

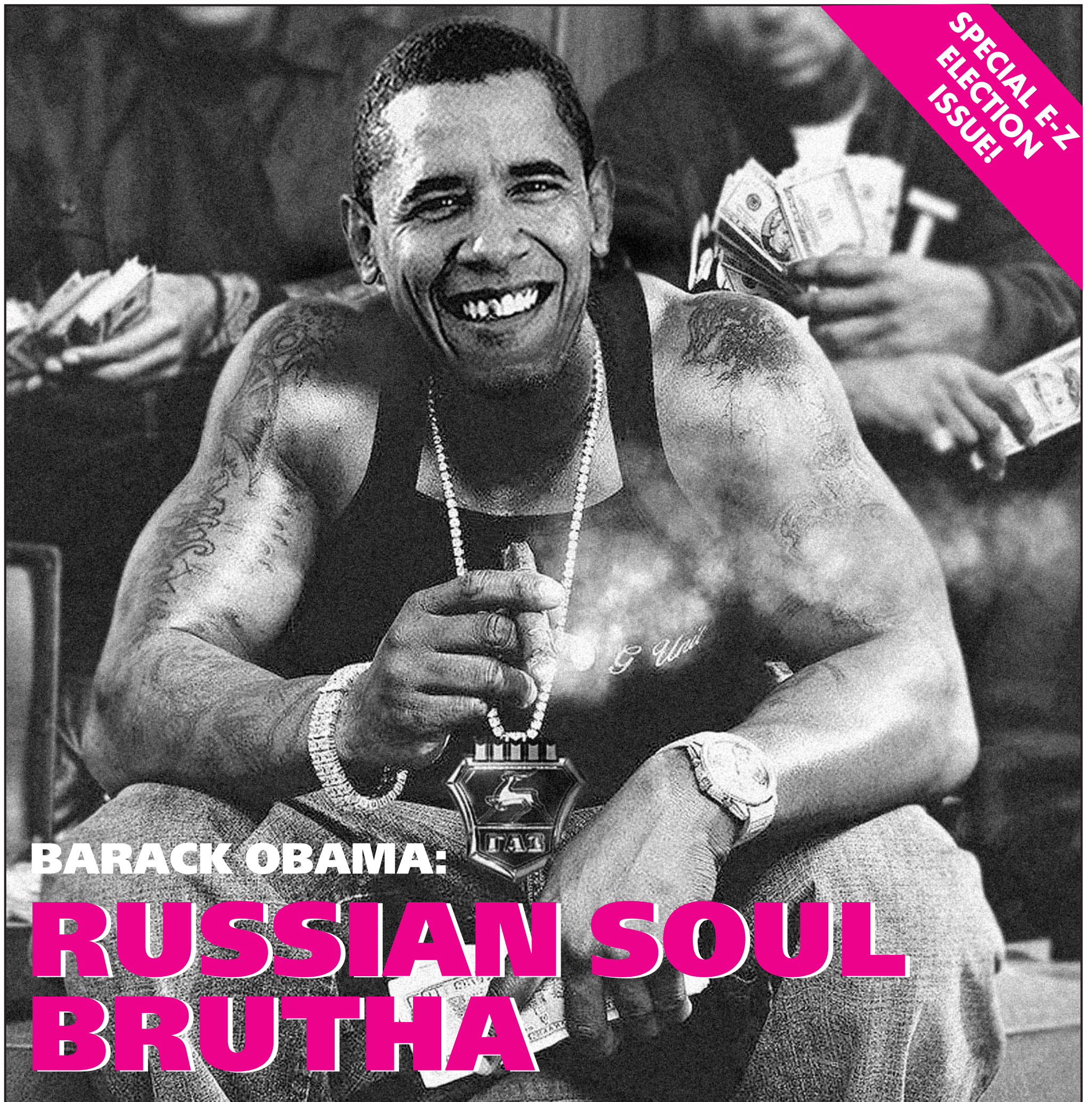
THE EXILE



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LETTER OF THE WEEK

TATTOO YOU

Dear Gary,

I am hoping that you will highlight in the eXile the plight of non-Muslim Malaysians in Malaysia. There are sections of Muslims that want us to be tattooed so that we can be differentiated from the general Muslim populace. this is following several cases on non-Muslims corpse being kidnapped by Malaysian islamic religious troopers and buried as Muslims following dubious claims that the individuals had converted on their death bed.

Could you please help us non-Muslims. A report in eXile might put some pressure on the ruling regime to change their behaviour.

Kind Regards

Stephen

Dear Mr. Stephen,

Good news. Malaysia's authoritarian leadership got wind of the fact that the eXile was about to publish a big damning expose on how the government is trying to tattoo non-Muslims. Guess what? They've now agreed to also include free lip piercings and eyebrow studs. You guys are going to be the hippest urban hipters in Southeast Asia, and it's all thanks to The eXile, your only source for cutting-edge hipness! Because you know, kids these days, they all want to have these tattoos and piercings and stuff. We don't understand it ourselves. It looks so crazy and barbaric! I mean, wow! Getta load of the kids with their tattoos! It must be this whole anti-mainstream thing, you know? Kids expressing themselves how they want to, not letting society tell them how they should be. We hear that sort of attitude is really catching on with the kids. So anyway, don't bother thanking us when the Malaysian security forces come to your door in a pre-dawn raid with their piercing guns (we've passed your email address to the proper authorities), just make sure you tell your friends, 'It's a gift from the eXile!' If you have a tongue to pronounce 'eXile' with, that is!

MCCAINIAC

Hi Guys!

A lot has been said about how almost all the current US presidential candidates are "anti-Russian." Sen. McCain by far the worst. However, you have to wonder how "anti-Russian" he really is when just last year (or maybe it was 2006) he was supposedly holding meetings with Deripaska and his current campaign manager Rick Davis, ran a consulting-lobbying firm that has worked directly with several Russian businesses, including Deripaska.

Rick Davis's partner in their firm (Davis Manafort) worked in Ukraine on the presidential campaign of Victor Yanukovich. I haven't seen too much in the Western media about this potential paradox.

All the Best,

Jordan

Dear Mr. Jordan, Sen. John McCain replies, "Hey, I know who you are! You're a gook! Don't try to pull this 'My name is Jordan which makes me a European Judeo-Christian' poppycock on me, mister. I can read between the lines in your letter, and what it says between the lines is, 'MAU! MAU! DIDI MAU!' You may remember that from The Deer Hunter, but I LIVED that, man. Do you hear me? I fuckin' lived it! If you've been there in

a bamboo cage with the water rats, man, like I have, and you've had to hold a goddamn gun up to your head every goddamn day while Nyugen bets on which POW will blow his brains out, then I'll tell you something man, you start to learn who's a 'Jordan' and who's a gook. I'll get you, you sneaky little commie bastard. I'll find you, I'll hunt you down, and I will kill you, your family, and everyone who has ever come into contact with you. I'll...Oh shit...sorry. Ahem. I sincerely apologize. Please forgive those rash words. It's my wartime experiences that made me say that. I deeply and sincerely apologize to anyone who was offended by those racist remarks. But heck, I'm such a straight-shooter, isn't it refreshing to hear me talk this way? I'm so unlike the other candidates. Not just because I'm a straight-shooter, but because I also am a shooter. Yes, I shoot gooks! Oops, did I say that? War man, it's hell. So, go out and vote for me. And if you don't, I respect your decision. Your decision to die! Die, motherfucker! Die!!! MAU! MAU! DIDI MAU!"

HUGHES AND ABUSE

Dear Dr Dolan,

I think your book reviews, both at The Exile and on amazon.com, are excellent. I note however that they seem to peter out about February 2007. Do you plan to

e-mail: editor@exile.ru

write any more?

Best wishes

Patrick Hughes

Dear Mr. Hughes,

Thank you for asking about Dr. Dolan. Yes, he does plan to write more. In fact the first thing he's planning to write is a letter to you, Patrick Hughes. Yes, it's a thank you note for the \$1000 check you're sending him in the mail to write more free stuff for your entertainment. Isn't Dr. Dolan the bomb? You are planning to send that check, right?

Because it would be kinda embarrassing, for you I mean, to get that thank you letter BEFORE you send the check. But that won't happen. Otherwise we'll send your address to President McCain's "gook database" and then we'll see who's laughing.

SWEEEDUMB

War Nerd,

Hi, I've started to read your columns and are enjoying them a lot. I have not read all your columns yet, but I wanted to add a thought about occupation. You often say and mention that the only way to successfully occupy a foreign country is to kill all the locals. This is true. It has been known for a long time. Already in the bible god told Joshua that if he wanted to control Jericho he must kill all who lived there. Already then the truth about occupation. Wonder when the political correct people will accept it.

Another thing in the bible, the bible contains a description of the successful use of Terrorism. I am talking about Moses and the Plagues of Egypt. Pure Terrorism. Anyway, I am not a very religious person, just an ordinary guy who lives in Sweden and wanted to share my thoughts.

Keep up the good work.

Stefan Lagneval

Sweden

Dear Mr. Lagneval,

Yahweh replies, "I was about to get really, really angry, in a Yahweh-angry sort of way, after seeing you smear my plagues as 'terrorism.' Do you know what terrorism is, pal? Terrorism is when mortal humans who don't have a state to call their own blow up other people in a cowardly way. Well actually it's when non-Judeo-Christians blow up Judeo-Christians, okay? Let's just call a gourd a gourd here. Now I ask you: how were my plagues 'terrorism'? I was trying to free my people the best way I knew how, and everything I did was covered in the Galilee Conventions of 3206 B.C. But then I saw that you're Swedish, and ordinary at that. You poor creature! I have to admit, even I, Yahweh, never had the heart to unleash an 'Ordinary Swedish' plague on the Egyptians. Kill their first born? Sure. Frogs from the sky? I'm pretty proud of that one myself, way ahead of my time. People are still trying to figure that one out 4000 years later! But unleashing a plague that would turn every man in Egypt into an ordinary Swede? No way! That's just...sick. How could I go on godding with that on my conscience! But maybe that's just because I have a conscience, unlike certain gods I know. Take Baal, he'd have no problem with it. I'm telling you Baal always had a ram's horn loose somewhere in his brain. He once tried to do something like that to the Chaldeans, when he inflicted a plague on them whereby every household's second-born daughter was turned into

an ordinary Hurrian. A Hurrian! It was really cruel, but Baal enjoyed the cruelty. A real sadist that guy. Suddenly every Chaldean's second-born daughter changed: they wanted to have just one child at the age of 40, and they started demanding things like maternity care and the right to be beaten only twice a day rather than the customary 18 times a day, which at the time was considered very progressive. Baal thought it was a hoot watching the Chaldeans wailing over the loss of their second-born daughters, but I told Baal, 'You know, one of these days you're going to look back on this plague and you're going to have to answer for yourself, Baal. Can you really sleep at night knowing you inflicted this 'Hurrian' plague on the Chaldeans? It's like pulling wings off flies, Baal. You're above that! C'mon, we're gods here, so let's act like gods, okay? You make all of us look tawdry and cheap.' And Baal, he says, 'You know something Yahweh? I've been wanting to tell this to you ever since at least the day you created the oceans: I am so goddamn fed up with your sanctimonious bullshit, okay? I mean really! Who the underworld are you to point fingers at me? I mean, your 'frogs' plague? What's up with that? Hello! Maybe you didn't hear, but other gods are laughing at you! You're the late-night punchline in the Hittite comedy circuit. You're the laughingstock of all the Great Sea gods! You know what they call you behind your back? 'Frogweh.' Yeah, you heard me. So stop criticizing me and spend a few millennia looking at yourself. Get off your high horse, Yahweh, and remember one thing: you're just a god. You don't shit, you don't piss, and you don't eat. Just like the rest of us! And don't forget it!' So I said, 'Baal, you're a hurtful god. A very mean, hurtful god, and you cut me deep inside. I never expected that from you.' And Baal goes, 'You see? That's it! You're guilt-tripping me! This is what I'm talking about, man. Damn you Yahweh, you're the only god I know who guilt-trips other gods. Why don't you destroy a city or something, unleash an earthquake, just lay off me, man. Ishtar never guilt-trips me. El never guilt-trips me. No god but you does that, man!' And I said, 'Okay, you're right. I'm sorry. Obviously I'm some kind of monster here. I'm just going to go hide out in some bush over there for awhile, I'll leave you guys alone. Gonna go hang out with my people, even though they're forsaking me. You're right, it's all my fault.' And Baal goes, 'Ohhh man! Rrrgggh! Okay, look, I'm sorry Yahweh, just please don't guilt-trip me? I can't handle it, I'm serious. Throw me a lightning bolt at least, will you? Give me drought, but please, none of this guilt trip stuff. I can't deal. Look, since we're fessing up I should tell you, it's because of your guilt-tripping that none of the other gods have wanted to hang out with you for the past 800 years now.' And I said, 'Oh, is that why I haven't seen El and Ishtar for 800 years? But I thought El and Ishtar's fertility gods wouldn't let them go out at night, that was why they couldn't...you mean they lied to me?' And Baal says, 'Look, all I'm saying is maybe we should all just have a cooling off period. Next full moon, let's get together, me, you, Ishtar, Hadad, even Isis...we'll all hook up, destroy a few cities, maybe set off an earthquake or two, pop open some gourds, and just relax man.' And I said, 'Yeah, sure, fine. You mind if I bring my son

along?' And Baal goes, 'You have a son? I didn't know. Congratulations!' And I acted all quiet and humble and stuff, because what Baal didn't know is that my son...he got all the guilt-tripping genes and then some. His looks he got from the Holy Ghost, but the guilt-tripping is all my side, thank you very much. And when it comes to guilt-tripping, my son makes me look like an amateur, like a regular Girgashite. Not even a Girgashite, but like a Hamathite! I remember saying under my breath, 'Yeah, Baal, just you wait. Little do you know the awesome powers of guilt-tripping. You're still stuck in the Bronze Age mindset of earthquakes and plagues, but your time is past, your thinking is very 'BC.' The future belongs to the guilt-tripping gods! Mwah-hah-hah!' But I didn't say that. All I said was, 'Yeah, okay, sure. Whatever you can spare an old washed up god like me, I'll be grateful. Don't worry about me! You go have fun, I'll just hang out in this bush over here. Seriously, I'm fine.'

[SIC]SURROUND

War Nerd,

You are right - the carrier battle groups are nothing but big targets. You may be aware that the Imperial Japanese Navy wargamed the Battle of Midway. The games always ended with the Japanese carriers on the bottom. Fearing that this result might displease the naval command, the wargamers changed the rules unrealistically so that the Japanese always won. You know what really happened.

Ned

Dear Mr. Ned, Yes, unfortunately, we do know what happened. The United States wound up making a movie in the 70s called "The Battle of Midway," which featured "Sensurround." My god, it's even worse than we'd feared! This means...when the battle of the Straits of Hormuz is filmed 10 years from now, featuring the great victory over the "Filipino Monkey" and the speed-boats with their boxes, that the movie will be the first to feature "Fagaround," whereby the movie theater patrons will feel it in their guts what it's actually like to be in a 2 billion dollar destroyer facing off against a couple of Iranian water-skiers and a guy with a CB radio. War is hell, Ned! Hell I tell ya!

URUGUAY OR THE HIGHWAY

Dear War Nerd,

Hi, my name is Ignacio Carugati from Uruguay, I recently managed to read your article "Take Americas Navy Battle Group...Please!", really good stuff over there. But then I realized that you wrote another one about the "Triple Alianza" war, it was just great. I mean this is a real lame way to say "hey congratulations!" but I think that this tiny little things give you a little push to keep writing that way.

So this is my salute to you, and keep up the good work.

Kind Regards,

Ignacio.

PS.: Sorry for my english like you would probably know I'm not a native speaker.

Dear Mr. Ignacio, Just so long as your English is good enough to understand "mow lawn" and "leaf blower in garage" and "no money to pay you" and "go home or I call INS" well that's all the English we really care about.

WHERE DID ALL THOSE GORGEOUS WHORES COME FROM?

Blyadi and the East

By Anne Applebaum

My email inbox has been overflowing with letters from readers ever since my last column about Russia's amazing abundance of beautiful women, and how the rise of free markets made them so gorgeous. Even academic heavyweight Michael McFaul of the Hoover Institute dropped me a note thanking me for pointing out the link between Russia's turn to open free markets in the

The link between beauty and open markets is incontrovertible and everywhere. Take for example Great Britain, where the proportion of hatchet-faced horse-toothed women declined from 98% of the female population during the Welfare State era, down to 97.85% of the population after Margaret Thatcher's market reforms took hold. True, the statistics have a margin of error of 5%, but as Michael McFaul correctly notes, that margin of error would be even greater had not free markets been introduced.

We needn't look overseas to understand this. In the USA, the dazzling lustful hippie girls of the Great Society era in the 1960s and 1970s gave way to the sexless post-Reaganomics American woman of today: fat-ankled, bitter, a bottle of Prozac in one hand and a jackrabbit vibrator in the other: she is the picture of free markets triumphing over the failed sexual socialism of the LBJ years. While it's true today's American women are frighteningly unappealing compared to their sisters of the protectionist past, at the same time, Michael McFaul would correctly argue that were it not for Reagan's market revolution, today's American women would be even fatter and angrier than the current generation.

When I look at myself in the mirror every morning, I say, "Anne, you look great, and you feel great, and it's all thanks to the open markets!"

I'm bringing all this up because in all of

my excitement over Russian beauty, I forgot to cite the single most impressive and visible benefit that market reforms brought: the incredible explosion in Russian and East European prostitutes! Earth to Anne, hello Anne! There I was reminiscing about the Russian beauties appearing in high-class London hotel lobbies and restaurants in 1995, but the part of that story I left out was how most of the girls I saw in those places were working women.

If you recall my column, I noted how an old Russia hand friend of mine who'd spent time in the Soviet Union during the 1970s looked at the women in the hotel lobby and remarked, "But where were they all before?" I left out what he said after that: "Where were all the whores crowding the alley tochkas in every Russian thoroughfare, where were all the whores advertising on the Internet or the *Moscow Times*? If only I'd known, I would have done everything different!"

"They hadn't yet been saved by the free markets!" I chimed in cheerfully. "And don't forget, Old Russia Hand friend, not only have the open markets meant open borders for hundreds of thousands of prostitutes, which means the exciting opportunity to become a sex slave in an Albanian trading post, a client to an AIDS-infested Nigerian peacekeeper, and the chance to travel the world from a basement dungeon in Tetovo to a basement dungeon in Hong Kong! The trendy left-wing ivory tower types may talk of the evils of globalization, but what they forget is that without globalization, we wouldn't have this great mixing of cultures: Moldovan, Ukrainian, and Belarussian whores getting trafficked through NATO-run Kosovo through a network of Romanian, Serbian and Bosnian criminal gangs, then handed over to Albanian crime groups, and eventually sold to brothels from Saipan to Brazil and points in between!"

Something about this talk had my Old Russia Hand friend whinnying and salivating, and he couldn't wait to taste the free market benefits for himself. Without even letting me finish, he was out of his chair and



The free market at work for whore & john

EDITORIAL

1990s, which he helped to design and promote, and the sudden revelation of Russia's remarkable female beauty.

"Yes, free markets gave rise to beautiful Russian women," wrote McFaul, "but what few realize is that today's Putin-era Russian beauties, who are even more appealing than the girls of the 1990s, would today be even drop-dead off-the-scale gorgeous had Putin not imposed authoritarian rule and clamped down on the free market."

Thanks for pointing that out, Michael! How right you are!



Free markets mean whore markets: Spasibo Applebaum!

bargaining with one of the London hotel lobby Ukrainian whores—that's right, "bargaining!" What better expression of the free market than bargaining!

Ah yes, we all have free markets to thank for our idyllic state of female beauty today, whether in England or Russia, and don't forget it.

I optimistically ended my last column by noting that you'll soon have the free markets to thank for other things as well, like the future-Ukrainian doctors who will cure your cancer, and future-Polish stockbrokers who will make you a fortune. Unfortunately you'll have to wait a bit more for that inevitable utopian moment, as today's free market Ukrainian doctors (or what's left of them since most abandoned the profession in the 1990s when their salaries dropped to levels that would make a Delhi street urchin laugh in their faces) demand bribes for treating everything from a fever to a severed artery (but the corruption is a legacy of the past, not the fault of free markets), and in fact what's left of today's Ukrainian doctors is a mob of quacks so dangerously incompetent they

couldn't diagnose a pregnancy from a bee sting, even if a tiny screaming head plopped out of a woman's dilated vulva, thrashing about for air and spitting afterbirth on the Ukrainian doctor's face.

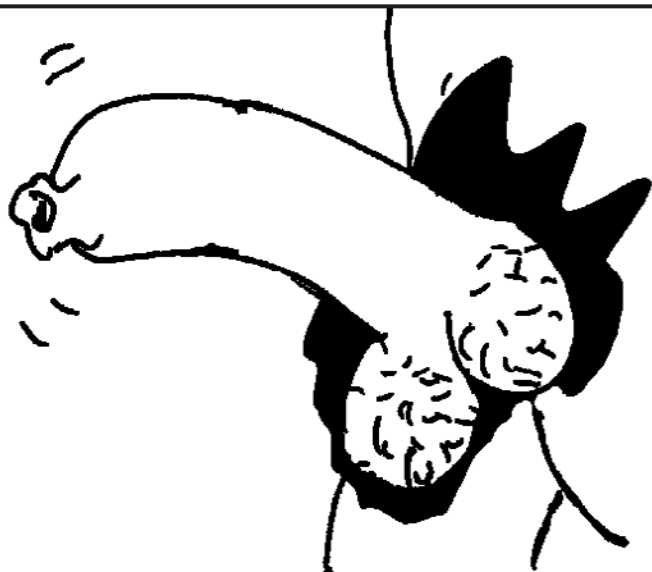
Meanwhile, personal experience tells me that you would better trust your cash with a Hunter's Point crackhead than with a Polish stockbroker.

But that will soon change. Patience, everyone. It's only been twenty years since the markets were opened. It may take another 20 years, or 20 decades, before free markets create East Europeans who offer Westerners something besides whores. In the meantime, what's the rush?

Just ask my old Russia hand friend. His old hand has gone from spending years in his lap to 200 dollar sessions on young Moldovan girls' orifices, and he would be the first to say that it's never been a happier hand.

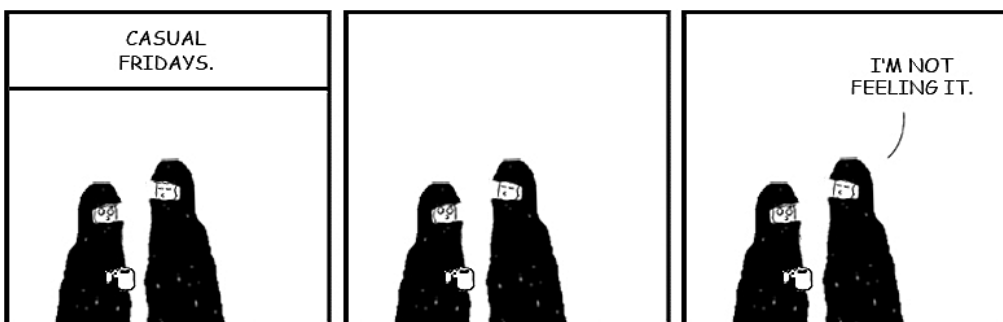
Anne Applebaum is a columnist for the *Washington Post*. She contributed this special column to *The eXile*. X

The eXile Recession Penis



This issue, The eXile introduces our new Recession Penis to help you make sense of the looming worldwide financial collapse. We've been crying "Credit Bubble!" since the summer of 2006, and the more right we are, the harder we get. This issue, our recession penis is excited enough to stand almost horizontal due to January being the worst month for the RTS since 2000, Bernanke's panicked rate cuts, and record US foreclosures. A small bead of pre-cum appeared after the Dow fell 370 as we put this issue to bed. However, our sack remains saggy and our penis head hasn't emerged from its foreskin covering yet, signalling that our Recession Penis believes another 6 weeks of false rallies and "worst is over" declarations are yet in store.

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A MCCAINIAC ON THE LOOSE

By Alexander Zaitchik

Two of America's leading presidential candidates came to political life with Soviet Russia as their lodestar of evil. John McCain was the loyal son of a conservative Navy family with a Curtis LeMay streak; Hillary Clinton canvassed in pigtails for Barry Goldwater in 1964. They soon diverged and took different Cold War paths. Hillary mellowed and moved left-ish; McCain signed up to drop bombs on the commie bastards. While Hillary was soaking in New Politics juice at Yale Law, McCain was cheering on Nixon's Christmas bombings as they shook the concrete walls of his Hanoi prison cell, where he spent 6 years in a black box undergoing anger anti-management counseling.

McCain today claims to have put his Vietnam War demons to rest. And he's probably telling the truth. He was an early proponent of normalized relations with Vietnam, and says he bears no ill-will toward the Vietnamese people. He's even stopped using the word "gook," at least when journalists are in the room. He still thinks America should have triumphed in that insane conflict, but he understands the war is over, and he has always had a bad relationship with the advocacy nuts waving black POW/MIA flags.

And yet, McCain still has Cold War instincts, even if he doesn't have obvious Rambo issues. These residual cold war instincts become most inflamed not over China—the Vietcong's primary patron—but Russia. Distrust of Russia and a hard-line against the Kremlin have been motifs of McCain's Senate career. In the late-80s, he was one of the skeptics that, having completely missed the coming changes in the Soviet system, steadfastly refused to accept the massive reality-shift in front of his very eyes. When Gorbachev unilaterally announced a major drawdown of Soviet troops in Eastern Europe, less than a year before the fall of the Berlin Wall, McCain's first thoughts were, "Don't trust the lying commie bastard."

In a *New York Times* interview in 1988, he opined, "[Reducing Warsaw Pact forces in Eastern Europe] is clearly a very intelligent move on the part of Gorbachev. I don't think it poses an immediate impact on the defense budget, but over time it can

certainly have a significant effect if the perception of the Soviet threat is diminished." McCain was never excited about that damn "peace dividend."

During the 90s, McCain was a gung-ho William Safire conservative on missile defense and Western aid. More recently, McCain's pet issues are kicking Moscow out of the G-8 and establishing a League of Democracies, which would basically be a League of America's Bestest Friends. McCain is a big fan of new, more selective alliances. He's also proposing a new quadrilateral security partnership in Asia that includes Australia, India, Japan, and the United States. The purpose of both the G-8 and LoD plans is to shore up Western solidarity to Cold War levels (a comparison he has explicitly made) and sideline Russia (and China) by attacking the legitimacy of important forums in which they are equal members.

Based on his statements and his history, McCain hasn't let go of his animosity toward Russia. He's remained suspicious, if not outright hostile. Even China bothers him less. Indeed in 2006 McCain even flew to Georgia to lend support to Saakashvili's drive to join NATO, and while there, McCain also took time out to denounce the breakaway regions of South Ossetia and Abkhazia, wrongly labeling them as little more than Kremlin projects. Given all this, it's easy to imagine a President McCain would not only ratchet up tensions on already tense fronts like missile defense and Kosovo, but would also needlessly pour fuel on the tension-fire by signing on to the neocon pet projects (G-8 expulsion, League of Democracies, X-treme NATO expansion). If Pat Buchanan is correct in calling McCain's foreign policy "Bush on steroids," then as president he would share the general neocon impatience with insubordination, with a good part of his petulance set aside for Russia. (McCain has publicly mocked Bush for his friendship with Putin.)

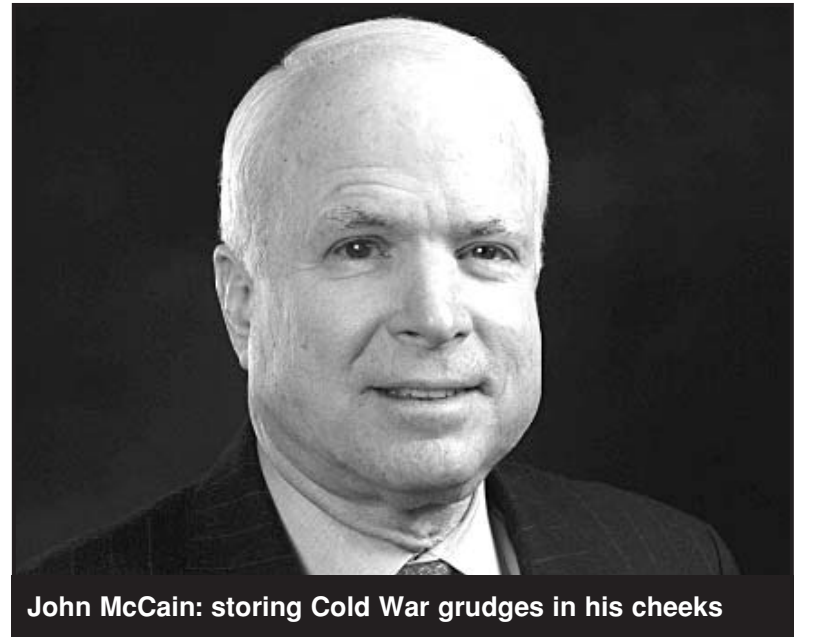
But presidents don't make policy alone, and to the extent that we know who's advising McCain on foreign policy, the picture is muddled. McCain takes advice from his neocon friend William Kristol, but also his close friend Henry Kissinger, who at different times is cast as part of the "realist" or the "neocon" camps, depending on the conflict. Indeed, the doyen of realpolitik is the honorary co-chairmanship for McCain's presidential campaign in New York.

