

VOLUME 7

NUMBER 2

\$5.00 P

# FEMALE MIMICS

A woman with short reddish-brown hair and dramatic eye makeup is the central figure. She is wearing a form-fitting, leopard-print halter-neck dress and a thin gold chain with a cross pendant. She is standing in front of a dark background with colorful, abstract patterns, including a large blue and green circular motif on the right. The magazine title 'FEMALE MIMICS' is at the top in large, bold, yellow-outlined letters. A small illustration of a woman's face is integrated into the letter 'M'. A yellow banner in the top right corner contains the text 'AN ERIC'S GOLDSTRIPE PUBLICATION'.

Caline turns the  
mimic world topsy-turvy!

## FIERY PARISIAN MIMIC

Top West Coast  
impersonators on stage.

## CALIFORNIA DRAG BASH

Thanksgiving Eve annual  
affair in Brooklyn.

## DAISY DEE'S SMASHING BALL



# FEMALE MIMICS

VOLUME 7 NUMBER 2

SPRING, 1976

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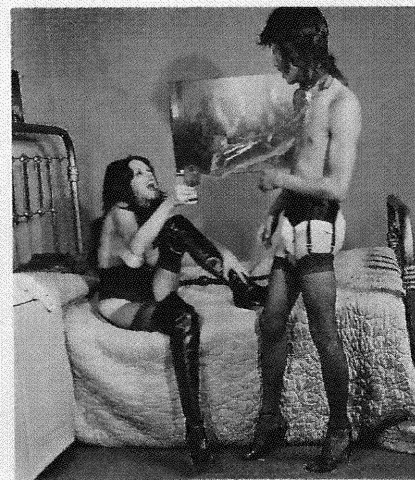
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# EDITORIAL

*Female Mimics* continues to be the ONLY magazine available reporting with candid honesty on the female impersonation scene. In addition to offering glimpses into the private lives of these captivating creatures, this magazine also reports on the nightclub scene where these performers hold forth in all their splendor. In this issue are photographic essays on such fascinating creatures as Andrea Nicole from Hawaii and Caline, currently the rage in Paris. Our photographer was also present at the ball where Mr. and Miss Gay Hollywood were selected . . . and these are just part of the rare treats that await you in the following pages.







