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The Equilip

Your CLBT Guide to Key West

Published monthly by:
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Angie Baby
Brad Lockle
Nana

For advertising information, please see page 12.

Welcome to Paradise!

Womenfest is one of the largest parties in the GLBT community in Key West.

Check out www.womenfest.com for an updated schedule of events.

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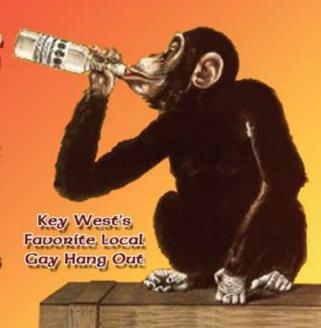
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Ask Nana

E-mail your questions to nana@keywestgayrag.com

Dear Nana, I am a 32 year old woman who has just come to terms with my lesbianism in the last year. I was very unhappily married for about 3 years, and was finally able to face my own sexuality and move towards the life I knew I should be living. My ex-husband was the only man, only PERSON, I have ever had sex with. I grew up in a very religious and repressive household and rarely even masturbated until after my divorce. I have never owned any sort of sex toy and had always been too embarrassed to go out and buy one. A few months ago, I started experimenting with using household items as sex toys. At first, I tried using things like carrots and small zucchini and finally found that large dill pickles were able to give me the sensation of a penis pretty accurately. However, I have noticed that when I use the pickle, even if I clean myself thoroughly afterwards, I will have a strange smell for days afterwards in my genital region. I am wondering if you think this solely from the pickles and, if so, should I get the smell checked out by my gynecologist.

-Katie, Big Pine Key

First of love, let me congratulate you in finally coming into your own as a woman and getting out of an unhappy marriage. It sounds like you are well on your way to living a happy, complete life. In regards to your question of do I think that it could the pickles that you are putting in your lady business that is causing this odd smell.... YES! IT'S THE PICKLES! For the love of God, child, your vagina is not a casserole! You can't just throw anything in there and hope for the best! I also find it interesting that you are too embarrassed to go to an adult bookstore and buy a perfectly simple vibrator, but are more than willing to walk into your gynecologist's office smelling like a vaginal Vlasic. I know there's a stork on the label of the pickle jar, but give me a break! (Come to think of it, why is a stork selling me pickles?) Listen, bubbala, you need to stop using "household items" as part-time lovers; after all, you're not Amish. If I were you, I would give myself a good warm water douche, lay off the dill completely, and get out there and find yourself a nice girl to scissor with. And, if the smell doesn't go away, go date a lesbian grocer!

Dear Nana, About 8 months ago I started having an affair with a married man. When we met, he was very honest about the fact that he was married but said that he had come to realize he was really gay and that he was in the process of telling his wife and seeking a divorce. However, over these months he seems to have not gotten any closer to his new life. He told his wife he thinks he is gay, but not that he is seeing someone. He hasn't moved out or filed for divorce. I only get to see him maybe a night or two a week and even those times are shrouded in this black cloud of secrecy. I really think I love him and that he loves me, but I don't know if I can wait around for him to make these changes. What should I do??

-Michael, Sumerland Key

Oh, snowflake, if love were all we needed in this life than the world would be a much different place (and I wouldn't have 3 different hideous sets of wedding china... but that's another story!). I hate to piss on your balloon, as my mother used to say, but if this boy was really in love with you; he would move heaven and earth to be by your side. And not only would he do that, but he should do that!! You are worth that, my angel. Listen, you gay boys aren't the first creatures on earth to be drawn to forbidden fruit. So many of my gay friends have been hurt time and time again by falling for seemingly straight men that might have a hint of lavender in them. (And god knows women have been falling for you dapper dans for ages!). But, buttercup, I want you to be loved wholly and completely. I want you to be with a man whose eyes light up when you enter a room. I want you to have a guy who wants to climb up on rooftops and scream how much he loves you into the western wind. But most of all, I want YOU to want those things for yourself. We are ALL God's little babies and we are all deserving of having true, overwhelming Love. You are allowed to demand that for yourself from the Universe and not settle for anything less. Are relationships about compromise? Of course they are! But you can't compromise the basics. And being loved truly and openly is one of the basics. Also, just think for a minute about how this man has been treating his wife. He married her probably knowing in his heart that he wasn't being honest with her or himself. And he lied to her the entire time he was seeing you and for God knows how long before that. What makes you think he will treat you better? I want you to take some time and really think about what it is you want and need from a partner. I want you to envision the sort of lover who helps you grow and learn and who you can do the same for. And then I want you to look at this man, and you tell me if he fits the bill.