A recent *New York Times* profile of McCain mentioned other "realist"

Republicans unlikely to push McCain into being confrontational with Moscow unless serious red lines are crossed. Richard Armitage, Colin Powell, Lawrence Eagleburger, and Brent Scowcroft have all been mentioned. Other names that have popped up include James Baker, ex-drug war czar Barry McCaffrey, and Niall Ferguson. (Ferguson, who has no problem with empires as long as they are Anglo-American, has predicted that Russia will attempt to reconstitute a capitalist, Christian version of the "evil empire.")

Another issue muddying up McCain's Russophobic credibility was revealed in a recent *Washington Post* article exposing McCain's friendly links to (and vacation get-aways with) Kremlin oligarch Oleg Deripaska, and more importantly, the cozy ties between McCain's campaign manager Rick Davis and the Russian power elite from Deripaska to pro-Russian Ukrainian politician Viktor Yanukovich, who battled against the pro-Western Orange Revolution in 2004.

The variety, some would say incoherence, of McCain's foreign policy advisor list is nothing new. During the early days of the 2000 Republican primaries, the *Detroit News* asked McCain to name the first thing he



John McCain: storing Cold War grudges in his cheeks

would do as president. "The first thing I would do," he responded, "is call in John Kerry, Bob Kerrey, Joe Biden, Zbigniew Brzezinski, Henry Kissinger, Dick Lugar, Chuck Hagel and several others and say we've got to get foreign-policy, national-security issues back on track."

And this was in 1999. Among the

above list, only Brzezinski approaches the crazy side when it comes to playing chicken with Russia over its security interests in its near abroad. (Interestingly enough, Brzezinski is now a top advisor to potential McCain rival Barack Obama.)

CONTINUED ON PAGE 23

HOW DANGEROUS IS JOHN MCCAIN'S NOTORIOUSLY SHORT FUSE? EXILE EXPERTS FORECAST VARIOUS SCENARIOS AND OUTCOMES

EVENT	PRESIDENT MCCAIN'S RESPONSE	REASON
Russia recognizes Abkhazia	President McCain lodges protest, warns Russia to resolve crisis with international community	In line with McCain's presidential style of seeking dialogue, but not backing down
Russia cuts gas supply to Ukraine	President McCain announces "Kiev airlift," drops thousands of propane tanks from C-130s which kill and maim dozens of grateful Ukrainians	Was in a bad mood after being served vietnamese spring rolls for lunch that day
Medvedev-McCain summit in the Grand Canyon	While rafting together down the Colorado River, McCain shoots Medvedev with a crossbow	"I looked into Medvedev's eyes and I saw four letters: 'G.O.O.K.'"
Snags hold up new Russia-America Student Exchange Program	Orders US 6th Fleet to shell and "strangle" Taganrog; orders Special Forces to parachute into Ussuriisk and slaughter every man, woman and child	A quick booze-run into the White House wine cellar triggered a powerful flashback of dark Hanoi prison box
Russia caught delivering advanced MiG jets to Iran	President McCain speaks before the UN, agrees to a roundtable summit with Ayatollah Khamenei and President Medvedev to resolve crisis	In a good mood after his wife surprised him with a new George Foreman Double G Grill & Griddle Family Sized Grill

THE TRIUMPH OF HOPE OVER EXPERIENCE: HILLARY VS. OBAMA

By Mark Ames

It's six in the morning Moscow, Russia time, and I've just finished watching the Democratic debate on my laptop. I thought I'd share with my fellow Americans one humble expatriate's opinion on the most important election since [ENTER DRAMATIC-SOUNDING EVEN-NUMBERED YEAR HERE]. From way out here in the land of "managed democracy" and retro menace, the spectacle of Hillary Clinton and Barack Obama standing together as the two candidates for the Democratic Party left me with one overriding impression: THEY'RE BORING!

Why wasn't I warned? Who decided that this was an election battle between old and new, between change and experience...or even more ludicrous, a choice between "hope" and "the new Richard Nixon"? Who's slapping these exciting-sounding narratives over a horrifically flat and undramatic reality? What's gotten into you people? Either the insurance lobby has been seeding America's atmosphere with

laughing gas for the past few months, or you folks ("folks"—isn't that what you like to be called these days?) really are as stupid as you look from over here. And lemme tell you, if you look stupid from out here in the barbaric Eurasian steppes, then believe me you, you folks got a problem.

Before watching tonight's debate, I'd read about how electrifying and inspirational Barack Obama was supposed to be. I'd heard about the arenas jam packed with teary-eyed 20-somethings. I'd seen clips of a wild-

eyed Chris Matthews salivating uncontrollably every time the word "Obama" was uttered, as if the slick Illinois senator was standing off-camera ringing a little bell. Indeed he's got about half of the younger-at-heart media demographic responding to that little bell of his, even people that I knew. I keep expecting to have Leonard Nimoy enter my apartment holding a small syringe and a ball of cotton, telling me to go to sleep, not to worry, I won't feel a thing, the next morning I'll be "inspired" by Obama

too. Which is why I just crushed another Adderall...the hell if I'm going to sleep after seeing that debate.

Now that I've watched Barack Obama debate, and beheld this modern-day Martin Luther King Jr., this Kennedy-meets-Lincoln-by-way-of-John-The-Baptist, along with his co-star in this miserable prime time drama, Hillary Clinton, I gots ta ask: how can you people stand it? Forget about how either of those two could inspire emotions like love and hope and hatred—just physically, how can you watch it without wanting to kick something? That debate was the most boring television production since The Waltons. The best that could be said about the hour-plus I wasted watching that debate is that it made me feel less guilty about all the time I waste downloading porn.

But in making this judgment, I go on the false assumption that Americans have taste. Which you people don't. A country that spends 12 stressful underpaid hours a day in a cubicle for less and less pay, then returns home just in time to watch their favorite reality show about a group of hyper-ambitious business school reptiles sucking up to Donald Trump for a promotion is not a coun-

try whose tastes can be trusted. The Apprentice is the only explanation for Obama's appeal: his perfectly bland, business-friendly swagger makes him exactly the sort of African-American who'd earn Trump's approval...For a country that's spent the last 30 years sucking up to their bosses in direct proportion to the contempt that their bosses show to them, it's only fitting that they'd swoon over Obama.

And then there's the doomed co-star Hillary. Poor Hillary, no matter how sweetly she soups up her cheek implants or blonds up her gray roots, and no matter how blandly she tries to out-bland Barack with her flat monotone voice, she just can't break out of her character role as America's Misogyny Magnet: she's the bitchy-neighbor in the bad sitcom who always gets the live studio audience to crow "oooo": the minute the camera focuses on her, you feel a kind of unmediated hate that's completely beyond your control, a strain of perfectly preserved, primal misogyny locked up deep inside of just about every voting-age male's psyche (if you claim you haven't felt it, you're either a monstrous liar or else you're wearing a leather head harness with an inflatable mouth gag as you're reading this). Sure she's as bland as



Barack wipes Hillary's floor by out-dulling her to tears.

FEAR OF AN OBAMA CABINET

By Mark Ames

Barack Obama has pulled off one of the most amazing feats in contemporary politics: without staking out a single concrete position, he's managed to pass off tired cliches about "change" and "hope" as something new, substantive and inspiring.

The problem with Obama is that nobody knows what he stands for. The only thing he stands by was his speech against the Iraq War in 2002, but since coming to Congress, he's gone from prescient anti-war activist to hyper-cautious Iraq War moderate. By not taking a concrete stand on any issue, Barack Obama has positioned himself anywhere and everywhere along the Democratic Party spectrum, from the progressive wing to the centrist Clintonite wing.

To anyone who remembers Putin's deft political maneuvering in 1999-2000, this vague all-things-to-all-people strategy may sound familiar. It should also be a warning, because eventually, all politicians are forced to define themselves and to be defined.

So what might this mean for U.S.-Russia relations under a President Obama presidency? First, of course, the specter of a black American president will find its way into Anshlag, Comedy Club, and every bad *anekdot* imaginable. However being the butt of a bad racist joke won't upset President Obama. Fuck with his ambitions, and you'll soon be staring down the tip of a Trident II. Make a racist joke, and he'll assume you're not a real player, that's all.

Once the rocky honeymoon wears off, Obama will start to look to his chosen foreign policy advisers to help navigate what will inevitably become the most dysfunctional relationship he's had since kicking coke, and turning his back on the homies from that scene. Russia will play the role of the drug-casualty-buddy-you-can't-ignore, making him all the more dependent upon his advisors for help while he tries to get his head straight. [See [eXile comparison chart on this page](#)]

So, who are Obama's advisors? This is where it gets a little scary. Obama has surrounded himself with a combination of the cream of Bill Clinton's foreign policy team, a few gold-medal liberal hawk fanatics, and, worst of all, the obsessively Russophobic Zbigniew Brzezinski and his power-lawyer son Mark. That's bad news for Russia, and ulti-

mately for everyone.

Brzezinski-pere is a Polish refugee who like so many East European immigrants brought his Old World hates to the New World as a guiding principle. He recently revealed his Dr. Evil plot from the late 1970s: he had personally instigate the the Soviet-Afghanistan war in order to bleed his nemesis dry. Considering that the policy eventually led to the Taliban and 9/11, it's a rather odd bragging right to claim. Unless your goal was to bite your host America's nose off to spite your old enemy Russia's face.

But this is Brzezinski: an avid supporter of the Vietnam War and was a hawkish adviser to Democrat killjoy Hubert Humphrey's campaign in 1968; the architect of the idiotic Delta Force pileup in Iran in 1980; a supporter Bush Sr. in 1988; and in the 1990s, he led the charge for rapid NATO expansion into Eastern Europe, pulling Ukraine into NATO as a way of weakening Russia, and gaining control of Azerbaijan's Caspian Sea oil even at the cost of democracy (which he personally profited from). Most sinister of all, Brzezinski is a charter member of the American Committee for Peace in Chechnya, a creepy NGO featuring an A-List of Islam-bashing neocons like Richard Perle, Frank Gaffney and James Woolsey, who found a ray of Islamic pity in their Clash of Civilization hearts for the Chechens, who just happened, by coincidence, to conveniently be at war with Russia.






Most disturbing of all, Brzezinski has been obsessed with the idea (and the policy) of breaking up the Soviet Union along ethnic lines, going back to his college Master's Thesis. It was an idea first trumpeted by Poland's fascist intra-war dictator Jozef Pilsudski, and it fulfills every Polish nationalist's dream of seeing Russia's permanently confined to a wheelchair.

Brzezinski's agenda should jibe perfectly with another all-star on the team, Samantha Power, who is cut of the same liberal hawk cloth as all the Michael Ignatieffs, David Rieffs and Thomas Friedmans. Perfect timing as well, since the gold standard of their "humanitarian wars," the Kosovo campaign, is just about to finally blowback hard in the West's face. What better way for a liberal hawk to erase the memory of past bad policies than to double down with a new humanitarian war?

All you need to get it going is a genocide, and if there's one activity that'll never go out of style, it's genocide. Take your pick: Darfur, Congo, Burma, Kenya.

Or hey, how about Chechnya? X

THE EXILE, IN THE OBAMA SPIRIT, MOVES PAST THE DIVISIONS AND FINDS ALL THAT AMERICAN BLACKS AND RUSSIAN RUSSIANS HAVE IN COMMON

AFRICAN-AMERICANS	RUSSIANS
Bar-B-Que	Shashlik 
Use Loreal Sure White whitening cream	Overuse "solariums" to raise status
Freed in 1863 by President Lincoln	Freed in 1861 by Tsar Alexander II
Ho's	Sonya Marmeladova
One out of three black males has been or will be incarcerated	Second-highest incarceration in the world
"You talk slick/I beat you right" - Notorious B.I.G., "Me And My Bitch"	"He wouldn't beat me if he didn't love me" - Russian folk saying
Racists claim that blacks eat watermelon	Russians complain that Azeris charge too much for watermelons
Fried chicken 	Bush legs
Yell at movie screen during movies	Talk on cell phones during operas
Teeth grillz 	Zolotie zubi 
Only given full voting rights in 1960s	Only given full voting rights in 1989; voting rights taken away in 2000
St. Ides 40oz	Arsenalnaya 2500ml
Prefer black Cadillac Escalade SUVs with massive 22-inch dubs	Prefer black Range Rover V8 Vogue with massive shiny chrome rims
Blame Jews for infecting black babies with AIDS	Blame Jews for Communism and Capitalism
Live in dehumanizing government-built project housing	Live in dehumanizing government-built paneli
Whites-only stores 	Hard currency "beriozka" stores
Plastic covering on furniture	Plastic covering on remote controls
Problem of fatherless families	Problem of fatherless families
Greyhound across country to visit relatives	Ost-Vest avtobus tour to Vienna
African-Americans invented rock 'n roll	An African named Pushkin invented modern Russian literature.
Hate whites for oppressing them	Hate blacks and seek to oppress them

Barack, perhaps even marginally blander, but at the animal level, she triggers a neurochemical jet that sets off the very first hate you felt for a powerful and threatening woman (like, say, I dunno, your 4th grade teacher Mrs. McManus? or the dean Ms. Mead, the wrinkled-mouth Episcopalian baboon who kicked you out of school and told you you'd never amount to anything?—yep, that kind of hate, funny I should still remember it). For years now American men and the women who suck up to them have been trying to attach some sort of moral or political significance to their Hillary hatred, but safely out here in Eurasia, I can tell the simple plain truth about it: it's a misogyny that we can't control. We hate her because she's the embodiment of every woman we've ever hated since the time we opened our eyes. You can't explain it, which is why it's such an ugly yet pure hatred, and why everyone burns the candle on both ends to justify the hate in moralistic terms, or political terms, or anything but raw misogyny. She's been taking the misogyny heat for a good 25 years from roughly 150 million Americans, maybe more, and it's transformed her into the perfect male-ego punching bag, with just about as much soul and sensitivity as a thick leather bag full of padded

stuffing can possibly have.

Which is why Americans need her around to work out on: Hillary's the easiest target that America has faced since Gulf War I, and if there's one thing feeble Americans love, it's bashing the shit out of easy targets. Just ask the hundreds of thousands of Iraqi conscripts forced into their Kuwaiti desert camp-out way back in 1991 how America deals with easy targets: we slaughter the shit out of them from the sky and the sea and from control rooms hundreds of miles away, and after we slaughter them without a fight, we high-five each other for a job well done! In political-media terms, that means Hillary takes the full pummeling of the feeble American literati's mighty arsenal: she makes them look good in the eyes of a nation that applauds easy kills and scripted endings: "Look at me! Look how great I am as my new SMART invective smashes into Hillary Clinton! Hoo-ah! Check out my laser-guided similes and pilotless pejoratives! Hoo-ah! Can you believe how great we all are for hating her? Oh, and the reason we hate her is because uh we're bringing liberty and uh she's evil."

Back to last night's debate...in the typical American account there are two versions: either the traditional bland roundup of the debate's

"issues," which appeals to older traditional idiots who take comfort in believing in the rules; or else the more "contemporary" whining about the debate's "lack of substance." It's such a puerile and self-serving whine that it almost makes you appreciate the David Brinkley world of traditional idiots. We're talking about two people struggling to be the embodiment of a violent nation in steep decline: I've seen this in Russia, and it's not pretty...when you throw 100 million Baptofascists into the mix, then nothing could be more frivolous than demanding substance and real issues. Do baboons demand "substance" during their power struggles? I bet the apes on the periphery complain to each other during nervous grooming sessions, but not the ones closer to the action. But at least baboons aren't boring. For them all that matters are fangs, and the same goes for Middle America. And when it comes to fangs, let's give both Hillary and Obama their due: they've both got 'em. Obama's fangs are far more lethal because they're so stealthy, so couched in moral platitudes about "change" and "hope" and "bridging"—not very clever stuff, but you don't have to be all that clever to fool these folks.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 23

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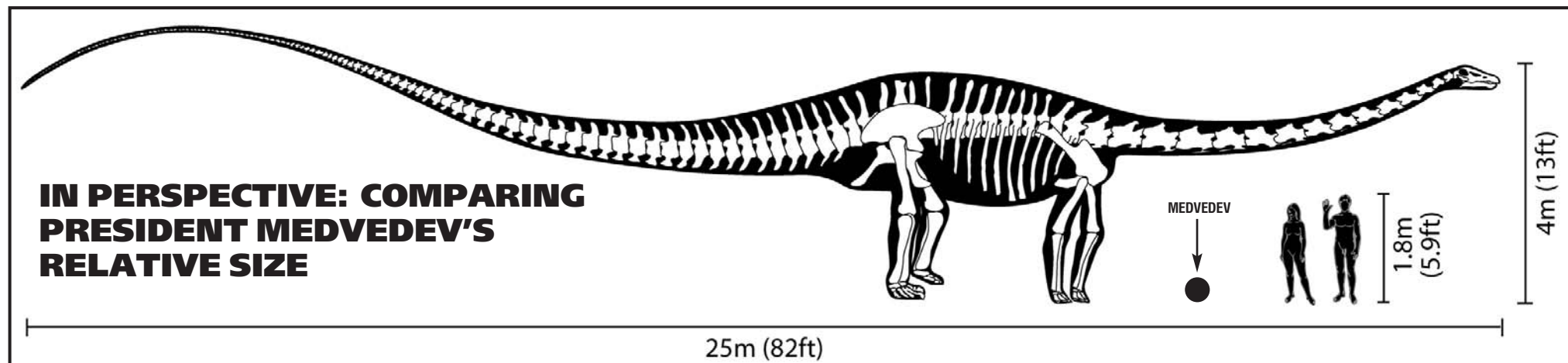
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BLOGGING FOR DEMOCRACY

In the real world, Russia's presidential candidates canvas in a managed farce. But in cyberspace, they can role-play as cyber-democrats! We compare each candidate's official web site.

CANDIDATE	 Dmitri Medvedev	 Gennady Zyuganov	 Vladimir Zhirinovsky	 Andrei Bogdanov
COLOR SCHEME	Pastel blue	Red and yellow	Yellow and pastel blue	Light brown and white
HOME PAGE LOAD TIME @ 56K	39.65 seconds	39.38 seconds	13.88 seconds	179.24 seconds
PATRIOTISM FACTOR	Two Russian flags clearly visible	Zero Russian flags, banner shows the Kremlin flying a Communist flag	Zero Russian flags, only one LDPR flag	Zero Russian flags, Bogdanov's user profile image shows a EU flag in the background
EASE OF USE	Lacks search feature	Lacks search feature	Search for "herp" returns three pages of results	Browsable by most popular blog entry tags, such as fishing , foto and football
MULTIMEDIA	Candidate poses in different suit-tie color-style combinations	Candidate in a variety of meetings with pensioners and factory workers; red tie always remains the same.	Candidate shown making a fist	Shows candidate's hairstyles from birth to the present
WEB TRAFFIC STATS	2.1% of web visitors come from Israel	5% of web visitors come from Estonia	15% come from Estonia	N/A
SITE'S GOOGLE.RU RANKING WHEN TYPE IN CANDIDATE'S NAME	9th	2nd	3rd	2nd



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LIVE MUSIC CLUB #1 (2007) *element*

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France
HUSHPUPIES

March, 1
Canada
CARIBOU

THROUGH BLACK GLASSES (LIMONOV ON RUSSIA)

By Edward Limonov

Russian nation was created by Russian climate and Russian blood.

Contrary to common misconception, Russians living on territory of Russian Federation are not of Slavic blood. The ancient inhabitants of Kiev's principate were Slavic people, that's true. When Moscow principality was created a few centuries later in the 14th century, its population was overwhelmingly Urgo-Finns. Descendants of Kiev's genealogical tree, their princes were originally of Slavic blood. But when Kiev's armies moved north with their small troops, they conquered enormous vast variety of Finnish tribes who lived on enormous territory of European Russia. Only aristocrats of Russia were originally Slavs. Simple folk were descendants of Finns. That is why it is practically no different between "Chuvash" and "Finn." And that is why Serbs are so different from Russians. Because Serbs are Slavs.

Russians are a depressive tribe because of centuries they were living in shadows of moisty forests. Russians are as unhappy with alcohol as Finns are.

So, forget about Slavs. When you will adopt my vision of Russian history, and of Russians, you will understand who Russians are.

I am the best Russian writer, but I am forced to confess that I hate Russian language. Russian words are painfully long, they remind me of naked slimy worms. You know, those pink awful creatures that you can see on some hot summer night on path you walk. Worms get out of soil to copulate under the moonlight. Russian words are copulating on my table every day and night. I am looking at them with hate and I am screaming. I am gnashing my teeth. Why should put "icheskaya" to the end of "social" in "Social Republic?" Seven letters I am adding for what fuck? Fucking "icheskaya!" Hysterical, hystericheskii laugh goes out of me when I am imaging those fucking Urgo-Finns in their shadowy forests. They move in slow motion, they take their time. Why wasn't I born in a clear lucid language dealing in "Achtung!" and "Shnell?" And when I think that Russians are only a

handful of 142 million readers, it's really depressing for a writer.

The so called "Russian Soul" can be also explained by origins of the Russian people. Proverbial slowness of Finns ("hot finish lads!") can be seen as phenomenon of Russian soul. Enigmatical Russian Soul is simply Russian man, uncertain, slow to decide, hesitating, never sure of itself, never sure of its own decision. Forest man with a milky skin, with thin blond hair. Not a Slav, but a Finn, Finn, Finn! And don't accuse me of racism. Happily we have Turks and all sorts of Mongols amongst us. But the sick from alcoholism urban Russian Europeans are descendants of native Urgo-Finns and their tribes. They have shadowy mysterious souls because for hundred generations their ancestors were living by the river banks in the forests. They like to get drunk and to weep. Of too many trees, of too much of river's water the Russian Soul is created.

Then, of course, we live in a terrible climate. We have eight months of winter and only four of summer. This summer, however, can be called a "summer" only such on condition that you have never travelled abroad. The lack of sunshine is chronic on the Russia's territory. Everything is explained by its climate and the Urgo-Finn blood. Even more, the blood is explained by the climate. It moves slowly because of the freeze. No sunshine makes our kids look sad. When I was young, I thought almost everyday why "we Slavs" (I thought we were Slavic people) living in such an unhuman, uncomfortable climate? Why we didn't move out of that terrible territory? However, I had tried to move. Our national ideas for centuries was to move south. We fought First World War to capture the the straights of Bosphorus and Dardanelles. We didn't get it, alas. (Before that, in January of 1878, we were some kilometers from Istanbul-Constantinople before English bastards intervened.) Russian man carries all weight of his climate on itself. My deepest belief is that Russia should swallow Kazakhstan territory if we want our children to have sunshine.

Russian women are very, very bad. The worst of all. Russian women is like the Russian Government. Most Russian women at least are good looking when they are in their twenties. Some Russian women are gorgeously beauti-

ful. But they are bad. They are treacherous because they have no moral principles. Christian faith was eliminated during existence of the Soviet Union so nobody taught Russian women morals. No such discipline was taught in Soviet schools. Russian woman hates man because she is envying him. She wants to be as brutal and stupid as him, she wants to lay on a divan doing nothing as man does, but she has less possibilities. Russian woman is disastrous, relationships with her destined to be tragedy. There is no way that you will end happily. You must subjugate her. If not, she will subjugate you. On both occasions, you will lose. Don't forget that abortions and divorces were per-

mitted even in Stalin's Russia, so our country educated women as bitches. Millions of bitches walking our streets. I am absolutely and positively on the side of Muslim strict code of behavior for women. Their system of separation of sexes if effective and healthy.

Russian Government is bloody beast eating human flesh. It is deeply medieval in its principle conceptions. Russian Government strongly believed that Russians are subjects of Russian Government, that they are its property, that Russians should be physically punished for not showing proper respect for its Government. European Governments behave cruelly towards foreign populations,

towards Yugoslavs or toward Iraqis. But Russian Government represses its own citizens. Russian Government never said one honest word. Blatant lies, we, citizens, hear from Government. They terrorize us.

Their instrument are police, brutal and unhuman, just millions of scoundrels dressed in grey uniforms. And judges: archaic men and women with terrible medieval faces and black souls under their judges clothes.

As you understand, my view of Russia is macabre, like Lovecraft's work. I hope country will change soon, I am working for it. Then I will look at my country through rosy tinted glasses. Just wait. X



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NOT YOUR USUAL HIGH-IQ SUICIDE BOMBERS, HUH?

By Gary Brecher

FRESNO, CA—When I heard the story about two female retards being fitted up with suicide bombs and sent to visit the Baghdad pet market, I had to laugh. Who's directing this war—Mel Brooks? You can just see Dom DeLuise as the local Mahdi, telling Madeleine Kahn

THE WAR NERD

as a drooling bag lady, "You're gonna see the nice puppies, yes yes yes, pretty kitties, yes yes yes, just hold still a moment, Uncle Ahmed needs to adjust your new cummerbund!"

Like snotty film buffs love to say, "It works on so many levels."

Starting with the bomb level. These two crazy ladies managed to kill about 100 pet fanciers, a huge total for pedestrian bombs. They must have had these two Mongoloid gals wearing explosive mumus like my fat aunt used to have, big floral burquas with plenty of room for the lady who's retaining water, or, say, plastic explosive. They may have been mentally retarded, but they must've been on the Stairmaster for months to pack that much kaboom. Dom must have told them, "Now when you see a puppy or a kitty you really really like, just pull this little string and before you can say 'ow!' you'll be in heaven with 72 puppies, or 64 kitties, or as many goldfish as you want. Now scoot down there, you differently-abled martyr, you!"

I'm sorry, I just can't stop. Just the language they're using on the news accounts—like, when it's some Special Olympics star who wins a gold medal for finishing the 100-yard dash in under six minutes, nobody'd ever say "retarded." He's "special." But interfere with all the upbeat "surge working" stories and you're just a dead retard.

Then there's the matter of like, how do they know? I mean, "retarded" compared to who—the average suicide bomber? If this proves that Al Q. is "scraping the bottom of the

I've been saying all along. Until now, mainstream types have been screaming that these suicide bombers prove that every Muslim is insane. Total crap, of course, unless you're also willing to say that the Alamo proved every Texan was insane or the kamikazes prove that every Japanese is wacko. Don't get me wrong, it so happens that MOST Texans and Japs ARE crazy; but it's not being willing to sacrifice your life for the cause that makes them crazy.

I've said lots of times that it's not that hard to get kids to die for the tribe or God or Marx or for that matter, 134th Street if that's their l o c a l

gang turf. We're the crazy ones, so out of touch with all our own glorious military dead that we think there's something crazy about wanting to go out in a blaze of glory.

It actually scares me when people at coffee break in my office say they "juuuuust caaaan't understaaaaaaand" the "mentality" of a suicide bomber. I mean, didn't they cheer at that scene in Independence Day when Randy Quaid aims his plane up the ass of the alien ship just as it's about to fire the city-killing beam? Wasn't that supposed to be heroic?

Take a less ridiculous case: since the USAF was totally unprepared to defend the continental US against attack on 9/11, the fighters they scrambled to deal with possible fur-



Preparing America's 3-8 year old girls to fight fire with fire in the War On Terror.

missions like that but not the average Iraqi pop-rock is that we just don't see why anybody would care enough about Sunni or Shia enough to die for it. But for that matter, it's not easy to see why some Cholo is willing to die for 134th Street either—not if you live in a comfy house in the hills. But if you lived on 134th Street it'd make perfect sense.

You have to remember (for the millionth time): not everybody thinks like you. The people in the next house don't even think like you, let alone slum kids in Baghdad.

Me, I didn't think like a normal happy asshole till very recently, didn't see the value of being alive at all. Then I hit 40. Weird—why did I look forward to dying when I was young and more or less healthy, then start getting all life-dependent when I got old and sick? When I was young I dreamed of dying in battle all the time. Now that I'm older and really going to die soon-ish, I kind of like the idea of being alive. Weird feeling to get for the first time at my age. Maybe it's all these nice letters I get from people who like my stuff, first encouragement I got since that one Turkish history teacher in high school. I don't know; I just know--and it's embarrassing to admit--things just feel better. Case in point: a month or so ago I was driving, the sun was out but it wasn't too hot, and I thought, "Whoa, this is what the normals call 'a nice day.'" And damned if it wasn't "nice." In the sense of comfortable to drive around in, not scary, not particularly mad at anybody at that minute.

Now that's something new for me to worry about because if it keeps up I'll lose touch with the real Silent Majority, the suicide-bomber recruit types who don't give a fuck about

life. I should probably hang around my boss's office more; that'll cure me of this life-loving thing fast.

My point here is that "crazy" doesn't mean much in wartime. It's usually a compliment, if anything. If it turns out that these two ladies had Down's Syndrome, that's different; that's a real birth defect, one you can check on and prove or disprove. But even then, if you know much military history you know that most armies are filled up with any scum the recruiting gangs could scoop up from the alleys. Even the greatest armies—take the Army of the Potomac—had to fill the ranks with professional recruiting-bounty con men, not to mention the usual psychos and crims running from hometown lynch mobs.

And they didn't have IQ tests in those days either. If you could stand up in a uniform and march all day, you'd do fine. You can bet there were plenty of mongoloids (they weren't so squeamish about words back then) who proudly wore their country's uniform, even if they couldn't have named their country even on a multiple choice format.

Normal military service in a 19th-century army at war was pretty close to wearing a suicide vest anyway. Fredericksburg, if you were a Federal; Pickett's Charge, if you were a Reb; those were pretty much suicide missions. And the death you could expect was a million times scarier than the one a modern suicide bomber gets. An Iraqi "martyr" can count on instant, painless death. They usually find the bomber's head totally popped off the body—that's how they ID the bomber.

