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# nightspots

weekly nightlife section in





## OSCAR NIGHT @ CENTER ON HALSTED

Glitz and glamour on the Red Carpet, Sunday, February 26.  
Photos by Jerry Nunn

## Sidetrack's OUTspoken! Series: March's featured storytellers



Rita Adair



Lindsay Eanet



Russ Goeltenbott



Garcia



Abby McEnany



Clark Rogers

The March edition of OUTspoken! LGBTQ storyteller series takes place Tuesday, March 7, at Sidetrack, 3349 N. Halsted St. Doors open at 6 pm, stories begin at 7.

See [www.outspokenchicago.com](http://www.outspokenchicago.com) for more info.

—**Rita Adair** is a retired social worker and sensitive crimes specialist. Currently, she is an activist, author and mother of three grown children and six grandchildren (along with previously fostering 23 teenaged girls). Rita comes from a very eclectic, large family full of color, travel, fame and fantastic design.

—**Lindsay Eanet** can be seen around town at shows like *Is This A Thing?*, *Essay Fiesta*, *You're Being Ridiculous* and *Story Jam*, and next to you at your favorite bar, skipping over all your songs on the jukebox. She has a weakness for reality competition shows and cries an average of four times every episode of *American Ninja Warrior*. But enough about her, let's talk about you.

—**Garcia**. Actor. Poet. Writer. Young Fugitive. Co-founder of *Queer House*: a safe and inclusive space that welcomes Chicago youth of color to share their art.

—**Russ Goeltenbott** grew up in Skokie, Illinois, where he graduated from St. Peter's Catholic grade school, and Niles North High School. Russ has a B.A. in Business and Management from Northeastern Illinois University. He moved to Chicago and worked for over 30 years with various universities and agencies in student finance administration. He is currently consulting and assisting college students with paying for college and financial literacy.

Through the years, Russ has sung for various church choirs and events. Over the last two years, Russ has performed three sold-out cabaret shows at the Skokie Theater. He is currently preparing for his next show at the Skokie Theatre on April 1, entitled *Russ Goeltenbott: No Foolin*.

—**Abby McEnany** is an actor, improviser, and writer who performs at various locations around Chicago, including *i0* and *The Second City*. You can see her weekly in *Virgin Daiquiri*, the acclaimed all-women team at *i0*, Wednesdays at 8.

—**Clark Rogers** is a sex professional from the southern United States. He is passionate about using his small but growing social media platform to educate men who have sex with men about everything from how to improve their sex lives to their shared history and social responsibilities. He has lived in Chicago for five years.

## the DISH

Weekly Dining Guide in  
WINDY CITY TIMES

### SAVOR Vermilion

BY ANDREW DAVIS

Yes, River North spot **Vermilion** (10 W. Hubbard St.; [TheVermilionRestaurant.com](http://TheVermilionRestaurant.com)) has diners seeing red—literally.

True to its name, the restaurant has red sprinkled through, whether it's one seat out of a set, or a cascade of red light bulbs on a wall—giving



Vermilion's artichoke pakoras served on a bike.  
PR photo

the place a seductive vibe that makes it the perfect spot for a date. (However, the atmosphere is more than seductive, making it a spot that friends or co-workers can patronize as well.)

I previously visited this Indian/Latin American fusion spot a few years ago, and I still remembered my main complaint about the cuisine: Although everything was delicious, some of the items didn't taste like the advertised ingredients. Maybe my palate was off that night—but there was a definite difference with my most recent visit.

The artichoke pakoras are distinctly unique—not for their taste, but for the way they were served: on a miniature tricycle. The fritters themselves were slightly bland, although the eggplant-coconut chutney certainly saved them. The duck vindaloo (with pomegranate molasses) left a more favorable impression, from a gustatory standpoint, as did the cilantro tamarind paneer.

(By the way, most of the meat-based appetizers

have vegetarian substitutes. For example, vegetarians can opt for portabella instead of toasted coconut shrimp.)

As for the main dishes, my friend went for the plantain-crust whitefish and the butter chicken. The fish was probably my favorite dish of the night, with plantain and tomatillo sauce enhancing and not overwhelming the seafood. The butter chicken turned out to be a delicious choice as well, thanks to the creamy gravy.

The meal concluded with a dessert trio of shahi tukra (nut cake), flourless chocolate cake and mango flan. The first item—sponge cake with cardamom, topped with pistachios and almonds—was a runaway favorite for me.

So grab a friend (or a date) and hit Vermilion. It's a wonderfully exotic experience.

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



## BILLY Masters

"I've known Matt SO long. When I first met Matt, I was the fat one!"—**Jimmy Kimmel** reveals his history with **Matt Damon** during his Academy Awards monologue.