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- 1 KWest 705 Duval Street
- 2 Aqua 711 Duval Street
- 3 Bourbon Street Pub 724 Duval Street
 - 4 801 Bourbon 801 Duval Street
- 5 Bobby's Monkey Bar 900 Simonton Street
- 6 Oasis / Coconut Grove Guesthouse 823 Fleming Street
 - 7 Equator Resort 818 Fleming Street
 - 8 Gay Trolley Starting Point 510 South Street
 - 9 Pearls Rainbow Resort 525 United Street
 - 10 Smokin' Joes 411 Petronia Street
 - 11 Island House Resort 1129 Fleming Street

Weekly Events

Monday

801 - Drag Shows at 9:00 PM and 11:00 PM

Aqua - Dueling Bartenders 5:30 - 8:30 PM Karaoke starting at 8:30 PM

Bobby's - Karaoke starting at 9:30 PM

Bourbon - Dancers on the bar starting at 10:00 PM

KWest - Men dancing for men starting at 10:00 PM

Tuesday

801 - Drag Shows at 9:00 PM and 11:00 PM

Aqua - Aqua Idol starting at 6:30 PM Reality is a Drag Show at 9:00 PM

Bobby's - Pool Tournament at 7:00 PM

Bourbon - Dancers on the bar starting at 10:00 PM

KWest - Men dancing for men starting at 10:00 PM

Wednesday

801 - Drag Shows at 9:00 PM and 11:00 PM

Aqua - World Tavern Poker Tournament at 5:00 PM Reality is a Drag Show at 9:00 PM

Bourbon - Dancers on the bar starting at 10:00 PM

KWest - Bobby Nesbitt is on the piano starting at 5:30 PM Men dancing for men starting at 10:00 PM

Thursday

801 - Drag Shows at 9:00 PM and 11:00 PM

Aqua - Reality is a Drag Show at 9:00 PM

Bobby's - Karaoke starting at 9:30 PM

Bourbon - Dancers on the bar starting at 10:00 PM

KWest - Men dancing for men starting at 10:00 PM

Friday

801 - Drag Shows at 9:00 PM and 11:00 PM

Aqua - Reality is a Drag Show at 9:00 PM

Bobby's - Karaoke starting at 9:30 PM

Bourbon - Dancers on the bar starting at 10:00 PM

KWest - Men dancing for men starting at 10:00 PM

One Saloon - Cock Shock wet jockey contest - Midnight

Saturday

801 - Drag Shows at 9:00 PM and 11:00 PM

Aqua - Reality is a Drag Show at 9:00 PM

Bourbon - BBQ in the garden bar starting at 1:00 PM
Dancers on the bar starting at 10:00 PM

KWest - Men dancing for men starting at 10:00 PM Amateur Strip Contest at Midnight

Sunday

801 - Gay Bingo (Not your mother's bingo) starting at 5:00 PM Drag Shows at 9:00 PM and 11:00 PM

Aqua - World Tavern Poker Tournament at 3:00 PM and 6:00 PM Reality is a Drag Show at 9:00 PM DJ Eric following the show

Bobby's - Karaoke starting at 9:30 PM

Bourbon - BBQ in the garden bar starting at 1:00 PM Dancers on the bar starting at 10:00 PM

KWest - Men dancing for men starting at 10:00 PM

Locations

801 - 801 Duval Street

Agua - 711 Duval Street

Bobby's - 900 Simonton Street

Bourbon - 724 Duval Street

KWest - 705 Duval Street

One Saloon - 514 Petronia Street





711 Duval Street Key West

www.aquakeywest.com

Aquanette Shows Tuesday - Sunday

Showtime 9 PM

Bottom's Up! Brad Lockle



This summer marked my triumphant return to the dating scene. I had been off the market for a little over two years and in a relationship with a 21 year old... which is great if you love video games and Japanimation. I, however, do not. And so, much like prison, I thought I was going to be in it for life but was let go early on "good behavior".