So it's basically death by beheading, and it's worth remembering that beheading used to be a privilege in Europe, the honorable death they reserved for VIPs. (Ordinary scum got hanged, a way more embarrassing way to go—that terminal boner sticking out for your neighbors

to laugh at—and likely to involve a lot of dangling and gurgling if the hangman got his math wrong.)

Compare that with the suicide mission of walking in formation up Mary's Heights at Fredericksburg, or strolling across the fences into cannon fire at Gettysburg. Or fast-forward to the grimmest war at all for a frontline soldier: 1914, the Western Front. Now that was a suicide mission, going over the top. After a few months they all knew it was totally pointless, too—machine guns beat charging infantry every single time, but the gung-ho officers refused to admit it.

Take a machine gun bullet in the belly out there and you were going to die all right. But not by nice quick beheading. You were going to (a) die of peritonitis if you were lucky enough to be dragged back to your lines; (b) be forgotten in No-Man's land and bleed out, which means freezing to death as your circulatory system loses the power to keep your body warm; (c) be eaten alive, or half-alive, by the rats that swarmed between the trenches; or (d) lie there until the next bombardment sent a shell—just as likely your own side's as the enemy's—to plow up the blood/mud mush one more time and just by accident blow your infected mess of a body into vapor.

When you compare that death to the one the average Iraqi suicide bomber gets, well my God, even a retard could figure out which is better. The WW I dead were totally anonymous, a little name on long, long lists; you'll be a hero in your Baghdad neighborhood, celebrated for decades. The WW I soldiers died slow, horrible deaths; you'll go instantly, without pain. Most important of all, they died in what they knew, absolutely perfectly well knew, were stupid, pointless charges.

You, the supposedly retarded Baghdad bomber, are going to trade your one lousy slum life for the lives of dozens of the enemy tribe, and you're going to make the international press in the process and embarrass the Hell out of the Americans.

They don't sound so stupid to me. X



The crossed tape is the Al Qaeda symbol for "retard."

barrel" for recruits, does that mean they had aptitude tests till now? "We are sorry, Rashid, but your SAT scores do not qualify you to wear a vest and pull a string."

Until a few years ago, most healthy, normal mainstream journalists would have said that just putting on one of those vests is prima facie evidence that you're cuckoo for Cocoa Puffs. Does this mean we're saying all those other suicide bombers were perfectly normal dudes?

Because, it so happens, that's what

their attacks were sent up with no air-to-air munitions at all. That's a fact. And you can see where it leads. The brass was going to order those pilots to crash their fighters into any commercial jet they concluded might be piloted by a guy with a Koran and a Stanley knife. That would have been a pure suicide mission. And I would have expected the pilots to do it without hesitation. Pilots are ego-crazy, but they're tough. They understand that the job involves dying sometimes.

The real reason we understand



The severed head in the bag says, "Retard Alert!"

ZEN AND THE ART OF VOLGA OWNERSHIP

By Yasha Levine

Two months ago, I became the proud owner of my very first Volga, a dark green 1999 "chinovnik" model with tinted windows and 150,000-plus miles on the odometer. But handing over the 50,000 rubles purchase price was the easy part. As I learned, registering a used *otechestvenny* automobile is no simple matter. It requires deft negotiation skills, steely discipline and days of focused effort, not to mention serious automobile repair skills. When all said and done, it took me 60 days to get the job done. I spent one full week waiting lines at Sberbank *kassas*, hounding notary publics, shuffling between GAI offices and engaging in shady palm greasing.

At first I questioned myself. I didn't think I had what it took to become a Volga owner. In the end I had what it took. But it wasn't easy. Here are the 35 steps I needed to take in my quest for Zen and the Art of Registering Your Volga Automobile.

STEP 1. Spend a few weeks surfing www.auto.ru. Find one Volga I like. One thing makes it stand out from the rest: it isn't located an hour's drive from the city.

2. Drive to MKAD at 11PM, test drive the car and agree on a price. Owner throws in a spare unpainted door for no extra charge. Agree to meet in two days to finalize the purchase.
3. Hound the seller for two weeks while he tracks down his car's paperwork.
4. Complete transfer of ownership at a car sales broker out near the MKAD. Watch the broker forge a few signature. Receive temporary license plates. Buy insurance.
5. Drive home. The roads are icy. I buy four brand new snow tires equipped with metal spikes (required by law).
6. Drive the car for one week.
7. Brakes fail while standing in rush hour traffic on Tverskaya, nearly crash into the car in front of me.
8. While fixing the breaks, discover that the gas tank leaks. Make a decision not to fix it.
9. Drive the car around town. Car cabin fills up with gasoline fumes when the windows are rolled down. No one wants to ride with me.
10. Take the Volga on a weekend getaway to the *podmoskovie* pension Tropicana Foresta
11. Puncture brand new tire while driving over a pothole at 25 mph.
12. Dashboard gauges, including the speedometer and fuel gauge, fail.
13. Battery dies. Get jump-start. It doesn't help. Replace battery.
14. Spend two afternoons at a local notary public getting documents notarized.

15. Head over to the GAI. Can't find it, get stuck in traffic, arrive after they close.
16. Come back the next day, arrive during lunch break, mill around outside for an hour.
17. Spend three hours in line at the only reception desk handling car registration for all the Muscovites who live within the Garden Ring.
18. A GAI officer points out a "0" which has been omitted from the Volga's 20 digit engine number on one of my notarized documents.
19. New Year's vacation. Abandon Volga in snow bank outside my apartment. Fly to America.
20. Come back to Moscow, replace tire, find out that one of my wheels makes a dangerously wobbly figure 8.
21. Spend evening at a wheel repair shop.
22. Spend the next afternoon at my notarius correcting the omitted "0."
23. Next day, go back to the GAI office. Stand in line, submit documents, wait for an hour, receive documents.
24. Go to a Sberbank. Stand in line to pay the 500-ruble car registration fee.
25. Go to a different GAI office for an auto inspection.
26. A GAI officer points out that I am missing two documents certifying the proper installation of the cars natural gas propane system (which isn't working) and instructs me to disassemble the equipment before coming back to register the car.
27. Spend the next day at a mechanic getting my Volga's highly combustible 65-liter propane tank removed from the trunk.
28. Next day, go back to the GAI auto-inspection station, pass.
29. Go back to the first GAI office that same day. Stand in line for 30 minutes, told I should give officer a bottle of American whiskey to register my car, submit documents, wait for another 30 minutes, receive an official car registration and brand new license plates.
30. Am told I have 30 days to pass a auto-safety inspection (which my beat Volga has no chance of passing without some palm grease).
31. Spend a Saturday night at the mechanic's getting my propane tank put back in and the propane fuel system repaired.
32. Drive an eco-friendly propane-powered car for the first time in my life.
33. Schedule a meeting with a friend of a friend who can "advise" me on how to pass the auto inspection. The acquaintance requires \$100 for his advice.
34. Make another trip to the Sberbank to pay the official auto safety inspection fees.
35. Stop by the GAI office, wait in line, submit documents as well as a "receipt" from my advisor, wait, receive a *tekh osmotor*. ✕



Day 1: At the start of the registration process, still full of enthusiasm!



Day 5: This small room services 1,500,000 Moscow car owners.



Day 29: Still not registered, the Volga collects muddy snow.



60 Days Later: The lights seem brighter and the traffic seems to move when you finally get your Volga car registration papers.

THE MYTH OF THE DEMOCRATIC MODEL

By Sean Guillory

Stanford poli-sci prof and Commissar of Transitology, Michael McFaul, is quiet no more. After a few years of relative reticence, McFaul, once known as the most gregarious cheerleader for the Yeltsin regime, was smoked out of his academic hole by *Time's* recent crowning of Vladimir Putin as the "Person of the Year." McFaul's first response was a comment in *Slate* titled "Putin? Really?" The second was a lengthy quasi-academic condemnation in *Foreign Affairs* called "The Myth of the Authoritarian Model." In the *Slate* piece, McFaul said that Putin's accolade "most certainly doesn't 'feel right,' and most certainly doesn't feel like journalism."

The fact that *Time's* decision doesn't "feel right" to McFaul shouldn't surprise avid eXile readers. What doesn't "feel right" to him is the possibility that "as political freedom [in Russia] has decreased, economic growth has increased." This is what McFaul has dubbed the "myth of the authoritarian model," which he argues is based on "a spurious correlation between autocracy and economic growth." After all, giving Putin any credit for anything except being a mini-Stalin, the second coming of Hitler, or simply a fire breathing hydra, is an affront to academic political correctness.

For McFaul, the main problem with this myth is the way post-Soviet Russia's story is being told. According to him, it erroneously overemphasizes that during the Yeltsin years "the state did not govern, the economy shrank, and the population suffered."

McFaul is clever enough not to paint the Yeltsin years that he was once so closely associated with in overly rosy colors. The Russian state was virtually non-existent and the economy was in the tank. Nevertheless, he claims that while "Russian democracy . . . did indeed coincide" with these, "it did not cause either." Similarly, Putin's "autocracy" has coincided with economic growth, but it too "has not caused it." For a political scientist to claim that politics has nothing to do with economics is pretty strange. I guess this is the type of abstraction that passes nowadays in a field where Whig interpretations of history, number crunching, and modeling are the analytics of choice.

But not so fast. Politics and economics are linked in McFaul's mind. Their relation is simply only visible when it's the right politics (i.e. "democracy") combined with the right economics (i.e. "free-market capitalism"). If the equation is anything different, then it doesn't fit his ideal, and therefore, simply cannot exist. If only the Russians realized this, McFaul laments. Then they would know that "whatever the apparent gains of Russia under Putin, the gains would have been greater if democracy had survived."

I'm not sure how McFaul knows this. Last I checked we are not living in one of Marvel Comics' What If . . . ? storylines. Perhaps McFaul is privy to some secret knowledge. Maybe he's The Watcher's drinking buddy or plays poker with Kang the Conqueror. It's possible that as a token of friendship they periodically let him peer into alternative realities. "Michael the CONQUEROR has a message for the WORLD! BID AUTOCRACY GOOD-BYE!" (See *Avengers* #129 for reference.)

Interestingly, while McFaul rejects the Putinistas' narrative as "spurious," his rebuff is based on an equally spurious fiction that hackademics like himself have been propagating for years. What fiction would that be? That in the 1990s Russia was a democracy or at least in the process of "transitioning" to it. In this nautical tale, Captain Boris Yeltsin stood at the helm of Steamboat Russia. This great anticommunist democrat thrust his mighty vessel hard to starboard to avoid the ominous hardline

Communist reefs. He then swung hard to port to circumvent the ultranationalist rocks. Steadfast and true, Cpt. Boris held the helm steady, allowing Russia to transverse the great Seas of Transition to the liberal democratic promise land. The waves of shock therapy, privatization, and neoliberalization that battered Russia's bow were merely the inevitable troubled waters that every great ship has to confront in its historical journey. But then came Putin. He ruined everything. Putin took the helm from a drunken, blurry eyed Yeltsin and steered Steamboat Russia right into the rocky banks of autocracy just as it about to reach the Cape of Freedom. And that is where Russia now lays. Hopelessly shipwrecked on the jagged banks of history. This is basically the narrative that allows McFaul to conclude that while Yeltsin was "far from a perfect democrat," he nonetheless governed a system that was "unquestionably more democratic than the Russian regime today." What a whale of a tale. All that is missing in this comedy is for someone to play Gilligan.

McFaul's labeling the Yeltsin years as "democratic" is pure opportunistic verbiage. I'm not sure what "democracy" he's even talking about. He never offers his readers a definition. But if we assume that he means the government of Yeltsin, go back a bit and review what that entailed. Yeltsin's "democracy" saw him unleashing tanks upon the Russian Parliament in 1993, an act that led to 500 deaths, over 1,000 wounded, and 1,700 arrests. Yeltsin's "democracy" saw the parliament dissolved, the Constitutional Court suspended, and a new Constitution that gave him dictatorial power shoved down the Russian people's throats. Yeltsin's "democracy" was shock therapy, hyperinflation, poverty, unemployment, wage arrears, fixed elections, black PR, television manipulation and political intimidation.

Yeltsin's "democracy" was also bathed in blood. If you didn't duck fast enough you were caught in the crossfire of neoliberal capitalist warfare. According to information provided by the Committee to Protect Journalists, 31 Russian journalists were murdered in the 1990s. Thirteen were related to Chechnya, and eighteen were connected to investigations into corruption, politics, or some other aspect of their trade. If you go by the Glasnost Defense Fund's count, the number of dead journo in the Yeltsin years shoots up to 94.

Journalists weren't the only ones who were murdered. Businessmen and government officials were frequent targets of contact killings. As Vadim Volkov notes in his book *Violent Entrepreneurs*, it wasn't just property that was privatized. So was violence. Afghan and Chechen war vets, street tuffs, unemployed chekisty, 'roided up sportsmen, and other no-necks were employed as mercenaries in capitalist intra-class warfare. In fact, the capitalists were so intertwined with the mafia that it was difficult to tell them apart. As Zygmunt Dzieniolowski has pointed out, during Yeltsin's rule "the world looked on in shock as vicious wars erupted over the privatization of Russian industry." In a list RFE/RL compiled of "high profile killings" committed in the 1990s, out of 27 murders, 12 were politicians. The rest were journalists and businessmen.

If "democracy" was a violent period for Russia's aspiring capitalists, it was a nightmare for average Russians. McFaul's claim that "democracy" had only a "marginal effect" on the period's "incredible economic hardship" boggles the mind. Thanks to the economics of his imagined "democracy," the number of labor strikes in response to unpaid or collapsing wages, hyperinflation, and privatization went from 514 in 1994 to 17,007 in 1997. In the same period, real wages per capita were on a rollercoaster ride, contributing further to a life of instability, chaos, and uncertainty for working Russians. Given Yeltsin's record of "demokrati-ia" it's no wonder that many Russians

slip an "r" in and call it "demokrati-ia," or "shitocracy."

McFaul's "democracy," is now dead indeed. "Well, good riddance," most Russians say. However, my emphasis on the utter farce that "democracy" was in the Yeltsin years is not meant to whitewash the Putin era. I only want to point out that if, as McFaul says, "the formal institutional contours of the Russian political system have not changed markedly under Putin," then perhaps the roots of his system are not to be found in his "autocracy," but in Yeltsin's kleptocracy?

Indeed, calling Putin an autocrat is a complete misunderstanding of the nature of his rule, his role, and the capitalist system he provides over. For sure, Putin is no democrat. Nor is his "managed democracy," "sovereign democracy," or whatever they're calling it nowadays. Personally, I like how Lilia Shevtsova calls it in her *Russia: Lost in Transition*. "[Putin] appears to see himself as the 'CEO of Russia' and he and his colleagues view Russia as a business corporation." There is nothing remotely democratic in that. At the heart of every corporation is subordination, productivity, and management, management, and more management. Like a CEO, Putin's power is rooted in the company's shareholders, the Russian elite. Putin's CEO mentality plus the elite's propensity toward self-destruction makes their relationship symbiotic. Putin's power is reliant on the elite as much as their power is reliant on Putin.

Who is this elite? They're politically conservative, distrustful of democracy, and patriotic. They are businessmen of medium and large companies, military officers, members of the police and security organs, and perhaps most importantly the 1.5 million strong members of the state bureaucracy. Like any good capitalist class, the Russian elite knows that capitalism without a state, moreover a state that doesn't possess a monopoly on violence or can peacefully adjudicate elite disputes is one that inevitably descends into civil war. No one wins in that scenario. The "grand bargain" that McFaul refers to in his *Slate* piece is a bargain indeed. It's just not between Putin and the population as a whole (though many in the population think it is). It is first and foremost a class bargain between and within the Russian elite.

The propensity to point to the social ills that plague Russia as a way to crack Putin is to assume that the Russian elite ever gave two shits about those who inhabit society's lower rungs. They don't. Nor have

SEPARATED AT GRIN



Vladimir Putin
nemesis Professor
McFaul ...



...and Bart Simson
nemesis Principal
Skinner?

they ever. At least no more than any elite class does anywhere else. All they understand is the need to declare that "Life has become more joyous, comrades," and give the masses enough scraps off the table of capital to keep them from burning down their mansions. Putin's role in all this is to keep the various elite groups from cutting each other's throats, maintain their corruption within acceptable boundaries, and to act as a postmodern embodiment of intra-class Law. Granted, Putin's grip over society is far from omnipotent. Capitalist-fueled violence still rages. Every once in a while Putin has to play to the masses and crack some uppity member of the elite over the head. But the elite as a class can live with that. As long as Putin doesn't get to uppity himself and threaten the overall stability of the robber baron system, everything's cool as a cucumber.

Two conclusions can be made from all this. First, the foundations of Putin's rule are rooted in the 1990s. It was Yeltsin with his 1993 Constitution that put the President above everything else. It was Yeltsin that emasculated Russia's parliamentary system with troops and tanks. It was Yeltsin that decreed Russia's violent capitalism into existence. Putin just took the tools Uncle Borya left behind and made them work better. He used them to drive off, co-opt, or imprison the overly cannibalistic and political ambitious oligarchy. He used it to tame Russia's political opposition. He used Russia's natural resources and geopolitical positioning to return it to great power status. All of this has benefitted Russia's ultra wealthy.

Don't think so? Here is an interesting statistic. In 2000, *Forbes' Billionaires List* didn't include a single Russian. In 2007, it listed 50.

McFaul and others like him want to impose a false historical break

between the Yeltsin and Putin eras where there isn't one. That break serves them ideologically. It allows "transitologists" to not only maintain the myth of Russian democracy in the 1990s, but also maintain liberal democracy as some sort of natural endpoint that all states must and will go through. This view is part of a much more sinister ideological project. It's the project that says you can smash a state with violence or pick up the pieces after its implosion and recast it in your own neoliberal image.

Second, and this is the dirty little secret that shock-therapy peddlers like McFaul will never admit: post-Soviet Russia proves once again that free-market capitalism thrives in authoritarian regimes. In fact, as Naomi Klein reminds us in her masterful *Shock Doctrine*, capitalism, and in particular its extreme neoliberal variant, always requires force. That force can come in many forms—the limiting of protest, the use of detention, imprisonment and torture, silencing journalists, biometric surveillance, the unleashing of the military and other security organs on its own or other populations, extremist laws, and the removal of habeas corpus. It is no irony of history that even the most so-called liberal democratic states use many of these mechanisms to strengthen and maintain elite power (see under "Georgia" for the latest example). They are built right into their system of class domination.

Even though the twilight is shining on Putin's direct rule, there is no indication that there will be any amendment to the "grand bargain." Medvedev may tinker with it. Just don't look for an overhaul. Don't worry, I know. Kang is my friend too. Plus I've looked into Medvedev's eyes (granted it was a picture) and all I see are the letters C, E, and O. X

THE FORMULA FOR MUSICAL SUCCESS IN THE MEDVEDEV ERA

PUTIN-ERA BAND #1		PUTIN-ERA BAND #2		NEW MEDVEDEV-ERA HYBRID	RELEVANCE
Leningrad	+	Dima Bilan	=	Bilangrad.	Ironic/patriotic paeon to Kaluga, briefly renamed "Bilangrad" during Medvedev's first term
Mummy Troll	+	ViaGra	=	Mummy Viagra	Harkens national project to boost population through procreation with living and with dead.
Zapreschenie Barabanchiki Shut'	+	Korol' I Shut'	=	Zapreschenie	Recalls ban on Anshlag and Nasha Russia from joking about Medvedev's height
TaTu	+	Aria	=	Tataria	All-burqa'd pop group for the new Muslim majority in Russia.
Mak Sim	+	Gosti iz Budushii	=	MakBudushii	Electroclash with a message for the new "Blank Generation" growing up in Rublevka

CHOOSING LOVE

By Alex Shifrin

Last time, I mentioned how Russia's highly touted stability will come in the form of religious level Puritanism. Well, it's here, and damn, it came faster than I thought.

This year has officially been named the Year of the Family. Last year, as some of you may recall, was Year of the Child. I guess the feds figured that since we've all had babies now, it's time to get married and make it decent. Some cynics might say that this is a reaction to the consequences of incentivizing Russia's birthrate increase. The government has been offering a fairly significant amount of cash for every Russian child. One theory is that people might give birth strictly for the government payout, and then abandon their lucrative children. When you get out into the regions, the payout counts for a lot of dough, more than some people make in a year. Abandoned children on the

mentioned, the feds have introduced some pretty significant bonuses and rewards to incentivize Russian couples to propagate, and they've spelled these incentives out through a series of direct mail informational brochures. In order to ensure that these brochures are read, billboard announcements now dot the city giving folks a heads-up to have a look in their mailboxes for further information.

Folks, this isn't just passive propaganda. This family thing is becoming compulsory. In a place like Russia, there really aren't any rights and freedoms; instead there are permissions and, in this case, obligations. The feds have already set up a commission of psychologists who plan to oblige those units not falling into their model of a family to attend compulsory psychological rehabilitation sessions (<http://www.vz.ru/society/2008/1/27/139813.html>).

In the eyes of the Puritans, this program must (and will) go beyond simply a system of rewards and incentives. Instead this is really just a system of punishment for those who



In 2010, most of these kid will probably be in a det dom.

other hand means more expenditure and stress on the federal system. Sure this all sounds awful, but some of the things that go on in Russia's provinces is pretty freakin' hairy.

Promotions for Russia's family focus are already out there in full force. One of the more visible campaigns on the streets is a series of billboards announcing that 2008 is the Year of the Family. The adverts

REKLAMA REVIEW

show a fuzzy, gleeful family, with the slogan "We Choose Love." Some of the ads show a smaller family, others have a larger unit with grandparents, parents, kids and the weird uncle that always creeps you out.

In support of all this is a series of placed content on Russia's major television channels. ORT, the main federal TV channel, has been advertising something called the Wedding Awards 2007 Ceremony. As best as I could tell from the trailers, this is an Oscar-style glamorous event, giving out awards to the best weddings of 2007, whatever that can mean. Obviously nothing more than a staged performance to make getting married seem sexier, the TV bumpers showed a room filled with young wedding gown clad chicks and their goofy looking grooms, throwing bouquets, toasting with champagne and clapping along to the likes of Ivanushki International, Russia's version of Menudo.

Not to be outdone, Channel 3 had been promoting something called Stork Day. Apparently, the channel has invented an entire holiday around this family thing, and have come up with some sort of a variety hour to celebrate. Happy Stork Day, everyone.

The other main outdoor campaign happening right now is one in support of a direct mail program. As

don't get on board.

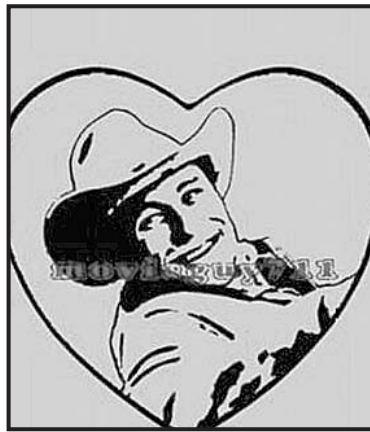
Not too long ago, some friends of mine were out at a park, enjoying a weekend afternoon. There were a total of nine people in the group - singles, couples, and my friends with their newborn. The group was having a few snacks, and some of them were sipping beer. A picnic, of sorts. They were approached by a militia officer patrolling the area. The first thing he wanted to know was which couple were the newborn's parents. After my friends owned up, the officer went on to fine everyone in the group with drinking in public EXCEPT my friends. In the officer's opinion, making babies afforded them greater rights, even at the behest of laws, above those without children.

Another recent development along this line: something's gone missing from Moscow's cash counters. Well, not really missing, but re-directed. Up until the end of last year, many produce shops, fast food joints and supermarkets had donation boxes, collecting money for Russia's orphanages. I'm not sure when this changed, but last week I began to notice that many of these collection boxes have disappeared. In their place are containers collecting money for Russian families who need help supporting three or more children. It seems that the chinovniki don't plan to give up their new Audis to finance their cash-for-tots promises.

In Russia, where instilling a fear of consequences has traditionally been the chosen form of incentivizing people, it seems now that people are being terrorized into choosing love in order to fulfill the state's desire to create more families and more babies. Perhaps someday soon we'll have to carry a sort of document, sort of like a Russian auto technical inspection certificate, one which you have to renew annually and carry with you at all times. A Love License. And if you're with your significant other, and don't have your Love License on you, well, then there's someone who will be getting a bribe that day. Choose love. X

CELEBRETARD ROUNDUP

By Kitty McFarlane



SAME SHIT DIFFERENT DAY

This past week, to no one's surprise, Britney Spears was again hospitalized on a 5150 (a psychiatric evaluation). She is expected to be held longer this time around, and she has reportedly been classified as "GD" - gravely disabled. Did it really take them this long to figure that out?

Meanwhile, Britney has become completely predictable and tedious. And people are getting all uppity about media coverage of Britney now that it has been officially established that she is mentally ill. Says one professional: "She has a disease. Sometimes when you see her she's in the middle of an episode. It's like mocking someone with Down Syndrome." (Could this mean she'll now qualify as an Al Qaeda suicide bomber?)

I disagree. Mocking Britney is much more fun than mocking Corky.

For now, Brit-Brit's parents are attempting to "clean house," i.e. get rid of all of the human parasites around Britney, including self-proclaimed Manager Sam "Osama" Lufti, who reacted by launching a shit-flinging campaign against Britney's family; he claims they are all crazy. Osama and celebslave website x17 seem to be the only ones upset by the actions of Britney's parents. Could it be because they're about to lose control of their meal ticket?

OMIGOD! DID YOU HEAR?

Heath Ledger dead blah blah blah dead yadda yadda dead.

For some reason the American public has spontaneously sprouted a conscience - but only for Heath. We joined forces to enjoy the spectacle of Anna Nicole Smith's demise, and we gleefully make bets on when and where Pete Doherty's final wet spot will be found. Remember when we had to watch the pope die for like six weeks straight? That was CNN's idea of entertainment.

But there must have been something special about Heath Ledger. And I must have missed what that was. People keep talking about how wonderful he was and couldn't we please just let everyone grieve? Don't you dare publish the name of his funeral house! Don't disclose the make and model of his casket! The public is uncharacteristically shocked and dismayed that television shows and tabloids have started to dish out the dirt circus and sprout rumors of drug addition. Have you not noticed before? That is what they do! Hey, at least they waited a WHOLE WEEK this time.

Heath Ledger, your death has grown tiresome.

NEXT!!

D'OH!

Project Chanology, spearheaded by "Anonymous," has released several videos on youtube speaking out against our favorite sci-fi cult: Scientology. Videos urge viewers to google victims of the so-called "Church," organize DoS attacks and join protests outside of Scientology centers on February 10th. In potentially related news, several Scientology centers were closed down after receiving an unidentified white powder in the mail on January

31st.

If this pans out and Anonymous actually does what it claims it will do, this could be the most entertaining conflict ever.

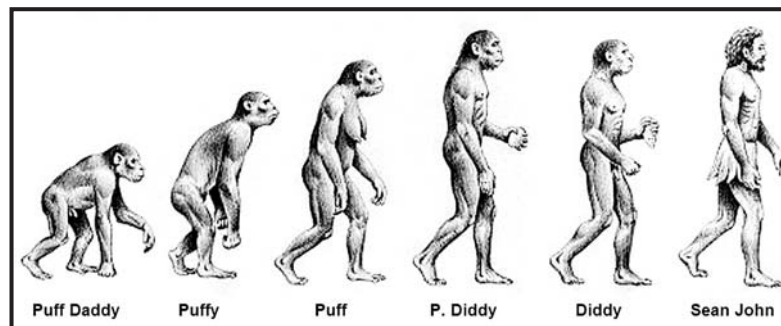
Unfortunately, reports also emerged this week that Nancy Cartwright, the voice of Bart Simpson, made a \$10 million donation to Scientology, doubling Tom Cruise's pansy \$5 million donation. Connections between the expensive cult and Jerry Seinfeld were also established, after the comedian admitted to having attended Scientology "courses," which he found "helpful." Add Beck to the mix, and I have officially lost all of the faith I have ever had in the human race.

THE GENTRIFICATION OF A NAME - ALMOST!

Last week reports emerged that Puff Puffy Diddy Daddy Sean John Assclown Combs had once again informed the public that he now wishes to be known as The Artist Formerly Known as Donkey Thong. It was reported that the mogul, who has reaped millions from the death of his cash cow best friend Biggie Smalls and somehow managed to trick Americans into believing that wearing a suit is a skill, now wants everyone to call him Sean John.

Alas, according to Puffy Diddles' spokesperson, "recent reports of a name change are totally false, he is still Diddy. He is currently in "Sean John" mode as the upcoming Sean John fashion show is scheduled for February 8th in New York."

Ahhh, thank God. It's just a mode. He is still Diddy. Tonight I can sleep soundly knowing all is right in the world. X



SOAK UP THE SAVAGE LUST OF MOTHER RUSSIA!



Photographic evidence that Russians and African-Americans are soul brothers: Range Rover Vogue V8s may be the most popular SUV among Russians who've lost touch with their Russian soul...but any fly rigger who stays true to his roots accepts no substitute for the Cadillac Escalade. You just can't fake the total satisfaction on this dude's face.