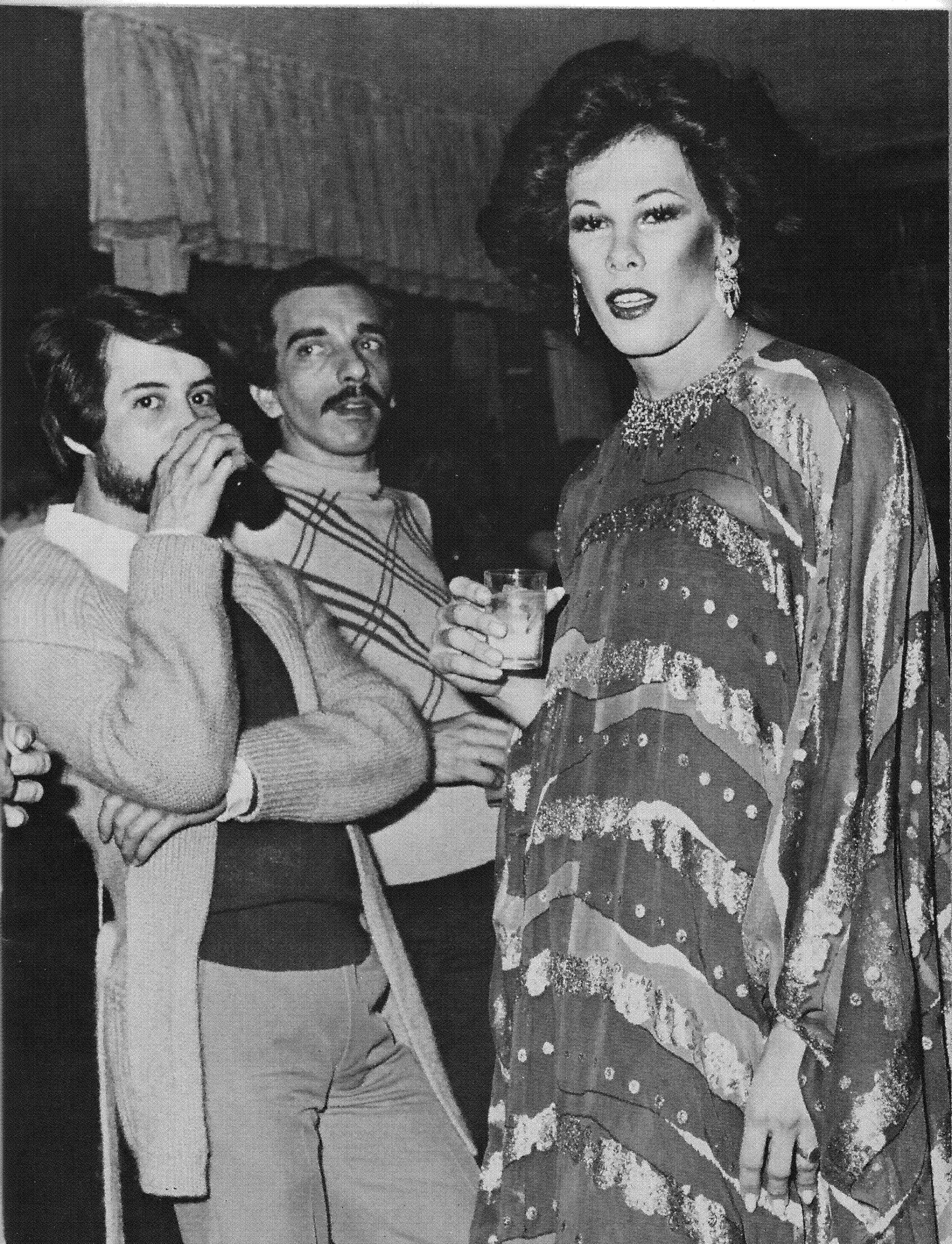
of the importance of this competition, performances by contestants are even more per-  
might otherwise be the case. And in the  
between acts, the contestants mingle  
er guests . . . and no one can tell what



butterflies are wreaking havoc within their  
stomachs as they await either their turn to per-  
form, or, even more important, the final outcome  
of the judging. For every contestant, the final  
decision is the crucial moment of truth.











The keynote of the evening was pleasure, and there was no doubt that that's just what everyone experienced Thanksgiving eve in Brooklyn as they attended Daisy Dee's annual ball. Everyone looks forward to this event next year.