Now, to be honest, I was never a big fan of dating in the first place. As a comedian, I spend a lot of time on the road or in nightclubs until all hours. And even when I am around, I am always more interested in my laugh-life than my love life. But now, after putting my paw back in the cesspool of dating, I have to tell you gay boys are some twisted sisters!

As a gay man, I have always found the entire topic of "Tops" and "Bottoms" hilarious. But, then again, I tend to find everything hilarious... it's my job! I have noticed lately, though, that these positions have turned into a class system for some. This I don't understand at all. I was out on Fire Island (that gorgeous gay sand bar of the coast of Long Island, New York) and this self proclaimed Top was explaining to me that all bottoms are bottoms because they have small dicks. And, thus, Tops were somehow better than bottoms. A sort of "Colt Films" Theory of Evolution, I suppose.

Now let me say that I, a self-proclaimed Bottom, am not the best person on Earth to refute this ridiculous theory. I have no qualms about revealing that I am, in fact, hung like an ant. I have long said that no one shows up at the Maison Loekle for the "front yard". But, mind you, venture around back to my not-so-secret gardens and you will find a playground that puts Hugh Heffner's fish market to shame. My bottom is like Six Fags Gay Adventure and you don't have to be "this high" to ride any of the rides. (Though being high wouldn't be a bad idea...). That being said, even if I had a 12 inch show-cock, I would still enjoy getting my kitty punched. And, furthermore, I don't think us bottoms get the credit we deserve. If it weren't for those of us who take pride and care in mastering the sacred art of bottoming, there would just be a lot of butch Tops sword fighting all day.

And another thing, Tops, your size does not impress me. If I meet one more guy in a bar who tries to tell me, "I hope you can handle what I'm packin'... it's 9 inches and thick", I'm gonna kill myself. You've got 9 inches and I have a mile and a half of lower intestine... so "top" that, big boy! Until I meet a Top who can hit my spleen, I won't worry too much.

I don't want to just rag on the Tops, though. I mean, after all, I need them as much as they need me. And, though I am very proud of my Bottom heritage, there are some Bottoms out there who need to be stopped. Returning to the dating pool, I was shocked by the profiles I would find on sites like ManHunt and Bear411. Every profile sounds like it was written by a 16 year old fat girl:

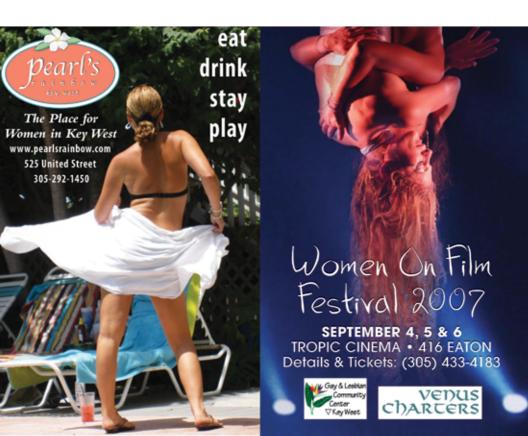
"I really love nature and books. I'm looking for someone who really gets "me". Someone who knows who they are too, but is willing to grow and share along side me. It's like someone once said, (insert ridiculous, feel-good quote that sounds like it was found on a coffee mug)"

But then you click on the picture of this guy and the first photo of him is him bent over, with his butt cheeks parted, showing you his hairy sunflower! Is that gonna help me identify you if we meet up for a date?? You don't need to show me your bottom to prove to me that you are one. I'll take your word for it!

And on that note, it's time for me to hit the road, kids! Be sure to check out my piece next month, where I will wrap up the entire Fire Island '07 Summer Season and tell some of the most hilarious and scandalous stories you've ever heard!

