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.

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

Florentine's lunch
BY ANDREW DAVIS

Florentine’s pork belly club.
Photo by Andrew Davis

MARRY’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 protesters 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 for future events in the area.

Text and photos by Jerry Nunn
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 part- ner or accused them of looking overtly 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, the site that’s stuffed with a slew of sexy stuff. If you have a question, send it along to 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.