling at the wind and running wild on a farm on a hill above Strangford Lough in County Down, Northern Ireland. Of course Christmas is a time that's particularly adored by all children: even so, I pronouncedly remember the Christmases I spent there as being flushed with immeasurable joy. My memory quickens as I recall driving in a Land Rover (often through snow) with my father to pick up a huge tree from a neighbouring farmer; the house would be replete with a snootful of decorations; we'd invariably be visited by ruddy-



cheeked, slightly pissed army officers who would ruffle my hair and give me catapults, penknives and torches (I loved torches, so would always get a bunch of them as presents). My brothers and I would get to stay up late and get given beer by my father's friends; we'd run outside in the snow, under the stars in our pyjamas, and return to dry off in front of the fire, drinking hot chocolate.. Actually I almost can't begin to describe how idyllic, superabundant and brimming it was. For those Christmases, I was Huck Finn on a sledge.

Years later my parents would divorce and my father eventually drowned in a lake of Chivas Regal, but, somehow - regardless of the unyielding and relentless change that life thrusts upon us - I'll never forget those years, particularly around Christmas time. Notwithstanding the shifting, seesawing mutability of life, those memories prevail. Hopefully all of us have some kind of fond recall of childhood, if only just in order to have some kind of reference point with which to weigh or fathom other experiences by. Perhaps just one really good Christmas serves as a judging point, a kind of golden mean for the future, and in this sense one could argue that regardless of whether it's really Saturnalia, a Pagan winter solstice, the birthday of the unconquered sun, the celebration of the birth of a hippy bloke a couple of thousand years ago or just an ancient festival of light, the true purpose of Christmas is warmth.

We're warm-blooded, and - if it's done right - a good Christmas sets the heart afire.

BUNNY

www.facebook.com/bunnylefluf

Well, let's say I don't care that much about Xmas. It's nice. My greatest joy about it would be giving gifts to my friends and family. I like to see how happy they are, it makes me feel good that they are happy.

Trepidation: going to my brothers house early. He lives far, and I hate waking up early.

CARRIE RYAN

www.facebook.com/profile.php?id=1354695360

My most abiding memories would have to be my Grandmother and the atmosphere of her home on Xmas day...the smell of her cooking, the sounds of laughter and the never ending feeling of security and enriched love that she so freely gave to all.

CHESHIRECAT THEBOUNCING

www.facebook.com/profile.php?id=100001091117914

Lady of Altamont: Nothing because I don't have a fireplace..
Sabatel: Put balls on the Christmas tree?!

CID VALE FERRERIA (Editor, DJ, former editor of S epia Zine and Carcasse.com)

<http://meadiciona.com/cidvale>



www.facebook.com/cidvale

Although I was born in São Paulo, my parents were not (a common trait for those of my generation who grew in this ever-expanding metropolis). They came from Minas Gerais, one of the three other states of Brazil's southwest, so, year after year, to gather with the rest our family means to travel for about eight or more hours by car.

In 1983's Christmas Eve, when I was four, I was heading to Belo Horizonte (Minas Gerais' capital) with my parents and two brothers. Needless to say, having three impatient children for hours in a backseat was an invitation for chaos. And so it was. In an effort to calm us down, my father pulled over to a roadside restaurant. His first attempt was decisive. "I'll buy each of you a comic, if you promise to quiet down until we get there." What can I say? He obviously succeeded!

After I finished my comic, I asked my younger brother, who couldn't even read back then, to check his. At first we thought it was something related to Spectreman (from the Japanese TV series), but no. There was only an advertisement on the back cover. In fact it was a horror comic featuring vampire tales. I devoured it completely shocked.

Surprisingly, I remember most of what I read. One of the stories featured Dracula (with Christopher Lee's appearance), and his skin was entirely painted in blue, while blood dripped from his mouth in bright red. There was also a bloodsucking countess that entered her guest's window totally naked. The first nude drawing I ever saw was a woman with huge bat wings on her back. (Yes, I know how it sounds.)

The feeling is still vivid in my memory. I kept turning the pages in silence. I may not remember how our arrival was, but I know I was tired to the point of sleeping on the first couch I saw.

The next thing I recall is waking up in a dark, unknown place. I don't know what woke me up, but the pitch black darkness became the perfect canvas for those newly acquired fears to crawl behind me. I couldn't see any light switches, and I took some long minutes to find the door. I held my breath and ran towards it. Only after I opened it I realized that they left me in the guesthouse in the backyard. My imagination filled the pathway with unreal and overwhelming dangers, so I rushed to the main house.

It was nearly dawn, and everyone was still sleeping. Inside, I felt safe enough to tiptoe across each door, trying to find my parents, but I was



afraid of getting too close to my grandparents, whose wrinkles made me really uncomfortable back then. Luckily, my parents were sleeping in the first room I entered, and I could only say how afraid I was. My dad mumbled something and took me back to that room. Despite the anxiety, I slept like a rock till morning.

This nightmarish rite of passage had its price. My father wanted to know what happened, and I told him how afraid I was. "What are you afraid of?", he asked. "Of those vampires", I answered. He took the comic and just ripped it apart right before me. In the next few months, I insisted for my mother to include flesh-eating giant spiders and other monsters in her bedtime stories, and she eventually took me to see a play called *Dracula's vacation (As férias de Dracula)*, which was meant to wipe off children's fears. I bought the 7-inch record they were selling there and, in this exact moment, a collector of horror memorabilia was born.

In case you're wondering, yes, after almost three decades, I'm still looking for a copy of this comic!

CORKANT

<http://corkant.multiply.com>

When I was a child, my parents would get us to listen out for Santa's bells on Christmas Eve. As soon as I heard the bells it was time for bed and go straight to sleep. Of course the bells were a cunning bit of deceit by my parents but at the time it was quite magical.



DAE NOCTEM (Era Nocturna)

www.eranocturna.com

I always remember a house full of people when I was growing up. There was always a lot of alcohol, music, and scratchy, woollen sweaters that made my face itch when I would be sat on someone's lap. I love the smell of the pine from the trees and the candles that smell of apples and cinnamon. The way the air smells. The cold. All of these bring back those long ago days.

The greatest joy is being with my family and friends on the holidays but this year I'm afraid the financial situation in the US is very touchy and we're getting creative with gifts.

DANEEN RUSH

Christmas was, and always is, that huge reminder that a new year is right around the corner. I always take the time to review my past year, to see if certain achievements were acquired. I don't do resolutions, but I am someone that views each New Year as a fresh start for conquering the world.

The greatest joy is simply being alive and able to create art, enjoy my favorite food, people, music, and locations. As far as I'm aware of, one can't really enjoy those simple luxuries while dead.

My greatest trepidation is that humanity will continue to devolve.

DARLIN' GRAVE

www.allgonedead.net

www.myspace.com/readershiphostile

www.myspace.com/voodoochurch

I believe I was terrified of the Christmas tree for some reason. First time I saw it I totally freaked out! What fills me with joy is that I will be off work for a couple of days :-)

DAVID MYERS

www.facebook.com/sketchy101

Memories, ahhh Cherry Brandy, wandering around night clubs in Stoke -on -Trent the middle of the day and snogging girls. Boxing day Football. Finding all my presents as a kid weeks before, I'm not one for surprises. Greatest joy is partaking in the festive drink they call "The Snowball" with a cherry in it. And I have spent years feigning





surprise and delight on Christmas day morn after opening well wrapped parcels with useful yet dull presents inside.

DEL BARTLE (Godfathers, Sid Presley Experience etc)
www.facebook.com/profile.php?id=659571208

Childhood xmas's with all the family, big brother & sisters Dansette ringing to the sound of some newly acquired Beatles, Four Tops album or other. Teenage xmas's & going wild, & now payback: the current constant trepidation at having a teenager going wild!

DJ JASON (of Alchemy)
www.absolutionnyc.com

I always wanted Christmas to be a good time and a fun time, but I nearly always found it to be a disappointment or worse. Any holiday that has to do with family is a source of misery for me.

evghost (Christ vs. Warhol)
www.myspace.com/christvswarholmusic

My most abiding memories of Christmas pertain to piles of snow, drifts of snow and torrents of snow. I grew up in Minnesota, where the weather never relents, but still I could never wait to get outside and build a fort out of all that gorgeous white fluff. And also sample it. The yellow snow, I told my mother, tasted the best. She was somewhat disgusted. I also used to love to lie under the Christmas tree with my brother, just staring up into the lights and watching them sparkle, mesmerized.

“TELEGRAM” FRANK “THE BAPTIST” VOLLMANN
www.frankthebaptist.com
www.telegramfrank.com

I remember being ok with Christmas when I was younger. Halloween was always my favorite holiday but Christmas wasn't too bad. It can be the most stressful and sometimes the single most lonely time of the year and I've cursed it a few times as an adult (ok, lets pretend I fit that description)? But as a kid I was ok with it. I think I was alright with it because everyone got together and I got to see a lot of friends and family I wouldn't have normally seen.

Some of my cousins and friends of the family were holy terrors and we used to get into massive amounts of trouble together. My mother used to have these Christmas parties for family and friends and just about anyone she could drag off the street who didn't have family or anywhere to go on Christmas Eve. Some of these parties wound up being around 30 + people strong. She used to force lyric sheets into people's hands and prompt everyone to sing Christmas carols and after much eye rolling, refusal, and a few drinks everyone in the house was singing and laughing along and this was just the distraction my cousins and I needed to put our diabolical schemes into action.

I remember once when we were very young during one of these parties my cousins and I and some friends were all crammed into my bedroom and out came my BB/pellet gun. Soon enough the William Tell shenanigans ensued and we were shooting various things, including glasses of water, off of each other's heads. Eventually the lights went out, more BB guns emerged, and a full room of people turned into a wild west shoot 'em up show. I guess we got pretty loud because all of a sudden my Father burst into the room, turned on the lights, saw the holes in the walls, broken things, people holding certain body parts (that'd been wounded), some of us with smoking guns and yelled, "Frank John Vollmann JR! Are you out of your friggin' mind?!?!". Off came the mighty leather belt and bodies scrambled out of that room via the door, windows (in a cold cold winter), etc. like it was a police raid on a crack house.

No amount of punishment could squelch the laughter we had on some of those nights. Some of my cousins and I still laugh about some of those moments and marvel that we're still alive and still have all our limbs, eyes, etc.

GARY CLARKE (The Hiram Key)
<http://thehiramkey.moonfruit.com>

I missed a plane home from Verona in Italy (when I was teaching in Trento) and spent the whole of Xmas alone in my apartment and no shops were open so I had no food. So I decided to go up to a local ski resort. It turned out that the show band from England didn't turn up as the airport was snowed in. There was a 70 yr old barman that could play drums and a 15 yr old girl who could play bass and we got



together with a cocktail pianist and I taught them Cure songs. The skit resort got four nights of the most unlikely Cure tribute band you ever saw. I got a free hotel room as much food and drink as I could consume and a ski pass.

GARY CONISBEE (Hank's Café)

www.hankscafe.co.uk

I like snow and Shane McGowan and my children all excited.

GORDON SETH

www.facebook.com/Gopher13

The feeling of togetherness with the family which I don't have anymore as people have died and moved away over the years. It is definitely a time for reflection on my part. Though it is nice to meet up with friends that I don't always get to see enough of during the year.

JON FAT BEAST and his 82 year old dead mother MYSTIC HALEY STARK.

www.facebook.com/profile.php?id=100000282666640

HS:-When we were young, back in the 1930s we used to wrap coal and dead rats up as presents. and we didn't have an indoor toilet until 1989, we used to shit in a wooden shed my Husband stole from the Council. Ahhh Happy Memories. Does that Queen still give her Christmas message in the nude. I'm 82 you know, I've seen it all.

JFB I fondly remember the Christmas following the last Gigs I did with CARTER USM. They played Rodin in Greece on 20th and 21st December, the tour in Europe was finished and it seemed a time where anything was possible. Carter USM went from strength to strength and I turned into my dead mother. You couldn't make it up. Christmas 1991 was a special one. I think Matty Ambown was sick on me on Boxing day, and The Family Cat were snow bound in our London Hovel and



couldn't get back to their families. I also remember being drunk and running naked along Herne Hill High Road for a bet.

JAMIE MONAHAN (Writer/photographer)

<http://leonatos.livejournal.com>

Great memories would involve gifts. In later years it would be travelling to Cork to visit the parent's family before Christmas and making quick visits to everyone. Getting drunk with your tech-head cousin and abusing your Godfather on the fly can be fun.

JEMMA SIOSALACH

www.facebook.com/jemma.chisholm

A lot of presents, by the fire, taking around 2-3 hours to open them all between the family, catching up with all your family from far and near and also having the excuse to have wine and feed yourself silly :D

JO FUZZBAT

www.facebook.com/sideshowjo

Bunty annuals, Satsuma's, Ginger Ale and Advocaat all remind me of the wonderful Christmases spent with my grandparents. They had a really rickety, threadbare Christmas tree, which we'd decorate with ancient, sellotaped together, decorations. Yeah, it looked crap, but I really loved that tree. I distinctly remember the year that Christmas lost it's magic for me. I was 15 and thus considered to be pretty much 'grown up' and certainly too old for lots of pressies; I'd be given some money, which was great, but I still missed having presents to frantically rip open. That was the year I decided that growing up was shit.

These days I get the biggest Christmas kick out of seeing my daughter open her presents. I think I used to look forward to Christmas more than she did when she was little..not once did she wake us up on a Christmas morning. She's 16 now but still states she'd rather have a few cheap gifts than an envelope full of cash.

JOHN ROBB

www.facebook.com/johnrobb77

The silence. Everything goes quiet as the thin veneer of Christianity dances on the bones of the ancient pagan ritual. Also years of



switching the TV off before the queen's speech, laughing at Top Of the Pops in the old days and then freezing on the beach for the Xmas walk.

JOOST VANDOORNE (Dark Aton)

www.myspace.com/jodocus
 Christmas brings the best out to and from each other, it is a period where people reflect to do something good.



JOY LASHER (Editor of Dominion magazine)

www.dominionmag.com

I think the best Christmasses are those spent in the company of those you love and cherish with plenty of good food and great music. I've had so many wonderful Christmasses, it would be impossible to choose just one.

JULIET BOWBRICK (ex vocalist of The Arguments)

www.facebook.com/profile.php?id=1318981798

Memories as a kid

- Father Christmas being paraded round our village in a converted pickup truck courtesy of the Round Table.
- Feeling the weight of the stocking on the end of the bed.
- Smelling the turkey gravy. Devils on horseback.
- Age 16 waking up Christmas morning with at least three blokes I'd brought back from the pub, and mum taking it all in her stride and inviting them to stay. (Sorry mum).
- Gorging on Christmas dinner after a particularly lean term at uni and having to be carried by everyone to the sofa and having my stomach massaged like a snake who'd swallowed a cow.

Memories after leaving home

- Going to pick my Nan up from Finsbury Park to go back to Home Counties to family and not being able to fit her into the car because of all the presents and having to do two journeys.
- Feeling guilty about leaving my cat over Christmas, dashing back to North London in mum and dad's new car and writing it off due to some dodgy driving.
- My one-year-old falling down the stairs and spending Christmas Eve/Morning in hospital, and Christmas Day decorating a shepherd's pie with all the decorations for the Christmas cake as we didn't have time to cook the turkey.
- Always, always, always having photos taken of me in my pyjamas on Christmas morning.
- Doing Christmas Dinner for my aged Uncle who declared it was the best he ever tasted - he died two days later.

KEITH SPENCE

www.facebook.com/KeefyK

Christmasses would be quite lonely affairs as I shared them with my mother and step-father, whose idea of Christmas was getting drunk in the working man's club at lunch time eating dinner and promptly falling asleep. This still goes on. The evening were much better. Either party nights round a friends or a kindly landlord would let us in.

Now I have a family, I made sure that opening presents is/was great fun. Putting a tiny present in a massive box. Putting no names on the presents just numbers and making kids match-em up. Hiding the presents, that sort of thing.





LIZZIE SWARF

www.myspace.com/swarf

www.facebook.com/elizabeth.l.green

We would always visit my grandmother on Christmas day. She always had a real tree and a crackling log fire. She made the most amazing Christmas dinners and we often had a fair few other members of family visit as well. Her house was old, with lots of antiques so it felt very Dickensian. They were very happy times and Christmas has never been the same since she died.

After I met my long-term partner, Christmas day was often spent at his parents' home with him and his brother and various other eccentric relatives. There was much laughter and much food.

More recently, I have spent Christmas at my father and step-mother's place in rural Canada. There is something really magical about going skiing on Christmas day, before the family feast!

MANZANA OSCURA

www.myspace.com/manzanaoscuro

<http://on.fb.me/g5W1S6>

The greatest memories of Christmas are: Every year at my grandmother's home, I don't remember presents or toys, but dinner and hugs. All my aunts were there :) Every year was joy and happiness until my grandmother died. She was great, a caring loving person, the center of our lives. I do still miss her.

MARK QUESTED

www.facebook.com/markanthonyquested

Realising where my parents used to hide the Christmas presents when my sister and I were children! (It was behind the dressing table.) I was not disappointed in finding out Santa did not exist, but the amusement of knowing where the presents were and take a discreet look at the parcels!

KILLJO ZAPATA

www.facebook.com/profile.php?id=100001859444071

Sharing the true meaning of peace on earth to the youth like they did for me.



MARK SMITH (Unscene Magazine)

www.animespresso.com/unscene

I preferred Christmas when Santa was real. The thought that a big red and white supernatural being was going to be creeping around my house as I slept filled me with both excitement and dread.



MARK STEINER & HIS PROBLEMS

www.StaggerHome.com/

www.MySpace.com/

[StaggerHome](http://www.facebook.com/pages/Mark-Steiner-His-Problems/138069216247880)

[www.facebook.com/pages/](http://www.facebook.com/pages/Mark-Steiner-His-Problems/138069216247880)

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[138069216247880](http://www.facebook.com/pages/Mark-Steiner-His-Problems/138069216247880)

<http://itunes.apple.com/us/album/a-misfit-xmas/id204568133>

(JOY) Booze, bars, blacking out, & waking up on Christmas Day in the arms of a beautiful woman in my bed.

(TREPIDATION): Booze, bars, blacking out & waking up on Christmas Day in the drunk tank.

MARK WILSON (13 Tombs)

www.myspace.com/13tombs

www.praysilence.org/profile/13tombs

I always loved the feeling of excitement and happiness that Christmas brought when I was young, nothing ever seemed impossible on Christmas Day back then. Hours were spent playing with Tonka toys and Action Men, only stopping for two things... Christmas Dinner and the Top Of The Pops Christmas special.