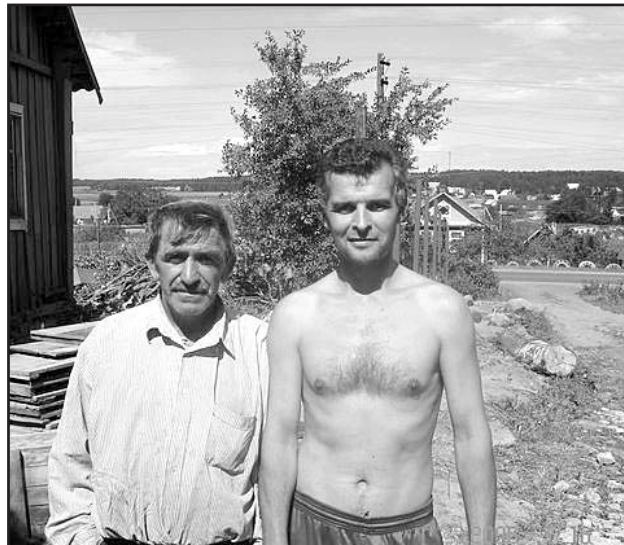
An unintentional advertisement that says, "Come to provincial Russia, where hugely undervalued and desperate girls like me are still approachable. But hurry! In 8 months I turn 20, which means I'll look like that blob in the background. She's my mom, by the way. She also told me to tell you to hurry!"



Just as England keeps a standard measurement of a pound and a foot in some official government vault, so too provincial Russia keeps a standardized gopnik, shown here, to measure all other gopniks against.



Three dyevs, three eras: the popsovi Yukos Era chick (left), the careerist yuppie Jennifer Aniston Second Putin Term Era look (right), and the highly promising indie/tiny/liberal/will-you-be-my-Vladimir-Vladimirovich? look we expect to hit big in the Medvedev Era (center).



Our designer didn't understand why we thought this picture should make the prized center-box in this Face Control. She thought it was too common and boring.



The girl on the left has a lethal sex appeal that says, "You really should fall in love with me, I promise I'm worth it. Seriously, I'll rip your heart out and feed it to my purse dog. I'll make you feel levels of pain you didn't think were humanly possible. So whattaya say, fuck-head? Still want to buy me a mojita?"



There's a female cop academy over by Kitai Gorod, and we often see pods of hot dyev-cops prancing about gayly. Then something happens to these kittens because when they hit the Moscow beat, they're packing that standard-issue dumpy-angry-dyke look. With cheap Belorussian lipstick.



Kalyan junkies: the dark ugly secret to Moscow's hookah craze.



Go to any Russian dating site, and you'll find literally hundreds of thousands of Nadyas like this one: 15 and 16 year olds who say they're 18, living with their parents (or aunt) in Brateevo or Dzherdzhinsk and putting "Kolomenskaya" as their metro stop. Won't you please find it in your heart to teach them English? They'll even meet you at a bar up the street from your podyezd. Have a heart, please!

Email your photos of Mother Russia to face@exile.ru and win prizes!

THE FORTNIGHT SPIN



By Jared Lindquist
exileradio@gmail.com

I realize we're barely halfway through the second month of the year, but so far the gig scene here has really been on the ball-sucking side of things, and I am afraid it is going to continue. I mean, maybe you have worse taste than I do (likely), and you've been to a gig you liked. Well, lucky you're so easy to please. People like myself are left to sit around at home and watch "It's Always Sunny in Philadelphia" DVDs.

First up is the gig of the fortnight. Or at least it would be, if it wasn't a 2,000 euro a head charity ball: **DAVID BOWIE**, **COURTNEY LOVE** and Britpop dorks **RAZORLIGHT** are set to perform at some model's pet charity function, **THE LOVE BALL** (February 14, 19:00, Tsaritsino). Hey, if you can afford it, seeing Bowie perform at a classic Russian estate will be pretty cool. Maybe Love will do something stupid and, well, you can always throw your mayo salad at Razorlight. In case you're wondering what the charity does, they build parks for children. All this from a model who is proud that her daughter's first words were "tufli" (shoes).

For those of you whose Valentine's Day budget runs more towards 2,000 rubles, hugely popular local indie band **EVERYTHING IS MADE IN CHINA** (February 14, 16 Tons, 22:00) promises some songs for the lovers. They claim to be experimental, but I thought they sounded like pretty standard indie rock the time I saw them. I guess if you're not a flaming homo prancing around lip-synching, you're experimental here.

Remember that crappy Internet meme that you no doubt had sent to you, with some retard named **TAY ZONDAY** singing a horrible song very seriously? Russia's version of Zondag is **PETER NALITCH** (February 15, Ikra, 21:00), who Youtube'd his way to fame with his song "Gitara," sung in horrible English and having something to do with jaguars. In further proof that Russians might "get" irony, this gig is sold out.

If you want proof, however, that Russians just have horrible musical taste, look no further than New York's one-hit wonders **FUN LOVIN' CRIMINALS** (February 15, B1 Maximum, 21:00), who are back for their second or third visit, and really have no reason to exist anymore.

It's been awhile since we've caught up with the eXile's old friend **DELFIN** (February 16, Apelsin, 21:00), and he's moved away from his more traditional Russian hip-hop roots and has begun experimenting more with sounds. Hell, his last album was almost synthpoppy at times. In any case, this is his first Moscow gig in over six months, so it should be packed. Hell, some people are even comparing his style to somewhere between **TRENT REZNOR** and **SAUL WILLIAMS**.

I'm not going to pretend to know a lot about Dutch metal band **WITHIN TEMPTATION** (February 17, Ten, 19:00), but I can tell you they used to play gothic metal, and now play symphonic metal. I'm sure that if you know the difference, you've already got your ticket.

Not that I really care, but noted Canadian "deathcore" band **DESPISED ICON** (February 18, Tochka, 19:00) are touring through town with American death metal band **MISERY INDEX** and locals **ABOMINABLE PUTRIDITY**.

The first-ever Christian punk band I heard was **MXPX** (February 19, Tochka, 19:00). They've since tried to move away from their Jesus-core roots, but that doesn't change the fact that they suck. Local punk stalwarts **TARAKNY** are opening for some reason.

You know, it must really suck to have once been the singer of British metal kings **IRON MAIDEN**, only to get thrown out after two albums for drinking too much, and then ending up playing a small, shitty club in Moscow, while your former bandmates still sell out stadiums (or at least larger shitty clubs) on their cash-cow reunion tours. But such is the life of **PAUL D'ANNO** (February 22, Plan B, 19:00), reduced to playing with local hacks like **ANJ**, **BARSA** and **ORAKUL**.

Those of you still dwelling in the past will be happy to know that British Tolkien-core flute band **JETHRO TULL** (February 22, MDM, 19:00) is returning to town. Those of you not down with "Aqualung" are free to ignore.

Surprisingly, the eXile is not sponsoring the **RED SNAPPER** (February 22, B1 Maximum, 21:00) gig, but it's really because we can only truly support the red snapper au naturale, and not when it's made up of four sweaty Brits on stage playing acid jazz.

Closing out the fortnight is another synth / dark electro night, this time headlined by German dark wave band **DIARY OF DREAMS** (February 24, Tochka, 19:00). Froggy dark-electro group **TAMTRUM** supports. X

TOP PICKS



ZEA
Feb. 15 & 16

I was skeptical of last summer's Dutch Punch festival, but after getting donkey punched by many of the bands' awesomeness, I have an innate desire to check out unknown Dutch indie bands. Electronic indie duo **ZEA** (February 15, Aktovy Zal, 20:00; February 16, Proekt OGI, 22:00) provide me my next opportunity. They supposedly are crazy live, which means that having exile faves **DOT DASH** open the first night's gig will work out to their advantage.



MANICURE
Feb. 16

Normally I hate opening up Myspace pages. You get hit with ugly graphics, and inevitably some asshole's shitty music will start playing over whatever you are listening to. It is the rare occasion where this natural background music actually takes control and forces me to listen, but with new local band **MANICURE** (February 16, 23:00, Krizis Zhanra), I was transfixed. The band consists of two bros and two hos, and their sound is very new wave / post punk - I guess what the kids often call "dance punk" these days. From what little I can gather from their Myspace page, they might make the attempt to fight with Krizis' dickhead bouncers worthwhile.



SILENCE KIT
Feb. 17

I'm still pushing the hell out of my favorite local post-rock band, **SILENCE KIT** (February 17, B2, 21:00), even if the last time I saw them, the entire audience was sitting down. St. Petersburg dub metal trio **SKAFANDR** opens.

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- 16.02 ISKRA DISCO (dj's Valique, Zig Zag) & dj Berg 22:00



BAR1171

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**FRIDAY
February 8**

ROCK
Kalinov most
23.00: Tabula Rasa
Total
23.00: B-2
Provoda
23.00: 16 Tonn

JAZZ & BLUES
Pera Joe Blue Band
20.30: Roadhouse
Jazz Piano, Armen Petrosyan, Mariam & Miraif
20.00: B-2

CLUBBIN'
DJs Ariel, Tuzov
00.30: B-2
DJ Volodya
21.00: Krizis Zhanra
DJ Komotskiy, MC Kapustin & Paul B
21.00: Propaganda
DJs Anton Denisov, SKAM
00.00: Karma Bar
Happy 4 years Party, DJs Shevcov, Asya
23.00: Fabrique

**SATURDAY
February 9**

ROCK
Pavel Kashin
20.00: Ikra
Tokio
23.00: 16 Tonn
Tintal
22.00: Tabula Rasa
JAZZ & BLUES
Jazz Piano, Paporotnik, Kvartal
20.00: B-2
Pera Joe Blue Band
20.30: Roadhouse
Cabernet Deneuve
22.00: Proekt OGI

CLUBBIN'
MC&vocal house Diva Paola R`Cay
21.00: Fabrique
DJs Johny, Tuzov
00.30: B-2
DJ Ahmed
00.00: Karma Bar
Anatoliy Ice, DJ Topor
22.00: Kult
DJ Volodya
21.00: Krizis Zhanra

**SUNDAY
February 10**

ROCK
Rada & Gosplan
20.00: Ikra
Vihod
22.00: Proekt OGI
WahDaFunkz!?, Homepage

19.00: Tabula Rasa
JAZZ & BLUES
Anastasiya Glazkova, Paperniy T.A.M
21.00: B-2
Open Blues Jam
18.00: Roadhouse

CLUBBIN'
Mighty Party: DJ Ahmed
23.00: Karma Bar
DJ Shum
20.00: Ikra
Anatoliy Ice, China Town, DJ Vo, Tony Key
20.00: Propaganda
DJ Volodya
21.00: Krizis Zhanra

**MONDAY
February 11**

ROCK
Bast, Fatality, Aktiv, Bez paniki
18.30: Tochka
JAZZ & BLUES
Jazz Piano
21.00: B-2
Dr. Nick
21.00: Roadhouse

CLUBBIN'
Latino non Stop
20.00: B-2
DJ Partyphone
21.00: Propaganda

**TUESDAY
February 12**

ROCK
F.R.U.I.T.S.
22.00: Proekt OGI
Strannie sni, Denikin spirt, Puppet lane, OH!
18.30: Tochka
Depesha
20.00: 16 Tonn

JAZZ & BLUES
Haleo
18.30: B-2
Mikhail Mishuris & Orchestra
21.00: Roadhouse
CLUBBIN'
DJs ZigZag, Anatoliy Gerasimov, Philla
21.00: Propaganda
Ja Vybz dj sessions
21.00: Kult

**WEDNESDAY
February 13**

ROCK
Komnata
20.00: Ikra
Umka & bronevik
21.00: B-2
Mate, Gran, Podarki

19.00: Tabula Rasa
Psoi Korolenko
22.00: Proekt OGI
JAZZ & BLUES
The Jumping Cats
21.00: Roadhouse
Edelveis
21.00: B-2

CLUBBIN'
Epik Soundsystem
21.00: Propaganda
DJ Spirin & Rock'n'roll Radio
21.00: Ikra
Rob Dirton
21.00: Kult

**THURSDAY
February 14**

ROCK
Love Party Dmitriya Chetvergova
21.00: Tabula Rasa
Everything is made in China
22.00: 16 Tonn

JAZZ & BLUES
Jazz Hall, Earth, Wind & Fire Experience
20.00: B 1 Maximum
Mikhail Bashakov
21.00: Zhest

CLUBBIN'
DJs Studinskiy, Sanches, VJ Addams
21.00: Propaganda
DJ Levskee
21.00: Kult
HomeListening DJ's, DJ Jonny
21.00: B-2
DJs Ahmed, Marcus
23.00: Karma Bar

**FRIDAY
February 15**

ROCK
Sakura
21.00: 16 Tonn
Fun Lovin` Criminals (USA)
21.00: B 1 Maximum
Underwood
23.00: Tabula Rasa
Moralniy Kodeks
22.30: Tochka

JAZZ & BLUES
Nikolai Arutunov & Funky Soul
21.00: Roadhouse
Jazz Piano, Paporotnik, Moscow Ragtime Band
20.00: B-2

CLUBBIN'
DJ Komotskiy, Alley Cat (UK), Paul B, Subwave
21.00: Propaganda

DJs Johnny, Tuzov
00.30: B-2
DJs ZigZag
21.00: Kult
DJs Asya, Ivanov, Technic
23.00: Fabrique

**SATURDAY
February 16**

ROCK
Bahit Kompot
23.00: Tabula Rasa
Gabin (Italy)
21.00: B 1 Maximum
Naik Borzov
23.00: B-2
Elizium
20.00: Tochka

JAZZ & BLUES
Jazz Piano
20.00: B-2
CLUBBIN'
DJs Romashka, Onlee, Da Vinci, Dennis Ferrer
21.00: Propaganda
DJs Memfisa, Fenix, Ivan Martin
23.00: Fabrique
Anatoly Ice, DJ Gatek
22.00: Kult
DJ Ada
21.00: Karma Bar
Zea
22.00: Proekt OGI

**SUNDAY
February 17**

ROCK
Silence Kit, Skafandr
20.00: B-2
Brigadniy podrad
19.00: Tabula Rasa
Gosha Kutsenko & Anatomy of Soul
21.00: Ikra

JAZZ & BLUES
Open Blues Jam
18.00: Roadhouse
Anastasiya Glazkova
21.00: B-2

CLUBBIN'
DJ Ahmed
20.00: Karma Bar
DJs Anatoly Ice, Kuka, Tony Key
23.00: Propaganda
DJ Shum
20.00: Ikra

**MONDAY
February 18**

ROCK
Devona, Hemiga, Jaguar Kills
19.00: Tabula Rasa

JAZZ & BLUES
Nastya Glazkova
21.00: B.B.King
Jazz Piano
21.00: B-2
Dr. Nick
21.00: Roadhouse
CLUBBIN'
DJ Partyphone
21.00: Propaganda
Latino non Stop
20.00: B-2

**TUESDAY
February 19**

ROCK
Malina Trip, Maria Abort Chosen
19.00: Tabula Rasa
Tarakani, MxPx
19.00: Tochka

JAZZ & BLUES
Petrovich & Hot Rod Band
20.15: B.B.King
Mihail Mishuris & Orchestra
21.00: Roadhouse
Roman Miroshnichenko
21.00: B-2

CLUBBIN'
DJs ZigZag, Anatoliy Gerasimov, DJ Philla
21.00: Propaganda
Ja Vybz dj sessions
21.00: Kult

**WEDNESDAY
February 20**

ROCK
Ruger
19.00: Tabula Rasa
JAZZ & BLUES
Petrovich-HarmonicaMan
21.00: Roadhouse

CLUBBIN'
Rob Dirton
21.00: Kult
Epik Soundsystem
21.00: Propaganda

**THURSDAY
February 21**

ROCK
Truffele
22.00: 16 Tonn
JAZZ & BLUES
Nascvoz, Orunge
20.00: B-2

CLUBBIN'
DJs Studinskiy, Sanches
21.00: Propaganda
DJs Carlos
21.00: Karma Bar

bar-dak n [Russ, бардак, brothel, chaos] slang (1997)

BARS & CLUBS

Things That Do & Don't Suck

The eXile decoding KEY

= Fakhie Factor! will you do "it" tonight? ★ = no, even Abramovich couldn't score here ★★ = roll up in a Merc or wave yer passport around; otherwise, expect to do some talkin' ★★★ = pack pepper spray, cuz U need protection	= Feis Kontrol Factor! will U get past the thug manning the door? ★ = even fat embassy employees can get in ★★ = if you read FHM or Elle, you're fine ★★★ = if you can't have the art director killed, you're not gettin' in	= Foam Factor! Will cheap-0 eXile readers be able to afford the beer? ★ = Up to 150R per beer ★★ = 150-300R per beer ★★★ = 300-3000R per beer	= Starvin' Silovik! This isn't a rating factor, folks. It means that under the new regime, there is no room for this establishment. The place is closed, gone, kaput. Siyonara.	= Remont Factor! Russia is constantly improving and restructuring itself under Putin, and this place is currently striving to maintain a socially responsible and modern interior

1171



★★ ★ ★★

Cheers: Ginormous new bar-club in the up-and-coming Savvinskaya Nab. Row, opened up by Kostya of Dacha fame, and the publisher of this newspaper and Ne Spat! Huge bar, with several sub-bars on the first floor and upper deck. Also live bands play on the upper deck, and you can hide out in the VIP there. Prices reasonable, music so far shows impressive range, from Peter Hook (ex-Joy Division/New Order) to DJ Ojo and others.

Jeers:

Feis kontrol wouldn't let in under-21 dveys, leading us to wonder: since when is this the fucking US?! Taxi predators ream you here. Coat check too small to handle the large crowds--hopefully they have that worked out by now.

M: Sportivnaya
Address: Savvinskaya Nab. 21
Phone: 740-5583

Hours: As many as you can handle

Aktovy Zal



★★ ★

Cheers: Blow-Up has been closed down due to "hooliganism,"

which means Moscow's great undiscovered acts now have one less place to play. However, AZ is still in biznis, and we caught a recent Saturday night gig packed full of bearded types and intelligent-looking chicks. Moscow's premiere indie spot! Blow Up is starting to feature a Krizis-style indie DJ set every Friday night. It should be way MORE indie than Krizis, but... whatever. Like, we might go, if we feel like it. Aktovy Zal packs in non-stop local and international indie acts every week from Thursday to Sunday. There ain't no other place you're gonna anything closer to indie than here.

Jeers: Way out in the boondocks by the third ring means you really have to plan to go here.

Cover: cheap, depends on the concert
M: Baumanskaya
Phone: 265-3935
Address: Perevedenovsky per., 18
Hours: 8 to late, depends on shows

Apelsin



★★ ★

Cheers: Concert hall has great sound, and gets some of the best shows in town, from indie faves like Mogwai all the way up to dinosaur rockers like Nazareth. Easily one of the best live venues in town. Has bowling and other things to keep you busy before or after a show. Concert hall has in's and out's so you can easily slip out to take in the courtyard of a neighboring gothic cathedral.

Jeers: About a year ago it was pulling the best--by Moscow standards--bands and packing a crowd. Now it's so empty, the bartenders started bringing reading material to work. Sovok bartender alert! Bartender poured us a beer then refused to serve us because he didn't have change. Pack your 100R notes, cuz they can't break anything higher. Guards force everyone to leave 10 minutes after a show ends. Seems far from the solar system, even if it isn't. VIP seating insanely far from the stage, and one of the few places that has blocked views. Small entrance means you may be stuck in line to enter or exit.

Cover: depends on the concert
M: Barrikadnaya
Phone: 253-0253
Address: Ul. Malaya Gruzinskaya 15
Hours: 12:00 - 05:00

B1 Maximum



★★ ★

Cheers: Still has no soul and can ruin many gigs with its vast cold vibe, but service is improving. You no longer have to stand 30 min. in line for an overpriced drink. Image of Gogol Bordello frontman Eugent Hutz piggybacking on B1's asshole bouncers when they tried to stop the fun is STILL the image of the year. Multiple bars make it easy to get a drink if the club is relatively empty, which is a mixed blessing. The Chemical Brothers show

was a rare perfect match for this place, with the best light/video show we've seen in a while.

Jeers: Lindquist and Levine tried leaving about 1 minute into NoFX's set but the concert was so oversold it took about 30 minutes to get the fuck out. What's more the whole eXile team got kicked out of the VIP zone because they ran out of VIP bracelets. We haven't seen bathrooms this nasty since Leningradsky Vokzal. Has absolutely no atmosphere whatsoever.
Cover: depends on the concert
M: Leninsky Prospekt / Shabolovskaya
Phone: 648-6777
Address: Ul. Ordzhonikidze 11
Hours: 18:00 - 06:00

B2



★★ ★

Cheers: It took B1 Maximum to make B2 seem like a cool indie club. One of the only places to attract any sort of crowd on Sundays. Good place if U like 'em young and impressionable. Cheap, giant venue that kicks butt when it's full. Good live acts. Three different restaurants, including reasonably priced sushi, under one roof. Music doesn't impede conversation in the restaurants, but is loud enough to not have to make the effort to think of anything to say.

Jeers: Easily some of the most sovok and least service-oriented staff in town. Prices may seem bizarre considering that this is supposed to be a dive rock club. Suffering from multiple-personality disorder. Empties out early even on weekends.
Cover: depends
M: Mayakovskaya
Phone: 209-9918
Address: Bolshaya Sadovaya ul. 8

Barfly



★★ ★

Cheers: Recent 4AM visit saw off-duty Help bartenders gettin' down, so U know they mix the drinks well here! After a long n ight of drinking and not getting drunk, the whiskey-colas really starte hitting us here! Drunken dyev factor on the rise, and you know if a girl's partying here she's ready fo' anything! Asking the barman to get creative can have serious consequences... Killer underground dive run by the same folks who brought you den of debauchery McCoy's. From the looks of it, folks'll be drinking just as much here. Part of the million-cocktails-to-choose-from wave launched by Help. Little frames cover the walls with descriptions of the drinks available. Tasty and cheap menu that lets U decide what goes in your noodle dish.

Jeers: eXile alert! Barfly is apparently so popular now that you have to book a table to get in. Yes, U heard us right: U have to book a table at a fucking dive bar. Service and noodles not at the level we remembered. Crowd can be Prague-like in that faux-boho sort of way. The best ad yet for NY's anti-smoking laws; an evening here is the equivalent of a three-pack a day habit for a year. Crowded, but little in the way of babes on recent weekend visit.

M: Chekhovskaya
Address: Strastnoi blvr. 6 str. 2
Phone: 209-2779
Hours: 24 hours

Booze Bub



★ ★

Cheers: Gets TOTALLY packed on weekends, making this an ideal pre-party venue for those hitting Tema next door. Pissed off that there's not a single Thurs. night go-to bar that actually has chicks? Then Bub's your answer. Recent Thursday night visit revealed a place packed with easy, desperate student and secretary dveys. Recently opened by the Help/Tema crew, which is already a good sign. Located next door to Tema, if you need a break from the Duck-esque atmosphere there. Spacious bar and good cocktails. Combines the intimacy of an Irish pub with the spaciousness of a German bierhall. Their beer really does taste better.

Jeers: Sovok vest-wearing grampa tried facing eXile editors Zaitchik and Yasha during a recent visit. We're used to getting feised by goons, but this was something different, and somehow more humiliating. Recent Saturday evening visit found BB totally empty, but we were told that in order to sit down we would need to make a reservation a week in advance. WTF? Needless to say, we went somewhere that actually wanted our money. A tad bit phallocentric on a recent visit. May need some time to get packed full of the reasons we like to visit Help and Tema.
M: Chisty Prudy
Address: Potapovsky Per. 5, bld. 2

Phone: 621-4717
Hours: Round the clock

Cafe Royal



★ ★

Cheers: Man, oh man! This was Katz's last review. Brings a tear to our eyes just thinking about it. What did she have to say about it? Well, it's a basement jazz/blues club with constant live acts. If you're into this kind of scene, then you'll probably like it. It's got a wide selection of food, rooms that you can rent out for parties. Royal's informal feel and the large schools of aging snappers it draws will make American women feel especially comfortable here...

Jeers: ...and we're not sure that's a good thing.
Cover: Depends on who's playing
M: Chisty Prudy
Phone: 607-0969, 607-9172
Address: Ashcheulov per., 9
Hours: 12PM to 6AM
Website: www.caferoyal.ru

Che



★★★ ★ ★★

Cheers: eXile alert! eXile staff party introduced Zaitchik to his first batch of drunken dveys dancing on bar, tables and eventually winding down in his lap. Thurs. night crowd packs a solid mix of young office types and aging secretary molls looking to get off. Food's pretty good as far as drinking fare goes, especially the tacos and some kind of S. American samosas.

Jeers: Black Magic Woman and other Santana trash keep you praying for the techno DJ to come back on. A bunch of older bursetka-carrying semi-gopniks in spandex shirts manage to mix in with the office talent. Fish tacos were rotten. Ginormous bouncers try to keep everyone out, but apparently if you have a reservation it's no problem...

M: Lubyanka
Phone: 621-7477
Address: Nikolskaya Str. 10/2
Hours: 12pm-9am

Club XIII



★★ ★★

Cheers: You can go home again! Girls will sometimes hit on you just for being a foreigner! XIII's got a good thing goin', with raunchy caberet shows, teetering ladies, and just enough face control to make you feel like you achieved something by getting in! Last Saturday XIII was on, catching a good niche somewhere between Fabrique and Leto, though closer to Fabrique (thank god). Selection of E'd out and liquored up chicks spotted here. Ames got corralled into a rather suggestive freakin' bout with a hot off-duty bargirl from a certain Swedish nightclub. The club that set the standard and opened the era of elitny giant nightclubs is back after a several-year hiatus. Top notch DJs, friendly girls, not quite as grotesquely elitny as Leto, makes this a good alternative to Fabrique, esp if you're tired of the latter's crowds and petty thieves.

Jeers: Recent Shalya-less party was duller than a Death Porn kitchen knife. Very very pricy drinks. We kind of miss, in retrospect, the dark opium dens, where anything could and did happen.
M: Chisty Prudy
Address: Myasnikskaya 13
Hours: Wed-Sun, 10pm - 6am

Denis Simachev Bar



★ ★★ ★★

Cheers: eXile alert! DS showed its humane side by waving wheelchair-bound eXile editor Yasha Levine through face control. At first we gave this place two stinky thumbs down, but now we've reconsidered. We now proclaim DS the best elitny dive in town! If you've seen the Sochi Olympics ads running on CNN, then you might recognize the Rice Rocket bike done up in a Russian folk design paint job that was featured in the ad and is now permanently chained to DS's entrance. Even Simachev is doing his part to make Russia's crack pipe Olympic dream a reality! One of Moscow's top designers opened this bar in his designer boutique.

Jeers: Notice we changed the beer factor from one to two stars. DS has finally done what we've been expecting,



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By Dmitriy Babooshka
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This past week's adventures began on Friday evening, when I was on the way home after a few drinks with my ex-girlfriend. She never minds a quick fuck for memory's sake, while her hard-working husband is out of town on a business trip. Anyway, this is just a personal aside, with no relation to this story.

I was pretty drunk when I left Ksyusha's, dreaming about nothing but getting to my favorite couch. Walking along the slippery frozen streets towards my dream, I suddenly saw something valuable on the

CLUB REVIEW

ground. There was a passport right in the middle of the puddle saying, "Hey, Dima, come pick me up."

Judging by the picture it belonged to 20-year old loser who was smart enough not to keep cash with his documents. But everything else like Social security card, set of photographs, student ID, year-long public transport pass, and so on were all there.

My first thought was, I can buy myself an Xbox gaming console and 50" Pioneer plasma TV on credit at Gorbushka. All you need to get credit for a nice new piece of hardware is to flash someone's passport (presumably yours but who cares nowadays).

It was a very tempting situation so I called my ex-girlfriend and asked to take full responsibility for the decision. Ksyusha said she wouldn't mind a new espresso machine and offered a lift to Gorbushka next day to complete out our transaction.

I was standing in the middle of dark and cold street completely alone, trying to decide what to do. The choice was between having Ksyusha making love to me on the table next to her Italian coffee machine; or this stupid dude who'll have to spend the next month going through the bureaucratic machine trying to renew his passport. I was wondering whether he works or not or whether his parents' salary will be enough to pay off whatever credit deal I charge to his name.

Though judging by the address of his propiska they certainly could

handle buying not just a coffee machine but even a new mid-priced car.

Suddenly I decided that I should chose charity. I couldn't remember much of good from the past except maybe Kolyan, rayon guy who we took out to the center once and that changed his world completely. For dramatic improvement of my karma it was certainly not enough. So I decided to find this guy's address and give him back his passport. Right away.

I don't remember how much time I spent cruising around the neighborhood trying to figure out his address. I luckily escaped some drunk gopniki trying to beat the shit out of me (you can find armies of them in the night even in elitny downtown neighborhoods!). Finally I stood in front of a solid metal door. It was the entrance to some very expensive residential building. It was about 2 am when I started to call different apartments because the one I needed didn't answer.

Moscow is a rough city and if you are sober you don't expect people to open their thick metal doors to a stranger in the middle of the night. So I explained to the door my situation and how I wanted to do an act of charity. No luck. The people on the other side just hung up the domophone without explanation. Then all of a sudden some gentle man's voice came on over the domophone and asked me to come upstairs.

Their names were Luther and Nikolai, a German-Russian gay couple. Nice guys by the way, although I don't have many gay pals. I was worried about my ass the whole time, but other than that, it was fine.

They were very impressed by my story about the passport and promised to give it back to the owner who lived next door. I didn't want to stay too long in this strange couple's apartment, and suggested we leave for a club or something.

Luther got very excited and promised to take me to the best club for a club review ever (by that time I already secured my ass saying I'm a club reviewer for the eXile, which certainly says a lot about my

sexual orientation). It sounded like an interesting idea so we left to see DEN' I NOCH' (DAY AND NIGHT) a gay club somewhere in a remote area of Polezhaevskaya.

While we were on the way Nikolai told me that a "babushka" in the gay tusovka means "an old fag who no longer has erection so he generously offers his ass to anyone." That certainly was an interesting piece of news but I said my name is already a recognizable brand and I'm not gay, but thank you very much anyway.