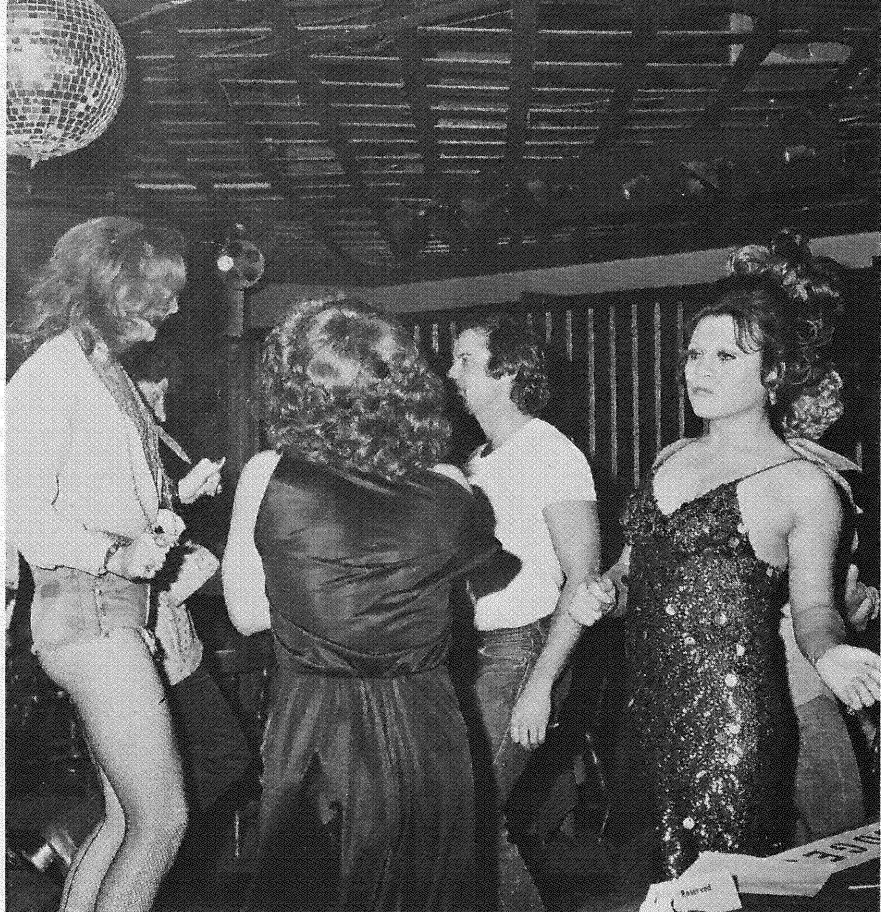
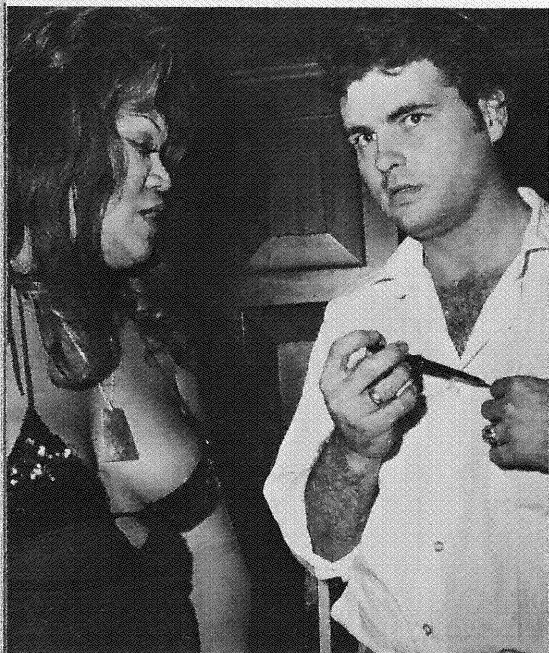


West Coast female impersonators had an opportunity to display their fantastic talents at a bash held in January at the *C'est La Vie*.

# CALIFORNIA DRAG BASH







During January, 1976, a magnificent bash was held at the C'est La Vie in Los Angeles. Highlight of this gala event was the selection of two queens, one to bear the title of *Miss C'est La Vie* and the other to be known as *Miss Beautiful* for the balance of the year. As with any contest, pre-performance jitters are paramount prior to appearing for judging, but though they are amateurs in that they are not paid performers, the quality of dressing and attention to detail are as professional as any paid entertainer who trods the boards.







One fact became evident immediately upon seeing each and every contestant, and that was that they had all carefully worked out details of their costumes to the *nth* degree. No movie queen ever had costuming with such care, for every detail was just right, fitting into place with such perfection that the total picture was one of pure and unadulterated femininity. Coiffures were as elegant as the costumes, and matched costumes so well the image was pure integration.