The greatest joy of Christmas is that moment when you realise that all the weeks of panic and worry are over and you managed against all odds to do it right, everybody is happy and you can just relax.



MICHELE ARI

<http://micheleari.com>

I thought about writing to you Mick to explain I wasn't a Christian and that Christmas memories could be difficult for me to conjure up. I realized though that I couldn't turn you down for who am I to be a Scrooge? Besides, it was thoughtful of you to ask and as I considered your request to me memories I'd long forgotten began to surface. Quite a nice treat!

I am not sure when my family and I stopped putting up a tree, but I recall that for much of my childhood we participated in the parts of the holiday that we could share despite the differences in faith. Family, gifts and sparkling lights are for anyone to enjoy. It didn't used to, but today holiday music makes me cringe because much of it is pumped

out of speakers in an effort to get us to buy something, a part of Christmas I think is out of control for it seems to obscure the meaning and message. Growing up though the songs made me feel good, hopeful and in a sort of brotherhood with man- something I feel we experience as children before we have experiences with man that make us sometimes want to live on a planet by ourselves. There were even some years I would go to church with my Christian friends and listen to the choir. I am remembering that I did not kneel though that may have been more of a "punk rock" mentality brewing within me, a young rebel who had not yet found her cause. Or maybe my grandmother would have turned over in her grave she had not yet found herself in at that time. For reasons I cannot recall I had gone to a religious private school as a very little girl. Much to my family's astonishment I broke out in roaring rendition of "Jesus Loves Me" at the dinner table, a story I still can't live down to this day. I imagine I did not understand the song and, much like today, just liked to sing for people.



MIRANDA YARDLEY

<http://truecultheavymetal.com/index.php/dominion>

I always remember myself and my brother being so overexcited about the arrival of Christmas I thought I was going to pass away in the night, I even told my grandmother I thought I was going to have a heart attack! Anyway, having then fallen asleep way, way past my bedtime I woke up at some improbable hour to find some oranges and liquorice in a Christmas stocking at the end of my bed along with a note from Santa written in my parent's handwriting.

I always feel trepidation at this time that the peaceful message of Christmas invariably falls on deaf ears and people never learn from their mistakes.

NEVILLE COPE

www.lastjuly.co.uk www.romeburns.co.uk

Remembering my childhood at Christmas time always brings me great joy. My parents never had much money, so I never got any of the big must-have presents of the era, but I always remember it being the best time of the year and having such a great time with my family.

Nowerdays I find I'm filled with dread during the month leading up to Christmas with all the planning and shopping, but when the day comes and I've downed the first drink it always ends up being a great laugh.

NIGE TWELVETREES

www.facebook.com/nige.twelvetrees

Christmas Past I remember the old family get togethers up in Laaandon as that's where all my family are from. I bought a cheap Chas n' Dave tape from Woolworths when I was about 9 up to the family gathering. And needless to say we all had a good ol knees up. My cousin Julie worked for a record company so I was asking her about meeting the Specials and just so badly wanted to work in the music industry.

**NOEL COLOMA ACOSTA**

www.noelacosta.com

My fondest memory of Xmas was the time when I first fell deeply in love. It's silly I know. But it was the only time I really appreciated the season as an adult. On the other hand, one of my saddest Xmas was the year I left a good paying job after being victim to an anonymous poison letter.

PAUL BROOME

www.monicaslastprayer.co.uk

All of my abiding Christmas memories are good ones, I'm very lucky in that respect. Definitely my favourite time of year. Greatest joy: the giving of gifts (honestly! I know it sounds calculated!). Greatest trepidation: that the day won't last as long as I want it to.

PAUL DEVINE

www.siiii.co.uk

Christmas past for me is memories of spending it with all my family and relatives, many of whom are now dead. My Dad too, also dead. And spending Christmas with girlfriends who are now dead. And the family pets. Dead. Merry Christmas!

PAULO GOTOH (Elegia's lead vocal)

www.myspace.com/3legia

Unlike the North Hemisphere Countries, Brazil is hot and rainy during Christmas for it is summer down here, but as it is a mostly catholic country, Christmas is celebrated according to the tradition. I usually spent my Christmas Eves of my childhood at my grandparent's where there was usually a special supper, around midnight, and the most anticipated time was when Santa would put the presents under the Christmas tree. (Unlike the American tradition and other countries as well, we usually exchange gifts and greetings at midnight on

Christmas day). My bothers and cousins all excited waiting for it, and looking in the sky searching for a sleigh, and without anyone noticing it, the presents would appear under the tree, almost magically. As we were growing older the Christmas "magic" was gradually losing its power. But it is still a good pretext to meet our relatives and playing nice, at least once a year.

**PENNY DREADFUL**

www.queenalice.co.uk

www.eccentricitea.moonfruit.com

My most abiding memory of Christmas's long gone are tree lights. The darkened back room at my parent's house with nothing but the twinkle of the Christmas tree lights. As you passed the door you could see the glow. I used to go in and sit in the dark and the quiet on my own next to the presents. It was sheer magic to an 8 year old child. I still get the flutters when the 'big light' is out and tree is lit up. As a mother myself now, my greatest joy is my 5 year old daughter's reaction to the festive season. I live my make-believe and Christmas excitement through her!

**RICCARDO 'CORDE OBLIQUE' PRENCIPE**

www.cordeoblique.com

www.myspace.com/cordeobliqueunofficial

www.youtube.com/user/cordeoblique

www.lastfm.it/music/Corde+Oblique

Walking in the historical centre with a very important person for me, Chiara, we stayed in love for 8 years, she's not in my life anymore in that sense now, we are friends, but those walking days were some of

the most important things in my music and will rest inside my music for many long time.

RICHARD JOHNSON

www.lumberton-trading.com

www.fourth-dimension.net

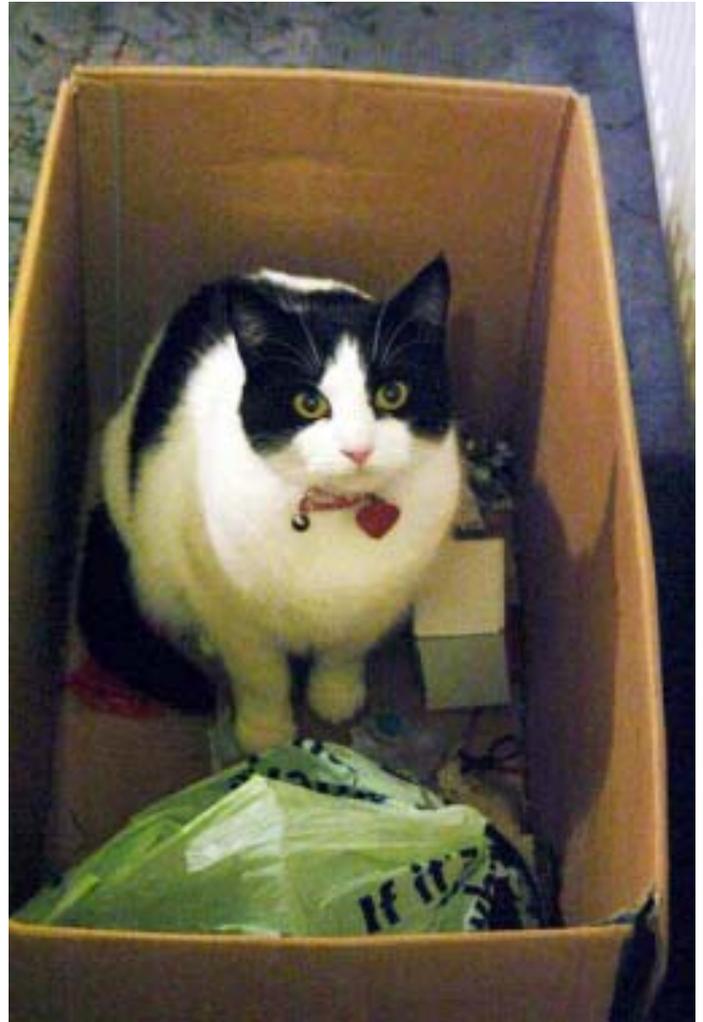
I was never especially into Christmas beyond simply enjoying the holiday itself and, whilst young and living in Britain, hoping some snow would come. Even at a young age, I felt it was a false environment and full of cheesiness and enforced happiness. The only thing I seemed to really like was getting a gift from a Santa in Canterbury's Debenhams department store, or receiving some sweets from another one who'd ride round our village on the back of a lorry that was decorated like a sleigh. Christmas itself meant having to spend time with the family, having to wear stupid paper hats from the crackers we'd pulled before the dinner started, hoping to find a sixpence (or, later, a 5p coin) in the Christmas pudding, feeling a little disappointed by the presents, having to endure crap TV before, perhaps when I was a little older, the Only Fools and Horses Special appeared, and never seeming to get as much chocolate or as many sweets to eat as my friends at school. The only pleasures afforded by the dinner itself were seeing the pudding set alight, forever mocking my grandmother with my brothers, and perhaps getting a little wine to drink as it was a 'special occasion' and, therefore, 'allowed'. Ultimately, as with most of my youth, I just couldn't wait to return to my room and savour the holiday away from people, though.

ROB DALLAWAY (The Cravats, The Very Things, Silverlake)

www.silverlakemusic.co.uk

www.thecravats.com

Some abiding memories of Christmas are of the brilliant but cheap christmas prezies from my brother. One year he gave me an envelope, within which was a clue to a location around our house, which led to another clue, and so on, eventually leading to a Corgi model of an ice-





cream van with a handle on the back to make the chimes work. Fantastic.

ROGER FRACÉ (The Machine In The Garden)
www.tmitg.com

In the 80's when it was much more common to cover the tree in those annoying little tinsel-icicle things (that, effectively, had to be applied one at a time). My mother was very much the perfectionist with the tree and I could only ever get through about 1 branch worth of application before getting really sloppy. My father was the only one with enough patience, year after year, to put that stuff on the tree with the required precision. The thought of putting icicles on the tree still makes me cringe even today but also reminds me how much I admire my father.

RYAN (Dolston from DeathDisco.ca)
www.deathdisco.ca

Most of my memories for Christmas past are good. I honestly can't think of anything too terrible from the holidays. I grew up in an 80s sitcom family so my memories are all happy. Spending time with Mom and Dad. Playing with my sister. Family friends stopping by for dinner when they couldn't get home to see their families. The past holds only good memories.

SHAUN HISTED-TODD
www.facebook.com/pages/Shaun-Histed-Todd-Photographer-Digital-Illustrator/69199259488

Seeing the expression on our boy's face the moment he enters the living room. Spending quality time with my wife and son. I love to cook so the festive season allows for me to be gastronomically indulgent and to cook my multi bird roast.

Being a social creature, this time affords me the chance to catch up, socialise and party with good friends is always a joy, especially since I moved from London 10yrs ago to wilds of Dartmoor friends are more



scattered and this time of year offers the best opportunity to get together in one place. If I can I can catch or fit an Xmas gig in over the festive season, all the better for that party mood.

SHELDON BAYLEY
www.facebook.com/profile.php?id=1054330146

Christmas day itself has always been somewhat anti-climatic as my mother is Swiss and we have tended to observe the continental tradition of celebrating on Christmas Eve and then largely relaxing on December 25th. Standout moments include when, as a very young lad, I pinched a piece of my mum's jewellery and proudly presented it to her 'gift-wrapped', only to be shocked by the raucous laughter this caused in the rest of the family. Also, when as a teenager, I bought my father a book that remained shrink-wrapped and shoved on a shelf for a full twelve months... so naturally I re-wrapped it and presented it to him again the following Christmas, only for him to not even notice. From that point on, I understood why dad's always get socks. Apart from the obvious highlights of seeing friends and family and eating and drinking too much, one aspect of Christmas that I always look forward to is the change of pace - seeing the roads empty and quiet, and never quite knowing when the shops or pubs will be open which provides an increasingly rare counterpoint to the manic 24 hour society that seems to have crept up on us all. The panic-buying of every loaf of bread in the country always amuses me no end too. What I dread is the utterly awful Christmas music which is all-pervasive despite the best efforts of Shane MacGowan and Kirsty MacColl.

SIMON DOLING
www.myspace.com/doling

Many memories, Luckily I was always happy when I was young at this time of year. Although we never had stacks, it meant my Dad would be around a bit more and not working so hard. We had a simple but happy time. I remember my mid-teens, discovering alcohol and Christmas parties for the first time and being in states you'd rather not remember. Then beyond that time, my wife and I went to Hamburg on



Christmas morning 1997 with British Hip-Hop acts Killa Instinct & Gunshot to do a show that day at The Docks on The Reeperbahn. We were put up in a knocking shop hotel round the back of the venue with beds with a postage stamp for a duvet, and weren't looked after at-all by the promoter. Our Christmas dinner was at McDonalds at Altona subway station; though we spent a great time in the arcades up & down the street with the groupsplaying games. The show was great and well attended, and in hindsight it's a great but odd memory. Other than that the first Christmas's with each of our kids are special - though each one when you have young children is special.

SUSAN DRAWBRIDGE

www.facebook.com/profile.php?id=623506643

One of my most anticipated gifts at Christmas was my super Sony stereo all in one system (vinyl, radio, twin tape decks) when I was around 14. I had my then favourite record out ready to play on Christmas morning, I'd been dying to hear it through a quality player, and my parents were there too, peaceful family Christmas type scene...then

"Was that somebody screaming..."

It wasn't me for sure

I lift my head up from uneasy pillows

Put my feet on the floor

Cut my wrist on a bad thought

And head for the door"

...well! I will never forget my Mum's face at the "cut my wrist" line - it was the first time she wore that "where have I gone wrong" expression that I have grown so familiar with over the years...!



TERRI KENNEDY (former Stone 588 vocalist, currently with Strychnine FX and Kardia Mortis. Also co-owner of Goth store **Ipsos Facto**.)

www.ipsos-facto.com

www.myspace.com/ansuzansuz

www.myspace.com/strychninefx

I remember our family's forced frugalities at Christmas such as saving and reusing tin foil and holiday wrapping multiple times, regifting, but also learning to make things to bestow on family and friends. I also remember various holiday pageants singing with secular and Church choirs, dressing up in red for Christmas mass when I was a little girl. My Mom told me when I was about 5 that I was so engaged in the solemnity of an advent season mass that I lost my balance and toppled over the pew in front of me. My red clad legs sticking up were the source of amusement for those around me, while struggling to right myself and blushing wildly.

TIMOTHY LONDON

www.facebook.com/timothy london.facetoface

When I was a kid every Xmas I was allowed a small glass of some unbelievably weakly alcoholic tonic, which I relished and can still taste via a freaky tongue-memory thing. Never knew what it was called and, in later years, me mum and dad swore they didn't remember. In a pretty-much teetotal household it was a big event and the taste, in my memory, gets more delicious year by year.



TONY X

www.myspace.com/deathlustxxx

A Long time ago in the eighties could not resist the anticipation of getting a car stereo on my old 1971 Chevy Chevelle playing (loud) Christian Death (Rozz's) driving all over town most of the night having fun with friends!!!



Because we'd be driving in the dark, it was easy to see the farolitos (also called luminarias) still lit from the night before lining the two-lane road. (Luminarias are small paper bags that have been filled about half-way full with sand. A candle is placed in the middle of the sand and lit. It is believed that the path the luminarias form is the path that Baby Jesus takes. You can find pictures if you do a search.) We ate a huge meal with Grandma and all the family members. There were 12 children altogether, so you can imagine how full the place was with me and all the other grandchildren. After the meal, we'd make the short trip to the Taos Pueblo plaza to watch more dances, usually the Deer Dance or the Matachine dance.

TRACY ROMERO

www.facebook.com/profile.php?id=100000485787621

I grew up in a Catholic family, so many of the Christmas traditions were filled with rituals of various sorts. Christmas Eve was spent with Mom's family, with the gathering commencing about 10:00 P.M. We attended the Midnight Mass at Church, then stayed after for a traditional Native American dance in the church's courtyard. I remember being bundled up to keep warm and wishing that the dances would be over soon so we could return to Grandma's house and open presents. We'd exchange gifts, share a bite to eat, then return home to take a short nap. Before sunrise, we'd awaken to make the trip 2.5 hours north to Taos, New Mexico, USA, where Dad's family lived.

WENDY ROBINSON

www.facebook.com/profile.php?id=100000696499029

I grew up in snowy cold Yorkshire as the youngest in the family with six sisters and five brothers, so Christmas in our family was literally a big deal! I remember having to take it in turns to get a seat at the dinner table and the boys always getting their lunch on bigger plates than the girls! How my parents managed to provide us all with masses of spot-on gifts I will never know. The best bit was always waking up and running downstairs to attack the presents, then eating a whole Cadbury's selection box before breakfast. Happy days!

CHRISTMAS PRESENT: What is the best or worst present you ever remember receiving?

AINE BRANCH

www.facebook.com/pandorasbox

The worst present I have ever received is AAA emergency road side assistance when I didn't even have a car

**ALAN HICKS (Writer/DJ)**

www.dominionmag.com

www.komodorock.com

www.myspace.com/rockmatrix

www.myspace.com/hiximus

I suppose the best was my first BMX when I was a kid. Getting up on Christmas morning and seeing it leaning against the sofa was good enough but then riding it non-stop for years after meant it had practical value as well. My first real computer (Amstrad) was also a good present - thanks Sir Sugar.

One of favourite toys as a kid were Transformers so the worst present was a toy pretending to be a transformer. Didn't stop me playing with it alongside my real ones though.

ALETHEA CARR

www.facebook.com/profile.php?id=1849481100

The Worst Present I Ever Received: Well, it's a tie between a recent gift and one from my distant past. A few years ago, a couple of well-meaning but woefully uninformed friends gave me a gift card to... Hot Topic. I'm afraid my response was less than gracious and composed. In fact, I believe I let out a mad laugh that trailed off into gasps and made me look like a mental patient. They probably wished they'd bought me a card for Straightjackets-R-Us. What in the hell was I going to do with the thing? Since I have a compulsion not to waste

things, and I really did want my friends to know I appreciated them thinking of me, I eventually went to Hot Topic's website. And I found a South Park Goth Kids shirt that referenced the episode in which they... burn down a Hot Topic. I can't resist that kind of irony and snark! Could anyone?

However, just as bad - and far more bewildering - was the gift my grand-aunt gave me when I was four. She and my grand-uncle were childless, wealthy, and, no surprise, very eccentric. To my grandparents she gave rubber bands - used. To my parents, paper clips - also 'recycled' - and to me she gave a small, cylindrical package which contained a CAN OF PEAS. At least they weren't used! I rolled it on the floor, under the tables and chairs for a bit, but it made a very poor toy.

