

# nightspots

weekly nightlife section in

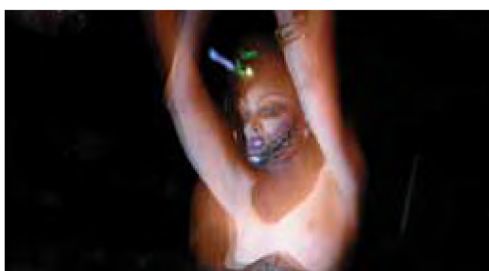
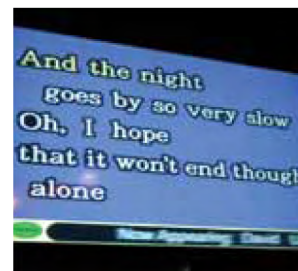
WINDY CITY TIMES



/nightspots



@nightspotschicago



**BERLIN**



**MARY'S ATTIC**

Hitting all the right notes at Sunday-night Mary-oke.  
Photo by Kirk Williamson

Hirsute honeys at Drag Matinee's Bearded Lady Ball, Saturday, July 11.  
Photos by Kirk Williamson

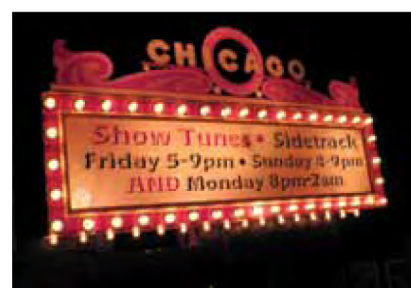
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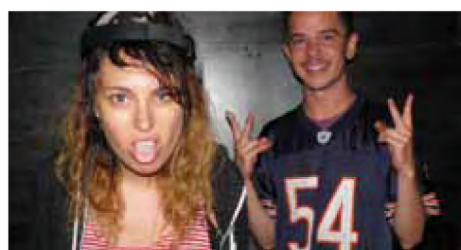
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**SIDETRACK**

End your weekend with some Sunday showtunes.  
Photo by Kirk Williamson



**PROGRESS BAR**

The official afterparty for Mamby On the Beach, Sunday, July 12.  
Photo by Kirk Williamson





"I'm sorry—are you *THAT* famous?"—Nicolle Wallace's response when Raven-Symone said that she doesn't sign autographs because it just goes on too long and she ends up getting a cramp in her hand. Yes, this is what The View has come to.

People are insane. This is not a new observation, but it comes courtesy of a trio of stories which all revolve around audiences behaving badly while attending a live show. The most ridiculous thing happened just before a performance of Hand To God on Broadway. A man with a cell phone running out of juice spied what he felt was an available outlet. Alas, it happened to be onstage. (It was also a non-working prop outlet!) Moments after the perpetrator plugged in his phone, a phalanx of ushers rushed down the aisle to remove it and chastise him. The bewildered theatergoer allegedly said, "Well, where can I charge it?" Sigh. Were he not hot, I wouldn't bother posting a video of the incident or a photo of him on BillyMasters.com.

Next is something which has reached epidemic proportions: texting in the theater. Shockingly, most people don't even attempt to do it discreetly—they brazenly whip it out, not caring if the glare is a distraction to anyone. We recently reported that **Madonna** was accused of texting during Lin-Manuel Miranda's Hamilton. Her behavior was such that the cast banned her from coming backstage—but Madge denied the episode. The issue has been confirmed by our own Jonathan Groff, who was in the show: "That bitch was on her phone. You couldn't miss it from the stage. It was a black void of the audience in front of us, and her face was perfectly lit by the light of her iPhone through three-quarters

of the show." Maybe that's why she did it—for favorable lighting.

Some people can ignore misbehaving audience members. But some people ain't **Patti LuPone**. I've warned you—don't fuck with Patti. I know you want to capture her brilliant performances, but unless you can do it surreptitiously, don't risk it—that woman has eyes like a hawk. She's currently appearing off-Broadway in Shows for Days (a performance the 'London Guardian' calls "never less than watchable"). It seems a woman was using her phone during the show—happily not taking photos or videos, but likely texting. Patti spotted the glare and she glared back. Because timing is everything, LuPone waited until the perfect moment—an exit line—to snatch the phone away as she walked off-stage. No word if the woman was brave enough to ask for her phone back. Patti re-enacted the moment (which she called a "slight of hand") the next evening in a pre-show speech which was posted online by the theatre. PHEW—an officially sanctioned video!! Check it out on BillyMasters.com.

