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# nightspots

weekly nightlife section in



# the DISH

Weekly Dining Guide in  
WINDY CITY TIMES

## SAVOR

### Florentine's lunch

BY ANDREW DAVIS

Having experienced **The Florentine** (151 W. Adams St.; The-Florentine.net) for dinner, I'm happy to report that lunchtime offerings—while slightly more casual than evening dishes, overall—are up to the spot's high standards.

Ensnconed on the second floor of the J.W. Marriott Hotel, Executive Chef Zachary Walrath is usually known for Italian fare, and those items



Florentine's pork belly club.

Photo by Andrew Davis

are in abundance here—even if they're Italian spins on classic American dishes.

Take the Italian cobb salad, which comes with chicken, avocado, egg, tomatoes, bacon and gorgonzola. The chicken panini comes with smoked mozzarella, peperonata and basil on sourdough. (The aforementioned dishes—as well as items

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## MARY'S ATTIC

Bob's your hot uncle at the English Tea Dance, Sunday, Nov. 5.

Photos by Jerry Nunn



## TOUCHE

Happy 40th anniversary!

Photos by Kirk Williamson

## Halloween haunts Halsted Street



The NorthHalsted Business Alliance presented its 21st annual Halloween parade on Oct. 31, as always.

The overall theme this year was "Haunted Halsted." Festivalgoers lined up in front of barricades starting at Belmont Avenue, down Halsted Street, north to Addison Street.

Locals signed up for a costume competition that included four categories. Best Theme was won by Darren Stephens for a Little Shop of Horrors Audrey 2 costume; the Lubin family took home Best Group; the scariest were Matthew and Carla Owens with their dog Toot in all black; and Derrick Taylor walked the runway as Cinderella for Best Drag.

Grand marshals were DJ Circuit Mom and TV personality Jon Hansen, who kicked off the parade. Along with individual marchers there were large groups including a Michael Jackson "Thriller" dance team, the Chicago Spirit Brigade, Chicago Gay Men's Chorus and Frontrunners/Frontwalkers Chicago, an LGBT movement club. Anti-Trump protestors caused a stir by shouting and holding signs to bring attention to a demonstration at Federal Plaza on Nov. 4.

Some of the sponsors for the parade were Smirnoff Vodka, MB Financial Bank, and Green Mountain Energy.

Visit [NorthHalsted.com](http://NorthHalsted.com) for future events in the area.

Text and photos by Jerry Nunn





## BILLY Masters

I recently flew non-stop from Miami back to Los Angeles for the obscene amount of \$63. For this bargain fare, you don't expect much—I'm surprised I even got a seat! But since I'm a loyal American Airlines flyer, I was given a window seat near the front of the plane. Surprisingly, the two seats next to me were empty—until the plane doors shut. Then, a lady of indeterminate age plopped into the aisle seat, saying, "I hope you don't mind, hon." Since I had work to do, I didn't care. She quickly donned a double vodka on the rocks, put on a sleeping mask and passed out. I was so engrossed with my work, it was a couple of hours before I noticed she had taken off her sweatshirt. Yes, the woman next to me was clad in only a black bra! And, if I'm not mistaken, I could also glimpse a hint of areola.

As we went to press last week, the **Kevin Spacey** debacle was just unfolding. As I said at the time, I was proud of **Anthony Rapp's** honesty, and that his words got Spacey to admit he's gay after years of deflecting. But, of course, Spacey's admission was made in order to deflect away from the charges of predatory activity on a minor. The fallout has been staggering. In the space of 48 hours, Kevin went from being an odd bachelor who went to award shows with his mother to being a pariah. His agents and publicists dumped him, his International Emmy Founders Award was rescinded, Netflix cancelled House of Cards (although discussions are ongoing regarding continuing the show without him) and the network also dropped plans to release his Gore Vidal biopic.

In the past week, many men have come forward with their Spacey stories—most recently, a story that he groped **Richard Dreyfuss's** son when he was 18! Everything we've heard whispered about him for decades is now being shouted from the rooftops. The Old Vic (where Spacey was artistic director from 2004-2015) even set up an anonymous hotline for men who want to come forward with their stories. While Spacey has said he will "seek evaluation and treatment," his brother has come forward saying that their father was a member of the American Nazi Party, grew a mustache to resemble Hitler and sexually assaulted him (Spacey's brother) from the time he was 12 years old. So what?

Another open secret in Hollywood has been made public. Actor **Jonathan Bennett**, best known for his role in Mean Girls, has officially come out. Not only did he come out, but he came out with one of the hottest boyfriends around—**Jaymes Vaughan**, who is known as the



**Jonathan Bennett and Jaymes Vaughan have come out as a couple, Billy says.**

From Attitude Magazine's Twitter account

first openly gay Chippendales dancer and former Amazing Race contestant.

This is not completely uncharted territory for Bennett. After all, he was on **Kathy Griffin's My Life on the D-List**—almost an admission of homosexuality. And then there was his time on *Dancing with the Stars* when **Julianne Hough** said, "He tweeted me last year and said I had a nice butt, and I thought, 'Oh he's hitting on me—I should try to go on a date with him! OH, he's gay—so I was like, that's not gonna work!'" If anyone should know a thing or two about keeping a secret, it's a Hough!

After Bennett posted about his relationship with Vaughan, he shared a message from a closeted fan thanking him for being a role model. He responded saying, "THIS! THIS is why it is so important to live our truths loudly and proudly. You never know who is watching and you never know who you are inspiring and giving hope to just by simply being yourself." And since the couple is so photogenic, we'll post some pics of them on BillyMasters.com.

I've dated my share of hot men. Strike that—more than my share. And I've never taken offense when people have blatantly lusted after my partners or accused them of looking overly sexual. I enjoy that—and if someone looks a little whorey, it typically means they look like someone people would pay for sex. If I'm getting it for free, it's a win/win. I say this as an introduction to some scaldingly hot photos of **Dan Savage's** spouse. If you want to know why the writer said "It Gets Better," it's because he gets to sleep with **Terry Miller**, Tom of Finland's first official U.S. ambassador. Unlike other ambassadorships, this one probably needs to be well-versed in a variety of positions, to say nothing of maintaining a very minimalist wardrobe. In fact, the pictorial we just got ahold of indicates to me that Dan might need to use both hands ... if you catch my drift. Yes, that means you can see every inch of Terry on BillyMasters.com.

Could it be that a very minor gay performer is jumping on the sexual-assault bandwagon? Yes, the former twink is telling sordid tales about directors ogling him, producers propositioning

him and managers fondling him. And I'm not saying that any of this is untrue. Just like it's not untrue that he's used his twinkdom to secure the bulk of his jobs, traded sex for opportunities and surely slept his way to the middle. After dumping his hubby when the work dried up, he bounced from bed to bed to obscurity—leaving in his wake older men feeling used and abused. And now he says he's been mistreated? Ironically enough, now he's looking for younger guys to fill that empty hole.

When I've left Florida's sandy shores for sunny Southern California, it's definitely time to end yet another column. After all this time on the road, I get to stay put in Los Angeles—at least until Thanksgiving. So, I'm thankful for that. Just like I'm thankful for all the visitors to [www.BillyMasters.com](http://www.BillyMasters.com), the site that's stuffed with a slew of sexy stuff. If you have a question, send it along to [Billy@BillyMasters.com](mailto:Billy@BillyMasters.com) and I promise to get back to you before Terry Miller stars in an all-male version of *Call Me Madam!* Until next time, remember: One man's filth is another man's bible.



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