My best gift yet was from my husband just last year: a little rolled-up paper tied with ribbon. Inside was a photo of a Roland XP50 synthesizer. He and two very close friends - members of a Jacksonville, Florida band - made secret arrangements to buy this keyboard which had a lovely, warm sound but proved just a little too unwieldy for their touring. When we met with them for a New Year's Eve show, they presented it to me, loaded up with custom patches and fantastic effects. I use it often on the Cathedral setting to play Bach's Toccata and Fugue when my neighbours are being obnoxiously loud - which is enough to make it my favourite gift - but the real reason I love it so is that every time I'm at the keys, I am filled with the love good friends can have for one another.

ALI HOWELLS (The Danse Society Reformation Plot)

www.facebook.com/pages/THE-DANSE-SOCIETY-REFORMATION-PLOT/227357422417

BEST CHRISTMAS PRESENT was, and will always be my Dolls House. I remember walking down the stairs, opening the door into the lounge, and seeing this HUGE Dolls House just sitting there on the sofa under the bay window - it looked massive! It was / is (I still have it now) a beautiful old fashioned Dolls House with leaded windows, lighting and what I thought were REAL people inside.



The people were made from wire I think, but they looked so real, all dressed in their appropriate little outfits, real hair, and I'd totally convinced myself that they came to life at night whilst I was asleep in bed.....in fact, if ever the furniture has been moved around or if there was a window left open I swore blind it WAS them.

WORST CHRISTMAS PRESENT: My Parents bought me a Mini for my 21st Birthday/Christmas present, which any daughter that has just passed her driving test should be proud of.....I did love it, and was grateful, BUT IT WAS BRIGHT ORANGE !!!.....I really dreaded driving it that colour..... (LOL)

AMBER ERLANDSSON (Morrigan Hel)

www.nemhain.com www.murdermile.co.uk

www.morrigan-hel.com www.facebook.com/morriganhel

Myself and the husband don't really do Xmas presents anymore, we celebrate the Winter Solstice which starts around the 21st December. It involves pretty much the same thing though. Lots of delicious booze and far too much food & partying!

I have had some pretty dire Xmas pressies in the past though. Horrendous jumpers, ear muffs, some stale chocolates presumably from the £1 shop and various soft toys (I hate soft toys). There's a series called hoarders out in the US. People hoard anything from shitty nappies, teddy bears and rubbish to parrots and dead cats. Since watching that I've had a huge clear out and made a point of telling anyone that may have any ideas about getting me Xmas presents to please get me alcohol. I don't mind if it's predictable, at least you can drink it, enjoy it, briefly regret it the day after and then dispose of the bottle and not have your house filled with weakening crap that you feel too guilty to throw away : S



www.TheRainWithin.com

My first bike was a huge deal... also, one year a Star Wars ATAT tripled my heart rate. The worst ever gift came from my guitarist, Tony. It was an album by Bruce Willis on cassette called, "The Return of Bruno." Awful... just awful.

ANDY PEARSON (Fear & Loathing)

www.facebook.com/profile.php?id=1072187336

Not sure what the best one would be, although I particularly appreciated a pair of Creepers that Karen got me a few years ago. The worst present was probably a 'Guinness' scarf that was given to me by an unmentionable relative two years ago. Apart from being particularly nasty, it was obviously something they had got as a promotional item in the first place.



ANDY CALE COUSIN (Many bands you have loved)

www.facebook.com/profile.php?id=100001715968859

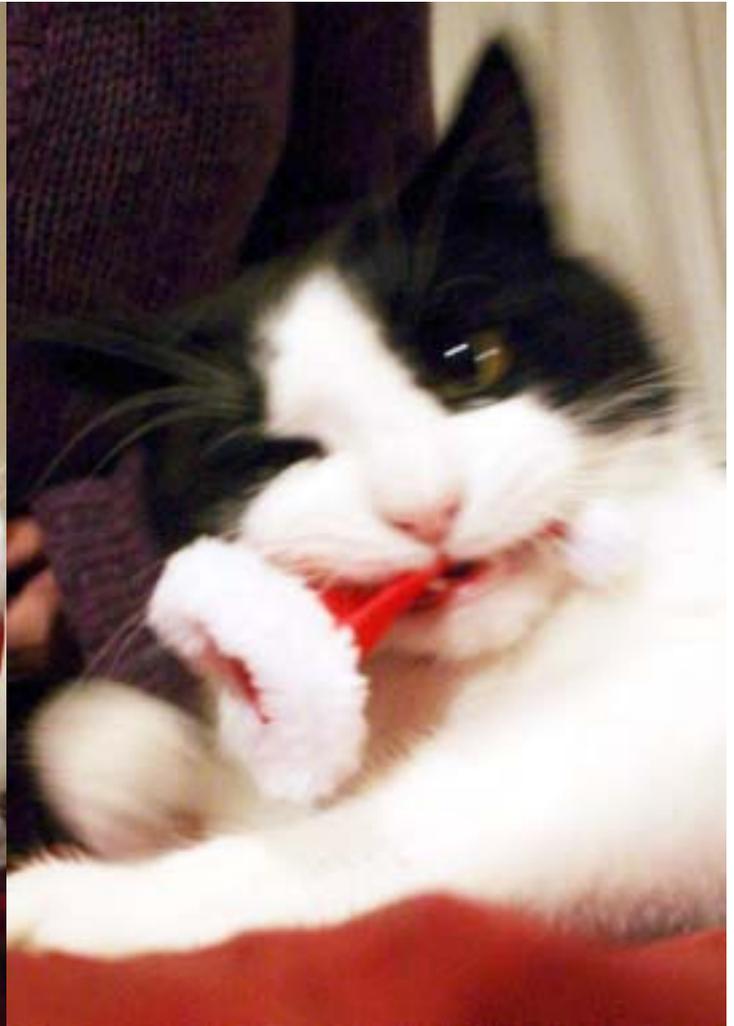
Having sex with you know who, wink wink

ANDY DEANE

www.andydeane.net

www.bellamorte.com





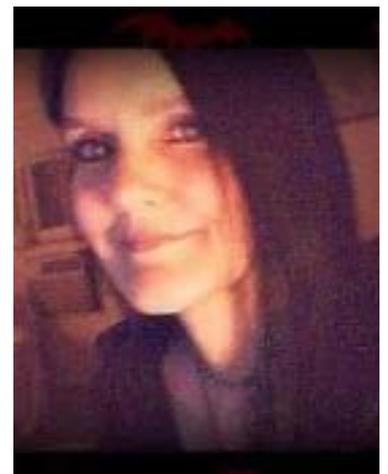
ANNA ALIENA (Singer of ShirayasDream and Verney 1826)
www.myspace.com/shirayasdream
www.myspace.com/annaliena
 Some white unsexy underwear my grandma gave me a few years ago... :-)

BARRINGTON STEELE
www.facebook.com/barrie.young
 What is the best or worst present you ever remember receiving? - A god awful grey monstrosity of a shirt my mum and dad bought from M&S thinking it mixed 'Goth' with 'smart.'

BARRY DJBATS
www.facebook.com/barry.djbats
 My girlfriend Maria's surprise visit from Germany, all presents mean a lot no matter how trivial, it's the thought that counts.

BOD
www.facebook.com/bodbaber
 Please excuse my romantic note, but buckle my shoe - it's Christmas! Therefore, the best Christmas present I ever received (and one that burns like a Roman candle) was a midnight kiss in Piazzale Michelangelo, on a hill overlooking the glimmering lights of Florence.

BUNNY
www.facebook.com/bunnylefluf
 The worst gift would be a tin of chewing gum.. :/ yes, that's right, gum. That present pretty much sucked! Best gift I ever got? Well it would be when I bought toys and clothes for a needy family. It gave me the best feeling I've ever had and no material gift could match the feeling I felt doing that :)





When I held it, I just couldn't believe what I read: "This Mortal Coil – 1983-1991". On the back cover, the titles of the band's three main releases, plus an additional disc with the original versions of every cover the project made.

It would be very exciting to find that box even in the specialized underground stores of São Paulo, which could make you wait months to get your order (my first Diamanda Galás' CD took a year to arrive). That simply wasn't the place for such a treasure, and my first thought was how expensive the box might be. I think you can figure out my shock when I was told that those four imported English CDs would cost me CR\$ 8.000, the price of just one national CD!

I spoke to my dad in private, after all, I had that amount in my bank account and I planned to keep the Bauhaus' CDs as well. The following seconds were critical. Instead of lending me the money, he called the manager and dropped the bomb: "How many discs does this box have? One or four?". He risked it all, but they told us the box had only one disc, with four songs.

I insisted on getting it, and asked for the car keys. I ran to the car, before someone smarter figured out the mistake. Inside the car, I removed the plastic and went into orgasmic state: the four CDs and a great booklet were there. It's still hard for me to think about a greater find.

CORKANT <http://corkant.multiply.com>

What is the best or worst present you ever remember receiving?
I had lots of great presents; my favourite was a Scalextrix set that was for me and my older brother to share. My worst present was a John Denver Hits Collection LP given to me by my friend who thought I'd like it as I was in to music... he didn't quite grasp the concept of music that I liked. I was into Adam & the Ants at that particular time and so the LP became a quite a decent frisbee!

DAE NOCTEM (Era Nocturna) www.eranocturna.com

Best by far was a guitar. It got me started on the life I live now as a musician. Worst... soap. Who gives soap for a present? Is it a hint that I smell?



CARRIE RYAN

www.facebook.com/profile.php?id=1354695360

I think the best was my first album my Grandmother - of all people - bought me, it was Never Mind The Bollocks Here's The Sex Pistols. I nearly died of shock lol, I never thought she would!

CHESHIRECAT THEBOUNCING

www.facebook.com/profile.php?id=10001091117914

Sabatel: Well, I remember a Christmas in my family, I had a "Harry Potter" trash can and socks...it was euh..great.

Lady of Altamont: When I was 11 my father offered me and my sisters a pair of scissors for each of us, because the week before he was angry not to find it in the house. He was very harsh.

CID VALE FERRERIA (Editor, DJ, former editor of Sépia Zine and Carcasse.com)

<http://meadiciona.com/cidvale>

www.facebook.com/cidvale

My best Christmas present is also one the best acquisitions I ever made. You'll understand why.

It was in 1993 (I was thirteen), only some months after I first got into gothic music. I was visiting my father with my brothers, and he thought it would be a good idea to let us choose our own Christmas presents. We suggested a visit to a nearby CD store, but I was a little skeptical about finding something I like in a "normal" pop-oriented store. After several minutes, however, I finally caught something worthy: Bauhaus' *Rest in Peace: The Final Concert*. That alone would be great, indeed, but it wasn't all.

I paid it (I still remember it cost me about CR\$ 15.000). While I waited my brothers to buy their own CDs, I saw a beautiful black and white photography in a boxed set. The picture reminded me of the cover of This Mortal Coil's *Blood*, my favorite album back then.



DANEEN RUSH

Honestly, I don't remember ever viewing gifts as 'best' or 'worst.' Anything from friends and family is always appreciated simply because it's from them.

DARLIN' GRAVE

www.allgonedead.net
www.myspace.com/readershipostile
www.myspace.com/voodoochurch

A long time ago in a galaxy far far away... I got the Millennium Falcon. Dude, I was so happy I think I didn't sleep for days, mind you I believe same year or year before I got one of the first Nintendo game portable little consoles. I begged my parents for one, finally Christmas came and I got it, and, well, I was far too curious and interested to see its whole mechanism so I proceeded to disassemble the thing to the dismay of my dad who nearly killed me when he found out. I'm surprised I'm still alive after that episode. He was soooo mad!



DAVID MYERS

www.facebook.com/sketchy101

The best was a black Fender Telecaster, black scratchplate, maple neck, Joe Strummer machine Xmas 1978, wish I still had it. The worst

was a crying blow up baby that you were supposed to stick on your car window, or oranges.

DEL BARTLE (Godfathers, Sid Presley Experience etc)

www.facebook.com/profile.php?id=659571208

Hard to say really, they're all good - someone cares enough to do it! I think someone once bought me a Dire Straits cassette, I don't think the shrinkwrap ever came off it.



DJ JASON (of Alchemy)

www.absolutionnyc.com

One year, while I was in graduate school, I received a huge box of very ugly preppie clothing. There were many brightly colored sweaters, shirts, slacks and even accessories like gold buckled belts. This gift came from my father. He clearly used the holiday to send me a message that he wanted me to change the way I dressed. I think it was the only time that he wasn't severely late sending his Xmas gift.



GARY CLARKE (The Hiram Key)

<http://thehiramkey.moonfruit.com>

The best present was Superflight Deck when I was 7. The worst was my gran's knitted rainbow jumpers. (Which I seemed to wear a lot when I started gothing out.)



GARY CONISBEE (Hank's Café)

www.hankscafe.co.uk

I was thinking about a second hand Raleigh

Chopper that my Dad got me. It was in the For Sale ads in the back of The Informer for £15 in Hanworth. We got there and I fell in love with its poorly executed purple re-spray and the gaffer tape holding the saddle together. My old man started heckling and I thought the whole deal would be off and my life wouldn't be worth living. He bought it. One happy boy.



eveghost (Christ vs. Warhol)

www.myspace.com/christvswarholmusic

As a child, I remember being thrilled about receiving a Smurfs portable record player. The best present I've received in recent

memory was a stack of really nerdy books from my best friend John who truly gets my scholarly pursuits. He gave me copies of the Edda by Snorri Sturlusson, the Poetic Edda and Tacitus' The Agricola and The Germania. These are a few of my favorite things.



The worst presents I remember receiving are anything pastel or frilly. I never wear pastel and yet people seem to think I wear pastels. These items are delegated to the

bottom of my closet instantly but I never have the heart to dispose of them properly.

"TELEGRAM" FRANK "THE BAPTIST" VOLLMANN

www.frankthebaptist.com

www.telegramfrank.com

Wow... that's a tough one as there are too many bad gifts to remember (luckily some really great and creative ones as well).

I was in a car with some friends recently and a song came on the stereo that brought this one up from the depths so I'll relay this wonderful Christmas gift memory.

I think I was about fourteen and a pal of mine and I were dating these two girls who were also friends who were very different from us when it came to taste. My friend and I were very involved in the underground punk/hardcore/goth scene at the time and our tastes in clothing showed that. These girls were not from the same scene and got us these matching white sweatshirts that said, in a bad airbrush/fake spraypaint style "Wild Boys" big and bold across the front. They were the cheesiest things we'd ever seen and to make matters worse I think they spelled "Wild" with a "Y" instead of an "I" and they thought this detail brought the cool factor way over the top. We looked at each other and pretended to like these matching atrocities as we handed them the gifts we had gotten them which were far far worse. I can't remember what my friend gave his girl but I gave mine two sets of earrings. The first set were earrings with big rectangle pendants of the Alka Seltzer logo and the second set were of the Hertz rental car logo. I got a great laugh out of it but she only put them on once for my amusement. Yep, a real class act I was. We weren't dating for very long.



GORDON SETH

www.facebook.com/Gopher13

I think about the best present I ever got was about 20 years ago my parents bought me a really nice pair of Mexican hand made cowboy boots (they cast about £300!) and I still have them and wear them today! Not sure about a worst gift but I do feel bad when someone gives me a gift at Christmas (unexpectedly) and I don't have one to give back to them.

JON FAT BEAST and his 82 year old dead mother MYSTIC HALEY STARK.

www.facebook.com/profile.php?id=100000282666640

Haley Stark:-Nothing makes me happier than the love of the baby Jesus.

JFB;-My parents didn't really celebrate Christmas, I once remember wanting a Subbuteo Football set, and my stupid "Father" bought me a Subbuteo Rugby set. That went back to the shop pretty Sharpish. He also bought me a second hand fruit machine for Xmas when I was seven. My father was a bloody idiot.



JAMIE MONAHAN (Writer/photographer)

<http://leonatos.livejournal.com>

Best: Lego space shuttle launch kit. Worst: To be frank, I focused on the best

JEMMA SIOSALACH

www.facebook.com/jemma.chisholm

Worse present I've ever received was a bag of sprouts from Richard Richard and Eddie, it was a joke present, which was disappointing but good at the same time, I like my fathers humour. :)



JO FUZZBAT

www.facebook.com/sideshowjo

I'd wanted a BMX for ages and had overheard my grandparents whispering about the bike they'd got me for

Christmas, I'd not told anyone that I wanted one but probably just assumed they could mind read or something; of course I was very excited and quite literally flew down the stairs head first on Christmas morning..only to be greeted by a rather tatty red Chopper. It took me about 5 minutes to absolutely fall in love with that bike :)

JOHN ROBB

www.facebook.com/johnrobb77

Best...Take The Brain...a curious and very plastic board game from the very early seventies and then a tape recorder which seemed amazing, taping your own voice was mind blowing and then making



these weird proto loops out of drums off other records and trying to sing over them in 1973.

Worst...Rupert annuals from a senile old aunt till I was about 20 - god bless her!

JOOST VANDOORNE (Dark Aton)

www.myspace.com/jodocus

The best present i have ever receiving was a dvd player and the dvd from The Cure (trilogy live in Berlin) some years ago. It was a present from my brother and this means a lot to me.



JULIET BOWBRICK (ex vocalist of The Arguments)

www.facebook.com/profile.php?id=1318981798

A gold carriage clock from an Aunt who had it engraved with my name spelled wrongly and the engraving was shocking. On further enquiry she delightedly informed me that she'd had the engraving done at a pet shop because it was so cheap.

KEITH SPENCE

www.facebook.com/KeefyK

The worst present was an American Chopper when I asked for a Grifter. I'm sure my Dad thought he was getting a bargain. The best an SLR from my Uncle

KILLJO ZAPATA

www.facebook.com/profile.php?id=100001859444071

How I love my parents but I can bet the farm that on Christmas eve I'll be receiving the traditional "white" three to six packs of t-shirts, socks and brief underwear.



LIZZIE SWARF

www.myspace.com/swarf
www.facebook.com/elizabeth.l.green

Loads! A rubber penis, bath bombes - I don't have access to a proper bath and best of all, lots of awful porcelain figurines from the pound shop as gifts from children in my classes over the years.

MANZANA OSCURA

www.myspace.com/manzanaoscuro
<http://on.fb.me/g5W1S6>

The best present I've received for Christmas, :) my first acoustic guitar. It had a nice red blood color all over and its sound was brilliant!!