OH MY GOD! You write a column, you send it off to the proofers and then everything changes in a matter of seconds. I'd love to blame crazy **Faye Dunaway** and doddering **Warren Beatty**. But ap-



**Faye Dunaway (left) and Warren Beatty at the Oscars, just before they stepped in it.** Screen shot

parently they were given an envelope that said, "Best Actress—**Emma Stone** for La La Land." Warren didn't know what to do, he looked at Faye (not known for being fast on her feet) and she said, "La La Land." Everyone from that film is giving speeches, my column is done, and—oh, wait—**Jimmy Kimmel** comes out to say there was a mistake. Warren explains what happened and the Best Picture is really Moonlight. Meanwhile, where the fuck is Faye?

I have a few other Oscar observations. I found Jimmy Kimmel quite entertaining. I loved seeing **Shirley MacLaine** rock out to **Justin Timberlake**. Who knew **Caitlyn Jenner** had anything to do with the OJ documentary? I could watch **Meryl Streep** eat Junior Mints all day. You know **Jennifer Aniston** wants her sunglasses back. I'm SO glad **Zsa Zsa** made the "In Memoriam" cut—although I'm sure someone wanted to put quotes around the term "actress." Honorary Oscar winner **Lynn Stalmaster** was the first casting director to pass on me. That didn't stop me from making a pass on his son, Lincoln. Due to sealed court documents, I can't say anything more—except when they call it a "gag order," they ain't kidding!

Speaking of Caitlyn, she just came out against her boyfriend, **Donald Trump**. She took umbrage at the dropping of federal protection for transgender students to use the bathroom of their gender identification in public schools. The feds claim that those matters should be decided by the states. But Cait still has hope, saying, "And you can still fix it. You made a promise to protect the LGBTQ community. Call me." And then she gave Donald a little wink.

I'm not going to get political with you. But I do want to take a moment and explain what happens when you take a civil liberty and put it in the hands of states—slavery. If, somehow, states could decide whether to allow slavery or not, Oprah would be running a network from a plantation—wearing shackles. You might like to think that nobody in their right mind would vote to bring back slavery. But you'd be wrong. That's why civil liberties are determined on a national level—so that an old Black woman who wants to sit anywhere on a bus in one state doesn't have to sit in the back in another; so that people of different races or even sexes won't be considered married in one state and living in sin in another;

and so that someone who wants to pee in the bathroom of the gender they identify with in one state won't get arrested for indecent exposure in another. It's that simple.

Here's some good news for those of you who are still devotees of daytime dramas. (Yes, I'm talking to you, **Chris Smith**, one of the scene-stealing stars of *Bear City 3*—which I refuse to see until I watch parts one and two.) NBC's last remaining sudser, *Days of Our Lives*, has been renewed for its 52nd season.

Some people got mad at me when I predicted—sight unseen—that the new TV series *Doubt* would get a swift cancellation. Many felt I should give it a chance. But I trust my instincts. Sure enough, after two episodes, it's "see you next Tuesday, Heigl." It's unfortunate that **Laverne Cox** had to be a part of this, but you hitch your wagon to **Katherine Heigl**, these things are bound to happen.

Unless you've been living under a rock, you've already heard about *Feud*, **Ryan Murphy's** six-part series about Bette Davis and Joan Crawford making Whatever Happened to Baby Jane. The series is based in part on the book *The Divine Feud*, by Shaun Considine, and a script called *Best Actress*, written by Michael Zam and Jaffe Cohen, best known for his work as one of the Funny Gay Males comedy troupe. The original script was written about a decade ago and was optioned by a few people—including Ryan Murphy, who, at one time, hoped to make it into a film.

One actress heavily campaigned for a part. And that actress is—drum roll please—Faye Dunaway! Yes, 25 years after she played Crawford in

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*Mommie Dearest*, Dunaway wanted to reprise the role. The obvious question is why? After all, she regularly credits "Mommie" for ruining her film career. And that's why she wanted to tackle the role again—to prove that the problem wasn't her skills as an actress. No, it was the fault of the script, the director, the editors, the producers, and possibly the craft service people. The fact that nobody seriously considered her is all the more tragic, because I bet she would have been AMAZING.

When Faye Dunaway is in the news again, it's definitely time to end yet another column. Hmm—maybe she planned this. After all, who is everyone talking about? Faye Dunaway. And this is now an Oscar clip which will be re-played for decades to come. It will certainly live in infamy *BillyMasters.com*—the site that has a long memory (among other things). If you have a question for me, send it along to [Billy@BillyMasters.com](mailto:Billy@BillyMasters.com) and I promise to get back to you before Faye and Warren take part in another Oscar ceremony—aside from the inevitable "In Memoriam" sequence! So, until next time, remember: One man's filth is another man's bible.

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