(I'm sure it won't shock you all that most of the stories involve a certain Southern Comfort guzzling "lady" you all know and love...;-)

Brad Loekle is a stand-up comic, radio personality, and writer based out of NYC. He can be heard Wednesday mornings on Sirius Radio "OutQ in the Morning" from 7-11am. He is also the comedian-in-residence at the Ice Palace in Cherry Grove, Fire Island. For more info on Brad, check out www.bradloekle.com or www.myspace.com/bradloekle.





A little bit of Dad's rugged good looks

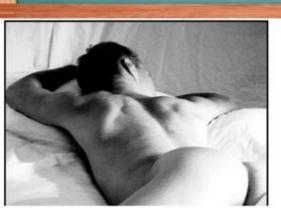


A tish bit of teasing from Mom



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On The Piano



Wednesday **Bobby Nesbitt**

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Our Favorite Lesbian

Angie B. talks

to Laurie J.



She has Bette Davis eyes, Angelina Jolie's lips... and the untamed mane of Elsa The Lioness.

As we salute Womenfest, September 4-9, streets will close, legs will open and, of course, there will be golfing. Headliners like comedian Suzanne Westenhoefer and DJ Lori Michaels complement water excursions, pool parties and a film festival. There's even a group commitment ceremony and, since gay women fall in love during introductions as their beer foam settles, this ought to be a riot. But do I resemble a goddamn Franklin Planner? For precise event details, I direct you toward www.womenfest.com.

It only makes sense to bend an elbow with Key West's Favorite Lesbian, Laurie Thibaud -- pronounced "Tee-Beau" -- ever-present at AQUA Nightclub, 711 Duval.

Born Laurence Alexandra Marie Thibaud, of French parentage in Grasse, France in 1965 -- she even omitted a name to thoughtfully save THE GAY RAG ink -- has now recreated her physicality in the last 18 months. By shedding 67 pounds and 10 inches from her waistline, she's become Duval Street's Molly Bolt, the heroine of Rubyfruit Jungle by Rite Mae Brown, a favorite author.

Yet she's redefined herself, chameleon-like, many times, shedding a New Jersey upbringing and the convenient heterosexuality borne of alcohol abuse. She took on the daunting task of single motherhood. She sorted through her homosexuality in five years of therapy. And she's worked 70-plus hours in everything from T-shirt shop sales and being a live-in nanny for a lesbian couple's twins to driving ChiChi LaRue and her boys around Key West one sarong-lifting night.

Her next reinvention? "A Hemingway House cat," she purrs. " They live on forever."

So don't go steppin' on one of her six pussy toes, you humorless SPCA whistleblowers.

Bartending at AQUA, 711 Duval, since its opening in October, 2002, she oversees the World Tavern Poker Tournament on Sundays, 3 and 6 p.m. and Wednesday @ 5 p.m. (Those interested should access www.worldtavernpoker.com for sign up.) She also helps shape the yearly Ms. Pridefest and the Soldier Ride, a cycling event that financially assists the rehabilitation of wounded soldiers and which raised \$7500 locally last year.

But more, now, on Womenfest, her newfound lankiness, the difference between boys and girls and sobriety.

You've been directly involved with Womenfest in years past, but you're more a spectator for 2007. What are your hopes for it?

I'm hoping that it successfully makes the jump from being privately-owned to community-managed. The worst thing for it is if one person tried to claim it as theirs.

If not clashes, there have been conflicts. One year there were two, separately managed.

It started as a grass-roots things 21 years ago. Women In Paradise, it was called, patterned after Provincetown's Women's Week. I was hired by Michael Browning and Richard Ferrell — then owners of Atlantic Shores — to run it 3 years ago. Now the Key West Business Guild has it. Mostly, it needs strong administrative continuity. Still, I'd like to see more men involved; I don't believe in separatism.

Speaking as an icon, what disturbs you about the Sapphic Sisterhood? Patchouli? The mullet? An over-reliance on the cargo short?

It's that we don't smile enough. At least anywhere we can't be out. Two girlfriends can be walking down the street but, if they feel it's hostile territory, they won't smile. What's up with that, ladies?! Smile!