MARK QUESTED

www.facebook.com/markanthonyquested

The worst was and is alcohol, as I am teetotal! The best was probably Doctor Who limited edition VHS video box sets; I used to enjoy receiving those.

MARK SMITH (Unscene Magazine)

www.animespresso.com/unscene

Best present: As a kid it was cool to receive both the Millenium Falcon and an ATAT in the same year (boy was I spoiled). In recent years a nice single malt doesn't go amiss.

Worst Present: A load of blank sheets of 'computer paper' that my dad got free from work in the late 70s. I remember being disappointed by this pressie as a child. Mind you I did have countless hours of fun drawing on it over the following year so maybe it wasn't all that bad after all.



MARK STEINER & HIS PROBLEMS

www.StaggerHome.com/
www.MySpace.com/StaggerHome
www.facebook.com/pages/Mark-Steiner-His-Problems/138069216247880

<http://itunes.apple.com/us/album/a-misfit-xmas/id204568133>

(BEST) Being served divorce papers, a carton of smokes & a bottle of tequila.

(WORST) Being served divorce papers, a carton of smokes & a bottle of Jack Daniels.

MARK WILSON (13 Tombs)

www.myspace.com/13tombs
www.praysilence.org/profile/13tombs

Quite possibly one of the greatest presents I ever got was my first biker jacket when I was 15 - 26 years later I am on my 7th one and am making plans for number 8...

MICHELE ARI

<http://micheleari.com>

Probably the gift of which I was the most fond was a dress my mother made for me. This was a very unusual thing. She was a working gal with not much time to hone her domestic skills so it was a very special thing to me. The dress was a bit of a smock and a bit out of fashion (as was I in general anyway) and much to my horror she made one for

my older sister six years my senior with whom I did not share any bit of fashion sense. But I loved my mother and she made the dress for me with love so I wore it proudly. Critics be damned.

MIRANDA YARDLEY

<http://truecultheavymetal.com/index.php/dominion>

My best present was an action figure from my maternal grandmother. I discarded the supplied clothes and accessories and knitted a collection of dresses for it. Oh, last year I received the Heston Blumenthal 'Fat Duck Cook Book' from my daughter which has given me a method to make the most amazing chips.

NEVILLE COPE

www.lastjuly.co.uk www.romeburns.co.uk

Most baffling Christmas present I got was an incredibly cheap microphone (I think it was a Memorex one from Argos or something) from my Mum. My Mum is normally great with presents but to this day I cant figure out why she thought I needed one. I had recently taken up the electric guitar...



NIGE TWELVETREES

www.facebook.com/nige.twelvetimes

Best gift hmm perhaps my racer. That blew me away, or my remote control Porsche 911.

NOEL COLOMA ACOSTA

www.noelacosta.com

Connected to your first question, best was falling in love a few days before Xmas.

PAUL BROOME

www.monicaslastprayer.co.uk

Best present would be the carpentry set my Grandparents bought me when I was about 7 (although my parents may disagree...). Worst... I can't think of one now. I just love presents, good or bad!

PAUL DEVINE

www.siiii.co.uk

I usually get pretty good presents. The worst one I've ever seen was Linzi's gift to her brother three years ago. It was owl crap.



PAULO GOTOH (Elegia's lead vocal)

www.myspace.com/3legia

I'd say, (when I was a kid), it was a model kit of a helicopter I had, or a battle-ship game that one could shoot tiny metal balls to hit the opponent's ships, to mention a material gift, but my best present was in 2002 and arrived nineteen days before Christmas, my son Victor. The worst came in the following year: the distress I experienced when I spent Christmas at the hospital, during my son's recovery from the surgery. (I might say that in this year I also had a good one since everything run fine, and he got out of it without much trouble).

PENNY DREADFUL

www.queenalice.co.uk

www.eccentricitea.moonfruit.com

Last year my partner bought me the Alice In Wonderland celestial globe I'd been coveting for about 3 years - that is definitely one of the best. I got a pair of frilly black lace knickers in a plastic egg once from an aunt. That wasn't so great. I was 14. Really very, very weird. Oh and an ex bought me a pair of pink bed socks once. That rates pretty low.

RICCARDO 'CORDE OBLIQUE' PRENCIPE

www.cordeoblique.com

www.myspace.com/cordeobliqueunofficial

www.youtube.com/user/cordeoblique

www.lastfm.it/music/Corde+Oblique

The best present was a book of Benedetto Croce, it was called: "The Heaven Where The Devils Live" it talks about Naples, considered a wonderful heaven but full of devils, I hope they will run away as soon as possible. Each year I receive a worst present, the last I remember was a big pen fish shaped, it was so giant and I really don't know how to use it, it was ridiculous, but funny! hehe



RICHARD JOHNSON

www.lumberton-trading.com

www.fourth-dimension.net

To be honest, nothing in particular springs to mind. Certainly not from my younger days, anyway, when my brothers and myself were mostly looked after by our nan and our mother, who was going through a messy divorce and couldn't get us exactly what we hoped for. At the risk of seeming predictable, however, certain items of clothing received were often bad. A trend that has continued until recently enough, when an oversized pair of Calvin Klein boxer shorts were given to me. I still haven't fathomed the rationale behind that particular gift!

ROB BYRD

www.robbyrd.com

This will be my beloved wife and I's first Christmas in our new home, which I refer to ironically as "Stately Byrd Manor" due to its modest, but more than sufficient, size. So, I think that covers both "Present" *and* "Future". We have let a few of the cryptid creatures that roam



the grounds of stately Byrd Manor (a young susquatch and a yeti) inside to enjoy our Christmas tree...

ROB DALLAWAY (The Cravats, The Very Things, Silverlake)
www.silverlakemusic.co.uk
www.thecravats.com

The best present ever was a Johnny Seven multi-function machine-gun/rocket launcher, received when I was about 7 years old. I was incandescent with excitement. Totally non-PC, absolutely thrilling.

ROGER FRACÉ (The Machine In The Garden)
www.tmitg.com

I only have a few early memories as later years I would generally receive a cheque so I could just go buy whatever I wanted. But I do have one vivid early memory from when I still believed in Santa and my parents wouldn't put any gifts under the tree until after my brother and I were asleep Christmas Eve — I remember running into the living room (probably 6am, or earlier, knowing me) and seeing a new bike standing next to the tree, training wheels and all!



One of Roger's cats eating their tree.



RYAN (Dolston from DeathDisco.ca)
www.deathdisco.ca

The best gift I have ever received is time with my family. As I have gotten older and moved away from home the most important thing has always been time with my family. This year will be especially pleasant as I am spending Christmas Day with my girl friend and her family then in a few days after, we will be heading to my home town in rural Ontario to spend time with my parents and my sister, her husband and my little nephew. I am exceedingly excited about this.

SHAUN HISTED-TODD
www.facebook.com/pages/Shaun-Histed-Todd-Photographer-Digital-Illustrator/69199259488

Well can't define a particular worst present, but it would probably be some form of clothing. Being 6'6" and preferring clothing that's individualistic, it's hard enough for me to find something I'm happy with. So there have been a few Xmas's where I've received clothing and they failed.

The Best Xmas present, though not really a gift, was 3 years ago when our Son came to us a few weeks before Christmas. We adopted him at the age of 3, and arriving just before the festivities, felt like all our Christmas's had come at once. Having him there brought all those childhood memories back and made the season feel that extra special.

SHELDON BAYLEY
www.facebook.com/profile.php?id=1054330146

You'd have to go some way to beat the pleasure I felt when I heard the news that Camilla had been poked with a stick while the royal limo was being shaken by irate students (even Chris Morris wouldn't have dreamt this one up for On The Hour or The Day Today). In all



seriousness, and side-stepping the ubiquitous Raleigh Chopper story, in recent years the complete DVD box sets of 'The Sweeney' and '24' seem to stand out as particular highlights on the best present scale. Worst presents that spring to mind are some kind of anti-snoring mechanism one year (thanks Mum) and being given a book that I had published ('Nostalgia About Comics') another year. To explain the latter a bit more, it wasn't the fact that I had been given this particular book - it was a genuinely suitable gift from a sensitive person who couldn't have known that I had any connection with its ISBN - it was my reaction. Rather than graciously accepting this carefully chosen offering, I roared out loud that I had produced this book and still had a load of file copies at home. I did all this in front of her family. 'Lead balloon' doesn't begin to describe it.



SIMON DOLING

www.myspace.com/doling

Although I've never had a bad present - or at least have done a great job in blocking them out from memory. My best was receiving my first drumkit when aged Twelve, I was playing it at 7.00am. Such joy and hours and hours spent practising for years to come. My wife brought me a minidisc player (remember them?) about Seven years ago that I was also very happy with. Now of course, I couldn't give a monkeys about receiving anything myself at-all. Though I'm desperate for few invoices to be paid so I can treat myself to the six series box-set of the wonderful 'Trailer Park Boys' to watch in the expected quiet period of freelance life in January.

SUSAN DRAWBRIDGE

www.facebook.com/profile.php?id=623506643

Best - my Commodore 64 as a teenager!

Worst - scarf and gloves set from my aunty!



TERRI KENNEDY (former Stone 588 vocalist, currently with Strychnine FX and Kardia Mortis. Also co-owner of Goth store Ipso Facto.)

www.ipso-facto.com

www.myspace.com/ansuzansuz

www.myspace.com/strychninefx

My Mom had tried to give these awful pair of multi-colored striped toe socks (with individual toes) for my high school graduation earlier in the year and wouldn't you know she stuck them under the tree again at Christmas that same year.

TIMOTHY LONDON

www.facebook.com/timothy.london.facetoface

Cast all those bad presents from your memory, they were sent by Satan, not Santa!

TONY X

www.myspace.com/deathlustxxx

A Razor and Soap when I was like 14 yrs old, I was like hehehehem Thank You?.....

TRACY ROMERO

www.facebook.com/profile.php?id=100000485787621

The best was a watercolor picture my then 3-year-old niece made for me. I had it framed and it hangs on my bedroom wall. I love homemade gifts the best, whether it's a piece of art, food, music, something written...it doesn't really matter. The joy I get is knowing that somebody I love made something just for me. The worst was slippers. I don't ever wear them.

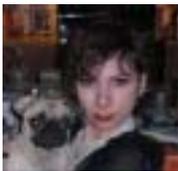
WENDY ROBINSON

www.facebook.com/profile.php?id=100000696499029

I had asked my sister (who was way less cool than me of course) to buy me the first Orchestral Manouvers in the Dark album (yes, I know !)...and on Christmas day I opened the package to find a compilation of orchestral overtures by Bach. To this day she tries to convince me this was a joke, but I still don't believe her. The best ever was a Moog micro-preset synthesiser when I was 16. Way more expensive than my parents could afford, and just the kindest thing they could ever do given at the time I was a Goth on a mission? Since then anything made by my little boy Ned - it's a cliché but despite the hideous uselessness of the objects they always melt this soft old heart!



CHRISTMAS FUTURE: What are you plans for Christmas?



AINE BRANCH

www.facebook.com/pandorasbox

Sitting at home with my Husband and pugs, in my jammies and watching a Christmas story on the telly.

ALAN HICKS (Writer/DJ)

www.dominionmag.com www.komodorock.com

www.myspace.com/rockmatrix www.myspace.com/hiximus

The usual. Meet up with friends on Christmas Eve then at home in South East London with family and close ones on the day. No drink though as I'll have to drive. Then I'll be DJing some metal at the Beholder gig in Lewisham in the 27th.

AMBER ERLANDSSON (Morrigan Hel)

www.nemhain.com www.murdermile.co.uk

www.morrigan-hel.com www.facebook.com/morriganhel

To finally have a break from working, I've turned into a bit of a workaholic recently so it'll be nice to just stop for a week. I plan to get loads of horrifyingly calorific food in and truckloads of booze, get going on some new songs and make myself ill with indulgence. After that I may need to cry and self flagellate, maybe stick some needles into my eyes to atone for all the excess ;)

ANDY CALE COUSIN (Many bands you have loved)

www.facebook.com/profile.php?id=100001715968859

Winning the lottery or buying a small cat



ANDY DEANE

www.andydeane.net

www.bellamorte.com

www.TheRainWithin.com

Same as ever... I spend the day with family and the night with friends. Usually I end up at the theatre to see whatever happens to be playing that's worth a damn. And on more than one occasion I've ended up at

Sheetz at 3am buying day-old corndogs with a group of friends... that's a distinct possibility this year.

ANDY HEINTZ (The Men That Will Not Be Blamed For Nothing)

www.facebook.com/andytheatom

(Not actually answers, I just nabbed their mailout, minus the bit about the dead kitten.)

Gawd blimey! wot a year! 2010 saw The Men that Will Not Be Blamed For Nothing exploding all over the Steampunk scene like an over-stoked boiler!!! We sold out our Steampunk Spectacular show at the Cross Kings in London, turning people away at the door in January. Vocalist/guitarist Andrew O'Neill did his first stand up comedy tour of Australia and New Zealand from February to April. We released our debut album 'Now That's What I call Steampunk, Volume 1' to much critical acclaim in May....including a limited edition WAX CYLINDER version, the first wax cylinder official release in the uk for decades.... <http://lrich.wordpress.com/2010/05/28/analogue-days/>

We played the World Steam Expo in Michigan USA at the end of May. We played at the Edinburgh Festival in August, and were awarded the



'Best Musical act Award' by the people at Darkchat www.darkchat-edinburgh.tk/

We had our first official US release, with a track on the 'Sepiachord Passport' compilation CD
<http://www.projekt.com/projekt/product.asp?sku=PRO00250>

We headlined the second ever Asylum UK Steampunk weekender in Lincoln in September. We played our first ever Whitby Goth Weekend gig on Halloween...a gig that bass player Marc couldn't make, so Andy Mad-Dog McFarlane ably stepped in as substitute, despite having NEVER played with us before we all met up at soundcheck (he had seen us in Edinburgh, and learnt the songs off the CD!!!)...now THATS punk!

We recorded a special 7" vinyl festive EP called 'A Very Steampunk Christmas' at Dropout Studios in Camberwell, which we released on 11th December with a party and performance at the Festival Of Sins fetish club in London. We put together a webstore (which was uncharacteristically organised!) www.freewebstore.org/blamedfornothing

Looking forward to 2011, we have written and demoed half of our second album, which will be coming out in spring 2011...

We will be gigging all round the country, we will be returning to the States for more dates including the World Steam Expo 2011, we are running the punkier end of things at the Asylum 2011 putting on our own rowdy evening, Andrew and Marc will be out on the road with new stand up shows...including a return to Australia and dates at Sonisphere, Reading and Download, and I am putting the final touches to the second Giant Paw album which will also be out in 2011!

On a personal note, our home's cat population exploded...becoming more of an infestation, and our cat total now stands at a very healthy 4 adults, 6 kittens, 2 semi permanent guests (one from next door, and one stray). If it's a Christmas Ghost story you are after, i recommend Doctor Who on Christmas Day...Matt Smith is now my FAVOURITE Doctor, Karen Gillan is devastatingly gorgeous...and with Steven Moffat writing you can't go wrong!

EAT UP THY FIGGY PUDDING! LOVE TO YOU AND YOURS

ANDY PEARSON (Fear & Loathing)

www.facebook.com/profile.php?id=1072187336

We plan to stay indoors, eat and drink and be festive slob, as is (or should be) traditional.

ANNA ALIENA (Singer of ShirayasDream and Verney 1826)

www.myspace.com/shirayasdream

www.myspace.com/annaliena

I'm going to spend Christmas with my family. As soon as I've returned to Berlin, I will certainly have another Christmas with my boyfriend. :-)

AZIA JUSTINE (Des Modules Etranges)

www.myspace.com/lesmodulesetranges

www.lesmodulesetranges.fr

I'll spend Christmas with my family in Copenhagen and I plan on getting drunk (so is the rest of my family).

BARRINGTON STEELE

www.facebook.com/barrie.young

All depends on my impending euro millions win!!



BARRY DJBATS

www.facebook.com/barry.djbats

Spending Christmas with friends. They own a bar and they have invited Maria and I to have dinner & drinks with them in the bar, thrilled.

BOD

www.facebook.com/bodbaber

Apart from the associated carousing, on the actual day itself I'll be with my younger brother and my mother in London: I am to Wimbledon, and we plan on a brisk walk in Richmond Park after lunch. I've asked for a swordstick, so if I encounter any backsliders or scoundrels I'll christen it.

My other plan is to spend the rest of the day beating my brother at some X-Box / Wii fighting game, whilst smoking cigars. In black tie.

We do have an old family tradition of pillaging the local village and taking their women, but we'll skip that this year as we're in London.

BUNNY

www.facebook.com/bunnylefluf

My plans are to go to my brother's house and celebrate :)

CARRIE RYAN

www.facebook.com/profile.php?id=1354695360

I think the best was my first album my Grandmother - of all people - bought me, it was Never Mind The Bollocks Here's The Sex Pistols. I nearly died of shock lol, I never thought she would!

CHESHIRECAT THEBOUNCING

www.facebook.com/profile.php?id=10000109117914

Sabatel: Give birth to our demo. At last!

CID VALE FERRERIA (Editor, DJ, former editor of Sépia Zine and Carcasse.com)



http://meadiciona.com/cidvale
www.facebook.com/cidvale

I know how close it is to Christmas, but I sincerely have no idea if I'll manage to get any more days off besides December 24th to 26th, so "not working these days" and gathering with close friends and family sounds good enough for now.

CORKANT

http://corkant.multiply.com

A quiet Christmas day at home with my wife and 2 boys (15 and 17). We will watch movies, play Monopoly and Xbox, eat too much, drink too much and make a few phone calls to distant friends. Boring really!

DAE NOCTEM (Era Nocturna)

www.eranocturna.com

On Christmas Eve I'm planning to see the extended family whom I haven't seen in over a year now. We'll have plenty of drinks and catching up. The day of Christmas I'll be heading to my mother's home for dinner and probably some football (American flavor).

DANEEN RUSH

It'll be a quiet and intimate Christmas at home with my significant other. We'll have gifts, food, wine, and music in our humble abode during the day. You know, the usual stuff. Then we'll most likely wander around the city in the evening in search of wine, wine, and more wine as we take in the holiday lights. The city is always peaceful on Christmas Day, especially if there's a fresh blanket of snow to deter the crowds. It's a little slice of Heaven to me.



DARLIN' GRAVE

www.allgonedead.net

www.myspace.com/readershipostile

www.myspace.com/voodoochurch

It will be my daughter's first Christmas so it is going to be fun to see how she reacts when she sees the amount of presents we have for her, mind you I bet she'll be more interested in the wrapping paper!