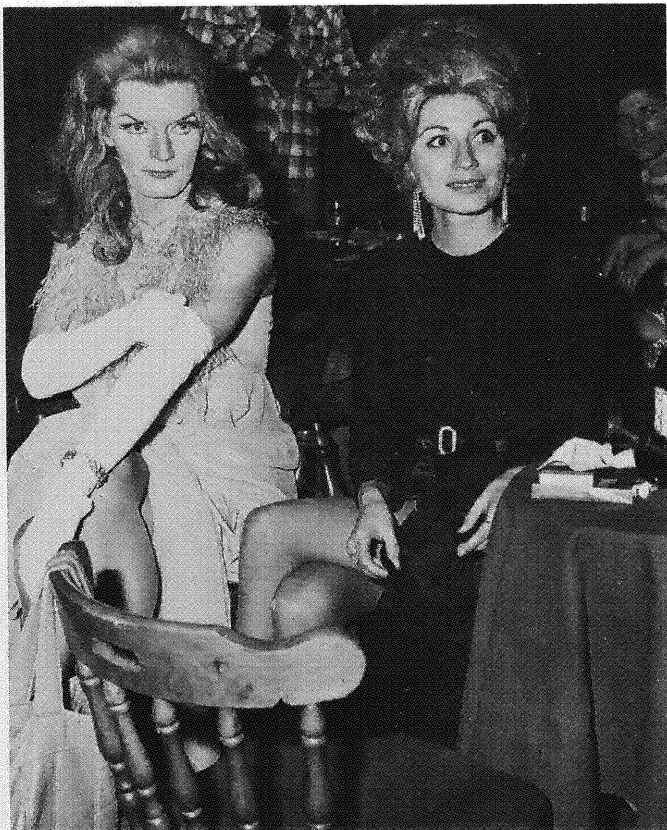




The show was MC'd by Honey Carolina, who kept the action going in a lively, witty manner, adding to the general note of gaiety and excitement that was prevalent throughout the evening at the C'est La Vie. Every contestant was anxious to win either of these titles, for they mark a special kind of recognition.







Winner of the title of Miss Beautiful was Bobbie, pictured at left holding the wonderful trophy she won to cap her achievement. There's no denying the judging was difficult, but no one can argue with the choice they made.



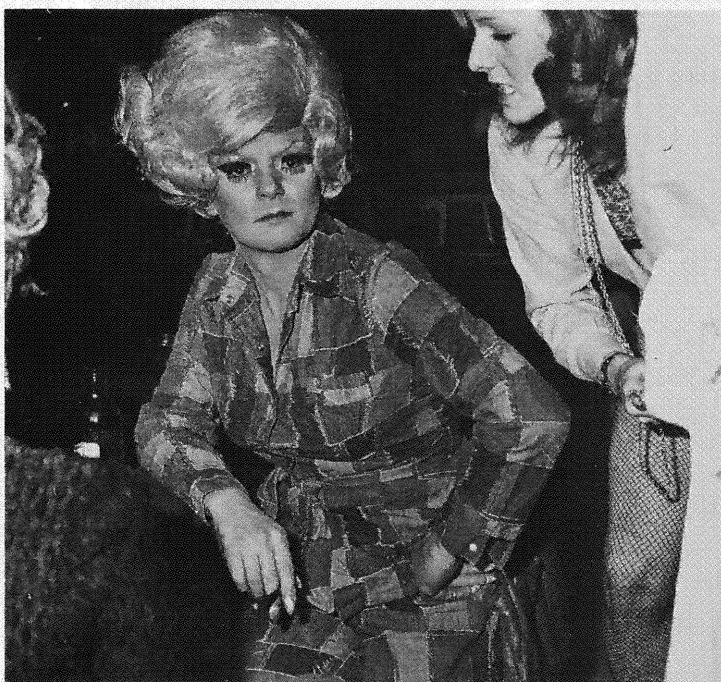








Not everyone who attended was a contestant, but everyone who was at the C'est La Vie that January night enjoyed themselves greatly. Such an atmosphere generates gaiety everywhere.