I had to put on extra blush when I read your AQUA website profile. Hobby: muffdiving! Beyond dining at the Y, what's your favorite part of a gal's form?

The soft, delicate skin behind the knee...the crook of the elbow.

Cooed like poetry! Are you a top or bottom Lez?

I'm versatile.

Which, by a queer man's definition, means you're a big ol' bottom.

I can say "Hey, how are 'ya, let's fuck." But I have a tougher time telling them to go. I'm a snuggler. I'm not good at one-night stands; my previous one lasted three months.

Holy U-Haul! So what then is the typical shelf life of a bonafide relationship?

I've had two Big Loves, the kind that transport you to another planet. The first, incredibly powerful, lasted five years. This was in New Jersey. I was 10 years her Junior. She too was a single parent, going through a divorce. I was her first. She was my first. But we were in different places, age-wise, and heading in different directions.

No one quite like the one what busted yer cherry. And Number Two?

That was three years ago. I was promoting the City of Colors DVD release (a Key West documentary by Talmadge Hayward) when I met her at a Columbus, Ohio PRIDE, where she lived. Very intense. Very quickly. I was always leaving Key West to go see her.

So why ain't you a proud Buckeye?

Oh, I would have moved to be with her. But she was an alcoholic, hell-bent on self-sabotage. And I need — have — to be with someone healthy.

So hope springs eternal?

Well, I'll never consider relocating for another person again. I have my friends for my down days. If I laugh every day, I'm happy. A barback here just gave me a good one: he's Jewish, beyond tone-deaf and he sang Get Me To The Temple On Time. And my best friend, Sue Srch, just came back to back town.

Who doesn't worship and adore Sue, our 2nd Favorite Lesbian?

Basically, Angie, I'm content to be by myself.

Your Hurricane-preparedness batteries oughta come in handy.

That's not to say I don't mind getting laid once in awhile. A fuck buddy's a good thing. But as long as I have a roof over my head; espresso in the morning and Celestial Seasonings' Sleepytime Herb tea at night; and a coming-of-age, Southern woman book on my nightstand — I just finished and loved The Secret Life of Bees by Sue Monk Kidd — I'm at peace. I also do a lot of writing. All of this (gestures around AQUA pre-Dueling Bartenders) — it's all fodder for the mill, baby!

What about gay menz?

I'm what you call a Fag Whisperer. I love my boys — the advice, the secrets, the hugs, the kisses! (I personally observed her counsel a young twink on job interview attire and protocol, followed by a loving "Call me and tell me how it goes.") I'm Mom to them.

You're Mom to more than that. Eavesdropping one afternoon, I heard you mention an adult son, Adrien, 23. I promptly lost a glass eye in my martini. You've lain beneath a man?

I used to a drink, Angie. I used to drink a lot. I drank to convince myself I was straight. It's easier now for young people to come out, with outreach programs, but there are still plenty in Middle America who can't express themselves.

And you were one of them, but you ended up expressing milk.

I considered adoption very briefly...but abortion never, not at all. To me, human life is sacred.

Not always the PC sentiment among today's women, womyn, whatever the PC spelling.

It's about the freedom to make your own choice. I am Pro-Life for me. Having Adrien also made me get sober and confront my own issues about being gay.

Ironic, though, to embrace your sexuality yet still have a dude's misdirectedpiss encircle your commode.

Oh no it doesn't! He was taught good toilet manners. He may not be gay -- and I wanted a gay son -- but that lid is always down.

And your own Mother?

She's gone now. My Mother was an incredible woman. I still have family in France, but I haven't been in five years; I'm still not ready to see my Mom's grave. She spent time in Key West...stayed at The New Orleans House. She was always in the hot tub; I'm surprised she didn't end up pregnant.

You've whittled down dramatically in the last year. How? Why?

I had nonstop hip pain and the energy of a slug. I'd just turned 41 and I weighed 210 lbs. Through research, I modified the Atkins diet to my life. I've always had low blood pressure and low cholesterol, so it wasn't that big a deal. But it was no bread, no pasta, no rice, no potatoes. Hunger pangs in front of Croissant de France would've been disastrous, so I always walked around with hard-boiled eggs in my bag.