Den I Noch is very well hidden, located in a House of Culture for Blind People. I shit you not, my dear reader. The club rents the space from the Russian Society of Blind People. That explains why this place is so dark and crowded with all kinds of expensively dressed guys (some of whom are politicians and TV presenters, as I have noticed) rubbing elbows and more.

I was too disgusted to see any more details of this debauch so I said goodbye to my new friends and left to continue drinking to the just-opened GRADUS BAR located on Sretenka, next door to my place. Actually it is right across from Sakhar club, which I reported about in the last issue.

I don't really like it when a club owner wants to please everybody. Gradus Bar's opening party was almost ending when I joined it but I got the point p.d.q. The crowd was so different from what I'd expected, but here in the center of Moscow! These semi-provincial patrons enjoyed everything from the Pet Shop Boys and 2Unlimited to U2 and The Beatles. With just one glance I figured out that most of the invited girls were either depressive secretaries or hard-working accountants with seldom joys in their miserable lives. It was like being in a cafe disco in my aunt's village.

And yet the bar is massive, beyond imagination. I think you can fit in at least two soccer fields in this basement, which was built in 1913. My local sources say it used to host Stalin's private movie theater.

The bar boasts not only a great selection of beers and German wurst (Luther would love it!) but also two dance floors and a very expensive set of music equipment for live shows. What kind of live music is still a mystery.

I was fed up with my adventures and a bit drunk, so I came home and passed out with my clothes on. My dreams were an endless carousel of images featuring Stalin riding Luther's tail, and my neighbor Galina Petrovna swimming in the rivers of German beer together with the unknown owner of the passport. The most important thing was that no matter how deeply I slept, my sphincter was tightened up, safe and secure.

Club: Gradus Bar
Address: 26, Sretenka Str.
Phone: 607-07-13
M: Sukharevskaya
Hours: daily, 12.00 - 00.00



they've doubled their prices. Manages to cram the most annoying elements of Moscow pafos into the space of walk-in closet. It's become Moscow's hippest weekday elitny hangout and the newest roost for Opera/Dyagelev/Krishna molls on their off night. Attracts droves of rich Russian dudes doing the Planet of the Apes routine around their expensive cars and bikes outside.

M: Teatralnaya
Phone: 629-8085
Address: Stoleshnikov Per. 12
Hours: 12:00-06:00

Duma



There's a lot to like about this place, assuming you can find it. Fun young student crowd, no moving cars in sight, surrounded by quiet back streets, great music: heavy on 60s rare grooves, soul, and funk, nice patio, good food. In the summertime they put a ping-pong table outside. Neighborhood bar feel where everyone knows each other is weird to see, but feels good. No feis control. This might be the place where Krizis hon-eyes retire. Tons of sweet dyes that all seem to be studying architecture. People here actually dance with joy in their faces. Very little bullshit. Caesar salad pretty good, too.

Jeers: Known to blast annoying artsy French music at insane decibel levels. The last time we went we had to climb a fence or two to get there. Sometimes the hippie element is a bit thick and the riggers seem to be taking a liking to this place. And that just don't bode well...
Cover: None
M: Okhotnyi Ryad
Phone: 692-1119
Address: 12:00 - 6:00

Fabrique



Still the most babe-a-licious club in town, at least where you aren't expected to pay for special favors. Shocking incident confirmed Fabrique as an eXile favorite. A guy OD'd on drugs and was dragged out to the front of the club. Amazingly, while paramedics unsuccessfully tried to resuscitate the OD victim (not applying CPR), a group of hot rich chicks pulled up in the Merc and, deciding that they weren't gonna let a death and drug raid ruin their evening, stopped the car, opened the doors, and blasted techno while they danced and laughed. Think Propaganda circa '00, only with more space to move around. U might not get laid that night, but one date should do it. High student/expat factor, low pafus!

Jeers: eXile alert! Eventhough Levine rode up to the club in a black Merc, he got feised because of his disability. Recent signs point to the fact that Fabrique is going down hill. Bored babe factor is on the rise. People standing around as if waiting for something to happen. We've given these guys way too many props to get feised here, especially when we're not fall-down drunk. Beware of thieves!
M: Novokuznetskaya
Phone: 953-6576/540-9955
Address: Kosmodamianskaya Nab. 2

Hours: 18:00 - 06:00

Gradus Bar



Cheers/Jeers: Look up for review, stupid

Address: 26, Sretenka Str.
Phone: 607-07-13
M: Sukharevskaya
Hours: daily, 12.00 - 00.00

Help



Cheers: eXile alert! Ignore previous comments about weekends being hit or miss: every Friday and Saturday (and an increasing number of weeknights) is packed full of drunk sluts dancing on the floor, on the tables, and on the bar. While the rest of Moscow's bars and clubs are turning gay, thank God there's one place still keeping it real for the homophobes. Non-dyke lesbo activity has been steadily on the rise. One time, upon sitting down, a girl from a neighboring table came over and said: "I'm sorry, I lost a bet" and then proceeded to get up on her table and do a striptease! Later we saw two babes practically fucking on the dancefloor, and the night ended with a flat-chested chick flashing us repeatedly. Great place to start or end a bender. The director is a serious cocktail aficionado (and award-winning barman) who has come up with a variety of unusual and at times frightening cocktails, all reasonably priced. Casual woodsy interior, relaxed crowd, decent service. Long Island iced tea for 150r. Try the "red hot slammer." Bartenders often seen at tables whipping up fresh concoctions, slamming glasses on tables, and lighting things on fire.

Jeers: During our last visits, the place was half-alive. But then, it was 6pm... But that shouldn't be an excuse. Unmixed White Russians almost caused an unplanned puking session. Nachos were weak. 200 cocktails might overwhelm the indecisive types. We spotted a table of mungy Lonely Planet type expats.
M: Belorusskaya
Phone: 995-9535
Address: 1st Tverskaya-Yamskaya 27, bldg 1
Hours: always

Ikra



Cheers: Finally an indie/hipster bar hits town that's more or less tasteful to boot. Gets everyone from today's new kids on the block to ageing giants still worth checking in on—bottom line: tons o' interesting acts, every month, without fail. And there's no better place to watch/heckle a small gig than in Ikra's small hall, more intimate than NYC's Knitting Factory but gets the same caliber or bigger gigs. Food surprisingly edible.

Jeers: Finally gave us club cards, but make us wait at the bar

for a manager every time we try to use it. WTF!! Added hookah menu just to fuck wid us. Gets unbearably hot and stuffy inside when there's a packed gig like the recent Kid Koala show. Surly bartenders sometimes can't be bothered to pour you a beer.

Cover: Up to 600R depending on the event
M: Kurskaya
Phone: 505-5351
Address: Ul. Kazakova 8A

Justo Banya Douche



Cheers: Located on the grounds of an old banya, JBD is the latest addition to the Moscow's indie-ityny club scene. Harder to get into and more expensive than Solyanka, it still manages to retain a "casual is cool" attitude, even if people's threads cost more than we make in a month. To prove that Russian elitny is turning indie, Babooshka picked up a chick with nothing more than a 300 ruble drink and a MacBook. But for all it's indie charm, it doesn't mean you'll get through face control unless your driver dropped you off on your E500 Merc.

Jeers: Who's going to jeer hot elitny Russian Chicks in vintage-looking jeans and tight ironic tee's?
Cover: None
M: Lubyanka
Phone: 625-6836
Address: Teatralnyi proezd 3
Hours: daily from 6pm, concerts on weekends at 9 pm.



Cheers: eXile alert! Katz nearly had to beat the dirty sluts piling up onto her man with a stick. And she would have too, if the dude wasn't such a pushed out wanker and fell back from the action himself. The place is so jam-packed with salivating sluts hungry for male action, you'd think you were in a bad porno horror rip off. All they got to do is get a whiff of your pheromones and damn do these girls move! The only way to sate them is buy them round after round of cheap-o booze. Oh yeah and there's serious Latin Dance stuff going on.

Cheers/Jeers: The cover charge. Damn, what's up with dat. What time is we livin' in? To get to the overflow garidrob, you have to walk about two kilometers through a dark and winding underground tunnel. You might never find your way back!
Cover: 200R for chicks, 300R for dudes on weekends (liberal face control)
M: Kuznetsky Most
Phone: 624-5633
Address: Ul. Pushechnaya 3 (just down from Hola Mexico)
Hours: Thurs.-Sun.: 21:00 - 6:00

Krizis Zhanra



Cheers: eXile alert! Well, we be gosh darned! We hadn't been here for anything other than peaceful lunch since last spring. We're happy to report that place hadn't changed a bit. KZ still packs in the young and available babes that say "yes" almost as if we had paid for it. eXile editors no longer embarrassingly halted at the door by Krizis' notoriously Nazi face control. Nash seems to have finally solved the problem. This place continuously packs in babe-o-licious dyes almost any day of the week and they love rock'n'roll! No joke, folks: we had to see it ourselves to believe. Some eXile insiders claim it's the best place in town to meet a wife. THE place to meet a girl you can spoon with... plenty of approachable babes, but they require a little wooing. Very impressive crowd, including lots of single hipsters and one chick in a Kajagoogoo outfit. They've done a surprisingly good job recreating the atmosphere of the of 'KZ, creating a pafus-free zone for all you bo-hos, without the dirt and grime of Lyotchik. Combines student-y types with intellegensia, upwardly mobile yuppies and a smattering of expats. Less pressure to get wasted than at Bourbon St.

Jeers: If you're not as well-connected as an eXile editor, you will still experience face control at a Nazi Level from Thurs. to Sun. Techno music gets progressively loud as the weekdays approach Friday. Because it's a non-pafusny kinda place, there're plenty of cows mixed in with the talent. Reminds us of our Golden Days of love and youth and springtime, which then reminds us of the fact that we're old. Long Islands, although cheap, rank somewhere between "bizarre" and "non-alcoholic fruity ass" on the scale of things. Can be a bit boring if no concert is happening.
Queers: Every Thursday
M: Chisty Prudy / Kitai Gorod
Phone: 623-2594, 778-2234
Address: Pokrovka 16/16, str. 1
Hours: 24/7

Krishna



Cheers: After a good run this winter, the eXile's luck may be up here. Or maybe we just look especially Chechen with our summer tans and long beards. And furry hats. In any case, we've been faced on repeat by the Obergruppenfuhrer at the door since July. We're hoping that'll change with the coming of fall and the return of our pale faces. If you can get in, then note that the place is packed with amazing wildlife—the whole range of fauna is here. Main dance floor on the rooftop, partly covered, is where the action is, but the downstairs darker dancefloor may be where you'll get luckier. The chill-out space is one of the plushiest in town.
Jeers: See above.
M: You don't
Address: Naberezhnaya near Hotel Ukraina
Hours: 19:00 - late

MOTORHOME



Cheers/Jeers:

In the words of Jared's little brother Eric Linquist: "This place was decked out like some sort of futuristic, rated R version of Chuck E. Cheese with a huge bar and rows of racing simulation pods lining the walls. Instead of gay furry mascots, the place was packed full of Russian go-go dancers in sexy racing outfits doing lesbo shows on the freakin' bar. I mean, damn!" That's right, it's a club specializing in hi-tech F1 racing simulators. Those crazy Muscovites! What'll they come up with next? Play brothels for kid birthday parties? On top of that, the place got billiard tables and is jam-packed with flat screens showing like 20 differnt sporting events all at the same time. No need to chat chicks up while getting them drunk enough to go home with you. Here, you can just race them until they pass out behind the wheel. Thank god for video games.

Jeers: The place just opened. Developing...
M: Novoslobodskaya
Address: Novoslobodskaya 20
Hours: till 1 a.m.
Phone: 789-8854
Web: www.motordom.ru

MOST



Cheers: Fancy-assed new oligarch lair, reportedly funded by 90s-oligarch Mamut, once known as the banker to the Yeltsin family. And it shows. No stops are pulled from the multi-zillion-dollar display of cars out front, to the heinously overpriced food upstairs, to the way-outta-your-league 'garch-hunting beagee downstairs, where the music and dancing are.

Jeers: Jeering Most is like jeering the oligarchs themselves.
M: Okhotnyi Ryad
Phone: 660-0705
Address: 6/3 Kuznetskiy Most
Hours: Club open Fri to Sat 8pm to 6am. Restaurant open from 8am till last guest on weekdays, 24 hours on weekends.

Papa's Place



Cheers: eXile alert! An annoying American chick and her German boyfriend accused Rudnitsky and Yasha of giving Americans living abroad a bad name but backed down after Adderalled-out Yasha called the Nazi out for a fist fight. That's right, who da man? Still redefining the meaning of "packed with drunken sluts." Someone forgot to tell them that it's not the 90s anymore. No-holds-barred wet T contest shows more skin than most strip clubs! Proof that there's still a place in Moscow where the dyes are plenty and not afraid to drink. We haven't had this much fun since Putin came to power! Papa's four-day ninth birthday bash took so much out of us, our livers are on vacation til next year. Absolutely frigin' packed full of sluts and drunk eXholes, with every-one drinking. This is it folks, no unsurmountable face control, no eXtreme prices, tons of approachable offerings and now they even have America's finest brew

available: Bud. Thursday "Office Night" rawqs: free food offerings, like the awesome pizza, and an advantageous chick-to-unit ratio. We also saw one of the drunkest Neanderthals of our lives here, devouring his pizza while his dyev girlfriend slapped him and pulled his ear to leave. Latin dancing nights are the ONLY game in town on Tuesday! Our last visit saw a mix of sluts and balding guys, and if they can score surely U can too!

Jeers:
U may need to beg for an invite to office party night, due to its popularity. Was cold downstairs last time we were there. Latin night downside: U may have to dance to have a chance. There's such a thing as too packed with sluts... like when you have to wait 30 min just to pay the cover. Wouldn't let Rudnitsky in on Halloween in his *sportivny costum*, as the okhronik really believed he was a Caucasian bandit.

Cover: 150R on weekends, free-ish during the week
M: Chistyey Prudy
Phone: 755-9554
Address: Mynasnikskaya Ul. 22 (inside Johnny's)
Hours: Always

Propaganda



★★★★ ★★ ★

Cheers:
eXile crazy dyev alert! One eXile editor snagged a chick here that demanded he hit her in the face, and she loved every cheekbone-crushing smack. Meanwhile, another member of the eXile editorial team pulled a barely sane art *studentka* that dragged him on a Moscow stripclub and whore-banya tour. Other clubs come and go, but Propaganda's somehow managed to stay packed all these years with the right mix of grunge, glamour and, most importantly, student dyevs that haven't yet learned they should hate you if your watch ain't expensive enough. And yes, this is the only place in a city of 12 million that is packed on Thursdays. The best place in town to get gals' digits, even if they won't go home with you immediately. The food rawks, and the prices are right. Maybe we'z getting old, but we find ourselves here oogling the biz-lunch crowd much more often than the disco crowd.

Jeers:
When the fuck did Propaganda become elitny?! Recent Friday night visit ended at the door when we were told the club was having a private party. After accusing the promoter of lying to us, we were told: "Whether I am lying to you or not, it is still a private party." Be ready to enter tight ribbed-sweater territory, where the line between metrosexual and flamin' fag is awfully thin. Going after you've had a few too many sets the stage for some eXtremely painful rejections. Girls here drank more in the Yeltsin era.
Queers: Sunday nights are 'gay' nights
M: Kitai Gorod
Phone: 624-5732
Address: Bolshoi Zlatoustinsky per. 7
Hours: Sun-Thurs 12:00-06:00, Fri-Sat 'til 08:00

Prosto Bar



★★★ ★ ★★

Cheers:
Is the grimy industrial zone around Belorussky vokzal slowly turning into the new, less arty, more elitny Vinzavod. Or is this club just an indie version of Papa John's? We're not sure, but they sure do pack a lot of hot young dyevs ready to boogie all the way to your pad. Cheap booze, cheap and decent food.
Jeers:
Euro pop.
M: Belorusskaya
Phone: 257-0717
Address: 17, 1-ya Yamskogo Polya Ul.
Hours: 11:00 - till last guest

The Real McCoy



★★★★ ★ ★

Cheers:
eXile alert! McCoy's has entered the 22nd century by installing the eXile's toilet-stall newspaper stands! Folks, now you can read the eXile while vomiting out your Long Island Iced Tea...all 8 of 'em! Buns McGillicuddy recently spotted doing shots with mullet-master Dima Bilan! Pay your respects...and pay the price for all that fun 'n shame 'n shitfaced inebriation. We'd been staying away out of concern for our livers, but one Friday night was enough to realize why livers are overrated! This place has so many hot and drunk sluts that you don't have time to focus on one before the next demands your attention. Newbies in Moscow have been known to go into catatonia when they enter this place. We admit: Thursday nights are hit or miss, although recent visits have leaned much more to the "hit" side of the equation. Perhaps the best place to be reintroduced to Moscow night life after spending the long New Year's holidays in the de-sexed Western world. THE most dangerous place to go for weeknight nightcaps! We defy you to leave after just one drink. Hell, we defy you to leave after two! More 10PM last calls have turned into 3AM "oh fucks" than we can count! McCoy's is the closest thing to a guarantee this side of Night Flight. Always some table of desperate sluts here, even when it's otherwise empty. Often features the kind of drunken madness that was banned by the Geneva Convention. They let you pass out at the tables! Chances are if you wake up in Yugo-Zapadnaya with a bunch of Mexicans in a hall storm, you were at McCoy's the night before. If there's a way to get kicked out, we haven't found it! Packed 'til late.
Jeers:
Are they trying to push a blow habit on us by feising us for drunkenness at 4am? Don't go here sober—the human fauna might be startling. Some sluts so ugly, even the jumbo Long Island won't make you want them. Getting a drink on a weekend night requires a half-hour of screaming and waving money at the bartender. Occasionally packed with people we would really rather never run into again. Don't even think about heading onto the dance floor with an open drink in hand.
M: Barrikadnaya
Phone: 255-41-44
Address: Kudrinskaya pl. 1 (in the towering Stalin dom)
Hours: Always

Road House



★★ ★ ★

Cheers:
You wouldn't know it, but there's a genuine neighborhood blues joint in Moscow that sort of reminds us of the kinds of blues bars you'd find in mid-sized cities in America like Fresno or Dayton. And we mean that in a good way. Live blues every night, cozy atmosphere, absolutely no pafos or feis kontrol, cheap drinks and food. 30% discount for journalists, doctors and musicians! Lots of bliny, decent amount of groups of single chicks in tight jeans and 80s hairdos, tasty "Pork Barbados" for only 190r. Check out their music program and give it a shot, esp if you live in the area.
Jeers:
The whole "real people" suburban blues thing is not for everyone. While we saw a great Norwegian act playing (and the crowd loved it), we would expect some acts to sing "blues" with heavy Russian accents. Gets crowded so it can be hard to get a table.
Cover: only during shows, depends on act
M: Sportivnaya
Phone: 245-4183
Address: Ul. Dovatora 8 (close to metro)
Hours: noon-midnight

Sakhar

★★ ★★ ★★
Cheers/Jeers:
Update coming next issue...
M: Sukharevskaya
Phone: 607-2838
Address: 235/25 Sretenka St.
Hours: Thu - Fri: 12:00 - 09:00

Sakhar



★★ ★★ ★★

Cheers/Jeers:
Update coming next issue...
M: Sukharevskaya
Phone: 607-2838
Address: 235/25 Sretenka St.
Hours: Thu - Fri: 12:00 - 09:00

Silver's



★ ★ ★★

Cheers:
eXile alert! Yasha nearly got whacked by a dude who looked like a cartoon version of an Italian mafioso from Miami for snickering at him and his aging Russian troll. You'll hear more of the Queen's English here than at Oxford... Packed on weekends that you might have to listen in from the doorstep. Steve has created the favorite hangout for British castaways in town, with a lively pub feel to it any day of the week. We also hear they're gonna have the occasional curry night, featuring Steve's famous five-alarm curry. Rumored to give beluga caviar away as bar snacks. Biz lunch so filling, you'll have trouble finding room for a pint of Guinness! Easily the biggest one in the center, with a different hardy soup every day! It changes daily, and 2 of the 3 courses are always frickin' great (be warned, sometimes they try to slip a Russian salad in). Their newest corned beef sandwich (140R) packs in beautifully with a few pints of nitrogenated Kilkenny. The fish & chips are tasty and most under the rule of real-live Irishman Steve, so you're guaranteed real-life Western service with no excuses. Extra note: Food is oddly delish, esp the 150r biz lunch. We were served a heaping of beef stew and mashed potatoes. Serve cheap, cholesterol-heavy breakfasts as well. Always serviced with a smile by a rotating crew of cute barmaids.

Jeers:
You might get accosted by Russian students looking to practice their angliiski yazyk. Word's gotten out, and it's tough to find a seat for lunch. Don't come here to hunt for chicks—there ain't any. This is a place where English-speaking expats with beer-bulges come to gripe, banter, and watch free SkyTV. Irish aren't known for their good burgers, and neither is Silver's. Small setting means it can get packed evenings.
M: Okhotny Ryad
Phone: 290-4222
Address: 5/6 Tverskaya Ulitsa (go down Nikitskaya Per.)
Hours: 8 till late

Sixteen Tons



★★★ ★ ★★

Cheers:
eXile alert! The eXile's 10th anniversary party took place here, and folks, we are damn glad we did it. No place could have handled the crowd rush, and the mad drunken mob of eXholes, half as well as Sixteen Tons did, with its superb bar staff, excellent sound system, great stage, and eXhole-friendly management. Thanks to Pasha, Andrei & crew for pulling it off. Shockingly high babe factor at the disco following gigs. Not that we got laid or anything...or even that we would want to. Upstairs has some of the top shows and a good mix of dyevs and serious music aficionados. Downstairs, a range of scalliwags ranging from oligarchs to expats to divorced mammmas to starving journalists. Management not averse to fights outside.
Jeers:
Club named after the average weight of the dyevs. Not much to do upstairs when there isn't live music.
Cover: Devs: R100 weekdays, R150 weekends; Guys: R150 weekdays, R200 weekends
M: Ul. 1905
Phone: 253-5300
Address: Presnenskiy Val 6
Hours: 18.00 - 6.00

Solyanka

★★★★ ★★ ★★
Cheers:
eXile alert! Solyanka's newly-minted restaurant just might be the best new place to eat since we discovered Dantes way back in 2007. The 270r biz lunch offers a tasty 3-course evro fusion meal (menu changes daily) that's a damn bargain for Moscow these days. Hosts a strange dyev mix, ranging from semi-bydlo to full on hyper-elitny. They arrive when doors open and don't leave 'til closing time. Ever since Mix went the way of the Dodo, Solyanka's hipster crowd has been getting infused with late 20s/early 30s secretary/office worker type dyevs. And that's just fine by us. If you now the type, then you know that they are willing to take it any-

time, anywhere. All you have to do is notice them. Case in point: Last weekend Levine and Rudnitsky had to beat off three 30-year-old chicks that wouldn't leave them alone until they surrendered their phone numbers. And all this because L & R were speaking English! Mental note: must start coming here more often. A shining example of the latest club trend: The indie-pafosny hybrid. If you're tired of the same ol' Krizis, but can't stand the Fag Nation Propka scene, then Solyanka is the answer to your prayers. Semi-intelligent dance music, fairly priced drinks and a bunch of barely legal linged-out indie chicks that can't afford them.

Jeers:
Windows PC users given hostile looks by MacBook/iPhone-toting hipsters. On club nights, place is harder to get into then Dyagelev. An eXile editor got feised over the telephone last weekend, even after Tofer gave Solyanka a heartfelt blowjob review. Closes at midnight on all weeknights other than Thursdays. Went back to the 90s practice of charging for entrance. Some chicks have a "I'm one year away from becoming a Rai groupie" feel to them. So snatch 'em up before they hit seventeen and become way out of your league.
M: Kitay Gorod
Phone: None
Cover: 300 rubles, or something
Address: Solyanka 11/6

Sorry Babushka



★★ ★ ★★

Cheers:
eXile alert! Just confirmed. Sorry Bab's 3am Fri/Sat night drunk dyev index is way off the charts. This place is set to become one of our favorites, especially now that they gave us a 50% discount card! From the looks of things, they've also given tons of hot girls the cards, turning Sorry B into a pre-party magnet for gals looking to quench their thirst at the right price. Packs a good crowd on weekends and offers plenty of macking ops. Girls friendlier than most, and by that we don't mean they're ugly.
Jeers:
Recent menu update for 2007 has upset the balance of one of the best Caesar salads in town. Seems like everyone here only converses with each other via ICQ message sent between laptops. Weird hippie/Buddhist contingent mixed in with model level babes threw us off a bit. Portions getting smaller. 50% discount card might be more of a curse—we're getting a little sick of this place. Got a Prada-lite vibe. Not quite sure what the name means, and we're not sure they know either. You could easily break an ankle on the unexpected step near the bar. The food, a bargain for card-holders, probably ain't worth your rubles if you aren't as kawl as us.
M: Kitai Gorod
Phone: 784-0615
Address: Slavyanskaya pl. 2

Tema Bar

★★ ★ ★
Cheers:
eXile alert! Folks, Tema Bar's two-year anniversary was a sight to behold, reaffirming, once again, that on weekends this place transforms into what the Boar House used to be... but more wholesome. And to prove it, one of The eXile's editorial team picked up a chick that night just by standing at the bar and nodding yes. Previously, Yasha demonstrated by getting the digits of a nice Jewish girl, while at the same time successfully wooing a blond shiksa to bed with him... Recent anniversary par-tay was a who's-who of the anti-pafos, pro-alcohol'n'fun tusovka...along with fun-livin' babes, many of whom took it upon themselves to dance on the ginormous bar. Congrats, guys! If you love Help but wish it had more of a party scene, Tema is THE place to check out! One of a very, very few places in town where everyone's having a good time. Dyevs become unbelievably approachable around 1am after having downed a half-dozen tropical cocktails. Multiple sets of gals doing the fake lezbo thing to turn you on. One of the cocktails requires donning a Soviet Army helmet and getting whacked over the head with a ski! Dima of Help fame has opened another, bigger cocktail bar, this time smack dab in the center of Moscow! Great central drinking option, especially if you're sick of OGI. Mammoth cocktail menu impresses chicks. Nice value and prices.
Jeers:
Some of the surliest bartenders in town. One actually refused to light our flaming cocktails on fire. While all the girls are having fun and definitely available, you'll need to knock back a few before your beer goggles start functioning properly. Might run into old flings from McCoy's at inopportune moments. Food not exactly all that.
M: Chisty Prudy
Address: Potapovsky per. 5
Hours: 24

Voodoo Lounge

★★★ ★ ★★
Cheers:
Whoa, are we sorry Voodoo fell off our radar screens: here's the antidote to Pafusny Moscow: cheap drinks, tons of approachable student babes, and action that's rawkin' before midnight! Don't let the cover turn you off: unlike just about every other club in Moscow, Voodoo packs a crowd early. Summer patio should be opening soon, increasing the snapper factor significantly. Recent birthday party visit revealed HUGE Lolita factor and low White God factor, meaning U could get lucky! Lots o' ladies, very few snobs; high marks on accessibility, but U gotta dance. Ames tried out a Latin dancing lesson here and almost got beat up by a chick. Plenty of young sluts lookin' for luv. Stars packed all night long. Voodoo has become part of the must-do "circuit" for everyone from hormone-charged eXholes to Latino-luvin' teenies.
Jeers:
Things slow down early... around 3. These girls need a lot of space to dance—if you get too close, you might get hurt. If you don't respond well to Slavic pheromones, then beware the BO factor. Snideman impersonators rumored to get in without paying cover. Girls think that all you want is their number. Too many men

with greasy ponytails and Hamas sympathizers.
Cover: 50R for broads, 150R for dudes (weekends only)
M: Belorusskaya
Phone: 253-2323
Address: Sredny Tishinsky pereulok 5/7
Hours: 18.00 - 6.00

Yello



★★ ★★ ★★★

Cheers:
Continuing the trend in "intelligent" elitny/indie/pafosny clubs, Yello opens in exactly the same spot where the boho/bearded intelligentsia/rocker "Klub na Bretskoy" used to be, signalling that in 2008, the beard is being replaced by the bilan. Good Pina Colodas.
Jeers:
Club opens up officially in February, so you gets to be club-connected to get in now. Has that "fresh, just-remotend" concrete smell.
Address: 6, 2nd Brestskaya Str. (entrance from 1st Brestskaya)
Phone: 694-09-36
M: Mayakovskaya
Hours: Officially to be opened in February though they have parties almost every weekend. Available for banquet.