DEL BARTLE (Godfathers, Sid Presley Experience etc)

www.facebook.com/profile.php?id=659571208

Drink some red wine, think about not drinking any red wine in the new year & the (hopefully) busy year ahead of making more noise.

DJ JASON (of Alchemy)

www.absolutionnyc.com

One year, while I was in graduate school, I received a huge box of very ugly preppie clothing. There were many brightly colored sweaters, shirts, slacks and even accessories like gold buckled belts. This gift came from my father. He clearly used the holiday to send me a message that he wanted me to change the way I dressed. I think it was the only time that he wasn't severely late sending his Xmas gift.

eveghost (Christ vs. Warhol)

www.myspace.com/christvswarholmusic

I shall return to Minnesota and dive into a snow bank, sample some of the fluff like the old days. I may attempt to rent snowshoes and venture into the woods. I'll be spending Yule with family and good friends, also visiting my father's grave since he recently departed. I also plan to visit the controversial Kensington Runestone which is in the same town where my brother and his wife currently reside. I'm fascinated by the fact that there is still so much debate as to its authenticity.

"TELEGRAM" FRANK "THE BAPTIST" VOLLMANN

www.frankthebaptist.com

www.telegramfrank.com

Well... I'll be spending the holidays in the U.S. and with family and friends there for the first time in 4 years. I'll be spending time corrupting my nephews and niece. (Think "Uncle Buck.")

I'll also be doing a Telegram Frank performance to cure whatever ails ya in New York City on December 22nd at a Party Called Underworld-Blood on the Yule Balls @ the Sullivan Room.

GARY CLARKE (The Hiram Key)

http://thehiramkey.moonfruit.com

To fly home on the 23rd and visit my parents in Nottingham and see the whole family and their kids.

GORDON SETH

www.facebook.com/Gopher13

Get through work (which as a postman is never fun this time of year!) and then spending Christmas day with my parents in Surrey then Boxing Day heading north to see my girlfriend in Cheshire.

JON FAT BEAST and his 82 year old dead mother MYSTIC HALEY STARK.

www.facebook.com/profile.php?id=100000282666640

HS:-Loving The Baby Jesus as I do I shall spend my Christmas day looting churches. Golds up to £9 a gram, rich pickings. I'm 82 and allowed to do anything I want.

JFB: I am single and happy again, will spend Christmas Day playing Snap with the Dog, been invited to three different friends parties on Christmas day afternoon and evening. I don't believe in a Christian God, or Any God, so spiritually it will be Vodka for me.

JAMIE MONAHAN (Writer/photographer)

<http://leonatos.livejournal.com>

Spend time with the parents, catch up on the photos, relax, socialise lots.

JEMMA SIOSALACH

www.facebook.com/jemma.chisholm

My plans for this years Christmas is to share with it with not just my close family but with my boyfriend and his family and friends. I will be working most of the time over Christmas but I will enjoy my time off in attending parties and watching hopefully good TV!

**JO FUZZBAT**

www.facebook.com/sideshowjo

I'll be spending it with my family, cooking a big veggie dinner, playing games, drinking copious amounts of alcohol and hoping my other half will do the washing up!

JOHN ROBB

www.facebook.com/johnrobb77

I will be in Llandudno sat on the big Orme - the windswept hill next to the town, watching the fierce crashing sea and feeling the strange magic in the air. Last year I was in Varanasi, the Indian holy town hanging out with the grey ash clad holy men who wore leopardskin mini skirts and pink turbans round their long dreads and were utterly stoned as their band played Kirtan harmonium music for 24 hours. That was an interesting experience...

JOOST VANDOORNE (Dark Aton)

www.myspace.com/jodocus

A dinner with the whole family

JOY LASHER (Editor of

Dominion magazine)

www.dominionmag.com

This Christmas I shall be closing the coffin lid on Dominion #8 (due out in the first week of January!) and mulling over a very exciting Dominion special planned for next spring. I don't want to say too much just yet but I'm really excited about it and it will definitely be worth the wait! Keep your eyes peeled on the website for more information in due course.

**JULIET BOWBRICK (ex vocalist of The Arguments)**

www.facebook.com/profile.php?id=1318981798

Caning the ten bottles of champagne I've bought in two days.

KEITH SPENCE

www.facebook.com/KeefyK

We're having an Italian style Xmas dinner, so that should be fun. No kids this year so it'll be a bit strange and quiet.

LIZZIE SWARF

www.myspace.com/swarf

www.facebook.com/elizabeth.l.green

It's going to be bleak. Just me and my partner on the day itself. We have no money and no sign of any coming our way soon. I might get a tree in but that's about it.

**MANZANA OSCURA**

www.myspace.com/manzanaoscura

<http://on.fb.me/g5W1S6>

My plans for the future Christmas: I will have a nice dinner at home, some Italian food this year. I know! Not the traditional for Christmas' dinner in my corner of the world, but I can't help it. Sometimes I can't be conventional. About Christmas' dinner: I

change the menu every year :D

MARK QUESTED

www.facebook.com/markanthonyquested

The usual. Spending time with my parents, watching the Doctor Who Christmas special, avoiding work, stealing all the toffees out of the Quality Street and Roses.

**MARK SMITH (Unscene Magazine)**

www.animespresso.com/unscene

I will be drinking, making merry and hopefully watching lots of new horror DVDs. (Parents and girlfriend take note!)

MARK STEINER & HIS PROBLEMS

www.StaggerHome.com/

www.MySpace.com/StaggerHome

www.facebook.com/pages/Mark-Steiner-His-Problems/

138069216247880

<http://itunes.apple.com/us/album/a-misfit-xmas/id204568133>

To keep drinking from now until New Year's Day.

MARK WILSON (13 Tombs)

www.myspace.com/13tombs

www.praysilence.org/profile/13tombs

This Christmas various family and friends will be at mine for dinner, it will be loud, fun and my daughter will definitely be hyper!

MICHELE ARI

<http://micheleari.com>

Fast forward to many December 25ths later and I'm living in LA. I spent my very first holiday alone and what a treat it was! Free at last! To be at the beach in the warm sunshine was world's away from the Michigan winters. I was delighted. What I did not know is that I would



end up living in all kinds of new cities from there on out and that I would spend almost every Christmas alone or with an occasional mere stranger. So to this day it does fill me with a bit of trepidation. Because of my work as a musician I spend a great deal of time alone working on and promoting my craft. A holiday should be like any other day, but constant reminders of how "everyone" is with family, friends and loved ones can make me feel hunted. I blame the media. Life's a tough proposition especially for an artist. It's got beauty for sure, but it's not all tinsel and fuzzy slippers.

There is an upside though. There are a lot less distractions for me at this time of year. I used to fight the fact that people I rely on seem to disappear from Thanksgiving (in America) until about late February. It appears it takes some time for people to recover from holidays. I don't have that problem. I stay productive and get things together for the new year. I'm planning on a new record and lots more tours and shows next year so this Christmas I am giving my rehearsal space a facelift and a new coat of paint! While people are still nursing their heartburn and worrying over credit card bills from their trips to the mall, I will be well on my way and that's how I learned to beat the holidays and not notice family and many friends are far away.

MIRANDA YARDLEY

<http://truecultheavymetal.com/index.php/dominion>

Most of my immediate family will be away and so I will be fulfilling my grand-daughterly Duty by looking after my grandmother, she is going to be 101 on New Year's Day. She is an amazing woman, until recently she lived in her own house and now although she is in a home she is totally alert and still has her mischievous sense of humour. We are very close, and I love hearing her stories of the many worlds she has lived through.

NEVILLE COPE

www.lastjuly.co.uk www.romeburns.co.uk

This year the missus and I have decided to please the parents by the usual visits for meals on Christmas and Boxing days, then shortly afterwards we're bugging off to the Canary islands for a week in a rented villa. I'll think about you all freezing your baubles off while I knock back Jack Daniels by the pool. Rock and roll...



NIGE TWELVETREES

www.facebook.com/nige.twelvetrees

Going over to my brothers to get shot at by nephews with their new toy guns probably, and try to enjoy it more this year as last was a bad one for me. Which kinda put a dampener on things. :-)

NOEL COLOMA ACOSTA

www.noelacosta.com

As my folks are celebrating their 50th wedding anniversary, and they're renewing their vows on the 30th, I'd say will be spending it with family. (No choice. :-))



PAUL BROOME

www.monicalastprayer.co.uk

To see as many family members as possible (as I haven't done that for a while), stay warm, and spread a little of that festive cheer (of which I have plenty to spare!)

PAUL DEVINE

www.siiii.co.uk

This is my fourth Christmas with Linzi and I am truly blessed. It's also my first one as a virtual vegan. Judging by some of the dummy runs we've had with foodstuffs it'll be a yummy one! I'll miss the cheese though...

PAULO GOTOH (Elegia's lead vocal)

www.myspace.com/3legia

Nothing fancy, just spend Christmas modestly, with my family, here in my home town.

PENNY DREADFUL

www.queenalice.co.uk

www.eccentricitea.moonfruit.com

This Christmas season is a busy one. For me it starts when my band Alice Moving Under Skies play at Slimelight in London on the 18th

December with Sexbeat and Rhombus. Christmas day will be spent refusing to shift from the sofa, eating too much and complaining about the lack of decent TV - like the rest of the country I should imagine. It's the obligatory Essex family visits between Christmas and New Year and then a little jaunt over to Whitby for New Year's Eve at The Met.

RICCARDO 'CORDE OBLIQUE' PRENCIPE

www.cordeoblique.com

www.myspace.com/cordeobliqueunofficial

www.youtube.com/user/cordeoblique

www.lastfm.it/music/Corde+Oblique

Mixing my sixth album, we will start mixing the day 27th of December, Corde Oblique will also have a concert in Rome next 28th December, so it will be a really full working Christmas, the next album is working fantastic, it will be released next march.

RICHARD JOHNSON

www.lumberton-trading.com

www.fourth-dimension.net

This year, because I'm not going to the UK for the first time since moving to Poland, I'll experience my first Polish Xmas. To that end, my only plan is to simply evade all the trappings of a traditional Polish Xmas as much as humanly possible. Although my girlfriend has repeatedly assured me that her family is rather more liberal than most over here, I will not allow myself to be dragged to any church for the sake of keeping her grandmother happy, for example. Last time I went into a church at Xmas was when my friend Mark, after an evening's drinking, persuaded me to join him for Midnight Mass in Krakow's biggest church. I just started laughing as soon as I walked in and saw all these people lapping everything up and had to leave immediately. Nothing against people's personal beliefs, but this type of blind stupidity is comedy gold as far as I'm concerned.



ROB DALLAWAY (The Cravats, The Very Things, Silverlake)

www.silverlakemusic.co.uk

www.thecravats.com

This Christmas I shall be drinking as much sherry as I can and then trying to pin the tail on the cat. That, and a spot of nude wrestling.

ROGER FRACÉ (The Machine In The Garden)

www.tmitg.com

Taking it easy, hopefully! Christmas is very different when you're the parent. We'll have one set of grandparents with us, but otherwise it looks like our daughter will be getting quite the haul of toys this year. She's not quite old enough to understand but I suspect she'll have a ton of fun unwrapping everything.



RYAN (Dolston from DeathDisco.ca)

www.deathdisco.ca

Guess I kind of touched on this above but on top of time with family, I will be running a special version of my club night Christmas night. We have decided it will be called Gothmas, an FU to all the unpleasantness of the holiday season. It will be celebrated with all the finest Gothmas traditions; an eggroll and Jagermeister buffet, a festive Robert Smith to decorate and traditional Gothmas music by The Cure, Joy Division, Siouxsie, The Sisters of Mercy and more. All and all, a great excuse to poke some fun at the season and give a night of fellowship for those in the black clad brigade who can't be with their families for whatever reason.

SHAUN HISTED-TODD

www.facebook.com/pages/Shawn-Histed-Todd-Photographer-Digital-Illustrator/69199259488

Well at some point during the week leading up to Xmas we will be taking our lad to see Santa at Kent's Cavern, where they decorate the caves out to a winter wonderland Grotto. We took him there for a surprise when he first came to us and he fell asleep on the way and didn't wake up till we were inside, he was so mesmerized I think he thought he was dreaming it.

Was planning on making the Adam Ant show on the 21 Dec, but will probably spend the Solstice watching the full moon Eclipse out here on the Moors. With good friends from London planned to stay over Xmas (weather permitting and we are not cut off with snow) it will be festivities all round.

For New Year we are spoilt for choice - Rachel Stamp NY special - Nick Marsh's Gypsy Hotel night - Sicknote and now Gary Clark has just added us to his Cureheads guest list. Or we could attend a riotous party of long term friends which could end up at Sicknote's NY Party.

SHELDON BAYLEY

www.facebook.com/profile.php?id=1054330146

Original plans were to go to my fiancée's sister's house for lunch on Christmas day, but we were left high-and-dry by a phone call a few days ago when we were 'uninvited'. Nothing behind it, other than her sister wanted a quiet one with hubby and the kids. What to do? Certainly not seek alternative family arrangements with another branch of either of our clans. After all, for the first time in living memory, we had been presented with a golden opportunity to spend the day together, on our own. Next decision was where to spend this precious time. Staying at home seemed wasteful, so some quick research into local hotels revealed that you can get some amazing rates



for staying on Christmas night, although you pay something of a premium for Christmas lunch itself. So we shall be ensconced at Moor Hall, the former country residence of the Ansell family (famous for brewing beer around these parts) experiencing a family-free Christmas day (and night). Should be interesting.

SIMON DOLING

www.myspace.com/doling

Very busy this year. I took the plunge after years of steady employment just over a year ago and went fully freelance (sound engineer & community music teaching) and with a quiet January on the cards, I'm working up until the 23rd of December when I'll be doing monitors for The Blockheads at Colchester Arts Centre. Before that I'm yet to get a young client of mine through an Arts qualification that I've just started delivering, he's been making his first fully self-produced track with the excellent sequencer 'Reaper' that I work with and have taught him. I'll then be taking the family to my in-laws on Selsey Bill on Christmas Eve to come back up to Suffolk on Boxing Day, I'm then doing sound at the bijou Blue Room in Ipswich on the 27th, 29th & 30th, visiting my folks on the 28th. After that New Years in at home, definitely and more family visiting on the 2nd. Busy. Our main thing for the future though is that we hope to relocate to Portugal at some point, not for a few years mind (unfortunately), and it's talking about how it might be and the hope of being there for it, that keeps us working towards our goal.

SUSAN DRAWBRIDGE

www.facebook.com/profile.php?id=623506643

Normally the festive season is taken over with family visiting...so this year we are heading off for a romantic 3 night break in Glastonbury where we can celebrate midwinter at the Chalice Well and then snuggle up together next to real log fires in historic real ale pubs with good pub grub! And then it's the big day at my parents, and boxing day at Steves. New Year is blank as yet - the best new year was Adoration playing The Giffard at Wolverhampton last year - the best band around (IMHO) and all our friends together for a huge booze up, fantastic!

TERRI KENNEDY (former Stone 588 vocalist, currently with Strychnine FX and Kardia Mortis. Also co-owner of Goth store Ipso Facto.)

www.ipso-facto.com

www.myspace.com/ansuzansuz

www.myspace.com/strychninefx

Of course Christmas Eve for us retail slaves is just another workday, so I'm usually busy working until the last minute. But on Christmas day, my dear husband and I usually spend time with his father and friends (my parents having left this mortal plane some time ago), filled to the gills with sumptuous naughty desserts like pumpkin pie, enjoying the warmth of love and friendship and a little tipple as well.

TIMOTHY LONDON

www.facebook.com/timothy london.facetoface

It's just one day. Just. One. Day. And will be over with as quickly as today. Unless your Xmas starts now, in which case it's an insanely long, slightly perverted orgasm of nostalgia for a time that never was. Unless, of course, you believe in the shepherds and the 3 wise geezers etc in which case you will, no doubt, be out and about, doing Jesus's dad's work, with the homeless and the poor.

TONY X

www.myspace.com/deathlustxxx

On Christmas Eve Juan Alternativah and myself are doing Deadcadence "BLACK X-MAS!!!" Free entrance!! Then spend family time before Christmas Day night at Release The Bats Long Beach with Cali Ghouls!!!

TRACY ROMERO

www.facebook.com/profile.php?id=100000485787621

This Christmas is a bit different. I recently lost my father to cancer on 11/22/2010. We're all still numb from the experience. So far, we have a tree set up at Mom's house and have plans to spend the day together, but apart from sharing in each other's company, we haven't anything planned.

WENDY ROBINSON

www.facebook.com/profile.php?id=100000696499029

We always have a big party with friends and families and transform Keith's huge workshop into a winter wonderland, complete with a visit from Santa. The kids have caught on to the idea that it's just some old bloke dressed up, but they play along with it so as not to spoil the parents fun. Xmas day is often spent with family in Scotland but we're staying put this year to enjoy the frozen seaside. After that it's off to New York...yipeeeeeeee !



GHOST STORY: Please share the creepiest experience(s) you have ever encountered.

AINE BRANCH

www.facebook.com/pandorasbox

Back in 1984 I was living in a house that had "a history." One night I couldn't sleep, so I went out into the living room. As I was walking out to the livingroom, I felt something tug on my nightgown and brush up against my leg. I looked down and saw a man-like creature with razor teeth. Needless to say, I screamed and ran back to bed and didn't get back to sleep for the rest of the night. I could have been dreaming, but to this day I never forgot it

ALAN HICKS (Writer/DJ)

www.dominionmag.com www.komodorock.com

www.myspace.com/rockmatrix www.myspace.com/hiximus

To be honest I don't believe or not believe in the existence of ghosts, although think 99% of peoples' experiences have a simple explanation. I can't recall any creepy experiences but have always had a penchant for horror films.

ALETHEA CARR

www.facebook.com/profile.php?id=1849481100

My True-life Ghost Story: I don't, on principle, normally believe in ghosts, ectoplasm, spirit visitation, or even an afterlife. But this experience is just enough to keep me wondering. Many, many years ago, when I was a college student, a friend's mother – one of those brilliant ladies who is mother to so many naïve college kids – took

pity on me, knowing I had nowhere to take my meals except on my lap sitting on my sofa. She brought over an old, beaten card table (for which I had no chairs, but I appreciated very much anyway), and I set it up in the main room across from the door to my bathroom. However, I began to notice that many times in going in and out of the bathroom, I'd catch a glimpse of a tall, stooped shadow of a man walking by my card table. Frankly, I thought it was probably just all the, er, experimenting I was doing at the time and didn't let it bother me. I mentioned it to my friend one evening, and he looked stricken – white and sick. It seems his father had been playing cards at that table when he suffered a fatal brain aneurism, and, like his son, he was a tall, stooping man. I felt quite awful I'd ever mentioned it, and with my friend's permission, returned the table to his mother and went back to eating on my lap.

