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# nightspots

weekly nightlife section in



# the DISH

Weekly Dining Guide in  
WINDY CITY TIMES

## SAVOR The Barn

BY ANDREW DAVIS

Evanston's **The Barn** (Rear 1016 Church St.; TheBarnEvanston.com) has a lot going for it—if for none other than proprietor Amy Morton, daughter of Arnie Morton (founder of Morton's Steakhouses).

Also, as one might surmise from the Morton connection, this place knows its meats (even down to the marrow butter)—in fact, the spot



calls itself "a modern meaterie." However, things started off on the vegetarian tip, courtesy of salad prepared tableside by the very attentive server (Luke). I also ordered a tomato-and-onion

**Lamb shank at The Barn.**  
Photos by Andrew Davis

tart that was serviceable—but which practically paled next to what was served after it.

The soupe de poisson is a shellfish soup with poached halibut and herbed cream—and it was done very well. However, what really got me going was the following dish: sweetbreads (which most know are neither sweet nor a bread). However, they were certainly the best-tasting sweetbreads I've ever had, hands down (and the brown butter doesn't hurt).

My friend continued our culinary journey with

the bone-in ribeye and lamb shank, respectively. They were both cooked by expert hands; the lamb practically fell off the bone. In addition, the closer (cheesecake) was perfect—not too large a slice, and not too sweet.

(Despite all the meats listed, there are vegetarian entrees, such as roasted vegetable provencal. However, you will find everything from crab to venison here.)

Also, please check out the cocktail menu. The daquiri flip was absolutely divine.

As for the decor, it's pretty cool, not entirely losing the venue's rustic origin (as there are still-visible signs on the walls). However, there's almost a supper-club/speakeasy feel to the place, especially on the second floor.

By the way, that address is correct, as the entrance is located in a (well-lit and valet-occupied) alley, which also contributes to the aforementioned speakeasy-type atmosphere.

Note: Restaurant profiles are based on invitations arranged from restaurants and/or firms.



**SIDETRACK**

Sidetrack reminded us that Love Is Love, Friday, January 20. In case folks needed a break from other events of the day ...

Photos by Jed Dulanias



Leather/kink shop **Full Kit Gear**, 5021 N. Clark St., celebrates its second anniversary, Thursday, January 26, 6-9 pm. It's an appropriate kick-off to the full slate of leather events for the big Mr. Chicago Leather weekend.

The party will feature champagne, hors d'oeuvres, door prizes, giveaways, and, in case you were worried, don't: Hot men will also be there!



Photo of Full Kit Gear's grand opening party in 2015 by Kirk Williamson



The midwest converges on Chicago this weekend to witness the choosing of **Mr. Chicago Leather 2017**, who will go on to represent the Windy City in this year's International Mr. Leather contest, also held in Chicago over Memorial Day weekend.

The packed MCL weekend kicks off Friday, January 27, with a party to welcome the contestants and judges, and a roast of Mr. Chicago Leather 2016 Todd Harris at **Touche**, 6412 N. Clark St. The party starts at 10 and Todd gets raked over the coals at midnight, lead by Roastmaster Thib Guicherd-Callin.

The contest to choose MCL '17 goes down the following night, Saturday, January 28, at **Leather Archives & Museum**, 6418 N. Greenview Ave. Judges include MCL '16 Todd Harris, International Mr. Leather 38 David "Tigger" Bailey, International Ms. Bootblack 1999 Leslie Anderson, Mr. 501 Eagle 2016 Eric Masters and Mr. Midwest Rubber 2016 Pup Icarus. International Mr. Leather 2003 John Pandal will emcee the event for the 14th consecutive year.

Once the winner is chosen, the crowd moves back to **Touche** for the Pure Victory Dance.

The community then gets some hair of the dog the next morning, Sunday, January 29, at the Leather Brunch, held at **Andersonville Brewing Co.**, 5402 N. Clark St., 11 am - 2 pm. For those with some steam left in them, **The Call** at 1547 W. Bryn Mawr Ave. hosts a Leather Showtunes event from 4-9 pm.



## BILLY Masters

"How did she become top intern? Or, in her case, bottom intern?"—Wendy Williams asks one of many questions she hopes will be answered in the new season of American Crime Story, which will center on **Monica Lewinsky** and **Bill Clinton**. Of course, Ryan Murphy knows a thing or two about bottoms.