Zhest



★★★ ★ ★

Cheers:
eXile alert! We'd forgotten how cheap Zhest was until a gig last Friday when we were able to buy a round of drinks for four for under 1,000 rubles. Do you see how we upgraded Zhest's fahkie-faktor from 1 to 2 stars? That's because of a research mission the eXile editors embarked on recently, revealing that if you stand around the bar talking English, drunken indie chicks will hit on you. Even though (or especially if) their boyfriends are right behind them. Some of the chicks were even hot. Ames had a blast playing sugar daddy, as only a poverty-stricken old man can, buying cheap mugs of beer for little nose-ringed dyevs. This OGI-affiliate has a much more basement indie feel than the other OGIs, which are crawling with bearded pseudo-philosophers. Cheap-O, meaning it should fill up with foreign student types, English teachers and MT employees.
Jeers:
They closed the bar inside the concert hall, which means you have leave in order to get a drink. Come to think of it, in some cases that could be a cheer...Bouncers response to a fight is to deny entry to everyone across the board for days. Guess they'd rather be safe than make money. Weak bar in the concert area. No air conditioning and other environmentally friendly facilities.
M: Lubyanka
Phone: 628-4883
Address: Bolshaya Lubyanka 13/16 str. 1
Hours: 24/7

Zoloto

★★★★ ★ ★
Cheers:
This place may be opening the newest hip industrial tusovka neighborhood near the Belorussky train station. eXile club reviewer Babooshka went there, he says he picked up like three young chicks while in mourning for a childhood friend that got run over. But he's usually full of shit.
Jeers:
None that Babooshka told about.
Address: 35, 1st Lyusinovskiy per.
Phone: 237 6652
M: Dobrynskaya
Hours: 24/7

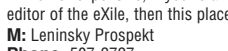
911 Club



★★★★ ★★ ★★

Cheers:
eXile alert! The OG 911 in the hotel is still open! Which means U don't have far to go if you make friends. Imagine Shandra but in a small, cozy setting the size of some minigarch's living room. Lots of girls all eager to pay attention to you. Strip stage right in front of your face, couches, and rooms upstairs (one has karaoke) where you can take your favorite dancer. Drinks aren't overpriced, and the kabinety are free on Sundays, which is good news for cheap-O expats. Also entrance is for now at least free.
Jeers:
While not expensive, if you're an English teacher or an editor of the eXile, then this place is out of your range.
M: Leninsky Prospekt
Phone: 507-2727
Address: 15 Kosyguina (in the Korston hotel)
Hours: 21:00 - 06:00

Bordo



★★★★ ★★ ★★

Cheers:
Holy shit! Bordo done went and added a sauna, so you can get so fresh and so clean while you're gettin' dirty! Might contain the highest concentration of perfumed flesh per square inch on this planet! Deviates from the single-mindedness of Safari and Ishtar... meaning that the owners didn't skimp on details like air conditioning. That's right folks, you can actually come and enjoy yourself here before you go about your business. Oh, and I'd mention, the ladiez are slammin'! It's comfortable, well-ventilated and all-together less seedy than just about any other full-service establishment in town. Karaoke in VIP rooms means that you can tell the

girl you take that you own a talent agency and think she's got potential.

Jeers:
The veneer of civilization is something that our Editorial Board has consistently come out against in the past. Could this place be haunted by the ghost of the Expat Club?
M: Kitai Gorod
Phone: 917-4545
Address: Pivcheskyy per. 4 str. 1
Hours: All of them!

Divas



★★★ ★ ★★

Cheers:
eXile alert! A former Hungry Duck beau-from-Ames'-past is now a dancer here! Who says dating Ames doesn't pay?! Conveniently-located ad in this very paper for info on parties and discounts.
Jeers:
Like all strip clubs, you wind up spending a lot more money than if you had stayed home to search for porn on the net.
Cover: 700R
M: Pushkinskaya
Phone: 609-00-65; 609-00-54
Address: Strastnoi Bulvar 10/2
Hours: 21.00 - 6.00

NIGHT • FLIGHT



★★★★★ ★★ ★★★

Cheers:
eXile alert! Happy 16th, NF! A Sweet Sixteen party never looked so freakin' hot. NF should recieve a medal for the amount of foreign investment it's brought to Moscow. Still the best place to remember what keeps you in Moscow. Vodka bar in the back offers about 30 types of vodka, ranging from affordable Stoli to Kauffman Luxury (at R1000+ a shot!). What can we say that hasn't been said... even on slow nights your jaw will be dragging along the floor due to the sheer quantity of available babe-age. Prices have gotten relatively cheaper, when compared with inflation elsewhere. Congratulations to the fellas that put Sweden back on the map—if only they could conquer our home country, we might move back to America! So packed with awesome babes who want to get to know you (because you're so damn interesting), excellent service and genuine class. There is no single better way to spend your hard earned money than at Night Flight, even if it's not hard earned! If you have only one night in Moscow, make sure this place is on your list. Women so hot that you just want to keep them in a padded chest in your basement. No shame in showing your face: the Swedish-managed staff is discreet, professional and attentive. THE favored place for married men on business trips to visit—many have given this place "two hastily removed wedding rings up!"
Jeers:
Girls start at at least \$300 these days, and drive a tougher bargain. Bring back the crisis days! Lots of silicon on display these days, so you might want to try the merchandise before you buy it. If you bump into your boss, just say that you've come for the food [sic].
Cover: 800R, including one drink
M: Tverskaya
Phone: 629-4165
Address: Ul. Tverskaya 17
Hours: Club 21.00 - 5.00; Restaurant 18.00 - 5.00

Shandra

★★★★ ★ ★★
Cheers:
Club's constantly packed with between 25 to 50 strippers of every ethnicity imaginable: Russians, Asians, Africans, even one that looked a little Mexican. Our last visit showed them to be so thoroughly quality-controlled that even our intern was impressed. Pretty good food and the ability to order the emergency I'm-out-of-money-light for your table which alerts strippers to stay clear of your area. Yes folks, Shandra *does* care about your dignity. An eXile operative met a stripper who spoke perfect English and even read The eXile. Now that's quality.
Jeers:
Look, just because we can't afford it doesn't mean we have to knock it, or does it?
M: Sukharevskaya
Phone: 208-0982
Address: Prosvirin per. 7
Hours: 20:00-6:00

Violete

★★★★ ★ ★★
Cheers:
eXile alert! Has no qualms about letting in 2-drunk-2-fuck eXile editors at 3am! Cocktails mixed well, and the stogie menu really hit the spot. Yasha even managed to get one of the babe's digits! The newest addition to the Ho-ing bordello scene, Violete is exactly the place to go if you've already done Ishtar and Safari enough and you're looking for roughly the same thing but in a newer, non-sticky, cool setting. Violete has it all: scores of hot, friendly nekkid chicks, VIP kabinety with Karaoke offerings, and a highly libidinous purple hue.
Jeers:
We had such a good time sitting at the bar that we pretty much forgot to go look at the strippers taking their clothes off.
M: Novokuznetskaya
Phone: 959-3320
Address: Raushskaya Nab. 4/5
Hours: Evening til morning

EATS

KEY \$ = UP TO \$15.00 \$\$\$ = \$30.00 – \$50.00
 \$\$ = \$15.00 – \$30.00 \$\$\$\$ = \$50.00 – ∞

(for one salad, entree, and one cocktail per person)

African

Adis Ababa

Jeers: The only Ethiopian restaurant in Moscow is also its best. Authentic oils and spices mean legit Thopian goodness in every dish. The Ghoulash Adis Ababa just about had us planning a vacation to the Horn. Every dish is spicy and filling; including decent vegetarian selection. Hoegaarten on tap. Friendly staff will occasionally play Ethiopian funk.

Jeers: We're not sure what it is about Ethiopian food, but for some reason you just don't really get the urge to go very often.

M: Kurskaya
Phone: 916-2432

Address: Zemlyanoi Val, Dom 6

American

Correa's

Jeers: eXile alert! New Correa's branch opened up near Mayakovskaya. Recent tasting affirmed a thumbs-up on the brunch food. Also, the babeage factor seems to get higher and pain-ier every weekend. They've added a couple of new slamin'-good omelets to their repertoire, including a great spinach and mozzarella baby that we thoroughly enjoyed. Great lunch option if you're not too hungry... all three sandwiches our table ate had us in nirvana! 5+ for the smoked turkey and goat cheese 'wich. A most awesomely delicious Buffalo Mozzarella salad (290r). Every item is a delight; in fact it might be the best breakfast offering outside of the US, if you're into the American breakfast thing (and only a barbarian wouldn't be). We tried the goat cheese and black bean omelet, and yes, it's Moscow's best. As for the dinner meals... First, the marinated olives 'n artichoke hearts. Second, the juicy Roasted beet salad with pesto, aged goat cheese and pine nuts. We didn't know beets could be so good! Third, the Terriyaki Chicken Pita with avocado and cilantro—best damn sandwich in Moscow. Fourth, the entrees. The grilled salmon with orange-soy glaze and fresh snow peas is an amazing, juicy, fresh cut that will leave you very pleased, while Strip Steak with berry-glaze and thick cut guacomole salad will satisfy your meat jones. Deli items a hit with oil-windfall Russians.

Jeers: For some reason babes with babies make this their favorite weekend brunch spot. If like us your idea of a good breakfast does not include looking at some way-too-thin-and-hot chick trying to show off her baby (the new accessory of the Russian elitny class), then like us, you'll be slightly annoyed. When we tried to order an Erdinger beer from the menu, waitress told us "we haven't had that for quite some time." Ordynka location hidden in a business park, of all places. May make you feel a little too delovoy as you search for the entrance. Seating area too small. Place has become so popular that you need to reserve hours in advance.

M: 1: Belorusskaya; 2: Tret'yakovskaya, 3: n/a, 4: Paveletskaya 5: Mayakovskaya
Phone: 1: 933-6157 2: 725-5878, 3: 729-2585, 4: 969-2113, 5: 789-9654
Address: 1: Bolshaya Gruzinskaya 32; 2: Bolshaya Ordynkaya 40/2 (through the shlangbaum); 3: Rublevo-Uspenskoe Shosse 85/1, 4: Ul. Sadovnicheskaya 82 bld. 1 5: Ul. Gashka 7/1
Hours: 8:00 - 22:00 weekdays, 9:00 - 22:00 weekends

Flat Iron Grill



Jeers: This place is located in the Marriott Courtyard hotel. If you're already staying there and absolutely cannot leave the premises, then there's no reason not to eat here. After all, it's right in the lobby and the hamburger is pretty good, and if you like fried chicken, then the Caesar salad ain't bad either.

Jeers: The WiFi isn't free.
M: Okhotny Ryad
Phone: 981-3300
Address: Voznesensky Pereulok 7
Hours: All of them

Hard Rock Cafe



Jeers: Legendary burger (600r) perhaps the greatest burger this town has ever seen. Giant Angus patty, with bacon, cheez, and onion rings. Mmmmm, we you can taste your arteries clot! Hot damn, folks, that thar's a hell of a breakfast special! For an amazing 100R you get three eggs any style, bacon, sausage and toast, and potatoes! Move over, Starlite! We nit you shot, folks! Also the breakfast burrito (180R) got high marks from Dr. Dolan. We had their burger and we rank it tied with Starlite for Moscow's best, save Scandinavia's gourmet burger. Huge portions, great setting that will impress your outside-the-Third-Ring date. Nachos massive and satisfying, good club sand. Non-stop music vids mean that you won't have embarrassing silent moments with your date.

Jeers: New menu seems to have jacked up the prices, while leaving the portions the same. All-VH1 all the time video system makes us pine for the days of Creed. They get you with the 60R "American coffee" that's espresso 'n' water. There's always something... A lot of stuff, like the bacon, too salty. A lot of songs, like Creed, too shitty. Heavy American tourist presence. Place so packed now you'll probably have to wait.

M: Smolenskaya
Phone: 244-8970
Address: Stary Arbat 44

Hours: 24/7

Starlite Diner

Jeers: eXile alert! Starlite at Mayakovskaya has reopened after a minor fire, and is now more Starlite-y than ever before. Was the fire in anyway connected with the newly installed eXile newspaper racks in their bathroom stalls? New Starlite opened up on Prospekt Vernadskovo, just a few minutes from the Universitet metro. New location, but the same great Starlite feel! Check it out. Mayakovskaya location got itself a damn pretty hostess. We just order water and stare. Discovered bagels hidden on the breakfast menu and, even if they're frozen Lenders, we ain't complaining. Get them with bacon for a tasty kosher treat! Re-affirm two howlin' pastel coyotes way up on the Southwest chicken wrap! New eXpand-O breakfast menu has our mouths a-waterin'! Thumbs up on the Florentine Omelet with spinach and feta. Lotsa other items look good too, like the Kamchatka Crab omelet and the pecan pancakes. Best place in town for a late night pre-bedtime burger. Is it just us, or did the omelets get incredibly tasty again over the past month? The best place to watch issues of international significance unfold. Seriously beefed up the ham&cheese! Two important points: Some of Moscow's best burgers and best breakfasts. eXile staffers agree: late night plate of nachos are vastly preferable to clubbing. The chili may not be world famous but it is yumilicious and Moscow's best. Mongolicious omelets that even tames the violent temper of Morris U. Snideman, Esq. Stomach-expanding breakfast burritos a good alternative. Milkshakes huge again, and orgasmic. Try the coffee-chocolate-oreo mix.

Jeers: Starlite burger ain't a 100 percent surefire hit. Previous visit revealed an undercooked, soggy patty that had a cooked-in-microwave feel to it. Kid-filled Sundays remind us why we've forced so many girls to have abortions.

M: #1: Mayakovskaya #2: Oktyabrskaya #3: Universitet
Phone: #1: 290-9638; #2: 959-8919; #3: 783-4037
Address: #1: Sadovaya Bolshaya ul. 16; #2: Ul Korovy val. 9; #3: Pr. Vernadskogo 6
Hours: 24 hours

Arab

Fossil

Jeers: See review on page 20
M: Chisty Prudy
Phone: 626-4570
Address: Ul. Myasnitskaya 24/1 str. 1

Asian

Aromatnaya Reka

Jeers: eXile boku alert! This place serves it up real and tasty every freakin' time. Just tried the fresh spring rolls and

they are the best in town. While the pho won't rock your world, it will keep you coming back. Meee sooo huun-gry! AR's housed in a now-defunct "Americana" gay/transvestite cabaret, but don't be fooled by its new location. The waiters may be effeminate, but the cuisine is straight Viet Cong. Tasty springrolls, good noodles, pho and just about every other Vietnamese dish is as close as you'll get to perfection this side of Laos. Ho Chi Minh would be proud. And the food's so reasonably priced, even the Vietnamese could afford to eat here.

Jeers: If we jeered, we'd only be showing that Americans are sore losers. So we'll go ahead and do that by saying: Don't bother ordering the steamed spring rolls or the grilled eel wrapped in spinach.
M: Baumanskaya
Phone: 267-3190
Address: Takmanov per. 11

Spicy

Jeers: Holy shit! A new Chinese/Thai place calling itself Spicy! Could this be the answer to our prayers?

Jeers: No! Place should be called ass-y, as the only feeling we were left with was sadness over our utterly bland meal. Not one piece of food had any flavor to it whatsoever, let alone any spice. Couldn't find the Thai portion of the menu and later heard a rumor that it sucked so bad, they dropped it almost immediately. Too bad they didn't do the same for the Chinese part. There's a good chance their kitchen is infected by the assiness of Pourboire up the street.

M: Belorusskaya
Phone: 766-2222
Address: Ul. Krasina 27, str. 1

Maki Kafe

Jeers: One of the top spots in central Moscow for surprisingly delicious food at surprisingly not-ridiculously-expensive prices. Good place to take a dyev-date. The Thai coconut soup, milkshakes, salads and even sushi rolls rank high with us or dveys we've been there with. And oh does Maki have a lotta dveys to maki upi. Not that we ever would, but if you're one of those peacocking pickup artist douchebags, then you'll find plenty of girls here to laugh at you. High ceilings, spare wood interior make this unlike most pseudo-mod shitholes. All in all, we likes it.

Jeers: People tend to think this place is better than it is. Just have reasonable expectations. In life, as well as in Maki visiting.
M: Pushkinskaya
Phone: 692-9731
Address: Glinshevskii Pereulok 3
Hours: Mon-Thurs 12:00 - 00:00, Fri-Sat 12:00 - 05:00

Vietcafe

Jeers: Rockin' Vietnamese food in the very center! Hard to pronounce anything on the menu, but we'd have a hard time complaining about it either. Fo ga (160R) and pho bo (180R) soups were giant-sized and rocked our world. Mains weren't too shabby either. Babe waitresses in elegant Asian gowns gave us chubbies.

Jeers: B-lunch is Evro. Why would you want to go to a Vietnamese place and eat evro? We failed to find the promised chicken and pork in our Fo Sao Tkhit, instead finding it stuffed with shrimp (which wasn't so bad). If you really want good Vietnamese, you have to go to a rynok.
M: Okhotny Ryad
Phone: 629-1104, 629-0830
Address: Gazetny Per. 3

Yoko

Jeers: if Yoko's chefs were true to their craft, they'd give Novikov a karate chop below the belt for breaking with world sushi regulations and miniaturizing Yoko's entire menu selection. Be warned, Yoko's sushi portions are two times smaller than you'd expect.
Address: Soimonovskiy proezd, 5
M: Kropotkinskaya
Hours: From 12:00 till last guest
Telephone: (495)506-00-33, 506-55-33

Balkan

Mehana Bansko



Jeers: Strong buy recommendation for Mehana's business lunch, perhaps the best in town ruble for ruble. Four hearty courses; they don't scrimp on the portions. Even non-terrestrial-meat-eaters can find something satisfying. Stuffed eggplant one of the few non-asslike veggie options in Moscow. Killer spicy sausages, and what may be the best okroshka in town. Try the chushka bereg—red pepper stuffed with cheese. Pork marinated in vodka and soy a hit with Russkies.

Jeers: Don't touch the Bulgarian pastries, for the love of God! The fact that the veal stuffed with bacon and peppers looks like a dildo doesn't hide the fact that the dish is a

bit bland.
M: Smolenskaya
Phone: 244-7387
Address: Smolenskaya 9/1

Yugos



Jeers: With Budva dissolving like Tito's Yugoslavia, we've transferred our loyalties to Yugos, easily the most popular Serbian food for Serbians in town. It's one of those places where you'll be glad they list the weight of the portions... we're talking serious piles of meat here, folks. Whole cow farms get sacrificed here on an average night. Serbian habit of shouting greetings across the dining room adds to authenticity. The pleskavitsa (R280) and the chevapchichi (R220) lovingly grilled and famously tasty. If you order in advance, they'll prepare a four-person banquet for less than 1000 rubles, and we're betting there's enough food to feed 8. XXXL-sized chef shows that she's not one the chef, she's also a customer. Best shopsky salad (R99) we've ever had in a place that hasn't been bombed by NATO. Atkins dieters will think they died and went to heaven.

Jeers: Kind of a hassle to get to. Gypsy concerts on Fridays might be a little much. War criminals welcomed. Fries tasted like they'd been chewed up and spit out already.
M: Taganskaya
Phone: 402-2222
Address: Nikoloyamskaya 40/22 str. 4

Cafes

Bookafe

Jeers: The best cafe food in Moscow, hands-down. We've liked everything we tried here, and believe you us, we were expecting to sneer. The blinding Juicyfruit colors may be annoying, but they attract plenty of quality dveys. The spinach and pesto salad is an expensive favorite (450r), the quesadillas (230r) are larger and tastier than you'd think, and even the cheesecake rocks. Dveys say that the sushi is good, and they offer free wi-fi and plugs o' plenty.

Jeers: We'd jeer the pretentious photography and design books, except that they're a good way to keep your date entertained without having to talk to her.
M: Tsvetnoi Bulvar
Phone: 694-0356
Address: Sadovaya Samotecnayaya 13
Hours: 11:00 - 02:00

Respublika

Jeers: This hip little pink-colored cafe in the second-floor bowels of the Respublika book and music store is easy to miss, or overlook. But the soups, salads, and pasta dishes are surprisingly solid and the milk shakes are delish. The coffee goes especially well with the free wifi. Worth sitting down for a few the next time your picking up a CD. People do still buy CDs, right?

Jeers: Only Japanese beer on offer. Sometimes film crews are hanging out to film some precious bit for MTV.
M: Mayakovskaya,
Phone: 251-6527
Address: 1st Tverskaya-Yamskaya 10
Hours: 11:00 - 23:00

Kvartira 44

Jeers: The perfect boho alternative to Mayak if you're in the Nikitskaya hood, Kvartira 44 has an appropriately musty feel and second-hand furniture motif to go with its high bearded-intelligentsia-clientele factor. Offerings are cheap and not all that good, but it's a therapeutic way to escape the usual crass 'n flashy Moscow-Boomtowntown places.

Jeers: Like we said, High Bearded Intelligentsia Factor, as well as weary women with shawls around their shoulders. Also too many journalists and yuppies who believe that they're actually complex and artistic. Can be crowded.
M: Pushkinskaya
Phone: 291-7503
Address: Bolshaya Nikitskaya 22/2
Hours: 12:00 - 02:00

Caucasian

Dioscuria

Jeers: Stick with the basics—lobio, eggplant roulette and dolma—and you can't go wrong. Ruble prices unaffected by Moscow boom, making Dioscuria one of the greatest bargains around! Almost as cheap as Guriya, but thrice the quality. One taste of their sturgeon shashlyk or Adzharian khachapuri (with a fried egg in the middle) and you'll be hooked. The delicious lavash bread comes piping hot, perfect for sopping up leftover juices.
Jeers: Wild fluctuations in quality remind us of the Nasdaq.

Recent lulya kebab served blackened on the outside, raw on the inside and apparently deep fried. Still has deafening live music sung on weekend evenings. Menu doesn't quite have all the favorites (meaning dolma); sometimes the backroom mafia feel is a bit too realistic.

M: Arbatskaya
Phone: 291-3759
Address: Nikitski Bulvar dom 5, str. 1 (through the post office arch off Novy Arbat)
Hours: 11:00 - 23:00

Genatsvale

Jeers: eXile alert! Ames recently visited here, comping a free meal from wealthy retired tourists. The Arbat location is pretty gauche, but it's also pretty tasty. Bill came to \$40 a head, but the food was as good as any Georgian fare. Recent visit reaffirms that Genatsvale is good, but the prices have doubled. Delish veal shashlik. Quick service, excellent hachapuri (100R), decent harcho (120R) and mighty succulent chicken shashlick (180R). Excellent prices, a great Val-U. Also serves a massive variety of lamb and pork dishes, including ribs, knuckle, shashliki, and things we've never heard of.

Jeers: Prices have shot way up. Hot red lobio tasted like canned Rosarita refritos, only not as good. Lamb chunks in harcho tasted like buffalo chips. Monster PA speakers blast at night; to avoid it, you have to sit at dwarf tables in the back. Expect tables packed with black-clad Georgians giving 10-minute toasts in which all guests have to stand with tired arms holding up shakly glasses of vodka.

M: Kropotkinskaya
Phone: 202-0445
Address: Ostozhenka 12/1
Hours: 11:00 - midnite

Metekhi

Jeers: eXile alert! Reaffirm on food here after recent visit. Tasty shashliki, among the best khachapuri, esp the "Metekhi Khachapuri" with 2bl cheese. Still an eXile favorite. Came here with a Georgian born in Metekhi, and it made him homesick. It's THAT good, folks! Red and green lobio that actually contains fresh ingredients. All the taste of the best Georgian places without the slow service and gloomy decor.

Jeers: Lamb shashlik a bit too fatty. Not easy to find - it's on a small side street. Cheery decor may make you feel this can't possibly be a Georgian restaurant.
M: Tsvetnoi Bulvar
Phone: 200-0837
Address: 1-i Kolobovskiy Per. 11
Hours: 11:00 - 23:00

Tiflis

Jeers: eXile alert! Recent all-things-Georgian ban means you can't get any Borjomi or Kindzmaurali! Not even if you try bribing the wait staff. Recent sending-away party confirmed that Tiflis is probably the best Georgian restaurant in town, especially with the outdoor terrace. Everything is high-quality, especially the various shashliki, satsivi, lobio... The favorite Georgian restaurant for those foreigners who are rich enough to believe that they'll get in on the Gazprom share thing. Serve generous portions of everything; prices higher than Metekhi but worth it.

Jeers: Sadly, they the Georgian beverage ban did not extend to chachi. Service can be so incredibly slow you'd think you could fly to Georgia and back and serve yourself more quickly than these turtles. Might make you pre-pay if you're dining late. No little puppet figures of Georgians paying bribes to Moscow cops in the metro. Place often packed. They get mad at you when you try to catch the fish in the fountain in the upstairs dining room.
M: Park Kultury
Phone: 8-499-766-9728
Address: Ostozhenka 32
Hours: 12:00 - 00:00

Eclectic

Casual

Jeers: This restaurant is where elitny Moscow meets Maxwell Smart. You go into the lobby and they size you up as to whether they want you to eat their food or not. If you pass, then you have to enter an elevator which takes you god knows where. Finally you're let out a few floors up, and there, the magic begins. The magic of extremely expensive French-ish food, that is. Only go here on someone's expense account. We sampled the halibut here, and we liked it for its simplicity, though it was a tad oily. And skimpy. Excellent summer terrace, but that's no consolation now.

Jeers: If we can afford to eat another meal here, we'll find something serious to jeer.
M: Kropotkinskaya
Phone: 775-2310
Address: 1st Obyedenskii Per. 3

City Grill

Jeers: eXile alert! This might be the only place in town you and your Russian dvey can agree on. Thumbs-up for the Caesar Salad (185r). Our Russian date enjoyed the California Rolls (295r). Good option when you're sick of Starlite but don't want something too fancy. Delicious salads and dumplings. Has quietly become one of our

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EATS REVIEW

DIG THIS FOSSIL

By Ethan Stein



A brand new Lebanese restaurant names **FOSSIL** opened up right under our noses a couple of months ago, and we're happy to report this is the second pleasantly-surprising ethnic restaurant we can report on in as many issues.

Several months ago, a Lebanese friend had told me to look out for what he called "the first and only real Lebanese restaurant" to open on Myasnietskaya Ultisa. I figured he and the owners must be old friends, from the same South Lebanon border village, but happily this wasn't just a case of old-fashioned blatt.

The unhappily-named Fossil is located in the same general courtyard as the legendary Petrovich club. Its sandstone-colors clash—and lose—against Moscow's dark winter slush, and the first impression walking down into the spacious basement setting is, "This is the worst music I've ever heard in my life—and there's a lot of bad music competing for that title in Moscow's restaurants!" It's like a cross between karaoke, bad 80s music, and soothing Arab techno. But thankfully, it's not loud.

And the high ceilings do a lot to take you away from Moscow and prepare you for Fossil's culinary delights. The tables themselves are a bit odd, offering all shapes and sizes of chair and table within a kind of Middle East excavation site dedication to right angles...if that makes sense? The best room is the kalyan room in the upstairs back, with its pastel purples and greens and blues, and low comfy sofas and tables. If only I smoked kalyani...

Onto the food. Our waitress seemed a bit annoyed with us, perhaps because she wasn't too accustomed to customers. We started with a handful of appetizers: hummus (190r), Babaganush (210r), and Sambusik Bakli or spinach pastries (190r). We were surprised to see no falafel on their rather extensive and saliva-producing menu offerings. When we asked the waitress about falafels, she gave us one of those looks like, "Before you asked about this so-called 'falafel,' I would have considered sleeping with you, trapping you with a child, and moving with you to the West. But now...it's as if you have a highly-communicable disease."

Meaning: no falafel. Never even heard of 'em.

The love was gone, but the food arrived, and without a doubt, it was the best hummus and babaganush you'll find in Moscow. The hummus was thick, satisfying, and properly tahini-ized, unlike say the mayonnaised hummus at Damask and other places. The portions were large, and the pita bread was decent, although skimpy. The spinach pastries were baked to perfection, fresh and delicate, but a tad small.

After stuffing ourselves on the appetizers, we left room for just one main: the Kafta, a minced lamb kebab with spices. Once again, this was a winner. The quality meat was succulent and full of flavor, and the portion size was just right. My only beef was that they served it with a warm tomato sauce that tasted like Barillo marinara sauce.

Fossil offers a good variety of Lebanese cocktails, although we stuck with the average-priced beer. They also have plenty of overpriced kalyani on offer.

Overall Fossil passes the single most important test for Moscow's restaurants: I'd go back again. In Moscow, when you're a food snob without cash, that's about as good a compliment as you can expect.

Fossil
Address: Ulitsa Myasnietskaya 24/7, Str. 1
Metro: Chisty Prudy
Tel: 626-4570
Hours: 12:00 – last client

favorite places when it comes to finding that point between interesting food, good prices, and cool atmosphere. Try the tuna roll salad, the Thai stirfry, and anything with duck. Cute waitresses, strange chrome bathrooms, and plenty of lookers. Good biz lunch.

Jeers:
 They pack you in a bit too close, meaning you can't reveal state secrets without everyone listening in. Service is still sometimes a bit off. Don't order the milkshakes. They could use a shake up of their crappy Belgian beer list.
M: Mayakovskaya
Phone: 299-5519
Address: Ul. Sadovaya Triumfalnaya d. 2/30 Str. 1 (across from the Am Bar&Grill)
Hours: 11:00 - 02:00

O2

\$\$\$
Cheers/Jeers:
 See Tofer's high class review on this same page!
M: Okhotny Ryad
Phone: 255-8888
Address: Tverskaya 3, 02 Lounge Rooftop Bar
Hours: The Ritz don't eva close

Prado

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Cheers:
 eXile alert! Newbie Zaitchik snubbed his nose at the only elitny restaurant the eXile recognizes by showing up late at the eXile staff party and leaving early. He preferred warm snapper to the dozen cold seafood salads laid out on the table. Can we blame him? Yes. We used to think saying you come here for the food is like telling someone you read Hustler to protect your First Amendment rights... until we ate here. It's really freakin' good, folks. We're not sure if that means that the dames who hang out here hoping to get picked up by mini-garbs are finally starting to develop taste or what, but the food's great. Big ups on the risotto and filet mignon. Prado did its part to minimize electricity use during the cold spell by making even its most elitny clients wait in an unheated cloakroom! Waytago, fellaz! So elitny they don't even have a sign out front. Unless you count all those stretch Mercs and BMWs with smoked windows a kind of sign. Inside, the place is packed full of the beau monde of Moscow. It's so gauche—including huge lamp covers that look like giant bronze sponge contraceptive—that it works. Amazingly enough, the food is excellent and reasonably priced. If they let you in, that is. Delicious raw tuna salad (400r), and surprisingly good Risotto with Asparagus and Shrimps (450r), a dish almost no one gets right in Moscow.