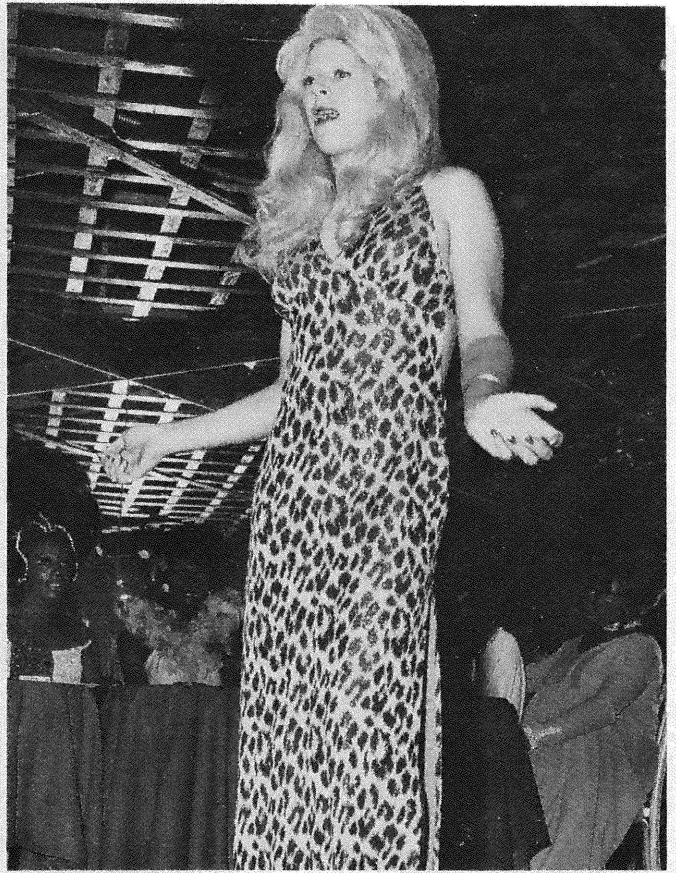




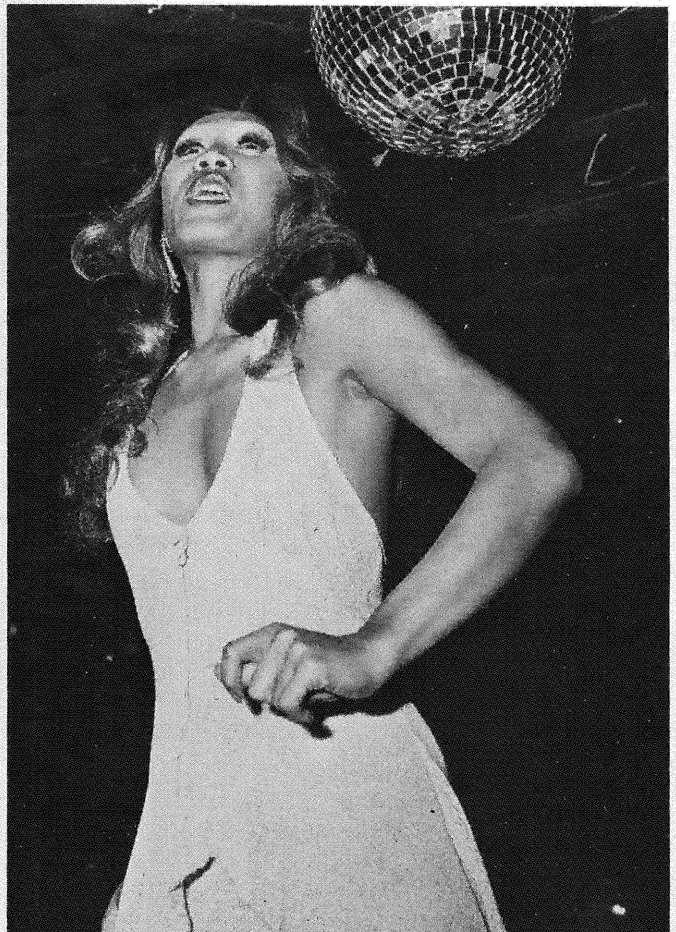
Contestants and guests alike join in the spirit of the occasion, for the C'est La Vie is one of the happiest clubs catering to female impersonators and their supporters anywhere in the world.







With the announcement of the winners, the magnificent bash at the C'est La Vie came to a satisfactory close, with everyone who attended delighted with the festivities as well as with the ultimately right choice of the judges in selecting contestants who most fit the theme.









Matthew tip-toed into his Aunt Hazel's bedroom, his pulse pounding in his head, his breath coming in sharp, excited pants. Why was Matthew in such an excited state? Why was his penis acting like a tentpole in his skin-tight denim cutoffs? He had been in this state since the moment his aunt had arrived two days previously at the family farmhouse.

