



/nightspots



@nightspotschicago



# nightspots

weekly nightlife section in



FZ Entertainment, The Rails Marketing Group, David Dodd, and VI presented a **Brandy Norwood** appearance at **minibar** on Halsted St. late on Sept. 10. Kendra Gillians from iHeart Radio hosted the event, while a DJ played hits from the past. Norwood posed for photos with VIP guests in a packed crowd. The Grammy Award-winning singer was in town for the Chicago Ultimate Women's Expo, where she was a keynote speaker.

Photos and text by Jerry Nunn



## SIDETRACK

Photos by Jed Dulanias

## nightspots the big TO-DO

OUR WEEKLY PICKS TO PLAN  
YOUR NIGHTLIFE CALENDAR

### All Things Beyoncé



Wed., Sept. 14, 9 pm  
Sidetrack,  
3349 N. Halsted St.

Dance to Queen B all night with no cover. Bey-licious drag by Dida Ritz, Saya Naomi and The Vixen. All Things Bey contest: Dance, sing or lip sync to win fun prizes. Hosted by Dixie Lynn Cartwright

### OFF CENTER at Center on Halsted



Fri., Sept. 16  
Center on Halsted,  
3656 N. Halsted St.

Jesse Alexander, Moon Rabbit and The Cell Phones are playing the second installment of OFF CENTER at the Center On Halsted. A fundraiser for the Center's Homeless Youth Initiative (pay what you can).

### Nina Sky in Chicago



Sat., Sept. 17, 9 pm  
SEVEN Nightclub,  
3206 N. Halsted St.

Live performance and DJ set. Presented by Back Lot Bash. \$14 advance general admission tix at <http://ninasky.bpt.me/>. \$20 at the door.

### Paula's Big Bang Birthday Bash



Sun., Sept. 18, 9 pm  
Fantasy Nightclub,  
3641 N. Halsted St.

Celebrate Paula Sinclair's 21st birthday! Appetizers, drink specials and performances throughout the night. No cover.

## the DISH

Weekly Dining Guide in  
WINDY CITY TIMES

### SAVOR

## Nando Milano Trattoria; 'ROOF' wraps up

BY ANDREW DAVIS

**Nando Milano Trattoria** (2114 W. Division St.; NandoMilano.com) is on a stretch of Ukrainian Village populated by other eateries such as Takito and Folklore. Nando is a charming and worthy occupant of said stretch.

A gorgeous Chicago evening recently provided the opportunity to sit inside or outside (in a similarly gorgeous area that was cordoned off on the sidewalk). Either way, it was an incredible way to savor some of the mostly northern Italian cuisine that Nando (named after Chef Allesio Vullo's dachshund) offers.

We were treated to items such as arancini (filled separately with spinach, prosciutto and beef ragu—with all being delicious), a wonderful pap-



Chef Alessio Vullo of  
Nando Milano Trattoria.  
Photo by Andrew Davis

pardelle "San Marco" (sausage with baby spinach and sun-dried tomato saute in a white wine sauce) and a crab-stuffed branzino. If one dish was a bit weak, it was the much-anticipated lobster ravioli—and that was only because the server accidentally put parmesan cheese on it, obscuring some of the flavor. However, my favorite dish had to be the saltimbocca alla Romana—a tenderized Berkshire pork loin topped with fontina cheese that somehow managed to taste even better two days later.

The general manager briefly mentioned to me that it's hard for mom-and-pop restaurants to survive in the big city. (Another Nando Milano recently opened in Champaign, Illinois, where there's less competition.) Here's hoping that the cozy and inviting Nando survives—and thrives—in Chicago.

### ROOF ends up in Ibiza

The summer dayclub event **ROOF on theWit** (at theWit, 201 N. State St.) wrapped its travel series Sept. 2-4 with an Ibiza-themed offering.

Among the traditional Spanish fare were herbed fries, calamares (pimenton aioli, grilled onion crema, pine nut, parsley), brochettes de camarones, patatas bravas (sweet potato, pimenton aioli, charred tomato crema), Spanish chicken sliders, Ibiza summer flatbread and—one of my favorites—pan plano de jamon flatbread. My friend especially liked the crab dip.

Dessert items included macaroons (six different flavors!) and shaved-ice sundaes. Cocktails include tasty (if potent) offerings like sangria blanco.

DJs Steve Smooth, Flipside and Spryte provided high-energy dance music.



Pan plano de jamon flatbread at ROOF.

Photo by Andrew Davis



## OUT IN THE PARK

It's a gay takeover of Six Flags Great America, Sat., September 10, with Todrick Hall.

Photos by Jerry Nunn



"Earlier this year I was quoted saying I'd rather have an enema than an Emmy. But thanks to the Television Academy, I can have both!"—**RuPaul's** acceptance speech for winning Outstanding Host for a Reality or Reality Competition Program at the Creative Arts Emmys. She beat out Jane Lynch, Steve Harvey, Ryan Seacrest, Tom Bergeron, and Heidi Klum and Tim Gunn.