ALI HOWELLS (The Danse Society Reformation Plot)

www.facebook.com/pages/THE-DANSE-SOCIETY-REFORMATION-PLOT/227357422417

I really haven't got one Mick - wish I did have hun. :(

AMBER ERLANDSSON (Morrigan Hel)

www.nemhain.com www.murdermile.co.uk

www.morrigan-hel.com www.facebook.com/morriganhel

I've had a few weird experiences. One of the earliest ones, I think I was about 6 years old. I was staying over at a friend's house and we'd been put to bed, but of course we were still awake, talking and giggling. We were on the second floor and through the window we saw something that looked like the moon but with a smiling face, just drifting casually up past the window.... weird! Maybe it had something to do with all the medicinal cigarettes the adults were smoking

ANDY CALE COUSIN (Many bands you have loved)

www.facebook.com/profile.php?id=100001715968859

Seeing Julianne in her jimjams

ANDY DEANE



The squirrels care so little about our cats they'll even stop for a grooming session.

www.andydeane.net
www.bellamorte.com
www.TheRainWithin.com

It's funny, but as much as I love writing songs and stories about ghosts, I don't actually believe in them. I love the idea, think it's romantic and frightening at once, but I've never found any compelling evidence. That said, here's my best maybe-encounter: It was dark out and I was writing a song about a friend who had committed suicide a few years ago. At some point I fell asleep on the floor, my head against my keyboard. I woke some time later to the sound of rain falling outside and someone tapping at my window. I remember feeling a chill, and not wanting to look out the window. I fell back asleep after a time when our ex-bassist, Gopal, woke me with a knock at my door. I asked him if it was still raining and he informed me that it hadn't rained all night. Probably all a dream, but it was unnerving at the time nonetheless.

ANDY PEARSON (Fear & Loathing)

www.facebook.com/profile.php?id=1072187336

When I was a kid, I used to take a short-cut through some woods to get to a friend's house. One day I was walking through and started to hear something moving quite noisily through the bushes over to my left. From the noise it was making, it seemed to be something quite large, so I turned around to see what it was. The noise continued and I could even see the bushes moving, but nothing appeared. The noise stopped suddenly, so I took a closer look. Nothing was there. Never been able to figure that one out.

ANNA ALIENA (Singer of ShirayasDream and Verney 1826)

www.myspace.com/shirayasdream

www.myspace.com/annaliena

It happened on Christmas 2008. My ex-boyfriend had given me the posthumously published album "Za Bakdaz" by Klaus Nomi. On Boxing Day I was listening to the music (which was kind of weird!) for the first time when I saw a very gleaming light at the window. I don't know why, but I felt rather mesmerized and ran out of my parents' house. My mum tried to stop me. However, she was not able to hold me back any longer. A space-ship had landed in the field next to the house. Suddenly a blue beam of light forced me to enter the vessel. Inside the space-ship I met Klaus who sang some of his songs to me while we were floating in space ... :-)



AZIA JUSTINE (Des Modules Etranges)
www.myspace.com/lesmodulesetranges
www.lesmodulesetranges.fr

Not really a ghost story but once I woke up at night to take a pee and my toilets being outside my flat in the stairway (old school punk style), I put on my dressing gown as usual and got out in the building's stairway. I almost had a heart-attack when I turned on the light : there was a man sleeping in the hallway, on the floor snoring and obviously drunk or

worse. We're living on the ground-floor and the door is usually unlocked but this never happened before. I went back in to tell Stéphane and to try call someone (health assistance, police, whatever, nobody cared). It took quite a while to wake him up and ask him to leave (which he did). But then I couldn't pee for hours and I'm still a bit nervous now when I have to get to the toilets in the middle of the night.

BARRINGTON STEELE

www.facebook.com/barrie.young

Sitting on my best mate from uni's bed and looking in the mirror of the wardrobe opposite to see his recently deceased brother sitting next to me on the bed. He gave me a knowing wink as if to say look after (mate who might not want to be named) and needless to say was not there when I summoned up the courage to look to my right a nanosecond later.

BARRY DJBATS

www.facebook.com/barry.djbats

Saw a ghost in my teens, where I was living it was in the middle of the day my friend stood behind me as we went up the stairs when I got to the top and turned the corner I thought I bumped into someone. I just froze could not move my friend was asking what was going on, but I could not move. I could see the outline of someone very detailed, I could see the fingers moving. It was dark could not make out facial features but I sensed it was an old woman. It moved towards the kitchen gesturing me to follow I turned and almost knocked my friend down the stairs. When I reached the door I opened it and the light illuminated the stairway and at the top I saw this huge formation it looked like an amoeba, a giant cell like you would see looking through a telescope at school. I also found out a lot of other people had experienced strange goings on in their rooms, doors banging, hearing footsteps and no one there etc. I spoke to my landlord about it as it freaked me out, he laughed & told me to stay off the magic mushrooms which I replied that it wasn't mushroom season. I still to this day believe what I saw & experienced & have told this story to many people when the subject of ghosts comes up .



BOD

www.facebook.com/bodbaber

I rather rashly spent the night at the (very - er, apparently - haunted) Clerkenwell House Of Detention Catacombs - http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/New_Prison - www.ghostclub.org.uk/hod_main.htm http://londonist.com/2010/03/in_pictures_catacombs_of_the_clerke.php ...

I was working as a location assistant on the Guy Ritchie/Robert Downey film "Sherlock Holmes", and they were shooting there. In less progressive or liberal times this godforsaken, labyrinthine place was where one could end up for stealing an apple - and they called it the Age of Enlightenment.

It was all closed down (with no waxworks) when the crew took it over for a week - on the first night they needed someone to see in the crew in the early morning and tell them where their gear went, and, bizarrely, I volunteered. They gave me a key and I stayed the whole night in there - alone. I figure I did it to test the cold sober rationalist in me. Admittedly there was a film security guy round the corner up on street level, and I had walkie-talkie comms with him (+ he brought me some beer down around midnight), but it was way scarier than I thought it would be.

However, although I turned the radio up pretty loud for a couple of hours, I also lionheartedly wandered around the whole gaff with a maglite, and at times it was spookily chilling and tremulously creepy. The disquieting and eerie atmosphere was of course probably just a trick of the heightened mind, but still: there surely must have been a lot of hurt that leeches into those walls over the years.

What was I thinking? I must confess that at around 4 in the morning I was starting to regret it. However, the thought that I'd have a fiendish new anecdote kept me going...

Whilst personally witnessing no apparitions, I did hear tales of a phantasmagorical, moaning knave in chains that wanders the corridors carrying a spectral bowl of porridge. With a disembodied spoon.

P.S. Do you know the original purpose of tinsel? Mirrors for snakes. Merry Christmas!

BUNNY

www.facebook.com/bunnylefluf

Yes, well ... my mom passed away like 7 years ago. Not long after her death I was in the living room, drinking some tea and my cat was sitting next to me, then she got up and walked to the entrance of the kitchen, and was just sitting there staring. So I went to the kitchen and saw nothing. I went into the kitchen to make more tea. As I was heating the water I heard my mothers voice just plain as day say what are you doing?? It was so plain I turned to look behind me but nothing was there. So, I started walking back to the living room and something touched me in the shoulder and again my mothers voice said its ok, and that was it.

I wouldn't say it was creepy or was I afraid. it was so real. Well, I hope this is good. Have a merry Xmas, happy holidays. Take care.

CARRIE RYAN

www.facebook.com/profile.php?id=1354695360

I think the best was my first album my Grandmother - of all people - bought me, it was Never Mind The Bollocks Here's The Sex Pistols. I nearly died of shock lol, I never thought she would!



Sabatel

CHESHIRECAT THEBOUNCING

www.facebook.com/profile.php?id=100001091117914

Sabatel: There is always ghosts! Everywhere! I mean, I think they are following us! Once during a repetition we were recording songs on a recorder with audio tapes, we knew that something was happening, because we had talk of lost souls and it was suddenly very cold in the cave. After a while when we listened to our recording it was incredibly strange! The sing was like doubled (with different rhythm it wasn't synchronized at all) and an odd striking was beating against the rhythm of the song like if it wanted to perturb us while we where playing. The audio recorder is in perfect state and the tape was virgin. Weird!!

Lady of Altamont: During years I felt bad until the day I went to see an exorcist. He said I had a soul trapped in my body. It wanted to go



Lady of Altamont

away but couldn't. The exorcist ask me to lay down close my eye. He gave me a walkman to listen music, and I don't know what he did during 20minutes. And then he asked me to open my eyes and said that the soul was gone (He brought it to "the door"). After I felt better!

CID VALE FERRERIA (Editor, DJ, former editor of *Sépia Zine* and *Carcasse.com*)

<http://meadiciona.com/cidvale>

www.facebook.com/cidvale

As an orthodox atheist, raised with a materialistic yet ethical view of the world, I just can't believe in ghosts. I have, however, experienced a somewhat creepy coincidence that linked three distinct events. I'll let you judge whether they have any supernatural basis or not.

The first one happened in 1996, while I was on vacation. I went to an incredible waterfall with my mom and some of her sisters. Those were some of the worst months of my life, and everyone noticed how bad I was feeling at that time. One of my aunts asked me if she could sit by my side while I let the cold water drip on my head, and held my hand for about half an hour. She's a medium, and the first thing she said was "I saw you in a previous life as a copyst monk, and you still keep much of that character in you".

Fasting forward to 2001. I was already editing *Carcasse.com*, and I decided to ask a programmer to create an easy to handle interface to our literature section. He took some months in the making, and I wanted to find the best name for it. It had to a term closely connected to books, and I found "*Bibliótafo*" ("Bibliotaph"), formed by the union of the greek words for "book" and "tomb", meaning "someone who takes extensive care of his books" or "the place where forbidden or rare books are kept in a library". It sounded perfect and I typed, day by day, 770 poems and short stories of my personal collection there.



Fast forwarding to 2004. Google had already conquered the world. I always checked which links were heading to our site, and sometimes I searched for links to specific sections. One day, I googled “Bibliótafo”, and what appeared first was a historical site in Spanish, with a phrase like “in the Middle Ages, the copyst monks, also known as bibiotaphs...”. I felt chills down my spine.

I don’t know exactly what to think about it. What do you?

CORKANT

<http://corkant.multiply.com>

When I was young, maybe 4 or 5, I used to dread going to bed. I was convinced that someone came into my room each night to try and suffocate me. I’d hide under my bed sheets trying to fall asleep but at the same time I would listen out for creaking floorboards and opening/closing doors. Eventually I would fall asleep but wake a few hours later screaming and crying. My feet would be on my pillow and my head tucked in a corner at the foot of my bed where of course I felt trapped and couldn’t breathe.

When I was 14 or 15 I experienced the fear again. This time I could clearly hear the footsteps outside my bedroom and occasionally I would also hear my name being called by a female voice.

Being slightly more logical and rational thinking I thought that it was a recurring dream that I was having and that the whole thing was not real, however I stayed awake one night and waited for the footsteps. Around 3 in the morning I heard a creak of a floorboard. It was probably my father getting out of bed to go to the toilet I thought.

I heard the slow creak-creak of floorboards getting nearer and nearer my bedroom. The creaking was too slow to be my father I thought. I didn’t want to swing open my bedroom door and scare the daylight out of my dad so I decided that I would wait until the footsteps had passed my door and I would peep out to see if it was my dad.

I waited until the footsteps were right outside my door at which stage I had got out of bed and put one hand on the handle of the door. I was cold, shivering, terrified... I waited for the footsteps to continue down the hallway but they stopped right outside my door.

I opened the door slightly still expecting it to be my father outside. I could see nothing, it was pitch black in the hallway. I swung the door fully open. Nothing. I was in a cold sweat. Petrified. I felt the wall for

the light switch hoping it would scare whatever it was away. I flicked the switch illuminating the hallway. There was nothing there. My heart was absolutely pounding. I would have preferred to see my dad but I would have settled for a ghostly image, or anything at all, so that I could put an image to my fear. I ran down the hall thinking my dad had gone to the bathroom but the bathroom was empty. I ran downstairs. No one. I went up to my parent’s door and listened. I could hear my dad snoring.

I had so many goosebumps on me at this stage that I was shivering. I returned to my room which was so cold but maybe that was my imagination. I threw myself into bed leaving the lights on, covered my head with my sheets and forced myself to sleep. I still heard the footsteps at night for many months after, not every night but every couple weeks or so. I still heard my name being called, sometimes during the day and sometimes other people would hear it too and ask me why I wasn’t answering my mum back.

My younger sister also experienced some strange occurrences in the house. She often has psychic experiences now as does my mum, and her mother did too apparently. One example was when my sister would hear the electric organ playing in the small hours in the room next to hers. Nothing tuneful, just random notes. The organ wasn’t ever plugged in at night. We also had a piano which would randomly play a note, again even during the daytime. I own the piano now and have it in my house but have not heard it play here.

My first story, when I was 4 or 5 took place in Uxbridge. When I was 14 or 15 we lived in West Cork in Ireland. All the best for The Mick!

DAE NOCTEM (Era Nocturna)

www.eranocturna.com

Just this past week at a band practice in my bassist’s home we heard this very strange noise that no one could place. It sounded like metal wailing if it could. Everyone checked their phones but no one could place it. The bassist’s boyfriend is a WWII reenactor and he has a lot of German memorabilia in the home, most notably a very large canon which everyone thinks is haunted. He claims to have seen a full body apparition standing beside it but no besides him has seen it yet. But there are sounds in the house that are rather odd. Makes for some interesting band rehearsals. I plan to try and get some EVPs at some point.



DANEEN RUSH

This one particular event occurred when I was very young, probably around age eight while my sister was around age thirteen. The garage was a separate entity from our house and we used to board a few dogs in there. One evening, my sister and I were home alone when we heard the dogs barking in the garage, which they only did so when someone was lurking around their area. It set off a small alarm in both of us. My sister peered out the dining room window to scan the yard with her eyes but didn't see anyone out there. Unfortunately, our porch light wasn't bright enough to penetrate the darkness surrounding the garage.

Suddenly, someone or something started pounding on the front door and jiggling the knob as if desperate to get inside our house. We practically jumped out of our skins at the sound and started freaking out even more when we didn't see anyone standing at the front door from the window. With the dogs barking out in the garage and the incessant pounding on our front door, my sister, being the badass that she is, considered grabbing one of our dad's guns from upstairs to scare the intruder away (don't worry, he always kept them unloaded) but figured there wasn't enough time. Instead, she ran right around the corner into her room and grabbed her baseball bat.

The both of us then huddled in the corner of the living room, with our eyes bolted to the door, waiting for the hinges to give out and whoever or whatever was outside to burst into our home like a raging tornado ready to destroy everything in its path. My sister held a tight grip on the baseball bat and kept it up and ready.

Then silence.

The pounding on the door instantly ceased and the dogs quieted at the same moment. It was extremely eerie. Time seemed to stop and life around us became motionless. We eventually crept slowly from the corner of the room and peered out the windows again, never seeing anyone out there.

Just then, the dogs started howling like wolves and my sister and I again huddled in the corner. The dogs never, ever howled so it set off another alarm in us. Once again, the dogs quieted and a few minutes later, we heard our parent's car pull into the driveway. Before they could even make it through the door, my sister and I were at them like vultures, grabbing at them, jumping around, screaming and yelling about what had just happened. My Dad, furious at the thought of someone lurking around outside, grabbed a flashlight and my sister's baseball bat and set out to scour the yard but found nothing. He checked on the dogs in the garage and they were all on their sides, breathing erratically. My parents quickly gathered up the dogs, we took them directly to the vet and the diagnosis was that they had been poisoned. We were all shocked and upset. Thankfully, the dogs survived their ordeal, the cops were alerted, and life eventually went back to normal, but without any answers about that evening. To this day, I still have questions about the who and especially the why. Being a child when this occurred, I just couldn't believe that humans were capable of being that sick and demented as to poison some dogs (and god/goddess only knows what else if they had invaded our house and gotten to me and my sister).

So, I don't know if this would really be considered a ghost story, but it was definitely a creepy experience with a potentially deadly result. Even though bits and pieces of that evening are now blurry and many questions still linger, it's still forever ingrained in my mind as a significant childhood memory.

DARLIN' GRAVE

www.allgonedead.net

www.myspace.com/readershiphostile

www.myspace.com/voodoochurch

One of the rooms of my old house in London had this weird presence in it. I cannot really explain it but there was something weird in there. I remember one night when I felt a strange presence in it, I couldn't



even move. I never mentioned it to anybody until it came out in some conversation with some friends who have happened to experience weird stuff in that very same room. Creepy. It wasn't until I remodelled the room and painted the walls that things calmed down. Maybe whichever was there didn't like the wall paper!

DAVID MYERS

www.facebook.com/sketchy101

One Christmas when I was in my early teens me and a friend were walking past a very old building in the snow, when my friend picked up a brick and threw it through the glassless window, when suddenly a glowing figure of a woman in all I can describe as a nuns habit appeared and stared at us, we of course ran off as fast as we could. I didn't sleep well that night and the next day did a little bit of research and found out that there used to be a convent there maybe 300 years before, and that a man had broken in and murdered three of the nuns. I always have a shiver every time I pass where it happened. Now there are new houses built there, I wonder if they have ever seen her?

DEL BARTLE (Godfathers, Sid Presley Experience etc)

www.facebook.com/profile.php?id=659571208

My Grandad died a couple of years before I was born & had lived & died in the house with my aunt & uncle and my cousins, one of whom was only about 3 at the time ... in the weeks after he had passed away, she apparently would come downstairs in the evenings from her bedroom, and tell them that Grandad had been talking to her in her bedroom, often she would come out with things that she wouldn't have even known about at that age, and apparently there used to be an odour of pipe smoke (he used to smoke a pipe) around for no apparent reason.

Probably the creepiest experience I've ever encountered myself, was when Sue & I were staying in a remote farm building in Cornwall in the early '90s In the dead of the night laying in bed we started to

hear tiny footsteps walking around on the roof, didn't sound like a bird or an animal, was definitely 2 tiny feet - we were convinced it was a piscie! We were frozen stiff & wouldn't go out to investigate!