Accustomed to local housewives in their ordinary cotton house dresses, and the girls in school in jeans, he hadn't been prepared for his devastating aunt as she slid out of her Lincoln Continental while he was playing ball with his dog in the front yard. Matthew's eyes almost bugged out of his head when he saw her skirt ride almost up to her crotch as she slid over the car seat, completely exposing her luscious legs, blatantly sheathed in diaphanous black hose, several inches of creamy white flesh blazing in exciting contrast above the jet black bands at the tops of her stockings.

When she alighted and approached him with a cheery, "Hello, Matthew," her skirt moved down to mid-thigh, but now other attributes came into focus. Matthew's Aunt Hazel was an overpowering woman, towering almost a foot over her seventeen year old nephew in her skyscraper heels. Her magnificently upholstered figure was jammed into a tissue-thin, black satin dress that fitted her ripe curves as though it had been glued in place, featuring an enormous bust, which, despite its great weight, had a delightful up-tilted quality as it bounced around buoyantly with the movement of her steps.

"My goodness, precious, but haven't you grown," Hazel cried happily as she embraced her nephew, drawing his face into the vastness of her cleavage, Matthew's knees were growing weak as he was enveloped by the

# THE ALLURE OF NYLON AND LEATHER



marvelous scent of an expensive French perfume.

Strangely, Matthew was as much impressed with his ravish-

ing aunt's exotic garments and the aphrodisiac of leather blended with perfume as she caressed his face with her gloved hands;



gloves incidentally that extended without a wrinkle all the way to her armpits, as he was with her, herself.

All that day and the next, Matthew found himself wondering what his gorgeous aunt was wearing underneath her dress. Certainly if her outer garments were so exciting, her undergarments would cause him to blow his mind. He couldn't keep his mind off of it. He could think of nothing else. He found that he was walking around with a permanent erection, and he had great difficulty hiding the fact from the rest of the family.

He had waited his chance, not patiently to be sure. His parents had taken his aunt for a ride, his sister was out, he was alone in the house. Aunt Hazel's bedroom was permeated with her perfume. It excited him all the more as he made his way toward her dresser.

The top drawer was principally taken up with make-up paraphernalia, but in the second drawer he struck oil. It was packed to the brim with scented undergarments. Frantically, Matthew rummaged through the drawer, taking out one intimate little garment after another, laying them neatly across the bed. Stockings, so sheer that they seemed to have no weight at all, as though they were created out of pure mist. Panties of all types, huge bras, heavily constructed to support her massive pendulums, waist cinchers, garter belts—and then he came to something that caused him to gasp. It was a masterpiece of leather corsetry, girdled with bone-support panels, alternating glossy black leather and exquisite Belgian lace. Dangling down from the lower edge was a welter of garter straps with gem-encrusted clasps, as thin as pencils.

With shaking hands Matthew removed the marvelous corset out of the drawer and stared at each little detail with great admiration. He began to wonder