How was your Independence Day? I had a lovely weekend in Provincetown catching up with old friends, drinking too much, and vacuuming sand out of my various nooks and crannies. While I typically don't see shows at the beginning of the season, **Well-Strung** and **Varla Jean Mer-** **man** are like family to me; they even invited me to their swanky cookout on the Fourth of July. So how could I refuse when they asked me to check out their latest shows and tell them what I thought? I am pleased to report that both are in quite fine fettle. Miss Merman is going where no drag queen has gone before with Varla Jean's Big Black Hole. It is exactly what you'd expect—it's outrageous and hysterical. The show is so specific to the concept that every song is brand-new—definitely a must-see. And, I'm proud to say a couple of my jokes made the final cut. So if you laughed, good. If not, they're the ones Varla wrote!

The boys of Well-Strung were never more adorable and playful. With their new show Summer Lovin', under the expert direction of Richard Jay-



**Don't mess with Patti LuPone.**

Photo by Jerry Nunn

Alexander, they are most certainly on the right track (as they say in "Pippin"). If you've never seen them, GO! And if you've seen them before, GO again. The majority of this show is brand new and you'll have a blast. You can get details and tickets about both acts at PtownArtHouse.com.

The Well-Strung hunks are known for mixing pop songs with classical pieces, or playing pop songs in a classical style. They brought their unique skills to Foundations of Wayne's "Stacy's Mom", retitled "Chelsea's Mom." Then they made a pro-Hillary campaign video for the song. Within days, the video went viral and reached Chelsea, who reTweeted it to her mom. That would be cool enough, but then Hillary actually saw the video and retweeted it herself. Cool, right? It gets better. Hill had a fundraiser in P-town on July 2, so the boys cancelled their show. Why? Because they were asked to perform at the fundraiser and meet Chelsea's Mom in person! Now that, my darlings, is cool!!! You can check out the video and pics of the boys with our next president on BillyMasters.com.

The big gay news last week was the extortion trial of Teofil Brank. You remember Teofil, aka gay porn star **Jarec Wentworth**. He's the guy

who was blackmailing MagicJack founder Donald Burns. Teofil/Jarec was found guilty on all six counts after a rather short two-hour deliberation, and will be sentenced in September. But far more interesting to me was Burns' testimony about his extensive history of hiring porn stars. No judgment there—I'm sure many of us would do the same thing. But Don claims to have hired guys every few weeks for solo or group sessions, paid them hundreds/thousands of dollars, and then sent them away—often by plane. These included Sean Cody stars Willis, Arthur and Miles/Aidan, among others. The head of the class appears to be Ashton/MacKinzie Amadon, who continues to be paid \$4-5K a month just for being Burns' "friend." With friends like that...

Since we're talking about gay porn, directrix **Chi Chi La Rue** has voluntarily checked into rehab. While en route to the famed Hazelden/Betty Ford Center, he posted a video message to fans on his Facebook page.

When even gay porn is subject to summer reruns, it's definitely time to end yet another column. This week, we are sad to announce the loss of one of our long-time proofreaders. No, he didn't die—he just has a real job that actually pays! So that means we have an opening for someone who would like to join the fast-moving, glamorous world of [www.BillyMasters.com](http://www.BillyMasters.com), the site that's always looking to fill an opening. If you'd like to apply (or ask a question), send an e-mail to [Billy@BillyMasters.com](mailto:Billy@BillyMasters.com) and I promise to get back to you before someone asks LuPone if they can charge their phone in her dressing room! Until next time, remember, one man's filth is another man's bible.

**LGBTRIVIA**  
From page 11  
**ANSWER:**  
**Colin Firth**

Questions from That's So Gay! A Game of LGBTQ Discovery, a 2400-question board game available from Women & Children First Books and on Amazon.com.