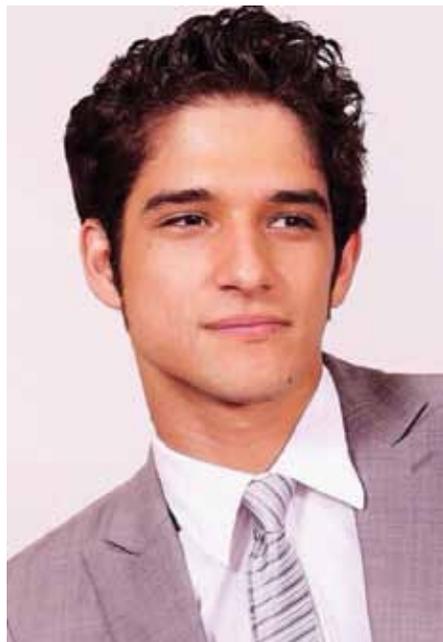
It came. It went. And we're all still here. I found the choice of the first dance curious. "And now, the end is near..." Seems like even our president is counting down the moments—1,458 days left. While I can't say I was glued to my TV, I enjoyed seeing the fashions. Most people looked good—except poor **Kellyanne Conway**, who seemed to be channeling a deranged nutcracker. Take heed, America. This is what happens when you have no gay friends. So clearly our new first lady must have a gaggle of gays around her—I thought she looked great. But I do have one nagging question—why is **Ivanka** suddenly whispering? For some reason, every time she's interviewed, it seems as if she's worried her phone is being tapped. Perhaps she's right.

The most ludicrous story going around was that Trump might dance with **Caitlyn Jenner** at one of the inauguration balls. This rumor had no credence, if for no reason than Jenner was not invited by Trump. She attended as a guest of the American United Fund, which describes itself as "dedicated to advancing the cause of freedom for LGBT Americans by making the conservative case that freedom truly means freedom for everyone." Well that clears up ... actually nothing. Prior to the inauguration, Caitlyn's publicist said, "The real question is if they danced, who would lead?" If that's really the question, Cait better get herself a new publicist (although I like the one she has).

For the pre-inauguration dinner, Caitlyn wore a black dress with what is being called a plunging neckline. But that's really not accurate. It was more like plungeous interruptus. In mid-plunge, a button closed the gap. Then the plunge continued below the button. I guess the button was there to give you a chance to think, "Do I really want to take this plunge?" My answer was decidedly no. The bottom of the dress was covered in fringe—please, God, let that have been fringe. Without question, she was the best-looking transgender former Olympian at the dinner.

The inauguration was eclipsed by the nationwide women's march. My Play Mama, **Jennifer Lewis**, told me the night before that I couldn't go with her because the car was full. I wished her well, and prayed to Black Jesus that **Brandy** wasn't driving. I still almost went, but what genius decides these things should start at the crack of dawn (which, to me, is anything before noon)? Can't I be with her in the afternoon? The DC event brought out a slew of celebrities, including **Madonna**, who felt compelled to sing. My God, hasn't this country suffered enough?

Picture it—Googie Gomez from *The Ritz* at 75. That was why I initially watched Netflix's *One*



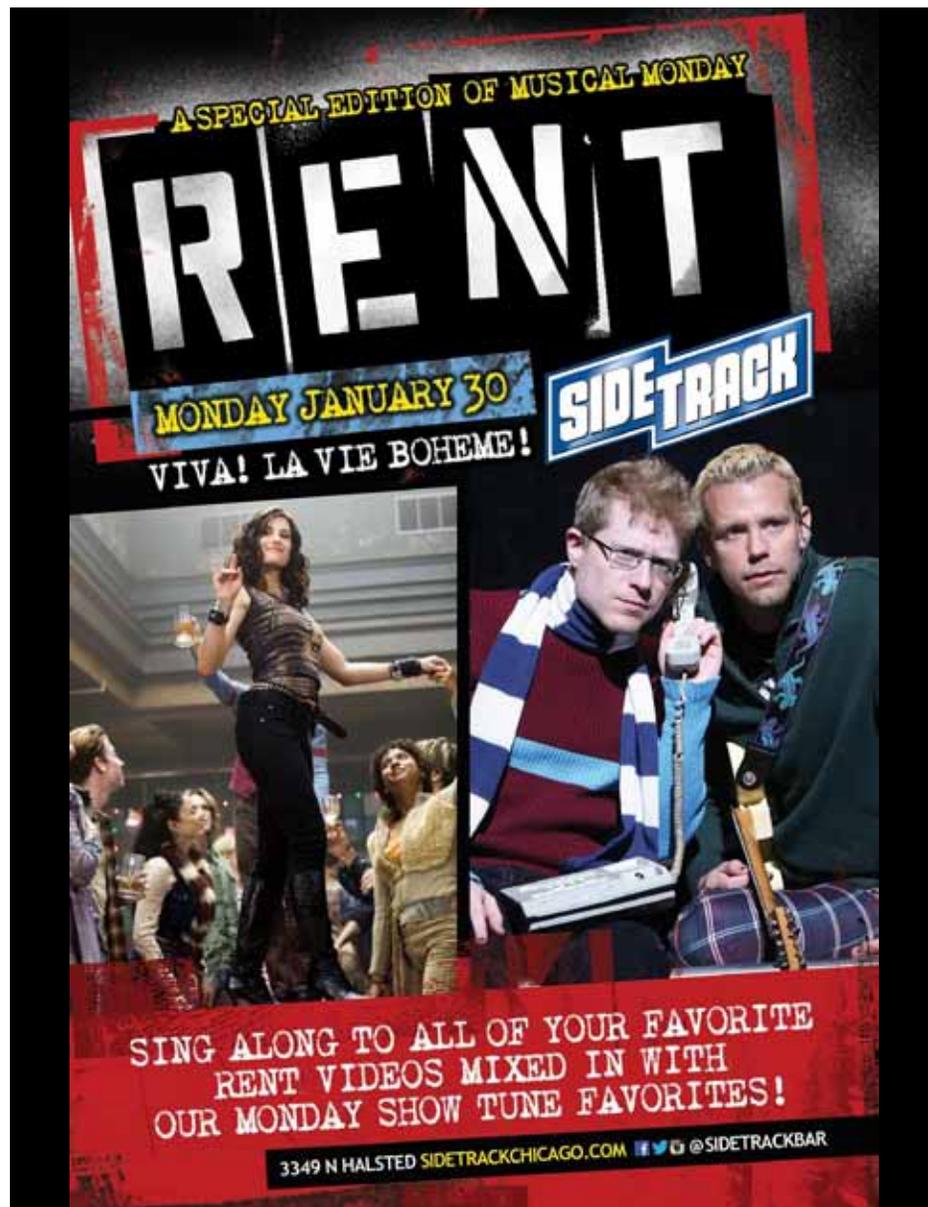
**Tyler Posey's skin is definitely in, according to Billy.**