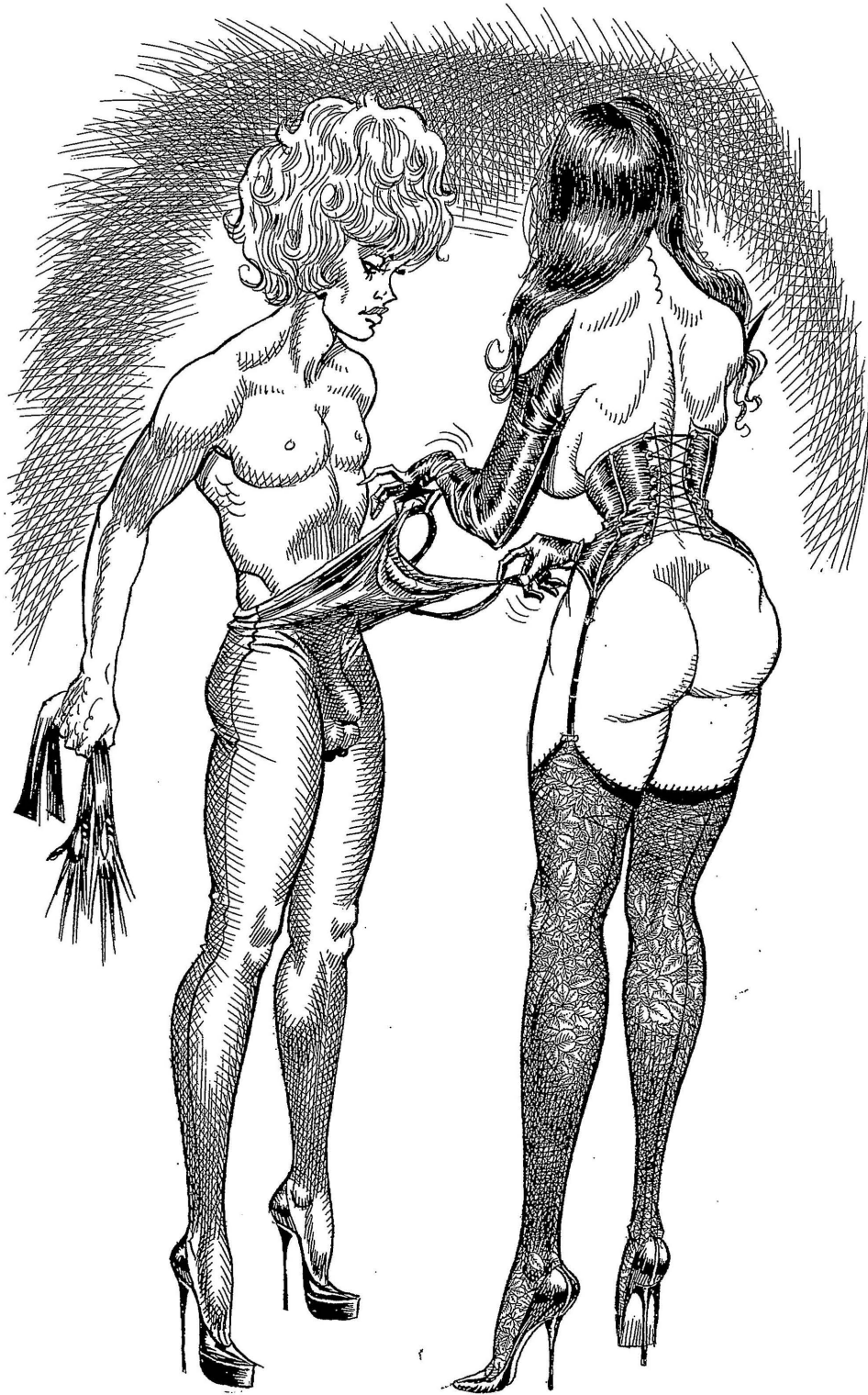
how it would feel on his body. He knew it would be sensational. Though his aunt was much taller than he, Matthew was sturdily built, and he was quite certain it would fit just as snug on him as it would on his aunt.

Dare he try? His cock was on a rampage in his cutoffs. He was so excited that reason deserted him. Quickly he stripped, his penis literally leaping out of his cutoffs as he lowered them.

The sensation of the exquisitely soft leather on his torso was just as thrilling as he knew it would be as he wrapped the magnificently constructed corset around his waist, experiencing great difficulty in working the rawhide laces through the tiny silver eyelets at the back.

"You do look fabulous, Matthew, but I assure you I'll look fantastic by comparison in it." To Matthew's horror, he spun