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# the DISH

Weekly Dining Guide in  
WINDY CITY TIMES

## SAVOR

# New York Delicatessen; Be Leaf

BY ANDREW DAVIS

Take one co-owner from Indianapolis and another who already has a long-established Chicago eatery, and what do you get? Naturally, it's **New York Delicatessen** (2921 N. Clark St.; SecondCityDeli.com).



Co-owner Isaac Work (right) and Lee of New York Delicatessen.

Photo by Andrew Davis

After the original New York Deli was closed in March, Isaac Work (yes, that's his actual name) and Clark Street Dog owner Angelo Velliotis—taking the spot over from Bronx native David Lobo—reopened the spot, retaining the Big Apple vibe. Work described the New York attitude to Windy City Times as “overly friendly—except maybe for Manhattan.” (He may have been joking.)

As for the food, the New Yorker (corned beef, pastrami navel, swiss, Russian dressing and cole slaw on rye bread) is possibly one of the best sandwiches I've had this year. The Macy's Parade (tur-



**Be Leaf** (29 N. Wacker Dr.; BeLeafSalad.com), as one might gather from its punny name, is another of a wave of restaurants (Just Salad; Freshii) aimed at having people eat more healthfully.

Speaking of puns, Be Leaf is a veritable pun house when it comes to its menu. (The restroom has pea-themed wallpaper because that's why people do in bathrooms, owner Becky Marks said. Think about it.) Regarding the menu, there are the Hail Kale (All Hail Caesar), with kale and romaine, chicken, parmesan crisps, shaved parmesan cheese, sliced cherry tomatoes, roasted garlic and Caesar dressing; and Falafel-osophy, with romaine and arugula, sweet potato falafel, crumbled feta, dates, quinoa tabbouleh, English cucumber, sliced

key, bacon, creamy havarti, whole cranberry sauce and tomato on French bread) isn't far behind. Other enticing items include everything from the matzo-ball soup to the housemade cannolis. (Other desserts are courtesy of Angel's Bakery as well as Glazed and Infused.)

The decor is sparse—in step with the no-frills approach this casual spot has. (The awning/signage will be more prominent once city permits are approved.) If you get the chance, definitely check out this place.

cherry tomatoes, cilantro, pickled red onions and chipotle date dressing.

Not to be topped, another is the Chi-cobb-o—a mix of romaine, chicken, bacon, hard-boiled egg, avocado, kale chips, red peppers, and bacon tahini dressing or maple yogurt dijon dressing. (There are many other varieties, or people can make their own.) In addition, patrons can get wraps (spinach or whole wheat) instead of salads.

Marks, with an eye toward the future, said that she would like to open a chain, and has already envisioned changes/additions to the menu of the just-opened spot (e.g., smoothies). Be Leaf is off to an auspicious start.

## nightspots the big TO-DO

OUR WEEKLY PICKS TO PLAN  
YOUR NIGHTLIFE CALENDAR



### Mr. Midwest Rubber 2015

**Fri., July 17-Sun., July 19**

**Touche, 6414 N. Clark St.**

Rubbermen descend upon the Windy City for this annual contest weekend. Meet the contestants Friday night and see who wins the title on Saturday. Hosted by Mr. Chicago Leather 2015 Jeff Willoughby.



### All Things Beyoncé party and lip-sync contest

**Wednesday, July 15, 9 pm**

**Sidetrack, 3349 N. Halsted St.**

Celebrate she who runs the world with videos, concert footage, showtune clips, Bey-drag and a special lip-sync contest. Get on stage and mouth the words ... and no drag required. Email [info@sidetrackchicago.com](mailto:info@sidetrackchicago.com) for more.



### OTTER

**Saturday, July 18, 9 pm**

**The Sofo Tap, 4923 N. Clark St.**

Nightlife veteran Gary Sullivan hosts the July installment of the monthly party for hairy dudes you all know and love. Fireball shot specials. No cover. Photo by Kirk Williamson



## MAMBY ON THE BEACH

The summer sun was the perfect setting for the weekend-long festival at Oakwood Beach with music from Royksopp, Felix da Housecat and more. Photos by Jerry Nunn