

LOCK UP YOUR DAUGHTERS

WILL POWER ELECTRELANE
NICKY CLICK **MIX TAPES** "IT"
IMAGINARY FRIENDS ELECTRO
EAVESDROPPING **SQUIDS**

Pilot Issue - Spring 08

£2

CONTENTS

- 4** Ellen – how your coming out dented my life
- 5** Electrelane – we bid thee farewell
- 6/7** Internet dating – more freaks than Saturday in Lidl?
- 8/9** Will Power – Will Paterson's centrefold freshness
- 10/11** Dykes stop Holland from flooding - notes from a flat city
- 12** Nicky Click – exporting Olympian queercore
- 13** Dyke cloning – an ethical crisis...
- 14** My life as a Lesbian Twin – not as fun as it sounds
- 15** Barry Stilton – tales from the celebrity drenched streets of Lancaster
- 15/16** That Time



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READER, I MARRIED HIM...

Welcome to the pilot edition of LOCK UP YOUR DAUGHTERS, your new alt queer rag. This edition is highly limited edition (we couldn't afford the printing costs of a big run) so this makes you, dear reader, one of the lucky few!

You're holding a concentrated version of LUYD, intended as a little taster of what is to come. Designed to flaunt all our regular features and we've given our lovely contributors free reign to share their most precious memories. This pilot is all about style and experiences.

Enjoy painting your dog,

LUYD

x

FLUFFERS? JOIN THE PARTY!

Next issue is going to be a hundred times bigger so we're going to need a whole lot more fluff, get in touchy-feely and send us your stuff:

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I CAME OUT THE SAME YEAR AS ELLEN... ...BUT NOT THE SAME MONTH

“Ah, 1997,” I say to my mates, looking whimsically to the horizon, “that was the year I,” “CAME OUT!” most of my mates bark.

I have bored them shitless with this story and now my friend, I will bore you too.

I was in second year at high school in a double period of art on a Tuesday when I worked out I was gay. It was right at the start of the lesson as I was walking in and so it gave me loads of time to pensively brood and make those still lifes of apples and bananas look particularly tortured.

But little did I know, that during this time, somewhere in deepest darkest Hollywood, a lesbian was stirring.

My wee sister and I were massive fans of comedy on television and we always watched the ‘American Shite’ on a Friday night. So much so that my sister actually started speaking with a bad faux American twang and I insisted on bursting into rooms to a round of applause.

When Ellen decided to shock the stupid world with the admission that she was a lezzzer

she put on a gay special in the UK with loads of gay celebrities. Any gay who was any gay was there: Graham Norton, Rhona Cameron, uh, Graham Norton... Well anyway there was a big party.

WOOP!!

I was under no misapprehension that I would get the same sort of treatment when I came out. When the special was screened I didn’t watch much of it, due to the sheer embarrassment of being affiliated with such tripe. Ellen was the first dyke I knew and that was shit. But being gay by myself was brilliant! I knew this whole different world.



So alas, Ellen came out, did the whole hoo ha and lost ratings because the audience was no longer interested in seeing her sleaze on women with no money shots. The word lesbian became known in the North East of Scotland as word to describe women who bat for the other side rather than a word to describe a disease found in impoverished societies in Africa where bits of fingers and toes fall off and where the money from Blue Peter’s bring and by sale went.

Frida La Chufflets



Goodbye Electrelane

After peddling lesbian circus music for ten years the Brightonian foursome are calling it a day. Farewell ladies, your synaesthetic tunes and frenetic beats will be sadly missed.

photo: Louis Decamps

5

DATING

By DU

My excuse for a meagre love life; the claim that I was 'dead below the waist', had begun to wear thin. It was also palpably untrue given that I was frequently seen walking. Generally the only females who approach me with intent are those who kindly want to tell me to 'cheer up'. Faced with a long, hot and above all, lonely summer in London I decided to entrust my search for romance to the internet...

For the profile, I went in blind, Smirnoff Ice in hand, and wrote. On review I sounded like someone going for a childminding job:

'calm, kind, likes Scotch'.