*(Continued on page 60)*





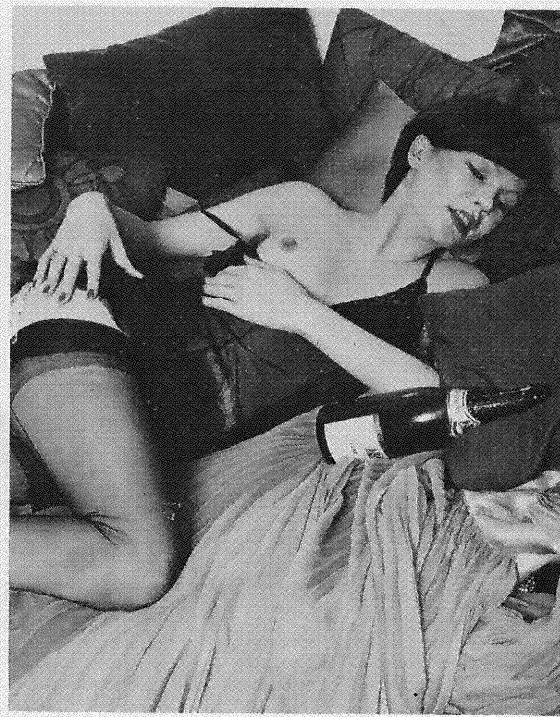


Introducing *Caline*, a female impersonator currently the absolute rage at Le Carrousel in Paris.

# FIERY PARISIAN MIMIC

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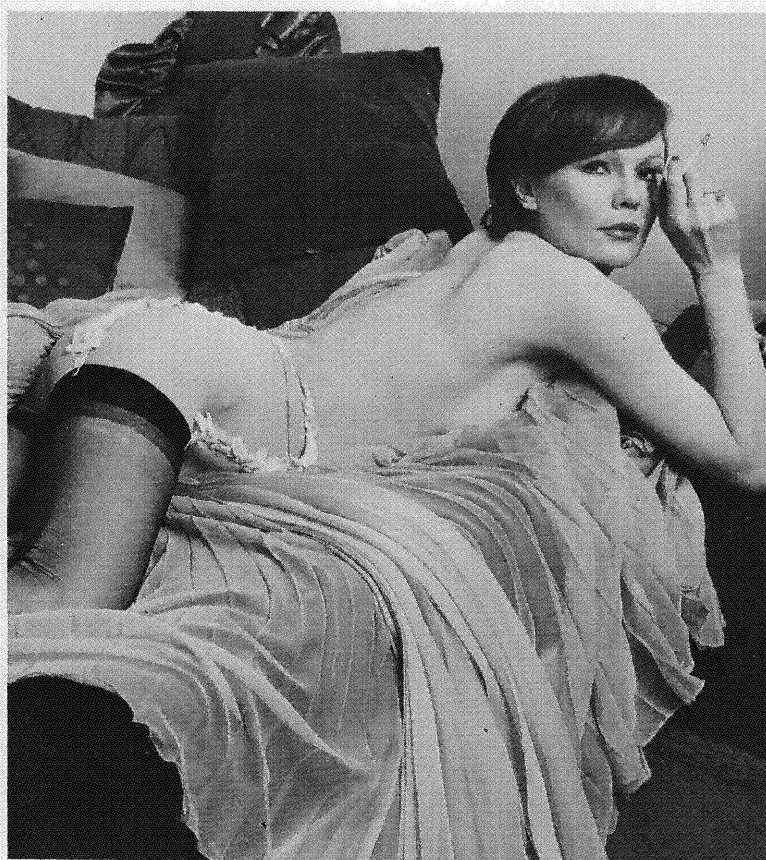
The French have long been known as true lovers of the female form, so it is little wonder that they took to heart the lovely, captivating Caline, a female impersonator with a body and manner truly feminine and infinitely desirable.











Caline has the true Gallic manner, pixie and coquish in everything. Once transformed into a lovely female, she's the very embodiment of everything a French female has been known for. And to see her is to love her, according to her fans.









Watching the lovely Caline perform is a charming experience, for she has captured the full flavor of everything feminine in manner, dress and personality. Her act is perfection itself, projecting the magic charisma of a true star. Caline captivates her audiences whenever she's on stage, and off stage she's just as captivating.







Performing is not all the glamor it's usually thought to be, and Caline is the first to admit it. It has taken a lot of hard work for her to reach the point she has, and even though she's the most sought after female impersonator on the Continent, she has time for little else than her work.















Rehearsing, and working out new routines, keeps Caline busy, so this delightful female impersonator must decline many of the invitations that are offered. She regrets it, too, for she's been offered chances to visit exotic places in the world . . . places where she'd be just as popular, but her place is in Paris.