DJ JASON (of Alchemy)

www.absolutionnyc.com

I spent a week alone in a lonely Vermont hotel during the end of a relationship. I had many nightmares each day and night I tried to rest there. A Euro penny dropped from the ceiling and bounced next to my head while I was trying to sleep. At another moment, the table next to the bed shook violently in the otherwise still room. I was too upset about everything to really give it much thought, though.

eveghost (Christ vs. Warhol)

www.myspace.com/christvswarholmusic

I think I've mentioned before that I grew up in a pretty creepy house that I always felt was haunted. Electrical devices seemed to go on and off on their own, my cat would chase invisible entities around and one night, while listening to Shadow Project in my bedroom, the doors of my room began to shake inexplicably. I had to turn off the Rozz and sing Silent Night to myself to get myself to sleep that night. Very creepy, indeed.

“TELEGRAM” FRANK “THE BAPTIST” VOLLMANN

www.frankthebaptist.com

www.telegramfrank.com

I've had a handful of "Ghostly" experiences but none of them really creeped me out that badly. They mostly had me lit up in boyish wonder with some hairs raised thinking, "Oh boy, this is the coolest!" Unfortunately, after some of my relationships absolutely nothing will ever creep me out again. A bit damaged.

I've always loved horror movies but none of them creep me out any more either. I had to be re-animated in a Berlin Emergency room after returning from Helsinki where I did a Halloween show on a ship but even that wasn't really creepy... just scary as hell. Whatever. Happy Holidays to you and yours, Mick!

GARY CLARKE (The Hiram Key)

<http://thehiramkey.moonfruit.com>

Alien Sex fiend live in concert?

GARY CONISBEE (Hank's Café)

www.hankscfe.co.uk

This year my bank balance disappeared into thin air, and no one can explain what happened.

GORDON SETH

www.facebook.com/Gopher13

I guess the only kinda spooky experience I've ever had happened several years ago in a pub in Newbury called The Captains Cabin. Was with a couple of friends at the bar when a pair of fellows came in dressed in very old fashioned, almost Robin Hood type, clothing; tunics that had belts with little pouches and drinking horns hanging from them.

They started chatting to our group and they were saying there should have been a fourth person with us, another friend who we were meant to meet never made it there that night. Then one of them said I had the spirit of a bard in me and I do write and play music and also DJ! Soon after we noticed they had left/vanished and we asked about in the pub but no one else there had seen or even noticed them despite their very noticeable clothing! It was just really odd.

JAMIE MONAHAN (Writer/photographer)

<http://leonatos.livejournal.com>

When I was in Waterford studying for the masters I was staying in student accommodation and awoke one evening and sensed a hot, fiery presence down the top of my bed something like a demonic cat purring. I was afraid to reach down the top as I thought I might get my hand clawed. Tried lying on my pillow and I'm not sure but I could



almost picture a cat pressing their front paw into the pillow an inch before my eyes as it seemed that it was leaving some sort of mark. Went back to sleep, only to be awoken later by the blind rolling itself up (Which it never did except that one time) and the sun was up. Very weird.

JEMMA SIOSALACH

www.facebook.com/jemma.chisholm

I don't really have a ghost story, is that an issue?

JO FUZZBAT

www.facebook.com/sideshowjo

I discovered that my significant other keeps a "poo diary", in which he meticulously notes the time and date of each and every faecal happening in the interests of empiricism...does that count as creepy?

I don't do the ghost thing to be honest but I was convinced that the floating, disembodied head of (the very much alive) Alice Cooper, was haunting the spare room of my grandparents house when I was a kid. It was my mom's bedroom in her youth and she'd decorated the walls with paintings of Rod Stewart, Mickey Mouse, and a really disturbing drawing of Alice Coopers face at the foot of one of the beds. That was the room I'd sleep in when I stayed over and I swore blind to anyone that would listen that the face would float around the room at night with it's mouth open in a silent scream. They didn't take me very seriously :P

JOHN ROBB

www.facebook.com/johnrobb77

City of Christmas Ghosts

The snow was falling outside the window.

'I hate fucking snow. I hate a white Christmas. It's all sludge within an hour and you can't walk anywhere,' moaned the hunched figure of Marley with his usual bucolic ill will that came armed with that northern twinkle in his eye.

Lucy smiled and for some reason turned on the radio. They were talking about ghost stories. They always did every year at this time, somehow death, paranormal activity and Christmas always came together like some sort of unholy trinity. Just like the way middle England was fascinated by murder stories she mused to herself, smiling at the oddness of all those pulp paperbacks about detectives and gruesome murders that entertained the respectable backbone of the country.

'After all Xmas is the dead centre of the year,' smirked Marley, rolling a joint and looking impassibly into the middle of the room. The stale air of the flat hung like a nicotine stained velvet rug as his eyes half focussed with a smirk that was his trademark. Lucy's skinny legs were wrapped around a broken chair as she hummed along to the tune oozing from the radio.

'All is quiet on Xmas eve as God is in the house,
Plastic snow is falling on a neon lit reality'
Sang the vocalist over some euphoric mangled beat...
'I know this one,' she smiled and carried on singing along sweetly to herself.
'*We were running past billboards advertising nothing,
Lets raise a toast to the ghosts of the friends we lost last year...*'
'City of Christmas Ghosts,' she laughed as she remembered the songs title.
'There's no such thing as fookin' ghosts' mardy Marley cackled and continued smiling in a catatonic, semi stoned state.

The static crackle of the radio hummed in the background, a blur of notes and then the voice returned, the long dead voice, singing the song that still resonated through the decades. That moment of youthful exuberance and semi growled commentary still cut through as fresh as when it had been laid down in some beat up skanky recording studio years ago. Like flicking through old photos you could sense the moment, captured and freeze frozen in time like flies in amber. After all that was what pop has always been about - the moment frozen still forever. The moment when living life to the full with a creative hysteria and excitement were recorded forever. The



voice conveyed this thrilling moment and thirty years later you could still feel it- long, long after its owner departed this mortal coil in some beat up house, half forgotten and shrouded in mystery.

There are no happy endings in rock n roll and that moment of fierce aliveness stretched out over years was always going to be stretched too thin, stretched to a breaking point. Eternal youth crashed into a heap. Too fast to live to drunk to die would be the battle cry. And yet now decades later the ghosts of Christmas past filled the room as the song crackled with its own fierce electricity. Its echoing lament proud as the voice still filled the very corners of the room sounding as alive as it ever in a trick of electronics and science. The moment could last forever, the jukebox played dead man's tunes, their souls came alive and filled the room.

Lucy was momentarily lost in the music. The ghosts of the song had hooked her and she looked out of the window at the city spread out for miles - its lights beaming right back at her and Marley's eighth floor council flat. They had once squatted here but now owned the place right in the heart of the city that Joy Division had once sung about. Craning your neck you could see the concrete bridge that the legendary shot of Joy Division had been snapped on years ago - another ghost from another time.

She thought of all the memories that stretched through the decades. More ghosts. More fleeting moments in their cramped flat. There had been some scenes here, some wild nights and some wild sex before they had calmed down to a semi stoned, middle-aged acceptance of each other's irritating habits.

The city, though, had carried on growing and now looked imperious and grand and had shed its post industrial malaise, the gothic Victoriana that had once been its trademark was now dwarfed by stark, huge apartment blocks that never looked like anyone lived in them. The neon's that decorated the skyline like too expensive make up slapped on a cracked actress's pouting face - a fading beauty making it through one last photo shoot.

Lucy thought about the generations that had sweated and toiled in the city, about the cramped Victorian streets, the long knocked down old pubs full of smoke and life and the 19th century stove pipe hats and Victorian dresses of the people and their long dead children playing on the cobbled streets.

The pubs, with their ornate decorations that would once have been statements of homeliness and modernity, were now long gone - turned into car parks or rubble by the relentless apatite of the fast rising city rebuilt after the German bombers and then the brutal sixties developers had done their bit.

She thought about the hideous working conditions and the comforting, powerful bonds of family and community that had been fought out in these long demolished streets. She thought about the bones buried beneath the ever-expanding concrete and she thought about the ghost of the city that lay beneath the modern one.

The voice came thundering out of the radio once more, singing...
*'I was turned on by the static babble of endless media channels,
Tumble on past the polyurethane plastic hi-tech baubles,
She was antiseptic not real but somehow erotic,
Lets raise a toast to the ghosts of friends that we lost last year...'*

The song on the radio was coming to an end and wherever she looked she could feel and hear the ghosts floating through the night - long gone but somehow still just about tangible in the 21st century city.

She thought about her own ghosts - of the people that felt too much, of being mesmerised by Ian Curtis's eyes when she saw him on stage, she thought about the endless damp of the eighties Manchester skyline. She thought about her Goth days, her acid house days - her reckless youth and the endless evenings stretching to the hazy dawn.

She could still feel the clammy nights - the sweat, the youth, the drugs, the rush - how great it was to be young and feel the dawn hit you with a euphoric smile, the elixir of the new sunshine as it touched your skin. She thought of friends that had long since died - too much too soon in England's never ending youth culture hardcore. She thought of the never ending parade of great times in decayed bars and stark modern clubs and she realised that she too was already nearly a ghost, a soon to be forgotten moment in time as the ancient universe continued turning for ever and ever...



JOOST VANDOORNE (Dark Aton)

www.myspace.com/jodocus

When I was a little boy (age 5 or 6) something creepy happened. I was in my bed and suddenly I woke up and saw that my bedroom door was open. My father stood there and asked me to come with him. There was a very shining light behind him and I could hardly see him but for me it was clear that it was my father.

I tried to get up but I couldn't, it was like I was tied to my bed. I screamed but my father looked at me and didn't move nor did he anything. He just stood there and repeated that i had to come with him. Suddenly the light went out and I could move again. I stood up and ran to the door but there was no one. I thought I had a dream and fell asleep again. The next morning I heard from my mother that my dad had an accident that night, he almost got killed in the accident. So I told her what happened to me last night. It was very strange and up till now it fills me with shivers when I think about it. It was like my dad wanted to take me with him in his grave. Creepy enough for me !!!

JOY LASHER (Editor of Dominion magazine)

www.dominionmag.com

One of the creepiest experiences I've ever encountered was at M'era Luna in Germany, the summer just past. It wasn't the festival itself but the Sisters Of Mercy's headline set! Dressed in a puff of smoke and a paler than pale white hoodie, it was difficult to tell whether Andrew

Eldritch was (un)dead or alive - terrifying and I still have nightmares about it to this day!

JULIET BOWBRICK (ex vocalist of The Arguments)

www.facebook.com/profile.php?id=1318981798

During a particularly stressful time in our lives, various things started happening in the house, doors closing, cutlery being moved about, things going missing from drawers. One morning I came down to the kitchen which was always shut as the washing machine made too much noise during the night, to find an pile of sugar (the contents of half a bag) on the counter, no scattering of grains and the bag back in the cupboard.

KEITH SPENCE

www.facebook.com/KeefyK

Sorry completely drawn a blank on that one



LIZZIE SWARF

www.myspace.com/swarf

www.facebook.com/elizabeth.l.green

I have never been one for believing in the supernatural even though my mum was a psychic.

When I first got together with my partner many years ago, we went to stay at his uncle's for

Christmas with all of his family. He warned me that his old aunt would be staying and that she could be a bit creepy because she was a medium. My partner's mother hated her, but my partner had always thought she was pretty cool. He warned me that she might "vet" me. She certainly did. I was questioned left right and centre by the old bat. She took my partner aside later that evening and told him that she thought I had "the gift."

Much later, when everyone had gone to bed, I was suddenly awoken by...something. And there she was, HOVERING above our bed, just staring at me with her pale, cataracted eyes! She was ghost-like and transparent. I rubbed my eyes and looked again and there she still was. In the end, I just hid under the duvet! I peeked out from under the covers less than a minute later and she had gone. The next morning, over breakfast, she leaned over to me and whispered..."You saw me didn't you?"

I told my partner believing that he would think I was being a fruitloop, but surprisingly, he didn't bat an eyelid. "She was testing you," he replied, most earnestly. I must have passed the test because from then on, she proclaimed to all and sundry that I was an "angel".

She later went on to predict that my newly bereaved father who had NO plans ever to be anything other than a newly confirmed bachelor that he would be married within two years and would move overseas. He laughed out loud at that one. Two years later, he married and moved to Canada.

Sadly, this batty old aunt is long gone, along with, even more tragically, my partner's parents. However, those of us who are left still like to gather at Christmas and talk about the old times and in particular, this nutty old aunt who turned out to be not so nutty after all.

MANZANA OSCURA

www.myspace.com/manzanaoscura

<http://on.fb.me/g5W1S6>

Thursday, February 13rd, 1997. 3:30 am I heard the voice of the so called "La llorona" (The Weeper) maybe the most famous Mexican ghost, she screams weeping for her children "Ay! mis hijos" (Oh my children). I remember the date and hour because I was unable to sleep that night, besides I had an exam some hours later. :(I heard it like a whisper first, later it was clear and louder, then it was like a whisper again, until her voice disappeared.

I must admit it, that voice is one of the most beautiful voices I've ever heard, but the feeling of fear that come with listening those words at night? No thanks! Certainly I wouldn't want to listen to her voice again. :(

MARK QUESTED

www.facebook.com/markanthonyquested

In December 1998, I was left a Christmas party feeling very drunk. In my drunken state, I thought it would be a good idea to walk along the river footpath! NOT a good idea, as I cannot swim, I was drunk, and it was very dark and poorly lit. I decided the best course of action was stay on the black (the path) and avoid the blue (the moonlit river)! As I was walking past a scrub and/or hedgerow, I could hear the growl of a wild cat! This was not your typical "meow", this was a screech that only a wild cat can make! Sort of like "SCREEEEOW!" It frightened the life out of me and made me feel sober, due to fright! I never saw any wild cat of any kind, just heard what I thought was the screech of a wild cat! As I was very drunk at the time, I do not expect anyone to believe me! But I swear that I heard it.

MARK SMITH (Unscene Magazine)

www.animespresso.com/unscene

I'm part of a paranormal investigation group, and while nothing remotely supernatural happens on most of our investigations, there was an instance where a large wardrobe started 'dancing' on its own accord in front of a group of us which was pretty unnerving at the time. Despite carrying out many tests we still could find out the real cause for this and it still plays on my mind to this day.

MARK STEINER & HIS PROBLEMS

www.StaggerHome.com/

www.MySpace.com/StaggerHome

www.facebook.com/pages/Mark-Steiner-His-Problems/

[138069216247880](https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=138069216247880)

[https://itunes.apple.com/us/album/a-misfit-xmas/id204568133](https://www.itunes.apple.com/us/album/a-misfit-xmas/id204568133)

One Christmas, I was possessed by the ghost of a nineteenth century New York gangland member named Piker Ryan. I was released by his spirit upon reading a letter from the record label Middle Pillar Presents, congratulating me for the acceptance of my submission of the track "Christmas Comes and Goes." I believe that the compilation "A Misfit Xmas" is still available on iTunes. True story.

MARK WILSON (13 Tombs)

www.myspace.com/13tombs

www.praysilence.org/profile/13tombs

Unlike old Mister Scrooge I have never had a spooky encounter at Christmas time - I once saw a small woman in Victorian dress glowing blue in my bedroom at my Mum's house, I woke up and saw her at my door and noticed I could see through her (and see the Fields Of The Nephilim poster behind her), she stared at me for a minute or so and faded away, finally disappearing like the dot you used to get when you switched off your TV years ago. My Mum's house is over 100 years old and used to belong to the captain of The Cutty Sark... a few other people have sensed things there but not at Christmas unfortunately.

MICHELE ARI

<http://micheleari.com>

As far as ghost go I am afraid I have very few stories. I can think of plenty of "creepy" ones though you did not ask for a book! The one story I can remember was playing a strange little game with friends at a sleepover. We would go into an unlit bathroom and spin around chanting "Bloody Mary she's just a superstition" convincing ourselves we had made her appear in the faint mirror image. So, we freaked ourselves out needlessly given that we were entering puberty and had plenty of reasons to freak out without any help from ghosties and ghoulies.

MIRANDA YARDLEY

<http://truecultheavymetal.com/index.php/dominion>

I'm a complete rationalist so I don't often get spooked or freaked by things: even when I was young, I reasoned that anything supernatural



chatter of metal ropes clanking against hollow aluminium masts. At first, these were gentle, hesitant tones scattered randomly across the harbour. Then as each note resonated, so they moved closer together becoming a rattling, atonal cacophony.

I realised I was alone in this utterly unfamiliar landscape; disoriented by the tortured shadows that had replaced structures and with my senses reeling from the sounds of the boats, I had become unsettled and I tried to flee this unworldly place. I could not tell with certainty where I was and suddenly I found myself about to step into space at the far edge of the main pier. My heart seized and, as I fought to regain my balance, I felt such morbid dread of the misty abyss that loomed before me.

I managed to pull myself back from the edge, I was thoroughly spooked. I'd been moving in entirely the opposite direction to where I should, and I gathered my composure moving as briskly as I could to leave this dangerous, devilish playground. Head down and ignoring the formless creatures that seemed to line my path to safety, I half-ran until the dominant sound was the familiar noise of my boots on a now wet road. I kept walking, not looking back, not wanting to see what darkness may have been pursuing me in my escape from the mist.

I reached a level road part way up one side of the valley within which the city lives, and turning round I could see below me the tumultuous shallow cloud, which now looked like icing filling the valley. The terrible beauty of this was not lost on me; both exhausted and nervous from the experience in the harbour, I went to my house and left the city to the mercy of shape-shifting monster from which I'd just escaped.



that went bump in the night would mean I was completely wrong in my dismissal of there being a god or afterlife, for which I guess at that age I secretly hankered for.

Anyway, I will share something with you; I studied for three years at Bangor in North Wales, and I would often go for walks very late at night spending time alone in this very beautiful city in such a beautiful part of the world.

Once, very late (or was it early?) on a warm summer evening, I was in the harbour area. It was deserted and there were no sounds other than the residual hum of the city. Looking out to sea, across the clear, blackened sky I could see a beautiful pattern of stars. I sat alone in silence, breathing in the summery, brine-tinged harbour air, mesmerised by this fabulous celestial display.

Very slowly, seemingly out of nothing, a sea fret began to materialise forming a ghostly mask across the horizon. As it rapidly developed, moving closer and growing in size before my eyes, it began to consume the rest of the sky. The mist rolled towards me, skimming the surface of the shallow waters then crawling onto the land area.

This malignant mist inexorably engulfed the harbour bringing with it a freezing cold, still air; as the temperature plummeted so did visibility, leaving looming, ghastly shapes where before there were huts, boats and machinery. This thick fog smothered the sounds of the city, leaving me isolated in a silent, invisible world.