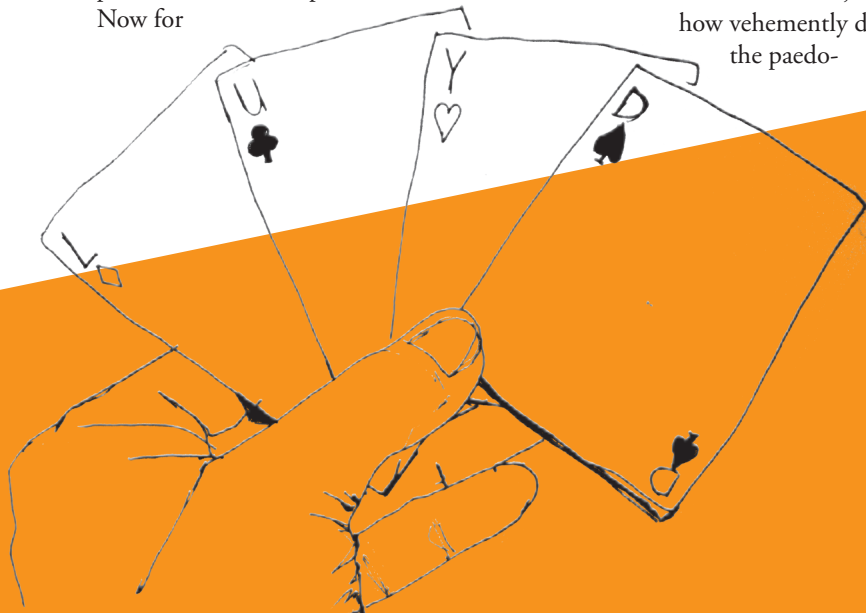
I'd made myself sound like a person who didn't even think about sex, so the 'fun-loving buxom lass with minor interest in politics' line was adopted instead. With upload of a flattering yet only vaguely representative photo (I did NOT want to be recognised) my profile was now complete.

Now for

the promised fun frolics and marathon shags please. My mail exchange with one lady was so lengthy and ferocious that I already knew exactly what she would wear to an 'Axis of Evil' fancy dress party should such a charming event ever arise. With another our mutual interrogation led to her expanding *ad nauseum* on her student loan situation and range of fascinating allergies. All this sweet talk blinded me to the litmus test that is meeting in the flesh. This taught me a great many things about our kind. For instance, 'look, being gay is just a small part of my identity' is actually code for 'it's one of my biggest issues, I don't sleep, I can barely digest'.

Internet dating is basically a series of blind dates. You may have chosen them for yourself but without friends sifting through the slop and providing references you're playing a terrifying kind of dating roulette. Not to

mention the internet, no matter how vehemently denied by the paedo-



rings on Bebo,
is inherently creepy.
During my dates I found we'd
both desperately search for common
points of reference. Hoping it would be a
lovely, sane, hygienic person we both knew
and

**not that girl from Kensal
Rise we'd both hesitated over
sleeping with as she looked a
bit veneral.**

It would have been lovely to meet women
in real life situations. While paying for
petrol perhaps or disciplining children.
Unfortunately with a face akin to a textbook
example of grumpiness it seemed unlikely.
That said, I did ultimately come across a like-
minded soul (I suspect she wasn't breastfed
as a child either). Now all that remains is
to discern the etiquette which governs the
fact our slutty dating profiles still linger in
cyberspace. Does one delete it? Hide it? Use it
to meet women over 72 on the side?

Answers to lesbo_chic81@hotmail.com
(photo essential).



7





Will Paterson

Will's far too young to be this good. Working for AXM and freelance (he designed Jodie Harsh's website) he splits his time between London and Vienna.