Before anything else, I want to acknowledge the passing of **Alexis Arquette**. Yes, we were both publicly critical of the other. But it must be said that Arquette was a trailblazer and one of the most vehemently outspoken advocates for gay rights and education about transgender issues. And yet, this passing shows how far we still have to go. While siblings Patricia, Rosanna and David were vocal in mourning their sister Alexis, brother Richmond is mourning "our brother Robert, who became our brother Alexis, who became our sister Alexis, who became our brother Alexis." Certainly this is new territory for the general public, but I'm not even sure who died!

Also this week, we remember **The Lady Chablis**. I only met her a couple of times, but she made an indelible impression on me. While I only became aware of her after her landmark performance in *Midnight in the Garden of Good and Evil*, it was with her autobiography that she made the biggest impression. While I don't know if she invented the phrase "hiding my candy," she certainly popularized it. Rest in peace, Lady.

I almost hate to write more about *Finding Prince Charming*. The gay bachelor show just premiered and, well, there's no easy way to say it—people hated it. But I went into it extremely open—kinda like so many men went into the star, **Robert Sepulveda**. The show is supposed to be like *The Bachelor*, but it's more like *Flavor of Love*. It just has a cheap, trashy quality about it. It's badly produced, badly directed, badly cast and badly executed. Other than that, Mrs. Lincoln, how did you like the play? Writer **Dan Savage** published some tips on how to improve the show—but unlike my tips, nowhere on his list are the words "mass suicide" or "Kool-Aid!"

**Lance Bass** is a genial-enough host, but he's had no real-world experience dating as a private person ... or, for that matter, as an openly gay person. And he has no idea how average gay men date. Regarding Sepulveda, he has what I like to call a "hooker mentality." A good hooker finds out what someone wants and gives it to them. There's nothing particularly genuine or engaging about him. He's so intent on wanting everyone to like him that he's constantly in salesman mode. And when he's not, he's like some medicated Stepford wife. I suppose if you want that in a spousal equivalent: He's your guy ... until you get the bill! As for the contestants, they're so preoccupied with how they will be perceived that none of them is showing any personality—with the exception of the flamboyant Robby, who clearly has his eyes on life after the show. The hairdresser from Provincetown previously appeared on *Tabatha's Salon Takeover*, where he talked endlessly about chignons—although he had a devil of a time actually doing one. He's fetching, feisty, fun and far too fabulous to end up with Sepulveda.

Rather than giving out a rose, this suitor gives out a black tie—thus, calling the eliminations "black-tie affairs," which is just dumb. Robert asks each contestant to "please step forward"—sometimes he does it in a pseudo-butth way by saying "Get up here." They make some awkward, banal chit-chat, and then he asks, "Will you wear this tie?" Who writes this stuff? Robert then has



**Finding Prince Charming's Robert Sepulveda Jr. (the prince).**

Photo from LOGO

to gingerly put the tie over the contestants' hair without mussing it, and tighten it without choking them. And when he does eliminate someone ("Tonight, you're not gonna get a tie"), sometimes there's no hug, no handshake and not even a walk to the car. It's very "Get out"—kinda like a trick who spent the night and doesn't take a hint. Me-thinks he's had loads of practice.

Speaking of loads, let me take issue with something Sepulveda said once his colorful past as an escort was exposed—because, unlike Matt Lauer, I fact-check: "There are stories that I did porn. I never did porn. There is a video circulating out there that I shot privately and sent to an ex-boyfriend. It feels so violating that someone would take something so private and share it with the world. I want to work to make sure there are laws protecting people from similar situations. It's just not right."

Is he talking about the video of him jerking off while standing? Or the video of inserting a shampoo bottle into his anus? Maybe it's the one of him playing with a 14-inch dildo. Come to think of it, he's probably talking about the video of him blindfolded while drinking out of a used condom—because that's clearly the most romantic one. But perhaps it's the previous video with him opening an envelope from a "client" who sent him the condom (and you can see them all for yourself on [BillyMasters.com](http://BillyMasters.com)). He also says he became an escort because "the small furniture store I was working at suddenly went out of business. I didn't know how I was going to pay rent or my tuition or buy food." So, instead of getting a job at Burger King where customers can have it their way, he decided to escort and use the same slogan. I'm not condemning him—but don't make it like the only option you had was to be a \$250-an-hour hooker.

When I'm trying to figure out if Alexis had any candy to hide, it's definitely time to end yet another column. As I'm sitting here criticizing one gay show, RuPaul made history by winning an Emmy for hosting *RuPaul's Drag Race*. See? Logo giveth, and Logo taketh away. You may not find Prince Charming at the Emmys, but you'll find every inch of him on [BillyMasters.com](http://BillyMasters.com)—the site that admittedly has low standards. Someone you will see at the Emmys is me, so feel free to say hi if you're there. If not, you can just drop a note to me at [Billy@BillyMasters.com](mailto:Billy@BillyMasters.com), and I promise to get back to you before I ask Logo if I can borrow a black tie to wear with my tux! Until next time, remember: One man's filth is another man's bible.

**SIDETRACK** MONDAY SEPTEMBER 19



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