Jeers:
 Eight bucks for a beer? Are you fucking kidding?! You won't exactly feel comfortable here. Packed with single aging molls in expensive gear sipping from one pot of tea for four hours just to be in Prado. We also spotted a guy wearing sunglasses, white 70s Bee-Gees clothes, playing backgammon and generally acting cool while ordering almost nothing. Don't these people work?
M: Kitai-Gorod
Phone: 784-6969
Address: Slavyanskaya Ploschad 2

European

Aist

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Cheers:
 We were treated to a meal here by an Anal-Lister who shall remain nameless for the next 6 months! The place to go for oligarch sightings (there's a schul next store). We were seated next to Freidman last week. Roof garden done right. Say what you will about Novikov, he finds great chefs. Even the shashlyk's frickin' great. Best mojito ever. The high-priced hos trawling for sugar-daddies even give bums like us the once-over by virtue of the fact that we got a table.
Jeers:
 Uppity waiter had to be reminded to refresh our drinks. Folks, this ain't something you wanna be doing for a \$100 biz lunch. The \$50 duck was dry, which just ain't cool. You'll want to get out of your Zhiguli gypsy cab about 20 meters before the entrance or you'll be a laughing stock.
M: Pushkinskaya
Phone: 736-91-31/32
Address: M. Bronaya 8/1
Hours: 12:00 - 24:00

Apple Restaurant

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Cheers:
 The Apple Bar and Restaurant is open to non-guests at the Golden Apple, "Moscow's only boutique hotel," and it's a good thing, too. This sleek space is perfect for a mellow and delicious dinner. An imaginative and tasty take on the European fusion menu, the Apple is strong on seafood and offers more pumpkin themed dishes than any place in town. Great cocktails, attentive staff, good music. Their Raspberry Lamponi was our favorite cocktail last summer.
Jeers:
 You can't afford a room in the hotel but have to eat next to people who can.
M: Teatralnaya
Phone: 928-7602
Address: 8/10 Neglinnaya Ul.

ArteFAQ

WiFi
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Cheers:
 Like Tofer said in last issue's review, this place is "art fag-a-licious"—for art fags that is. For the rest of us, this place is pretty darn good. Started by the people behind FAQ, this place had dependably good food and cheap-o, well-mixed drinks. It's affordable evro-fusion that tries to have some class. Oh yeah, and the plexi-glass floor of the balcony means you can see girly panties just by looking up from your barstool.
Jeers:
 The place has a high artsy I-don't-have-a-dimabilan-dimabilan factor. Time Out has called this the new home of the LiveJournal set.
M: Chekovskaya/Pushkinskaya
Phone: 650-3971
Address: Bolshaya Dmitrovka 32
Hours: 12:00 - 24:00
www.artefaq.ru

The Apartment

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Cheers:
 Hip wine-bar downstairs, kewl SoHo-style loft upstairs. Menu's not pretentious, but everything's damn good. A welcome break from Novikov copy-cats that are always trying for impossibly complex food to show off that they know ingredients like broccoli di rape. For most of us, their Thanksgiving feast was a first introduction... and

most of us agree, it was absolutely d-lightful! In a novel approach in Moscow, Apartment is going for ambience over food. While everything we ate rocks, the menu's supposed to fit the place rather than visa-versa. The chef's a fish specialist trained in France, and you can feel safe eating it here. They've almost made a cult of freshness here. Chill, homey mood, even if this is a favorite among the elite. Great leather chairs and a ghetto for cigar smokers.

Jeers:
 We know this is an up-n-comin' hood and all, but it's a pain in the ass to get to. Welcome to new Moscow, where if you want to eat well, you've got to drop a C-note.
M: Kievskaya
Phone: 518-6060
Address: Savinskaya Nab. 21
Hours: 12:00 - last client

Dantes

Updated
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Cheers:
 Yasha's totally neg review a few issues ago was way off. Hands down, Dantes is the best new affordable restaurant in Moscow. It has the best fried noodles this side of the Great Wall and at 300 rubles, cheap by Moscow standards, too. The 170 ruble house red isn't that bad. They serve decent evro food and sushi to keep your date happy. Open 24 hours. Has WiFi. Get here before they jack up the prices.
Jeers:
 Skimpy eurofag Steak & Eggs breakfast less satisfying than a negative-calorie rice cracker. They charge 300 rubles for four pieces of dim sum. The Caesar salad is not recommended. We had the most unsavory pork dish the day after Putin named Medvedev his successor. Also, the little potato spheres served on the side were too dry and the bread stale. Is Dantes losing its touch, or has food stopped tasting so good now that we know the Putin-era is coming to an end?
M: Lubyanka
Phone: 621-4688
Address: Myasnietskaya 13-3
Hours: always

Eat & Talk

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Cheers:
 Located in the lobby of a small business center, this place is a good choice for biz lunch or grabbing a night-cap at 5 a.m. It has three big things going for it: location, big buffet, and vibe. Situated next door next to ZhurFak, E&T is constantly filled with cute journalism students. Free wifi, accessible plugs and central location. They just opened a new, nicely designed Irish pub down the hall that is the only place in town to get Guinness Extra Cold.
Jeers:
 The seats in the VIP room looked like they were designed for getting some serious work done on your laptop, but turned out to be way too high for comfort.
M: Biblioteka
Phone: 961-3101
Address: Mochovaya 7
Hour: 24/7

El Parador

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Cheers:
 When you have a hankering for jamon, the thinly sliced leg meat from the Iberian black pig, this is the place to go. The chef may have a Russian passport, but his heart is Spanish. The jewel of the desert menu is the rich and almondy Tarta de Santiago. Eat it and weep tears of Spanish butter.
Jeers:
 Flamenco musicians take to the small stage only after at 8pm, which is good if you're on a date and don't are willing to endure anything but conversation, but annoying if you're just trying to eat.
M: Tverskaya
Phone: 650-1623
Address: Tverskaya ul 12/2 (entrance on Kozitsky)
Hour: Lunch 'til dinner

Guylian Cafe

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Cheers:
 eXile alert! Totally not the sucky ass-flavored food you remember! New menu is simply delightful, thanks to director Chantelle and three-star chef Peter Goosens. Will satisfy all your Flemish desires. Waterzoi Soup (375r) quite possibly the best soup in this city. Coquilles St. Jacques scallops dish (650r) simply orgasmic. Large selection of Belgian beers.
Jeers:
 Although everything on the menu is good, there's a strong chance you'll end up eyeing your date's dish with envy, wondering if it's somehow better. Furniture lame and reminiscent of 70s Woody Allen movies.
M: Teatralnaya
Phone: 928-7602
Address: 8/10 Neglinnaya Ul.

GQ Bar

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Cheers:
 New place to go for those of you sick of Vogue Cafe. Probably the trendiest place in town for those who are willing to throw down loot and not care about it. True gentleman Ames was impressed by the food's quality, and found it fun to eat Evro-food with chopsticks. Three enormous halls should make it E-Z to get a reservation.
Jeers:
 Way pricey. eXile editors can't afford to eat here unless someone else foots the bill. For being a bar, there sure aren't many people drinking themselves stupid. Then again, with Grey Goose running 380R a shot, who can afford to? You might run into Russian movie stars and their entourage on your way out of the pisser.
M: Tretyakovskaya
Phone: 956-7775
Address: Balchug Ul. 5
Hours: 24 hours

Los Bandidos

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Cheers:
 Excellent hamon (690R+) and more than one great paella (de pollo for 790R, and de cordero for 890R). It's a spinoff of the famous Spanish restaurant of the same name outside of Marbella; the head chef in Moscow is an import from there. Real Andalusian cured hams that hang from hooks from the ceiling, highly professional service without being intrusive. Gazpacho delicious, but at 12 dolares its loco.
Jeers:
 Pulled the old "we're out of all the wines cheaper than 3100R, sir" ruse on our last visit. Who would want to eat Spanish food unless it's a tapas bar in New York or LA? Wildly overpriced but solid quality that makes you feel like you're in a fancy, overpriced West European restaurant rather than one here.
M: Tretyakovskaya

Phone: 953-0466
Address: Bol. Ordynka 7
Hours: 12:00 - the last chico

Mulat Tomas

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Cheers:
 eXile alert! Great place for quiet late-night dining in style. Get started with the free and tasty bread, then move onto the gigantic soups (c200r), which was more than enough to fill some of us up. For those still hungry, the veal mignon (790r) was divine, and the spaghetti with seafood (490r) got high marks. The sexiest new restaurant/cafe/tusovka in Moscow, opened up by the good folks who brought us Ketama, Shoyok, and the late Mesto Vstrechi. Here you enter a den of sin, with plush blue velvet and heavy draw-drapes to close your booth. Delicious, simple menu at reasonable prices. Try the soups, the fresh-baked breads and pirozhki, delicious salads, nice choice of mains. So far no complaints, expect it to be a popular place soon.

Jeers:
 Although service was more or less great and unobtrusive, the waiter had the tendency to disappear at the moments you really needed him. Don't go here with your ex-wife. Or your wife, for that matter, unless you're the type who still sleeps with his wife. We prefer the meat mains to the fishy mains.
M: Chekhovskaya
Phone: 694-6252
Address: Bolshaya Dmitrovka d.17
Hours: Always

Ogni

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Cheers:
 Ogni comes from the Discreet Charm folks, and it's already drawing a strong crowd of 20-something professionals. Kamchatka Crab salad (300r) was a hit, as was the fact that they serve you .5l mineral waters for 60r.
Jeers:
 Otherwise the food is nothing to email home about. Rudnitsky was so incensed by the New Yuppie crowd of once-interesting Russians behaving as dull and bland as Americans that he went out and got married just so he could have a wife to beat.
M: Sukharevskaya
Phone: 207-1222
Address: M. Sukharevskaya pl. 8
Hours: Always

Pilsner Urquell

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Cheers:
 eXile alert! Recent thumbs-up for the reliably greasy and good-sized portions at fair prices. Zaitchik praised the Cvicikova meat 'n dumplings extravaganza (390r), while we found the smoked chicken a bah-gain at 325 rubles, though we didn't feel too hot afterwards. This chain is expanding quicker than Flounder's waistline! Newish Pokrovka location just like the original: good, cheap beer, and lots of greasy beer food. We really dug the semi-spicy sliced chicken dish (275r). Just about the only place in town where you can say, "Czech, please!" Cheapish new Czech pub at a prominent Mayakovskiy location is solidly mediocre... just like you'd expect from the Czechs. Stick to the sausages and beer (0.5l for 75-110R), and you should have a good time of it.
Jeers:
 For some reason patrons here seem to be in a frantic race to lower Russia's life expectancy even lower than the current 58 years, as nearly every client smoked not just four cigarettes, but also cigars and pipes. Pipes! Can't someone just go these idiots who smoke pipes?! What fucking century do these assholes think we're living in?! Agh! Coming here frequently will turn make your belly look American. Rude hostess nearly tackled us on our way up the stairs because we neglected to tell her that we had friends waiting for us. Our "medium rare" steak was burnt to a crisp. When was the last time you craved Czech food? Exactly.
M: 1: Mayakovskaya, 2: Kitai Gorod
Phone: 1: 251-2023, 2: 624-7003
Address: 1: 1st Tverskaya Yamskaya 1, 2: Pokrovka 15/16
Hours: noon-midnight

The Real McCoy

WiFi
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Cheers:
 eXile alert! We think we saw the famed baguette de Paris sandwich back on the menu...but we left too drunk to remember. Service has been more-or-less prompt on recent weeknight visits. Always surprises us that the food is so good! And you can easily do dinner for two with booze for under 1,000R! Portion gigantotized, filling you up without letting you down. Kickin' business lunch deal. Succulent salmon filet made Schrek feel like he was back living next to the Pacific Ocean. Spaghetti carbonara was good by Italian standards—for 210 rubles, and at 5:30 in the morning! You can also get big slabs o' meat (R400-R700) that actually come rare if you want 'em to. Don't try anything too fancy and you'll walk away completely sated. Did we mention it's the best bar in town?
Jeers:
 eXile alert! Former fave 3 Amigos sampler plate now total sucks ass. Chicken wings absolutely inedible—we think they may have spent more time on the grill than on the actual chicken. Service so bad on a recent Saturday afternoon visit, we were forced to call the manager from our cell phone in order to get a waiter to stop watching soccer and take our order. We have the feeling that the high quality of the food probably doesn't hold up at drunken 6AM visits. High US embassy spook factor. Spicy the Mexican food is not. The chick-pea and lamb soup (R180) needs to meet a blender.
M: Barrikadnaya
Phone: 255-41-44
Address: Kudrinskaya pl. 1 (in the Stalin sky-scraper)
Hours: Always

Tapa de Comida

WiFi
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Cheers:
 eXile alert! If you're looking for a different summer veranda to dine at, definitely give Tapa a try. Two big thumbs-ups for the Gazpacho (140r) and the Sangria, which rawks. Pig out on the gigantic Mixed Grill, a steal at 1100 rubles when you see the portions we're talking about. Two of us still had to take a doggie bag. The food here's great, with our favorites including the salmon seveiche (R190), the beef filet salad (R400), and the rabbit. Great sliced meats and a surprisingly good cheese plate (R 480) well worth it, featuring the not-to-be-missed drunken goat cheese. Downstairs in the tapas room rawks! Totally laid back atmosphere where you can simply put to what you want at the tapas bar. Plenty of Spanish tapas and, for your chauvinistic Russian friends, plenty of Ruskyy-style tapas. Best bits

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include various sliced meats (although chirozo could be spicer...), smoked salmon, fresh-made bread, and a shrimp dish whose name we don't remember. The format seems to be a real hit among eXpats, and we counted three tables of 'em on a recent visit. As always with places run by the folks at McCoy, killer cocktails... but you might actually be able to walk rather than crawl out of this one. Great drinks menu, including smooth cognac like "kheres" for only R120/75g and tasty, funky sangria by the liter.

Jeers:
Things to avoid: salmon suffle, the chicken liver, and drinking here until 4. Tapas only served on the first floor.
M: Tsvetnoi Bulvar
Phone: 208-2007
Address: Trubnaya ul. 20/2 str. 3
Hours: Always

Uncle Guilly's

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Cheers:

We admit we've been neglecting Guilly's ever since Goodman opened, but we wuz wrong! Thanksgiving Day meal proved the Guilly crew still can toss together a great American experience, with tasty food and attentive service that can't be beat. Plus, since it wasn't all-you-can-eat, you'll fit through the door on your way out. Guilly's burgers are the best in Moscow far sure; forget what you heard about Hard Rock and Starlite. Killer steaks are the new favorite of Moe Snideman, Esq., who's on Atkins to slim down before a big case. Some new sandwiches, with the meat-heavy Dagwood winning two thumbs up (only don't forget to hold the fried egg). Tasty black bean soup! On the Russky side of the equation, the hearty Solyanka is peerless (and this in a city seemingly awash in solyanka). That "All-American" burger continues to win hearts, minds, and stomachs with its seemingly limitless charms.

Jeers:
Thanksgiving meal was capped with... fruit cake! We decided to have a shot of absente instead. 100 rubles for those little sampler Cokes? This is not a nice uncle! Gave free chery pie to Americans and U.S. Embassy employees for President's Day.
M: Pushkinskaya
Phone: 229-2050
Address: Stoleshnikov per. 6, str. 1
Hours: 12.00 - 24.00

Indian

Adzhanta

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Cheers:
I'm your Russian date, and I simply love this place! Who knew that Indian food tasted so much like Russian food. I mean, we even have the same national dishes. Indians have Biryani, we have Plov. They have Samosas, we have Xachipuri. Next time, I'm gonna come here with my girlfriends.

Jeers:
Why are all the waiters dark-skinned?


M: Ulitsa 1905
Phone: 609-3925, 609-3701
Address: M. Gruzinskaya 23
Hours: 12.00 - midnight

Darbar

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Cheers:
Hands down still far and away the best Indian restaurant in Moscow, despite some new and fainthearted competition. The menu features both southern and northern dishes, and the Keralan owners make sure the Indian chefs get everything right, especially the yummy dosas. Most of Moscow's major embassies gets their Indian catering here (including the Indian embassy), so you can be sure it's good enough for you. And the stunning view from the roof of the Sputnik—their new location—takes a night here to the next level. A rooftop bar/deck is in the works, so stay tuned...

Jeers:
The music that accompanies the dancers that pop out of the wall every half hour is a little loud. But at least it's over in two minutes.
M: Leninsky Prospekt
Phone: 930-2925, 930-2365
Address: Leninsky Pr. 38 (Top Floor of Hotel Sputnik)
Hours: 12.00 - midnight

Juggernaut


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Cheers:
eXile alert! Now with the self-service section, you can eat plenty of meatless grub, some actually quite good, for very cheap. It's now gone up in our esteem. This place is great for dinner, but it's the huge and delicious desserts that really bring you back. Unlike a lot of veggie places, Jugg wants you to have a good time. With prices that max out at less than \$6, even our junkie friends can now afford to stay well-fed and fit.

Jeers:
Many patrons have that kind of depressed, sallow complexion that makes us want to b-line it to Mickey-D's for a Big Tasty. The place has a grim Berkeley vibe until dinner-time, when the staff perks right up and the portions get bigger. Lack of booze takes the whole health-food thing a bit too far. We could really do without the overweight belly dancers.
M: Kuznetsky Most
Phone: 928-3580
Address: Kuznetsky Most 11
Hours: 10.00 - 23.00

Khajuraho

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Cheers:
Killer Indian food, with tons of vegetarian options, and lots of copulating statues spread throughout the dining room. What more could you ask for? How's about some of Moscow's best belly dancers? Host to Dr. Dolan's tear-filled going away party, when we tried most of the menu, and loved it all. We especially recommend the palak paneer, tandoor dishes and just about anything with lamb in it.
Jeers:
Food was rather on the bland side on our last visit. Ear-shattering music accompanies a belly dancer who isn't much of a babe. How is it that Moscow's got so many great Indian options when just about every other ethnic joint in town deserves an ass? We resent having to make choices, and they don't bode well for Putin's attempt to restore order in Russia.
M: Ul. 1905 goda
Phone: 256-8136; 256-7202
Address: Shmitovskiy proezd 14
Hours: 12.00 - 'til the last guest

Maharajah

\$\$\$
Cheers:

eXile alert! Folks, if you're jonesing for takeout and you live in the center, then don't even bother going anywhere else. We picked up in 15 minutes, and our culinary karma was elevated to the highest levels for several mouthwatering hours afterwards. Try the succulent and elegant servings of Chicken Tikka Masala (595R) and the less-spicy but succulent Chicken Tikka (560R). As always, superior service, reaffirming our two turban rating. Hail the reigning Rainish! New dishes like the Chana Palak, spinach with chick peas, ruled, while old fave Chicken Vindaloo had us working up a massive sweat. Service here is impeccable. An Indian friend tells us these are the best curries in Moscow, and we have to agree. Prices may be a little more than U'd like, but the quality can't be beat. Attention lactose intolerant readers: will make the palak paneer (R360) with potatoes (saag aloo) instead of cheese if you ask nicely. Great butter chicken (R510) and black lentil dal (R250). Samosa (R70 each) might not be Darbar-quality, but it's not on Leninsky, either.

Jeers:
Told us with scorn that there are cheap items on the menu when we asked if they had a biz lunch. It's in a basement. Naan is not great.
M: Kitai Gorod
Phone: 621-9844; 621-7758
Address: Pokrovka 2/1
Hours: 12.00 - midnight

Tandoor

\$\$-\$\$\$
Cheers:
Last visit gave us a dinner that is about as transcendental as they come. Packed full of Indians, eXholes, and the occasional Russian. Recent visit confirmed a big turban up on the palak paneer, samosas, and the awesome murg malai chicken tikka. Biz lunch a rockin' good deal for R300, with more savory courses than we can count...and we've never tried the executive version. The prawn masala (600R) is fantastic, succulent, and the Rosh Josh lamb dish (460R) makes us realize the even if the lion lies down with the lamb, we'll eat that lamb, so long as it's prepared this way. Excellent kabab platter and palak paneer. Serves Kingfisher beer, though it ain't cheap. Lemon rice and stuffed breads earn all four of Vishnu's thumbs up! Madras chicken (420R) spiced to your tastes is so good, we don't know why you'd want to order anything else. Excellent service makes you feel like a Raj overlord.

Jeers:
Cost of plain, steamed rice is upwards of \$5, which is roughly the same cost of an entire acre of rice fields. Expat presence means you might be forced to listen to two British old maids fight over the bill at the next table. Naan bread with peas a little lame; stick to garlic nan. The toilet in the concert hall area is pretty foul.
M: Mayakovskaya
Phone: 299-8062
Address: Tverskaya ul. 31 (inside the Chaikovskiy concert hall, near Deli France)
Hour: 12.00 - 23.00

Vostochnaya Komnata

\$\$-\$\$\$
Cheers:
eXile alert! Better call for reservations first—recent Friday night visit found the place packed to the rim, with lines of people waiting to get inside. As annoying as that was, it's certainly a step up from seeing Sushiflags standing in line for Gyno-taki and Yuckitoria! Our ideal meal starts with some khachapuri, continues with some falafel, and then ends with some curries. Reaffirm two turbans way up on the hummus and the nan-like pita. Murg valai tikka, marinated chicken tandoor, a great bargain at 200R. Easily the cheapest Indian food in the center, and tasty too! Sex Machine gave good marks to the Murg Masala Curry (180R), and the Palak Paneer (180R). Nan bread a mere 30R, and among the best in town. Middle-Eastern menu has nice hummus (100R) and above-average falafel (30R).

Jeers:
Belly dancer not "all that." Sitting near the bar does not get you quicker drink service. Long Island Ice Tea mysteriously served sans ice. Brought our appetizer out long after we'd already finished our mains. Tabbouleh was weak. Dishes tend to be spiced for the Russian palate unless you tell them in advance to spice it up.
M: Smolenskaya
Phone: 937-8423
Hours: 12.00 - 24.00
Address: Smolensky Ploschad 3 (Smolensky Passazh, down the pereulok on the right)

Italian

Cantinetta Antinori

\$\$\$\$
Cheers:
Currently Moscow's most modny eatery; Novikov called it his first "real" restaurant. We're not quite sure where that leaves Yulki Palki. Just about everything we ordered earned high marks, but ya gotta wonder why the hell it costs so much. Expect to drop a Franklin per person if yer drinking.

Jeers:
Be prepared to be treated like dirt, no matter how much money you're willing to spend. Even with reservations (on a Tues., no less!), we were stuck outside in a thunder storm... and the hostess showed no sign of remorse. She musta thought we were hardly worthy of getting rained on at this place. Why anyone would risk getting feised at a restaurant is beyond us.
M: Smolenskaya
Phone: 241-3771
Hours: 12.00 - 24.00
Address: Denezhny per. 20

Capriccio's

\$\$\$
Cheers:
This multi-level Italian joint is really two restaurants in one: a lounge pizzeria at street level, and a warm and cozy traditional Italian eatery downstairs. The young Russian chef is serious about his Italiano, and the pasta and Italian desert menus are solid across the board. Lots of Italian wines to choose from, which are better than similarly priced-French wines. The seafood dishes are especially out-of-this-world good.
Jeers:
The pizza is mediocre. Upstaris you may be surrounded by people eating sushi. Our butter was a little hard.
M: Sukharevskaya
Phone: 518-1380
Address: Prospect Mira 5
www.cappriccio.ru

Dorian Gray

\$\$\$
Cheers:
Some people just know Dorian Gray as the Italian place where that guy got shot in the middle of dinner rush back in the late 90s. These days the hearty Italian restaurant with the literary British name is a more sub-

dued place, where the only thing dying a Sicilian death is your hunger. This is the real southern Italian deal, straight through the gloriously sushi-less menu and on into the kitchen, which the knowledgeable Croatian owner keeps stocked with prize Sicilian chefs. Moscow's O.G. Italiano cucine, the food at Dorian Gray is so authentic and so fresh that it has no right to be this affordable. It's not cheap, but it's not expensive, either. Quality Italian for the people—that should be their motto. Situated right across from the Kremlin on the water, Dorian was one of Vladimir Putin's favorite lunch spots before he became a famous pop star. And it's still full of government heavies at midday, including a certain Mr. Medvedev. The one time we saw him eat here, he was enjoying a pasta dish with pesto and (real) Sakhalin crab and some squid capaccio. We ordered the same thing and were glad we did.

Jeers:
They make the bread every few hours and serve it fresh with a choice of oils and butters, including a tuna butter so good it's hard not to fill up on bread before the main. Putin sometimes still seen eating here poorly disguised in Groucho Marx nose-mustache-and-glasses.
M: Tretyakovskaya
Phone: 238-6401
Address: Kadashevskaya 6/1

'Gusto

\$\$
Cheers:
Claims to offer fine dining in a casual atmosphere, right on Kamergersky! English-language menu a nice touch. Pizzas looked tasty.
Jeers:
Where to begin...our ravioli reminded us more of pelmeni. Pasta cooked to Russian standards of toughness. Both our tagliatelli in beer sauce (340R) and our date's spaghetti with chicken (330R) were sitting like rocks in our stomach after an h our. Has awful live music cranked to 11. For your money, you're better off heading next door to Pinocchio.
M: Okhotny Ryad
Phone: 209-6922
Address: Kamergersky per. 5

La Grotta

\$\$
Cheers:
We used to like this place for its reasonable prices, its unpretentious atmopshere, and the fact that other Italians liked it too...
Jeers:
So we went there recently for the first time in years, and found that the times at La Grotta have a-changed indeed. Prices were absurd, the atmosphere depressing, and worst of all, three items we ordered weren't available. So we got up and left. Atsa da matta for you!
M: Pushkinskaya
Phone: 694-30-57
Address: Bolshaya Bronnaya 27/4

Mario


\$\$\$\$
Cheers:
Mama mia, the risotto here is unbelievable-a! And so are a-the prices-a! If money is no object, or you have a friend to whom money is no object but a date who is hard to impress, you can't do much better than this mega-oligarch magnet. Snideman reiterated his legal opinion that Mario's is still the best restaurant in town, citing in his brief the tuna carpaccio and lobster. Still THE place for oligarchs and oligarchabies.

Jeers:
Recent visit had awful service and just about the cheesiest, shittiest lounge singer we've heard in years. Penne with salmon wasn't all that. Almost got shot by jittery guards after walking too close to a client. Customers fond of bringing in their groomed poodles in designer pakety.
M: Ulitsa 1905 Goda
Phone: 253-6505
Address: Ulitsa Klimashkina 17
Hours: 13.00 - midnight

Mi Piacce

\$\$\$
Cheers:
It's clean and they have wi-fi that sometimes works.
Jeers:
Imagine a third-rate Middle American "Italian" restaurant in some shitty suburb, then triple the prices, half the portions and the quality, and voila! You have Mi Piacce. If you are a regular here, then you should be sterilized.
Address: More Mi Piacces in town than tochkas, so we're not going to list them.

Pasta Della Mama


\$\$-\$\$\$
Cheers:
eXile alert! 390R biz lunch not only features huge portions, but it just might be the tastiest home-style Italian meal you'll get around these parts. Add to that blazing fast internet, comfy seating and bottemless fresh baked bread with butter and you got yourself a perfect recipe for a biz lunch. This place is from the Goodman's folks is sort of like a mid-sized-town US Italian family restaurant, only at prices closer to Moscow's. Fresh made pastas, daily specials. Good Jerusalem Artichoke Soup, good Spaghetti Bolognese (though a bit sweet), oddly tasty lasagna if you don't mind the noodle-deficiency in the recipe. Good sized portions.

Jeers:
Didn't bother renovating previous restaurant, Borgo. Overpriced and a bit pretentious for what it is. Service a bit spotty. Crowd tends to the pafos. One foul woman talked loudly in bad English the whole time to her suit-or/boss. Don't bring bread automatically. When we asked for Tabasco sauce, they brought us Tabasco Soy Sauce, noting they don't carry the hot pepper sauce. Soy sauce in an Italian joint???
M: Pushkinskaya
Phone: 730-5600
Address: Spiridonovskiy Per 12/9
Hours: 12.00 - midnight

Pasta Project

\$\$-\$\$
Cheers:
Good place to take a date when you want to be cheap but appear to be very "modern" since you order via a computer. Whatever PP's flaws, at least they use fresh ingredients and don't smother anything in mayo. Homemade pasta joint takes the P-Dog one step further and has FULLY automated menus with touch screens and all! Helpful pictures help you decide whether you'll be getting something tasty or something that looks fruity. Salad got OK marks, as did broccoli soup.

Jeers:
If you hit the "ice" button on the touch screen, you'll get a single cube. They refuse to leave good enough alone, like when they add fried mushrooms to what would otherwise be a perfectly fine mesclin salad. Another example: pesto comes with mozzarella, as if parm ain't

pafusny enough. No draft beer. Menu seemed a little short on pastas. Calls itself "territory of healthy food." The only pasta we tried - tagliatelle bolognese - was a little on the bland side.
M: Kitai-Gorod
Phone: 928-6767
Address: Pokrovka 1
Hours: 11:30-23:30

Sesto Sensa

\$\$
Cheers:
New Italian joint from the guy who brought U people's favorite Verona. Large portions. Fair prices. Good looking deaf chicks who are "hard of hearing" serve you. The food is neither bad nor great, but it's value-friendly at least.
Jeers:
But it ain't all that in the flavor department. Verona is still much better. Nice gimmick to have deaf people serve you, but it meant our order got fucked up.
M: Taganskaya
Phone: 911-3653
Address: Novospassky Per. 3, korp. 1, entrance from Ul. Bolshie Kamenshiki
Hours: Noon to midnight

Spago

\$\$\$
Cheers:
It's had its ups and downs, but Spago was recently recommended to us by a genuine I-tie, and he's right. The new chef, who hails from Rome, cooks the most perfect pasta you'll find in Moscow. The best we tried was Spaghetti A.O.R. (350R), with olive oil, garlic and spicy peppers, though almost as good was the Pacchetti in a red sauce with cherry tomatoes, basil, and fresh parmesan shavings (400R). Why can't anyone cook pasta like this, so simple, yet so delicate. The ham appetizer with focaccio (500R) was pleasing, though the minestrone, watery and frozen-vegetable-y, disappointed. Heinekens for 100R.