He likes opposites, glossy finished images, dirty ones... Identity, microcosms, fetishes, chavs, the 90s, models. Stuff people like looking at; the beautiful and peculiar. He likes intelligent and provocative design. He's a magpie, he loves gold and anything that glitters. And the kid's only 20.

www.willpaterson.com

INTERNATIONAL

By SOCKSONLEGS

Tiring of the trite merry-go-round that is the piss poor Scottish queer scene the temptation to go lezz it up on the continent proved too strong. We were sold on the novelty that Amsterdam's pride parade happens on floats that actually float! So in August we waved a fond farewell to the Christian-fundamentalists (staple of British Pride) and stepped aboard a Sleazyjet bound for the 'dam.

At the first leg of our journey we were all reassured that temporarily leaving the country was a good idea. Cue drunken Scottish youth terrorising the hapless trolley girl. If you need a visual then youtube "wee man". Actually youtube it anyway, he pisses all over The Kensal Massive. We 'alighted' a stop early to escape him but as we tripped gaily down the road our joy dissolved as we met him for the second time. I wouldn't rate our posse as the most detectable among our community but something about four ladies travelling without male company must have struck him as odd. Halfway through his declaration that we were 'lesbians who lick pussy' his alcohol-induced logic identified the error of his argument and he swiftly changed tack to 'lesbians who have licked far less pussy than me!'. Then, in what can only have been some attempt to save face, he grabbed an abandoned microwave by its plug and dragged it up the street.

We arrived and colonised our hostel and set out to find the rumoured 'dyke street party'. A drag queen contest, judged by three fat men who had clearly raided John McCririck's wardrobe, briefly waylaid us. Liza was predictably awarded first prize and we moved on. God knows why but

we raced down to Dyke Street only to be greeted by tumbleweed and geekyfreaky bar maids. We did our best to avoid eye contact and we fled like rats into the bar on the corner. This was still a bit gross but at least we were indoors and when it seemed like a safe amount of time had passed we ventured out into Dyke Street again. This time it was rammed! The Dutch ladies seemed okay, not as friendly as their reputations would have led us to believe. Then again I don't really appreciate having my arse pinched by strangers who proceed down pukey alleys to roll around on the floor and dance around tramps.

Watching the parade from the edge of the canal and sipping Amstel, it was as though the whole of the city had come outside. Despite the crowds I didn't spot any police and definitely no fundamentalists. It seems large crowds and beer doesn't naturally lead to chaos and violence – yay! On joining the parade train we wandered into the main event and were met by swarms and swarms of oily buff men. I had previously been convinced that Holland must have recruited and greased up its entire population of Men's Health cover boys but they had been a mere drop in the ocean compared to the millions that stood before us now. We headed back to the refuge of our favourite street in the hope that no-one would recognise us. The entrance was being manned by a group of new-rave lesbians, fitted out head to toe in day-glo tracksuits, selling t-shirts emblazoned with 'dykes stop Holland from flooding'. Despite its perplexing message and hiked up price the I was possessed by the spirit of pride and almost bought one, had I not seen the pretty rainbow garlands, 3 for €5!

'Girlesque' provided a revamped dyke disco which was a mish-mash of tipping the velvet and burlesque fun. Its tameness had the upside of making it unthreatening and the only time I felt uncomfortable was when I somehow wandered into the 'tall' area of the dance floor. Six foot seemed the minimum height allowed and at five foot fuck all my field of vision became consumed by armpits and racing-backed wife-beaters. I didn't realise they organised the dance floor like that in Holland. But hey, what is travelling for if not to harvest these nuggets of cultural exchange? Like driving on the wrong side of the road or having to pay every time you need to pee. The night went out with a woman being drawn around the dance floor in a chariot sporting nothing bar a golden dildo – superb!

The end of our jaunt demanded recovery time sprawling out in Vondelpark. We decided why not splice this chill time with a nice relaxing trip? The helpful lady in the mushroom and bong shop had informed us that each person needed a whole punnet to feel anything at all and if we didn't like it all we needed was to drink some Fanta, what could be simpler? By this point everything in Amsterdam had started to resemble male genitalia. After being left to stew and ferment in a boiling, funky hostel room these little fungi were no exception. The fact that they looked like some rotten old man's willy and the fact that every time I so much as even thought of about them induced a panic attack, eating these fuckers was somehow still sounding like a plan. In for a penny in for a pound after all. After ingesting I was feeling fine bar the endless saliva filling my mouth, the kind that usually acts as a precursor to vomit. However, I'd paid good money to poison myself and I was damned if I was going to

let my body win now. If I scrunched up my eyes and clenched my jaw so that my face resembled any random part of Iggy Pop's body I felt fine. Then I came up.