Facebook photo

Day at a Time. **Rita Moreno** dips into her Googie character and creates an indelible impression as the crazy Cuban grandmother. Since I grew up on Norman Lear shows, I was curious as to how he would fare working in today's TV landscape. While it took a few episodes for everything to gel, I'm pleased to say it works beautifully. It's that classic sitcom melding of laughs and social relevance, and yet it doesn't seem dated. I love it.

Diver **Tom Daley** recently confessed that he would consider plastic surgery in the future: "Ask me in 10 years." So let's take a page from *Hidden Figures* and do some math. The Olympian is currently 22. So in 10 years he'll be 32—and I figured that out without a calculator! So he'll consider plastic surgery at 32. But even that might be too late for Tom. "I'd like to stop myself growing older at 27. By 27, you're old enough to be taken seriously because you have some life experience and not too old to no longer have fun." Kinda makes you wonder what he thinks of his fiancé, **Dustin Lance Black**, who is 42. Chronological age is actually the least of Daley's problems. Due to numerous diving-related injuries, one of his discs "is literally degenerating." A doctor told him that if he keeps up this punishing sport, he could end up in a wheelchair. But at least he'd look good!

Turns out that Tom and Lance's relationship hasn't always been idyllic. Tom confessed that at some point they were on a seven-month break due to work commitments. During that time, Daley says he had an "online tryst" with another guy. "It's not like I actually met up with anyone. I'm 22 years old, and if you talk to someone through social media it is what it is. It was nothing more than that. We never physically met." Perhaps, but sources say he regularly begged the 23-year-old Liverpool lad to fly to London during their 11-month online relationship. Wait—was it seven months or 11 months? What we do know is that Tom sent the guy explicit photos and videos.



Finally he and Lance have something in common! You can see a tease of Tom on [BillyMasters.com](http://BillyMasters.com).

I'm not doing a formal "Ask Billy" question because too many of you have been writing in about this next story. First we got a video of Teen Wolf star **Tyler Posey** pleasuring himself. While I was researching that story, I was sent a video of Posey's co-star **Ryan Kelly** doing the same thing. As I sat down to write this item, **Cody Christian's** penis appeared in my inbox. This begs the question, is making a jerk-off video a prerequisite for appearing on Teen Wolf? I'm not complaining. At least they're all hot, as you can see on [BillyMasters.com](http://BillyMasters.com).

When we're presenting a pack of penii, it's definitely time to end yet another column. Believe it or not, you can see even more than videos of teen wolf penises on [www.BillyMasters.com](http://www.BillyMasters.com)—the site that is apparently my purpose. If nothing else, this should prove how seriously I take your questions. So keep sending them along to [Billy@BillyMasters.com](mailto:Billy@BillyMasters.com) and I promise to get back to you before Tom Daley plunges into Caitlyn's neckline! Until next time, remember: One man's filth is another man's bible.

