



## Mojito Toe-hito!

By Tallulah Dumonde



Girl...look down at your tired, dry cuticles and stretch out your beat-by-summer-heat-feet. If you're wondering when you'll have 45 minutes to squeeze in your routine mani-pedi and still make time for drinks with the girls this week, you're going to SO love me after this one:

Close your eyes and think about Hemmingway's Classics, sultry nights on a Cuban beach and delicious Bacardi Mojitos. Then, when you can't stand another moment of delayed gratification, book an appointment for you and your girls for **MOJITO TOE-HITO, mani/pedis** from **Just Calm Down Spa in New York City**.

Experience the celebrated Cubano hand and foot facial at Just Calm Down and revitalize your nails with fresh lime, mint and cucumber, spiked with a twist of Bacardi Superior. The special

mixture will nourish, cool and decrease the effects of summer swelling and their secret scrub will serenade your toes.

If all of this isn't enough to make you break out in a Rhumba, this Thursday, Friday and Saturday (July 27-29), Just Calm Down will treat customers to fabulous Bacardi Mojitos, made by expert Mojito-ists, just for spa clientele. And (drop the mint sprig, sister...I'm not finished yet) clients who get a signature Bacardi treatment will receive two free movie tickets.

So there it is: your dry dull hands and feet get star treatment, you get a cocktail of major deliciousness with the girls AND free tix to check out the latest summer release. Miami Vice, anyone?



## JUST KITTYNG AROUND!

By [Alisa Leonard](#)



Let me just say first off that I am a total weenie when it comes to waxing. Brazilianâ€ yeah, um hello, can't even go there! And I have to admit, I'm not the most super-duper high maintenance kind of gal... oh I love my pedi's and a blow out from my deliciously adorable stylist to be sure, but so help me if it takes me three days to shave (ick, I know)! 'Sides. I know I'm not the only one. And honestly, summer rolls around and looky here, the forest you've neglected for the better half of the year is in need of dire attention, lest your new Chanel bikini be defiled by unsightly you-know-where-hair! I had to laugh at first when I came across this (cough) very private grooming collectionâ€ JUST KITTYNG intimate hair kits... what? You heard me girl... get your groom on, ahem, downtown. Yep, this nifty kit, complete with waxing, trimming, and decorative paraphernalia is all about business... your biz-Nass. And just one tiny word to the dear boyfriend about said kit and voila! the ESPN went off and suddenly he's all ears... so

maybe there's something to this "intimate haircare" dealie-bop after all.



So let me 'splain by quothing from the femmy care experts: "Make your personal preparation whimsical, artful and fanciful." Indeed, why not? In every Just Kittyng Kit you get wax strips, Just Kittyng Soothing Gel, Sex Symbols, Kittyng Comb, Just Kittyng Tweezers and Just Kittyng Scissors. The sex symbols? Yah, I knew you'd ask about those, you dirty-birdies. Oh, those are hearts, arrows, stars, tulips, lightening bolts, or x's that can be not-so-subtly applied to your newly trimmed and shaped patch. Travel light? Well then keep the smaller, compact BIKINI ART KIT handy for those last minute dashes to St. John's. The Bikini Kit holds just the essentials: four sex symbols, scissors, and a comb. And if you've got the pain tolerance of a two year old (like me), there's the Å¼ber-soothing and creamy Just Kittyng Shave Me! shave cream that's guaranteed rash free! (Because what's the point of a perfectly coiffed bikini line if you've got the battle scars from shaving afterwards?)



And here's my brilliant suggestion darlings... you know those four bachelorette parties you have

coming up in August? Presto! Perfect party gift... and I'm not kittyng! You really gotta give it up to intimate care diva, DIANE PAISLEY, owner & creator of Just Kittyng: "Keeping your private business beautiful is our business. We keep up with the latest styles so our clients don't have to!â€ Cheers to that, mi ladies, and happy grooming!

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## SNIFT SOME BRANDY AND SMOKE A STOGIE

By [Amber Roniger](#)



Think of a room overlooking the Hudson River, solicitous of a glamorous time gone by, where women swished and men always offered an escorting arm. Not too many places like that in NYC that I've come across. The first time I went to SALON LOUNGE I was sooo psyched. I was convinced the venue was part of the Riverview Hotel, where John Cameron Mitchell led his band of tranny pranksters in the stage run of Hedwig And The Angry Inch. What a fantabulous history! Sadly, though it isn't, but it is right next door and part of the same building, which makes

it still 'pretty dang cool' on my bizarro sub-cultural random rating scale. But what Salon is, is completely transcendent. A real classy joint, â€˜ya know what I mean? A spot where you just wanna sit back and swirl a snifter of brandy, smoke a stogie, chill out in your flapper gown and feathered headdress and admire the fashionable people ambling by. Seriously, Salon is all that.



I was lucky to be invited to a swing party last Saturday night (no, not that kind of swinging, you little vixen, you). Of course I know not the first thing about swing dancing, but I do know that Salon is swanky, so I take a little extra time to primp (and pin a fancy feather on my lapel). The crowd is totally hopping, all dressed to the nine's, with beautiful cigarette girls selling (gratefully not cigs) swing CD's and chewing gum. Much more wholesome by my accounting. But it's the actual space that is just so breathtaking. I can only imagine sunset views of the Hudson River at magic hour. But even under the cover of night, it's one of the most gorgeous party rooms in NYC. It just reeks of chic (and scotch). And there are great special events going on all the time, as this one is, complete with a swinging live band and some really pro-looking dancers (muy impressed am !!). Although the stand up comedian leaves something to be desiredâ€ really, what were they thinking, my friend and I squeeze into a plushy booth to watch the action, so we don't have to fake the swing (phew!). And there are only two drunken glass smashing incidents by my count, not too shabby. The French inspired mural over the bar is really beyond breathtaking, and the whole of the art deco interior is just, well â€˜ya know, high-class, baby. It oozes romance and pishy-poshy decadence. Me likie!

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