My infinite and personal hell came in intense waves. It was interrupted only briefly when our circle was infiltrated by a herd of pygmies touting surreally coloured flowers. Out of irrational suspicion, which I can only accredit to my cynical British upbringing (nothing to do with the fact that I was tripping my tits off), I was convinced they were selling these floral offerings and I wanted nothing to do with them. Whilst I stared fixedly at the floor a beautiful maiden with hair made of sunlight shepherded the hobbits away. Singing a melodic shanty explaining to her children that she wasn't sure why the ladies didn't want the birthday flowers. Engulfed by the fear and the guilt and the shame I wanted nothing more than to apologise. Had I not willingly disabled my capacity for language I would have knelt before this deity berating the fact that British girls are vile and godless and begged for her forgiveness. Instead I directed my gaze upwards and attempted to convey this through my wide staring eyes and involuntary yelps akin to Eraserhead. The wiser among us, those who had not forfeited their sobriety, were bored after sitting in the same dusty patch for six hours and were getting tetchy. As the worst was over and we'd done a round of what had felt like obligatory apologies we were ushered onto a boat tour. Taking comfort in the Morse code staccato of my native tongue's commentary I allowed myself to be educated 'Amsterdam is a network of canals, the walls of which the Dutch call dykes'. But that joke wasn't funny anymore.

NICKY CLICK

Nicky Click is one girl from Olympia who lives in a red and black dream world in her lace bedroom with her cousin Petunia Pie. Nicky Click steps out into the night lights, the glimmer, the shimmer, to show you the musical creations Petunia Pie has made from Nicky Click's timid little squishy mind and beating red heart.

So Nicky what's the story; how'd you end up in Olympia making queer electro?

Well, I went there about five years ago to finish college at Evergreen. I was heavily influenced by the music and creativity there and after a few years I put my acting and singing into song writing and music composition. Scream Club were my mentors.

"I'm on my cell phone" has been released on "Crunks not Dead" record label so what's keeping you busy at the moment?

Now that that is officially out, I am working on a roots and folk music/electro double album with Mr Owl. I hope for it to be sort of like the magnetic fields 69 love songs, with a huge range of song variety. I'm touring constantly and I just hung my visual art project "Petunia Pie" at a gallery yesterday.

Your friends Scream Club have just graced us, when are you going to come over and visit the UK?

Hopefully this summer! With them!

Your dad, Mr Owl, contributes on your record, what's behind the name?

Just an old childhood nickname for him, I like to call him that because he is so wise!

Can you explain the significance of the massive Furbie in your videos?

I actually found that Furbie in a dumpster. I named it Fabio.

To buy the album, head to www.nickyclick.com.



WHY DON'T DYKES PINCH MY ARSE?

By Slagerella

I wear short skirts, I've got long hair and I'm partial to a bit of lip-gloss at times. Does this make me unworthy of my lesbian title?

It would appear so. Around a year ago, I had had enough of being over looked and mistaken for a member of the Cock Appreciation Society and I decided it was time to convert. I was going to embrace my inner dyke. I think it's fair to say that I got what I deserved.