So that's what I smelled!

Having my supportive, go-to buddy Donnie on it with me also helped, but you can't really cheat. Introduce sugar into your body and you're immediately fucked.

In a not-so-subtle transition from food addiction to drug addiction -- talk about the statistical research you did for the University of Miami.

I'd literally walk into crackhouses and, for twenty bucks, interview users and do case studies. A couple clients died. It's hard not to get emotionally invested. It was very upsetting.

Yet you toil in this island's chief industry that, to put it gently, is enabling.

Not only am I the least judgemental person you'll ever meet, a person who's using has to be flagrant for me to even notice; I'm actually a little naive in that regard. Rehab, interventions...they only work when the person wants it to. But everyone is salvageable, Angie. I am living proof.

That said, you like your doob.

Do. Not. Take. My. Pot!!

Quick questions, quick answers. Favorite film?

Blade Runner.

Hero?

Oprah.

Where do you keep your sextoys?

Under the bed. Or in the closet. It depends on if I'm cleaning that day.

Recent book read that you wouldn't recommend?

Carl Hiassen's latest. They're all the goddamn same, Angie!

Gazing into your crystal Ben Wa Balls, what does the future hold?

I see myself spending half of my time here in Key West and working for my family in France the other 6 months; they're in perfumes and packaging.

If they made a movie of your life, what would the theme song be?

Alison Moyet's Rise:

"Baby lose that frying pan You don't need to feed that man Nothing's gained through self-denial 'cause you weren't born to be servile.

Don't you know you gotta

Rise: think about what you do now.

Rise: how do you behave?

Rise: would you leave your children?

Rise: what you see today."

And as the final credits roll?

Sarah Brightman's Deliver Me:

All of my life I've been in hiding,

Wishing there was someone just like you.

Now that you're here, now that I've found you.

I know that you're the one to pull me through.

Deliver me: out of my sadness.
Deliver me: from all of the madness.
Deliver me: courage to guide me.
Deliver me: strength from inside me.

Then let's hope it ain't a LIFETIME movie. They can't afford those gals! Would you accept Kathy Lee Gifford on vocals?

Angie Baby



Aquarius Jan 20 – Feb 18

Superstition suggests that at your same-sex wedding, you should have something bold, something flirty, something trashy, and something dirty.

Pisces Feb 19 – Mar 20

You will discover that one of the advantages of being gay is that you can be in a dance bar the size of two football fields and still be able to spot a toupee from across the room.

Aries Mar 21 – Apr 19

In your ever expanding personal universe, you will come to understand why God invented Spandex. You will additionally come to understand why he didn't intend everyone to wear it.

Taurus Apr 20 – May 20

True to your sign, nobody can tell you what to do in bed.... unless you tell them what to tell you.

Gemini May 21 – Jun 20

One of the charming things about your personality is that you never hold a grudge for more than a decade or two.

Cancer Jun 21 – Jul 22

Take care of your skin this month. It is summertime, it is hot, and sunbathing it not a performance art.

Leo Jul 23 – Aug 22

One of the good things about the fact that you are gay is that you will never have to listen to your mother complain about your wife.

Virgo Aug 23 – Sep 22

Next time you go out drinking martinis, make sure you drink gin rather than vodka. It is better to have people think you are drunk rather than know you are stupid.

Libra Sep 23 – Oct 22

One of the main reasons you are so popular is that your love handles can actually be

One of the main reasons you are so popular is that your love handles can actually be used as such.

Scorpio Oct 23 – Nov 21

Whenever you go to the gym this month, you will feel like a new man. You will probably find him right there in the shower.

Sagittarius Nov 22 – Dec 21

Try not to be so self-involved. Up until now, you have thought that "small talk" can be about politics or spirituality and that "important issues" are generally about your hair.

Capricorn Dec 22 – Jan 19

Work on being discreet. Right now, no-one who knows you doesn't expect you to kiss and not tell.



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