This blanket was joined by the tide, having given all my attention to the shroud of mist, I hadn't noticed water beginning to enter the harbour and the boats and yachts were rising from the sea bed. Upon this gentle swell, boats seemingly came to life and I began to hear the



NEVILLE COPE

www.lastjuly.co.uk www.romeburns.co.uk

Don't really have any creepy stories unfortunately, however I am convinced that there are fairies that live in my closet and actually eat socks. Seriously, they go missing all the time, and those that are left are full of holes. Little buggers.

NIGE TWELVETREES

www.facebook.com/nige.twelvetrees

We use to play the ouija as kids and tape our sessions I remember seeing a glass fall to the floor not smash and spin really fast on the ground unaided. We ran out the door came back and played the tape. It had a faint little girls voice on it crying & lots of very loud banging!!

NOEL COLOMA ACOSTA

www.noelacosta.com

Not exactly creepy but spent Xmas Eve in the dark (not by choice—there was a blackout) a couple of times.

PAUL BROOME

www.monicaslastprayer.co.uk

When I was about 11 my parents bought an old 16th Century cottage in a tiny village in Yorkshire, that backed onto the church and graveyard. I lived there until I left for University when I was 18. Had lots and lots of creepy experiences there, but nevertheless being of a 'spooky persuasion' I did what I could to heighten the creepiness (for example, if everyone was out for the night I would turn off the lights and play Coil's 'Unreleased Themes for Hellraiser' extremely loud on my dad's stereo - then sit in the silence for as long as I could stand it). But the creepiest was after the first time I read the classic M.R. James story 'There Was a Man Dwelt By a Churchyard' one night, and couldn't sleep for a week... instead I lay in bed staring out of my window at the mist curling through the tombstones, making sure I kept my eyes open, convinced that "a watched grave never opens..." but if I were to close them and fall asleep...

PAUL DEVINE

www.siiii.co.uk

I think I did the cat and dog haunting (which is still going on; I saw Zookie, Linzi's dead husky last week) a couple of years ago. So this is something that happened when I was 15. A couple of friends and I, foolishly, had got into Ouija and had been looking at old legends of

Mildenhall, which is where I'm from. There's a ghost, traditionally, at an Elizabethan manor house called Wamil Hall, the path to which runs alongside the River Lark, although trees and bushes obscure the view of the river most of the way. The ghost is called Lady Rainbow, although there's nothing on the net about her. Anyway, one very dark and cold late November night after one of our Ouija sessions we were walking towards the Hall, probably to spook ourselves even more when, all of a sudden, we heard an incredibly loud "SPLASH" off to our left. It sounded like a boulder had been hurled into the river. We froze, looking at each other in the gloom. Then we heard the sound of someone very purposefully wading through the water against the current. My friend, also called Paul, yelled "Leg It!!" and, understandably, we legged it back the way we had come, but as we ran, the wading "person" was keeping up with us! It didn't seem possible that anyone would choose to be in the river at night, in November. Even less possible was that they could wade THAT FAST against the current... It kept up with us until we managed to get away from the river. To this day I can't imagine who or what it was, but I do know that it was "after us". We actually ran back to our three respective houses and never mentioned it to each other again. And that was the last time I touched a Ouija board. Ever.

PAULO GOTOH (Elegia's lead vocal)

www.myspace.com/3legia

It was during the period I was living in Japan. Does it sound familiar, or reminding some horror films? Foreign guy, Japanese ghosts? Not really, in spite of the fact that some popular horror movies stories are held in Japan, I don't even know if I could name mine as ghost stories at all, as I don't feel, (in both of experiences I had), any mystical or supernatural aspect, in spite of their at first mysterious and puzzling characteristics they were nothing but merely ordinary and explainable facts.

I was working in 98 for a Japanese company in a huge Warehouse, which had long, silent, and gloomy corridors, filled with piled boxes everywhere. One day I noticed a movement while I was checking my work, when I had risen my head to better see it, there was a guy dressed in a standard uniform of the employees, walking and then he simply vanished. I thought to myself: "Saw ya!" making fun of my first "ghost sighting", as I am very sceptic, but then I started feeling strange, sometimes while walking in the aisles of the warehouse

sometimes I had a feeling that there was someone (or a shadow), and when I turn my face there was nothing.

With time that start making me feel uncomfortable, and then I heard the Japanese co-workers talking about the place being haunted by ghosts of former workers, even though I hadn't told my story to anybody, that just increased my discomfort.

Later I noticed that the piled boxes had shapes that could resemble a person's silhouette, especially when one is not looking directly at them. And the light from the passing fork lifts through the corridors could create an illusion that something is moving on them. And sometimes people from other departments of the company walk through the corridors, sometimes changing from one to another crossing the shelves and piles without being noticed. So I don't know for sure if what I saw could be named as a ghost or it was just an optical illusion increased by a gloomy and poorly lightened environment.

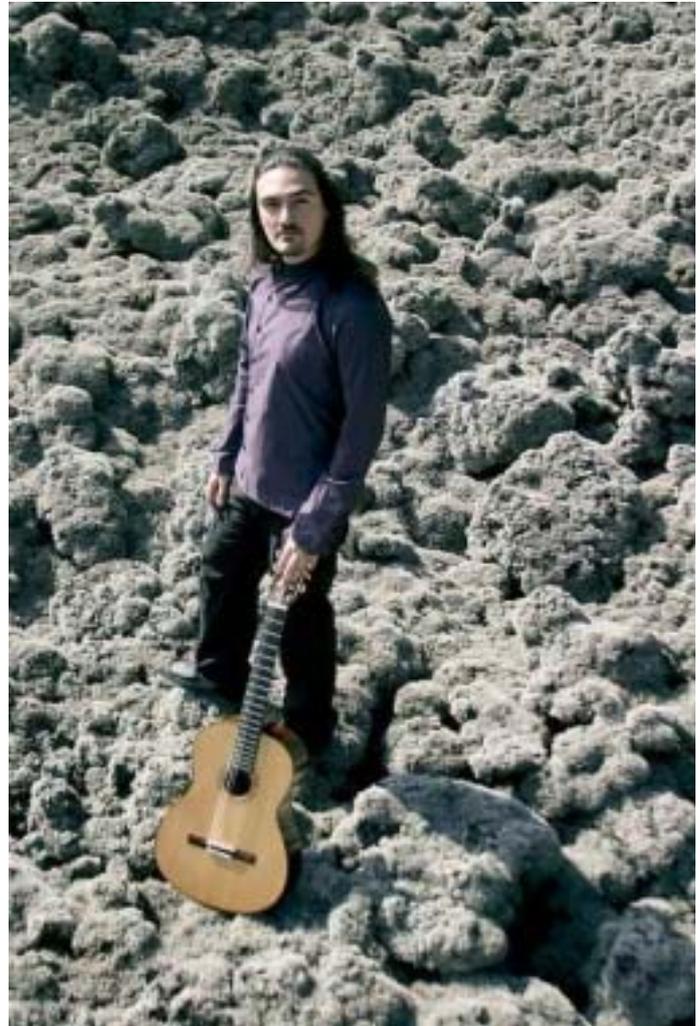
The other story was strange, and at the time I couldn't understand it very well. I've heard some stories about "Kanashibari", a Japanese spirit or ghost that during the sleep would grab the person making the victim unable to move for few minutes. I never gave it credit for I thought it was only superstition or folklore, until one night it hit me during my sleep. Suddenly I felt my body paralysed, stiff, and it was a very unpleasant sensation, no hallucinations or visions though. I just couldn't move, until I felt myself released, then, after feeling very odd, I went sleeping again. It was a strange experience, and I couldn't explain what it was until I found out that it's something ordinary, that might occur to everyone known as Sleep Paralysis.

PENNY DREADFUL

www.queenalice.co.uk

www.eccentricitea.moonfruit.com

Where do I start? I work as a team leader on occasion for paranormal investigations company Dead Haunted Nights and have had more than my fair share of creepy experiences at various locations. Walworth Castle near Darlington was a good one. I was on my own at about 2am, in a corridor on one of the upper floors, sitting outside one of the suites when through the gap in the open door I saw a small white figure, about 3 foot tall, I can only describe as 'flitting' backwards and forwards. The weirdest thing was the air seems to become 'static' and my ears started to buzz and ring like a very odd tinitus. Needless to say I crapped it but I was too scared to run! Which I suppose was a good thing as I was meant to be investigating not shitting myself! After about 2 minutes another team member came up the stairs at the end of the corridor and the atmosphere 'broke' like snapping out of a weird dream. That was probably the creepiest experience for me but as a paranormal investigator also the most exciting and interesting.



RICCARDO 'CORDE OBLIQUE' PRENCIPE

www.cordeoblique.com

www.myspace.com/cordeobliqueunofficial

www.youtube.com/user/cordeoblique

www.lastfm.it/music/Corde+Oblique

They are in the old book and legends I read, Naples is filled up with Ghost Stories and I often read stuff on them. The most impressive one is the story of the medieval queen Giovanna I d'Angiò, she was considered a really obscene woman, probably she killed one of her husbands. We don't know where she's buried but monks of the church of Santa Chiara in Naples say that she appears the day of her death inside the cloister of that church. She walks in a very strange way, with her back close to the walls of the cloister and with her face watching the ground. Sometimes she pulls up her face and when you meet her glance you die instantly.

RICHARD JOHNSON

www.lumberton-trading.com

www.fourth-dimension.net

Not so much a ghost story as one concerning the type of strange or unknown phenomena that's followed me around from time to time for as long as I can remember....

Whilst living with my ex-wife, Andrea, in our first flat in Herne Bay during the mid-'80s we'd often have minor quarrels about cupboard doors above our bed that had been left open overnight only to inflict their worst on us the following morning as we got up and bumped our heads into them. Neither of us, apparently, left them open yet both of us clearly thought the other responsible! Anyway, one evening, we were sitting in our lounge-cum-bedroom and heard a loud cracking sound from the kitchen. After what seemed like ten minutes, I was volunteered to investigate the source. Out into the dark hall I went whilst Andrea, meanwhile, barricaded herself into the main room, fearing the worst partly due to our steady diet of horror films and books. I crept carefully towards the kitchen and ventured in to see



ROGER FRACÉ (The Machine In The Garden)

www.tmitg.com

I honestly don't have anything here. I've never considered myself to be supernaturally-sensitive, so while people around me may have had some sort of experience, I don't have anything for you. Sorry!

RYAN (Dolston from DeathDisco.ca)

www.deathdisco.ca

Absolutely none. I can't recall anything particularly scarring or weird happening at Christmas time. Eighties sitcom life at its finest, I guess. Maybe I will have something next year after Gothmas.

SHAUN HISTED-TODD

www.facebook.com/pages/Shawn-Histed-Todd-Photographer-Digital-Illustrator/69199259488

The Creepiest experience(s)... Well there's a few of them through my life, though I would term them more Weird than Creepy. Up to me 30's I seemed to have been dogged by Fortean events. Anyway I've nailed it down to one, not really creepy and not my weirdest experience but I've selected this one due to the multiple witnesses at the time.

Twenty one years ago I came home from work and whilst watching the TV a news flash came on announcing the fall of the Berlin Wall. The next day in work chatting with colleagues I had said how brilliant it was about the wall coming down. But no one new anything about it and stated it would have been all over the papers. Weird I thought, I knew what I'd watched on TV. Two nights later around the same time (5.30) again watching TV another newsflash came on, this time showing footage of Jubilant folks climbing on and breaking down the wall.

Again the next day, no-one else knew anything and I was beginning to get mocked. I couldn't understand why there was nothing in the papers. It was nearly a month later when the news broke about the

that, of all things, the lightbulb had fallen from its fitting over 2 metres above and was not only directly underneath the fitting itself, on the floor, but standing upright and intact, as though it had been placed there especially and purposely by somebody...or something. At this point, I called Andrea to witness it with me. Neither of us could explain how it had happened, and we both knew that the bulb had been exactly where it should have been before the noise had alerted us to its attention. Following another few minutes for our alarm to settle, I then carefully picked up the bulb and wondered, half-mockingly, if it would still work in the fitting. I replaced it, we flicked the switch and, yes, it once again sprang into life as it illuminated the kitchen.

To this day, I have no idea what could have been behind this. The only thing I'm certain of is that it was neither Andrea or myself. And that we stopped blaming each other for the cupboard doors that seemed to open of their own accord overnight, before we moved to a bigger place over the landing as soon as we possibly could afterwards!

ROB BYRD

www.robbyrd.com

Recently, the elderly gentleman who lived next door passed, and I have been awakened in the middle of the night a few times by what felt like his spirit circling around the roof of our house... this stopped, though, when his family came and took all of his belongings from the house and a builder started to demolish the crumbling old place... Cheers, everyone!

ROB DALLAWAY (The Cravats, The Very Things, Silverlake)

www.silverlakemusic.co.uk

www.thecravats.com

I had a dreadful nightmare one year, about a ghostly submarine sailing under my bed. The periscope extended slowly up the side of the bed and very slowly rotated, looking for me. It terrifies me to think of it even now.





wall coming down and sure enough it was all over the papers and the news. The footage that was being show was almost the same as to what I had watched a month earlier.

The reaction of my colleagues was mixed. Some expressed their amazement at how could I have possibly known a month beforehand. Others of a more religious background avoided me like the plague wouldn't even catch my eye or sit in the canteen at breaks if I was in there.

SHELDON BAYLEY

www.facebook.com/profile.php?id=1054330146

My Nan routinely peppers our conversations with her 'sayings'. In hindsight, I wish I'd written them all down for posterity as they would make for a hilarious but apposite compendium. A couple are still lodged in my memory though. One of them is: "You've got the luck of a pox doctor!" which is undoubtedly a gem but as I'm never quite sure as to the meaning (lucky or unlucky?) it remains largely unused. The other, and one which I seem to have a firmer grasp on is: "It's not the dead you should worry about, but the living...". The shocking cruelty of mankind throughout the ages is something that I accept as a depressing fact but I've never been totally convinced about the kind of stuff that Mulder and Scully would investigate. Don't get me wrong, I'm have an open mind on the subject, as there are too many people that I respect and trust that have had experiences of this kind, it's just that I haven't.

So, in terms of sharing my creepiest experience, I will have to resort to the facetious and offer up the sight of Wayne Hussey and the original Mission line-up caked in make-up and decked out in ridiculous glam apparel while performing Slade's "Merry Xmas Everybody" with Noddy Holder on The James Whale Show. A memory that still haunts me to this day...

SIMON DOLING

www.myspace.com/doling

Only a couple, but by far the one that stands out is when we lived in a rather shabby, shared flat above a betting shop in Turnpike Lane that was owned by a low rent indie label boss & nefarious bootlegger who has recently been sent to prison for his wrong doing (bootlegging, not putting bad records out!). Anyway, our room was on the top floor, next to the bathroom and once, right in the middle of the night I awoke needing the toilet. As it was in the middle of the night and I could hear no one was up I wandered naked into the darkened bathroom that the door was wide open to knowing that no one would see me that way. I started peeing and for some reason looked over my shoulder only to see what I thought was one of my flat mates standing in the doorway - the figure was about the same height and build as Two of my flatmates. I leapt and apologised proffusly for them having to see me in that state! They didn't say much but went past me towards the toilet as I made a swift retreat towards my bedroom. I went back to sleep straight away and then when I awoke the next morning went to apologise to who I thought it was for the incident. He looked blankly at-me and has sworn to this day that it wasn't him and the other guy we lived with also did and has done the same since! I could tell from the way they said that it was neither of them and then about six months later we had another incident when my wife and I heard laughter from downstairs when no-one at all was there. It was an unmistakable cackle, and similar to an old friend of mine whom I played in several bands with (including the oddly named 'Drugs' in North London) who had committed suicide a few months earlier.

SUSAN DRAWBRIDGE

www.facebook.com/profile.php?id=623506643

Not really creepy - I found it exciting because I love ghost hunting etc, anyway I saw the ghost of a black cat running around the hall of Steve's parents' house, it ran into the bathroom and I went in after it but there was nothing there. Later I told Steve's dad about it, and he

said that was a coincidence, because he's taken a picture of the front of the house a few years back and the photo had a black cat on the doorstep that wasn't actually there in the flesh when he took the picture.

TERRI KENNEDY (former Stone 588 vocalist, currently with Strychnine FX and Kardia Mortis. Also co-owner of Goth store Ipso Facto.)

www.ipsso-facto.com

www.myspace.com/ansuzansuz

www.myspace.com/strychninefx

I was employed in my early 20s (in the 1980s) by a family from India who imported various goods from their homeland, working in their warehouse alongside their son who was a motorcycle enthusiast. One Friday night he set off for the desert and accidentally sped off the end of a precipice, his bike crushing him fatally. Exactly 2 weeks later I woke up in the middle of the night to the sight of him standing next to my bed attempting to speak.

I never believed in ghosts up to this point but his anguished expression and frantic gestures were quite real and I was truly frightened. He was clad in the same red leather riding attire he'd worn during the accident and the time on the clock was the exact time he had taken his last breath. I sat up and said "Go Away!" After squeezing my eyes shut and reopening them, he was indeed gone. I regret not being able to summon the bravery to engage him further. It was quite disturbing.

TIMOTHY LONDON

www.facebook.com/timothy london.facetoface

Well, in the absence of any supernatural happenings (beyond the existence of life itself), my most vivid scare was watching the Will Hay comedy about a ghost train, when I was about six. If you see it in the full bloom of adult experience it still looks very spooky...

TONY X

www.myspace.com/deathlustxxx

Walking in Skid Row (LA) and watching Junkies getting super high on X-mas.....

TRACY ROMERO

www.facebook.com/profile.php?id=100000485787621

I (and all my co-workers) believe we have a ghost at our office. There have been instances of us hearing crashing noise, like a mirror falling off the wall and shattering, but upon investigation, we can find nothing that would have made the noise. Another time two of us were



talking in front of a heavy bookcase when the bookcase began to shake back and forth. The most recent event was when I was carrying a heavy box from one end of the room to the other. I felt as if someone hit me on the ear, and felt a pull on my earring. I said to the other lady, "Oh, did you see that?" She looked to see my earring flying across the room. This particular piece of jewelry is one that needs a good amount of pressure to unlock. The other workers say that she (they call the ghost a female)

likes me because these events seem to happen whenever I'm around. I don't think of these as being creepy events, but I would like to have some sort of logical explanation.

WENDY ROBINSON

www.facebook.com/profile.php?id=100000696499029

I have not one, which makes me realise I am missing out somewhat. Having a supernatural experience will be on my to-do list for 2012.





A heartfelt Thank You to everyone who contributed to this issue. I hope everyone has enjoyed it and may 2011 bring you everything that you desire.

Happy New Year!