I cut off my hair and straightened it, a lot. I bought myself some baggy jeans, a studded belt, a thumb ring and a vest and, low and behold, I was immediately part of the Lesbian Scene. So off I went to the GAYBAR. I had no trouble walking past the bouncers and prepared myself to make my grand entrance as a fully-fledged and recognised member of the lady-loving club. On entering I was faced with a couple of hundred dyke-clones who all looked and were dressed identically to me, if they were not rather incestuously kissing each other they were giving me the evil eye, the one that allows them to size up the level of threat you pose to their empire. I pulled myself together and swaggered to the bar to order myself a gin and lemonade. This was my first mistake. Being a newborn gay I had broken the first rule of dyke-dom. "buy a beer, buy a beer" shouted my femme-abandoned brain. I mumbled "ahem make that a beer please eh...doll". Feeling like I'd pretty much nailed it all I had to do was attempt to drink the horrific bottle of beer. After one gulp I opted for pretend drinking. This was going to be a cheap night!

So there I was, all alone in a world I should have been perfectly comfortable in, feeling like a total loser. I looked exactly the same as everyone else which seemed to be the way forward as, oh my fucking Jesus, girls were starting to hit on me! It took me a moment to realise that it wasn't a mirage and that the girl standing at the other

end of the bar was actually giving me the eye. I tentatively returned the look only to realise that she was wearing the same belt as me, had rainbow dog-tags round her neck and was sporting not one but two sweat bands, one of which was positioned half way up her arm, gansta-stylee. I started to break out in a cold sweat. So many fashion no-no's were being committed at once that I couldn't quite register them all. If this was the caliber of woman I attracted while looking like this then I would rather be mistaken as straight any day! I couldn't get out of there quick enough and was back in my skirt and lip gloss before you could say "I love vintage high heels" happily sipping a gin and lemonade at the bar. There's no place like home, there's no place like home...



MY LIFE AS A LESBIAN TWIN

It's one of those 'last-bus-left-three-hours-ago-so-have-to-make-friends-with-scary-freaks-till-the-sun-comes-up' kind of parties. We're sat sharing joints in a hideous flat in Edinburgh when our host, a small spiky haired dyke with a big mouth, turns to me. "So, yer twin's a lezzer too?", she asks, salivating into her cleavage. "That's, er, (hur hur) kind of hot".

So, I'm a lesbian. My twin is too and I have blonde hair and massive breasts and if this is turning you on then you're fucking sick.

People sometimes ask me what it's like being a lesbian twin. Yeah well, gay clubbing, with your twin, is shit. I mean sure, it's nice and all, having someone to share the horrors of G-A-Y with. To rescue

you from terrifying sweaty bull dykes called Mo, whose heads come just as high as your cleavage and who only have six teeth. But competing with your sister for hot girls in a dark club is just fucking weird.

I once had dreams of setting up a Gay Twin float for Pride. I even googled "lesbian twin" to find more gay twins - something I advise against unless fucked up red-neck incestuous sex really floats your boat. Shame.

I gave up on the idea when I realised that we'd be sharing the float with Tegan and Sara, some ugly fat chicks from Cambridge and two identical bimbos eating each other out. Perhaps some things are just better left alone.

Hottie Bigtittie



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THE LAST WORD

from Barry Stilton

It was just a regular day in downtown Lancaster; me and my friend Gok Wan were sipping frappuccinos and laughing it up about people we know. He was telling me some witty tale about how all the ageing fatties he strips off for telly don't look good naked and it's basically his CGI training as well as anything else that makes the program even broadcastable. I was agreeing with him, it's just like the way I convince nineteen year olds I love them so they'll sleep with me.

We were both laughing heartily about how tragic other people are when who should walk in, none other than Hilary fucking Clinton. I can't believe she'd even show her face in Market Square where she knows Gok will be. And in case you've been in a coma that sent you back to the seventies: Gok HATES Hilldog; no-one knows why but the last person to bring her up ended up not looking so good naked - he can get like that after a few lagers, but as I stress to people; ONLY if you provoke him.

Anyway, up gets Gok and storms out, dashing his frappuccino in the would be presidential face and leaves before she can even thank him.

"Bad move, Clinton," I say, "coming in here when you know this is Gok Wan's turf." She wiped away the milky foam from her mouth and said; when he hears what I have to say, he'll be buying me frappuccinos just to have me fire them off in his face.

For the complete lowdown in Lancashire; catch up with Barry: barrystilton.blogspot.com