Jeers:
Portions very Euro-small. Be careful about taking a date here, she might order from the pricey meat menu, which could give cheap-O expats a minor stroke.
M: Kitai Gorod
Phone: 621-3797
Address: Bolshoiu Zlatoustinskii Per d. 1
Hours: Noon to midnight

Verona

\$\$-\$\$
Cheers:
Only place in town to find a good cannoli. For Italian standards at impossibly low prices, this place can't be beat. The superb \$3 penne arrabiatta alone is worth the trip across town. Massive prosciutto appetizer (almost) always satisfies. Pizzas also damn good—try the cheese-less Marinara with super-spicy garlic tomato sauce.
Jeers:
eXile alert! An eXile executive had her handbag stolen from the back of her chair here. Be careful! Can be very crowded, meaning if you even get a seat, you'll be stuck in the smoky, bright front room, rather than the dark, less-miserable dining room. Main dining hall doesn't open until seven on Sundays—they make you wait in



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the cafe. Limited wine list. Those massive parmesan chunks that come with the prosciutto seem like a big waste to us. Dessert selection extremely unpredictable.
M: Proletarskaya
Phone: 912-0632 / 276-4150
Address: Vorontsovskaya ul. 32/36

Hours: 11.00 - 23.00

Latin

Acapulco

\$\$
Cheers:
Thank you Acapulco! There ain't that many places out there that still fit into our image of Russian restaurants: terrible, overpriced sloop that, at its best, reminds you of the concoctions that you'd whip up in 7th grade Home Ec. class. The tacos (R290) come in a star-shaped hard shell reminiscent of Chevy's mini-taco salads! When we asked for a spicely masking agent, they brought us mayo with red pepper mixed in!
Jeers:
Who needs Jeers with Cheers like these!
M: Park Kulturny
Phone: Kulturny
Address: Zubovskiy bul. 27/5
Hours: 12:00 to 24:00

Hemingway's

\$\$
Cheers:
An eXile editor found himself in a state of beaner-gas bliss after scruffing down their burrito/taco combo last weekend. Two stinky thumbs up! Half-off burgers on Tuesdays means you can get a helluva meal with beers for under \$20. Considering the depth of the falling \$ these days, that some serious value. A short while back, Hemingway's got itself a new and improved expanded menu. While keeping all the Tex Mex dishes you've come to know and crave, they've expanded their salad offerings and added a whole new steak and fish section. And the number of tasty appetizers, desserts and cocktails has swelled to oceanic proportions. If you're into seafood, then you have try their grilled scallops (340R). The grilled trout (650R) is a bit expensive, but what the hell, you're probably making a butt load of money working some boring consulting job. Wash it all down with Hemingway's patented absinth B52 shooter, the only cocktail we tried that makes absinth slide down your throat like butter. If you're in the mood for some Tex Mex, Hemingway's is still the only bet in town. Brought to you by Chris of the legendary Flegmatic Dog. The deluxe Tex Mex nachos, are piled high with cheese, beans and guac, are heavy enough put down a 300-lb. Mexican wrestler. If you're too much of a pussy to weather the Burrito Taco combo, there's he endangered Chilean Seabass (490R) rocks, and the vegetarian Hemingway wrap. Both lite and good. The margaritas (180R) are perfectly mixed for your lady.

Jeers:
British rugby fans. Salsa could still use a bit more umph. Word has it the legendary Chris has parted ways with Hemingway's. O Chirs, fare thee well in thy jour-



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ney.
M: Park Kultury
Address: Komsomolsky Prospekt 13 (where La Hacienda used to be)

Navarro's

\$\$
Cheers:
 eXile alert! We just sampled Navarro's amazing week-end brunch, and folks, you won't find a better place in Moscow. Everything from succulent oysters to fresh tamales, babaganoush to freshly-sliced pork shoulder, paella, and a huge dessert spread, all for 1200 rubles. Also if you like spicy Bloody Mary, then definitely try the version at Navarro's, and you'll sweat your hangover away. Yuri Navarro, long an eXile fave, now has his own namesake restaurant not far from Santa Fe, and folks, everything here lives up to the name. Wide-ranging menu offering excellent tapas, ceviche, grilled fish and meats, salads, and even huevos rancheros for breakfast. You should start at the bar and try as many tapas, without even bothering to choose. You might come across the succulent Tiraditas de Salmon, marinated in lime, cilantro, and garlic. Fantastic quality, great desserts, all in all a place to go if you're the gourmand type or just looking to relax.

Jeers:
 So far, no jeers...
M: 1905 Goda
Phone: 259-3791
Address: Shmitovskiy proezd 23, bldg. 4
Hours: 8:30AM to 3AM or until the last guest

Old Havana

\$\$
Cheers:
 eXile alert! We just found another reason to go here: the kickin' bar. Live Latin music, tons of babes gettin' juicy, and a great place to pick up off-duty Night Flight/Metelitsa whores. Old Havana is new-ing up their menu with some very delicious items! Our favorites included the breaded langostines with a mango sauce, the massively tasty chicken stuffed with a pistachio filling, scallops, and the yummiest duck salad. Now you can eat more upscale Cubano food or the more simply Cubano...and still enjoy the rippin' good cocktails and the wild shows. Good place for large parties. Last visit roundly praised all the dishes, as well as the hand-rolled cigars (1,000-1,500R). Impressive show, full of dark-skinned AfroCuban babes. Bar area packed full of drinkers and dancers, making this a one-stop party joint on weekends. Delicious food at surprisingly cheap prices, enchanting interior, the music and dance show is enthralling (especially on weekends). Two rooms, either the low-key bar area with a live band, or the wild show room, which is good for dates but not for conversation. Avocado Salad (130R), Santiaguera Pork (310R), rice with black beans—all the authentic stuff from real Cuba is there. Already attracting the limber Latino community and Russians who love that whole Latino night thing. Also try the yucca plant and the platinos. Have their own hand-rolled cigars, kick-ass mojitos, the most authentic ones in Moscow! Santeria shows!

Jeers:
 Our mains were a bit cold, but the staff was willing to put them in the microwave for us. This isn't a place for quiet conversation. It's more like a people's Cuban restaurant, which is a plus for us, but not for the

Sainikovs of this world. We can't really complain about much. Except maybe that the dancers were so caliente that we couldn't look at our dates anymore.
M: Volgogradskaya Prospekt
Phone: 277-0578
Address: Talalikhina Ul. 28
Hours: 24/7/265

Pancho Villa

WiFi
\$\$
Cheers:
 eXile alert! Recent late-night visit shows that Starlite is not the only choice in town when you're hungry at 3AM! Massive nacho plate got rave reviews. New Pancho Villa a vast improvement over former digs, with funky layout and much more space. Andreas is back in action, whipping up some of the most authentic Mexican food this side of the Iron Curtain. Who are we kidding though: it's the 2-fer-1 happy hour that goes from midnight till 19:00 that won our loyalty. Best margaritas in town, and sexy Mexican babes to serve them. The chili is Moscow's best, though a bit overpriced at \$12 a bowl. Giant aps plate for R870 with various quesadillas, empanadas, wings and dips a great way to start off, and good for four or more. Great off-the-menu marbled beef that Andreas comped us after last production. Breakfast alternatives have Starlite worried, with a breakfast burrito for just 120R and huevos rancheros for 90R....

Jeers:
 No Mexican options on the b-lunch menu. How is that Taco Bell can have a complete \$0.69/.79/.99 menu, and Pancho's can't even serve a biz lunch with tacos and refried beans? Last couple meals weren't up to our first. Word out now is that this Pancho isn't quite the Mexican fantasy that its former spot was. Our one breakfast foray didn't wow us. Happy hours only good on weekdays. Tequila pouring babes hard to resist. Endless Desperado loop on TV gets a bit tiring.
M: Oktyabrskaya
Phone: 238-7913
Address: Bolshaya Yakimanka 52

Santa Fe

WiFi
\$\$\$
Cheers:
 Recent stabbing murder of Italian businessman outside reminds us of Old Moscow. Full of handsome New Russian types; large bar area serving up wicked drinks. Chef hails from East LA, which should tell you something good. Once you're through here, you can head around the side to Hippopotom, and breathe your salsa breath on someone you love.

Jeers:
 Recent stabbing murder of Italian businessman outside reminds us of Old Moscow. Food lacking in substance, though not in pricing.
M: 1905 goda
Phone: 256-2126
Address: Mantuilinskaya 5/1, str. 6
Hours: noon - 02.00

Sombrero

WiFi
\$\$
Cheers:
 Cozy basement Mexican dive offering all the Mexican favorites. They got tacos, burritos, fajitas and quesadillas all at reasonable prices. Their soups are grande: the cream of corn (190r) or the pozola (240r) are human-gous enough to ruin your appetite. Wines reasonably priced. Quesadillas (290r) quite possibly the largest we've seen in Moscow. Good tortillas with the fajitas (470r). Offers a 20% discount on the menu during the day.
Jeers:
 Were out of the only Mexican wine on offer, not that we'd ever be stupid enough to order it. They forgot to spice the dishes. B-lunch composed of typical Evro shite.
M: Novoslobodskaya
Address: Sushchevskaya Ul. 21
Phone: 8-499-972-1271
Hours: 12:00-01:00

German

Bavarius

\$\$
Cheers:
 The best and most authentic Jerry food and Biergarten in this gottverdammten Town! And probably the best damn biz lunch while we're at it. U could do much wurst than the sausage plates for under 10 bucks. Huge portions, good prices and excellent bread as well. A liter or 4 of Franziskaner Weissbier will erase any worries you might have in this crazy world. For a naughty breakfast option, try the Weisswurst with sweet mustard, a pretzel and a mandatory Weissbier.
Jeers:
 Uncomfortable wooden seats. Why the hell can't restaurants just offer comfortable seating?! If you order still water, you'll get a tiny dropper of Evian for 101 rubles. Fackzen zie!
M: 1: Mayakovskaya; 2: Frenzenskaya
Phone: 1: 299-4211; 2: 245-23-95
Adr: 1: Sadovaya-Triumfalnaya 2/30 str. 1; 2: Komsomolsky pr. 21/10
Hours: 12:00 - 0:00

Russian

Cafe Pushkin

\$\$\$
Cheers:
 THE place to take visiting relatives footing the bill for a taste of passable Roosky food. Schreck described breaded veal as closest thing to Sublime in months. Two babes dining alone at the next table were a close second. If you've got the dough, all-in-all the most impressive "haute rus" cuisine. Black caviar with the (\$23) melts in your mouth. Excellent solyanka (\$9), pelmeni, and main courses.
Jeers:
 It's so civilized here you'll get paranoid that Russia has suddenly become like Switzerland. Paying something like sixty bucks for four shots of Russkii Standart really brings out our Jew-guilt. Oversized menu makes deciding impossible; overbearing. Grilled lamb (\$17) chewy and not particularly flavorful. Packed full of quasi-cultured Russian bobos and foreigners with over-lydressed dyev-dates. Why pay this much for local food?
M: Pushkinskaya
Phone: 229-5900
Address: Tverskoi bulvar 26A
Hours: noon - midnight

Shinok
\$\$\$
Cheers:
 This is the ultimate S&M Ukrainian dining experience. Seating is arranged around a massive windowed terrarium that houses chickens, roosters, a pony, sometimes a cow, and... you'll never guess... a real live peasant girl! Oh boy, is it sexy, folks. She sits quietly and obediently on a bench beside the pony, plain, pale, meek... While you feast on royal portions of superb golubtzy, borscht, varenniky and fish and meat dishes that range in price from \$15 to \$30.
Jeers:
 eXile alert! We were forced to wait over an hour for a table here... on a Tues night! Waiter then proceeded to get our order wrong, spill a \$3 glass of mors on our table, and make us wait another 2 hours to get served. Switched UEs to euros, probably because of Ukraine's European leanings, meaning a bowl of borsch for 13 u.e. is now actually 13 euros. Too expensive for Ukrainian food, especially when you consider it's not much better than Korchma. You might wind up sitting next to a loud, disgusting Texan trying to woo his plain mail-order bride, or a table of cell-phone tagging molls.
M: Ulitsa 1905 Goda
Phone: 255-5963
Address: Ulitsa 1905 Goda (across the street from the Mezhi)
Hours: noon - midnight

Version 1.0
\$\$\$
Cheers:
 A stone's throw from Red Square, this place tries harder than just about anyone in town in the decor department. The virtual reality banquet hall is surely the most futuristic dining room in the city. The bar list claims to be the longest in town, and we're inclined to believe it. Excellent mojitos. The food is solid mid-range fare, a Russian-Evropsyki fusion served vertically on fancy plates. Bar goes snap, crackle, pop on weekends and turns into a hotbed of semi-pafusness by drawing a multitude of middle-class student chicks who desperately want to look like they belong on the pages of Glamour magazine. V 1.0's newly expanded dance-floor/DJ area has increased the place's nite life stats to the point that we're considering moving this listing to the clubs section...
Jeers:
 After the novelty and the acid wears off, you start to wonder if the virtual reality room isn't a bit retarded and/or creepy.
M: Pl. Revoluyustii
Phone: 647-1303
Address: Varvarka 3 (Gostinny Dvor)
Hours: Good ones.

Goodman
WiFi
\$\$\$
Cheers:
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Jeers:
 We're still waiting for a better-priced version, with better Palms-like service, of this place, but until it comes, we have to give props to Goodman's. Better make reservations on Tverskaya, as biznes is booming. Barrakadnaya branch feels like it's on the third floor of a mall, and it is.
M: a) Pushkinskaya b) Barrikadnaya
Phone: a) 937-5679 b) 981-4941
Address: a) 23 Tverskaya b) 31 Novinsky bul
Hours: 12:00 - 'til the last customer

Steak's
\$\$
Cheers:
 Located in the old Le Club. Mid-priced. Not sure what the hell they're aiming for here, but perhaps we tried it too soon after opening. Nothing memorable.
Jeers:
 Should be named "Sucks."
M: Taganskaya
Phone: 915-1042

Scandinavian
WiFi
\$\$\$-\$\$\$
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eXile alert! There's a new chef in Night Flight's kitchen, and that means a new reason to "go there for the food." Which we did. The new menu is both creative and elegant, serving up still some of Moscow's best culinary delights. We started with Kamchatka crab roll pistachio salmon roe (450r for a medium-sized plate), an amazingly rich, delicious concoction for the crab-lover in you. Next we tried the Asparagus creme scallops soup (230r for a taster bowl), made exactly as thick and rich as it should be. The chicken/noodle/veggie wok dish perfectly captured the oily goodness of properly fried chow mein. Our favorite had to be the main course, a thick juice Reindeer steak cooked rare, served with foi gras potatodumpling (750r for the "starter" size). While most game is usually, er, gamey, this reindeer meat tasted like it came from Texas, making us wonder how Santa Claus manages to keep himself from cooking Prancer and Vixen after having to look at their tasty loins every Christmas Eve. We finished off with a surprisingly tangy, delicious homemade Cactus Sherbert, which we highly recommend. As always, the wines were expertly chosen, making Night Flight still one of Moscow's very best places for genuine wine lovers. The most surprising wine had to be the Hugel Riesling from Alsace (2900r for a bottle), while the Ironstone Reserve California Zinfandel went perfectly with the bloody reindeer meat. With superior wine selections, as well as expert and discreet service, and views of the hottest babes who seem interested in you, this place still ranks as Moscow's finest dining.

Jeers:
 Honestly, there's nothing at all to jeer here. Entrance fee - 800 rubles
M: Tverskaya
Phone: 229-41-65
Address: ul. Tverskaya 17
Hours: 18.00 - 05.00

Scandinavia

\$\$\$-\$\$\$\$
Cheers:
 eXile alert! Summer patio now open, even though summer temperatures seem like a dream at this point. In any case, this is where you'll find us drowning our hangovers in Bloody Maries and burgers on Sunday afternoons. New chef cooks up serious "gourmet-shit," as Samuel Jackson might say. A Crayfish Bisque (380r) to die for, fantastic duck and succulent Lamb Entrecote, all done simple and to perfection. Killer Scandi-style quesadillas are great for table to share while you're waiting. Big ups to the chicken cesar, too. Our other favorite Swedish restaurant. Re-affirm the buy on the Caesar Salad, our newest fave in Moscow, packed full of Romaine and shrimp. Large fine de claire oysters, flown in fresh thrice weekly, brought the Atlantic sea to our taste buds. As always, cocktails are first rate. One more reason to hit the bar: the famous Summer Cafe Burger is now available year-round in the cocktail lounge! Yippee! Service impeccable a always. Indoors now offers biz lunches from R290! Babe-o-licious waitresses. Bloody Marys so tangy they'll make you wish you had a hangover. Moscow's sleekest urinal.

Jeers:
 The man hostess wouldn't seat us in the summer patio even though there were half a dozen open table. What did he expect us to grease his palm for a 20 dolla burger? Like we said, not cheap, portions not large, so Old-Europe-phobic Americans might need a little adjustment here. If you haven't western bankers were a pre-98 phenom, you haven't been to Scandinavia recently. Hummus conspicuously missing from the menu recently, although we've been told it'll be back.
M: Pushkinskaya
Phone: 937-5630
Address: Palashevsky Mal. per. 7
Hours: 12:00 - 24:00

Steaks

El Gaucho

\$\$\$\$
Cheers:
 We've been lax on trying this place since we had Doug's, but now that he's gone, we decided to try Argentinean steaks and folks, they wuz good! Forget Goodman's, El Gaucho has the best steaks in town. Sure, they're pricey, but you do get what you pay for. Coal grill they bring out with each steak keeps your meal warm. We've eaten here twice so far, and both times we felt like we would never have to eat again. Mayakovskaya location THE place to take someone you wish to impress.
Jeers:
 The Paveletskaya branch isn't all that swanky. Different branches have different menus. We can't afford to eat here more than once a year.
M: #1: Mayakovskaya, #2: Paveletskaya, #3: Krasnie Vorota
Phone: #1: 699-7474, #2: 953-2876, #3: 623-1098
Address: #1: Sadovaya-Triumfalnaya 4, #2: Zatepsky Val 6, #3: Bolshoi Kozlovsky Per. 3
Hours: 12:00 - 23:00

Goodman
WiFi
\$\$\$
Cheers:
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M: Taganskaya
Phone: 915-1042

Address: Ul. Verkhnyaya Radischevskaya d. 21
Hours: noon-midnight

Torro Grill

\$\$
Cheers:
 Moscow's newest meat-lover's restaurant sets itself apart from the rest with its remarkably reasonable prices, kick-ass Argentinian grill, and meat offerings that break out of the usual steak offerings. Besides Ribeye steaks, they offer awesome sausages, juicy chicken, a mouth-watering pulled-pork sandwich, and one of the best bowls of bean soup in Eurasia. Definitely have the freshly brewed pale ale. From the good folks who first brought us Goodman's, expect Toro to become a bigtime fave.
Jeers:
 It's located in a mall.
M: Universitet
Phone: 775-4503
Address: Prospekt Vernadskogo d. 6 (in the huge new mall), 2nd floor next to the movie theater
Hours: noon-midnight

Thai

Thai Thai
\$\$\$-\$\$\$
Cheers:
 Centrally located, decent Pad Thai and Pad kee mao noodles dishes, fine service, said to have a real Thai chef, definitely has a nice Thai hostess.
Jeers:
 Tom Yong Goon soup way way way too salty. Not as good as Blue Elephant, but not as overpriced either.
M: Chisty Prudy
Phone: 510-1813
Address: Ul. Pokrovka 4
Hours: 11.30 - midnight

Tibetan

Tibet Restaurant
\$\$
Cheers:
 With the legendary Doug Steele now at the helm, Tibet has been reincarnated to higher level of consciousness. The drab 90s decor has been replaced with something more befitting of the Putin era. But the change isn't just skin deep, it's spiritual, too, man. In addition to their kick ass Spicy Chicken Wings (eXile's personal favorite), Tibet now offers a Spicy Fried Potato dish that actually really spicy. The Mustard Sesame Chicken, the Pork With Pepper, Chicken Auido, as well as the Chicken Chili Noodles are some of the "must-try" menu modifications. But what's truly blessed is that we have been assured that Tibet will continue stay within their previously established Val-U range.
Jeers:
 That would be like bad karma.
M: Okhotny Ryad
Phone: 692-0267
Address: Kamergersky per. 5/6
Hours: noon - 23.00

Delivery/Sandwich shops

13 Sandwiches

\$\$
Cheers:
 eXile alert! We just ate another massive round of 13 Sandwiches, and the entire eXile staff can never go to shite "sandwich" dives like Pyat Zvezd again. Every sandwich is masterfully thought out, huge, and original, including the roast beef favorite. If you miss genuinely inventive sandwich culture, then pine no more. 13 Sandwiches is the answer to your problems. Seriously. The Prosciutto di parma, sopresata, grilled bell peper, provolone and mayo panini was a big hit with us, unlike any sandwich we've had in the FSU. Popular choices include the Kamchatka crab meat, arugula, sliced avocado sandwich, and the Roast Beef panini. They also offer a range of veggie delights, and now warm meals. Reasonably priced, good portions, quality ingredients, perfect for a business lunch. We're def going back.
Jeers:
 They were playing incredibly loud Russian MTV shite when we visited.
M: Tsvetnoi Bulvar
Address: Ul. Trubnaya 21
Phone: 106-4996

Johnny's

\$\$
Cheers:
 The pizzas are, if not the best, then right there at the top. With the people-viewing that goes along with it, this is one of the great after-hour places to stop for a bite. Great gelato with constantly changing flavors! Good place to take your provincial date, who'll think it's "klass" and won't bust your wallet. Afterwards, head downstairs into Moscow's happeningest disco, where you can ditch the provincial date.
Jeers:
 Don't get tempted by the cakes/baked goods, or we'll have to say, "we told you so." Sometimes you can smell the sweat wafting up from Papa John's.
M: Turgenevskaya
Phone: 755-9554
Address: 22 Myasnitskaya
Call Lena at 795-3376 fax us at 245-1415 or email us at editor@exile.ru to give or receive some sweet lovin'.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 4

What does McCain himself think about Russia these days? Here, too, he has sent mixed signals. In an early GOP debate this year, he promised "tough times ahead" with and has spoken frequently about the coming "consequences" to the Kremlin's actions. He is certain about Russia's desire to regain its empire (possibly reflecting the influence of Ferguson) and has never once hinted that Russia's concerns should be taken into consideration with regard to missile defense or NATO expansion on Russia's near western and southern flanks.

He has also hedged his comments. In a recent interview with Pajamas Media, McCain said, "I'm not saying there's going to be a re-ignition of the cold war; there's not. It's not going to be the old Soviet Union. Now, there will be an attempt on Putin's part to restore the old Russian empire. But demographically, economically, militarily, every other way there's not going to be a new Cold War."

The most useful print document to consult is his 2007 Foreign Affairs essay, "An Enduring Peace Built on Freedom."

Here McCain calls for an expansion of the military to levels comparable to the heights of the Cold War and plugs the League of Democracy as a tool to "provide support to struggling democracies in Serbia and Ukraine." Political NATO, basically.

There is one paragraph devoted exclusively to Russia. It comes after the war on terrorism section and before the one on China. McCain writes: 0

We see in Russia diminishing political freedoms, a leadership dominated by a clique of former intelligence officers, efforts to bully democratic neighbors, such as Georgia, and attempts to manipulate Europe's dependence on

FLASHDANCE 2: HE'S A MCCAINIAC OH NO!

Russian oil and gas. We need a new Western approach to this revanchist Russia. We should start by ensuring that the G-8, the group of eight highly industrialized states, becomes again a club of leading market democracies: it should include Brazil and India but exclude Russia. Rather than tolerate Russia's nuclear blackmail or cyberattacks, Western nations should make clear that the solidarity of NATO, from the Baltic to the Black Sea, is indivisible and that the organization's doors remain open to all democracies committed to the defense of freedom. We must also increase our programs supporting freedom and the rule of law in Russia and emphasize that genuine partnership remains open to Moscow if it desires it but that such a partnership would involve a commitment to being a responsible actor, internationally and domestically.

In other words, Russia should fall into line, or it's the "tough times ahead" he promised in the Orlando debate. Like a father who has disowned his son but is pressured by his wife to allow the possibility of forgiveness, McCain leaves "the door open" to Russia, but express no hope that it will ever show. The Black Sea reference is another signal that he is a full supporter of Ukraine's NATO application and the wide-open door policy.

The China section of McCain's Foreign Policy essay has a very different tone. Longer and more nuanced, McCain sounds less like an angry father than a concerned father, one giving his son a stern sit-down on the day Junior, a bit of a rebel and a rising star on the football team, gets his drivers license.

Praising China's recent economic growth (something unmentioned in his Russia talk) McCain gently states

that China 's new power "implies responsibilities." Almost apologetically, McCain says that it's growth "raises legitimate expectations that internationally China will behave as a responsible economic partner."

"China could also," writes McCain (you know, if it feels like it), "bolster its claim that it is 'peacefully rising' by being more transparent about its significant military buildup." The apologetic tone continues when the senator mentions China's surprise tests of antisatellite weapons. When China does such things, McCain explains, the United States "legitimately must question [China's] intent." And when China threatens Taiwan, the United States must "take note." Things start to get a little heated when China snuggles up to regimes in Burma, Sudan, and Zimbabwe; at which point "tension will result." But by then the lecture is over.

McCain ends his relatively tepid China bit by stating that China and the United States "are not destined to be adversaries. We have numerous overlapping interests. U.S.-Chinese relations can benefit both countries and, in turn, the Asia-Pacific region and the world."

McCain could have said the same thing about Russia. But he didn't. Obviously it's not because of China's wonderful human rights record or its humble geopolitical ambitions as compared to Russia. Something else is at work.

If Deripaska and company want to warm McCain up more to Russia, they're going to have to find out what the China lobby's done to make him so reasonable. Either that, or just hope that when a President McCain forges his Russia policy, he does so when he's not in one of his notoriously cranky moods. X

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 5

As for Hillary, she'd gain nothing by hiding her fangs, and I'd doubt she wants to. Hillary Clinton became the most despised woman in American history simply for trying to help millions of Americans live healthier, longer lives. She tried to give the country free health care 15 years ago, and the suckers will never, ever forgive her for it. They still want to kill her for trying to ease their lives: "By gum, we folks w'd rather die of a stroke, which rhymes with 'folk,' then to have some elitist woman talk down to us 'n tell us what kinda health care we needs! We dun don' wanna live if livin' means takin' handouts from her! We're 'mericans, by gum, and as 'meric'ns, we c'n git our own health care, by gum! Least, that's what my boss tells me to think, and so does my fav'rite radio talk show host, who kinda reminds me of my boss cuz he's always yellin' 'n stuff, 'n because he's richer than me and generally despises me. But that's fine for us simple folks! Just don' you go tryin' t' give us health care, you hear?" If you tried to offer tens of millions of people the most important precious thing of all—health, a longer life—and then these same barely-upright monkeys all went berserk and grabbed sticks and started beating them on the ground telling you to go away and leave them alone, well, it'd make anyone mean and cynical too. It'd make me want to cut a deal with Kim Jong Il and launch his entire arsenal—"There you idiots, try some of this medicine! It's free!"—but I'm probably more vindictive than she is.

If there was anything truly sinister about last night's debate, it was the spectacle of a nation patting itself on the back for allegedly overcoming its racism and its sexism. The ultimate sentimental fantasy in a post-U2 world come true: "Isn't it incredible that we

TO GREAT DEBATE: TO SNOOZE OR NOT TO SNOOZE?

have a black man and a woman facing off against each other? We've come so far! We're such a great generation!" It's the Hollywood moment for America, and they won't shut up about it as they wipe their inspired eyes and pat themselves on their backs for the progress they've made.

Problem is, the very opposite is true: America is still viciously racist and as sexist as it can get away with, and that is why ultimately, as the boredom wore off and the deeper significance set in, last night's debate was such a disturbing experience. Barack Obama and Hillary Clinton represent the very opposite of black or womanhood achievement; they are the two most perfectly coopted specimens of their kind imaginable, almost as if they were concocted in some evil Monsanto lab, completely stripped of their color and gender, bled down to the familiar safe beige of ruling-class America. If you listened to Barack speak without looking at him; if you read Hillary's text without hearing her; you wouldn't know a color or a gender was there. It wouldn't even enter your head. This blending of color and gender and culture doesn't lead to a happy neutral, but rather, to the triumph of one.

Samuel Johnson once wrote that a second marriage is "the triumph of hope over experience." But the irony of his maxim rests on the assumption that anything was ever experienced in the first failed marriage. This election isn't at all about hope versus experience. It's about a nation of hope junkies desperately trying to outrun the terrible and terrifying experiences in their rear view mirror, growing and gaining on them every day.

This article first appeared on Alternet.org on February 1, 2007. X

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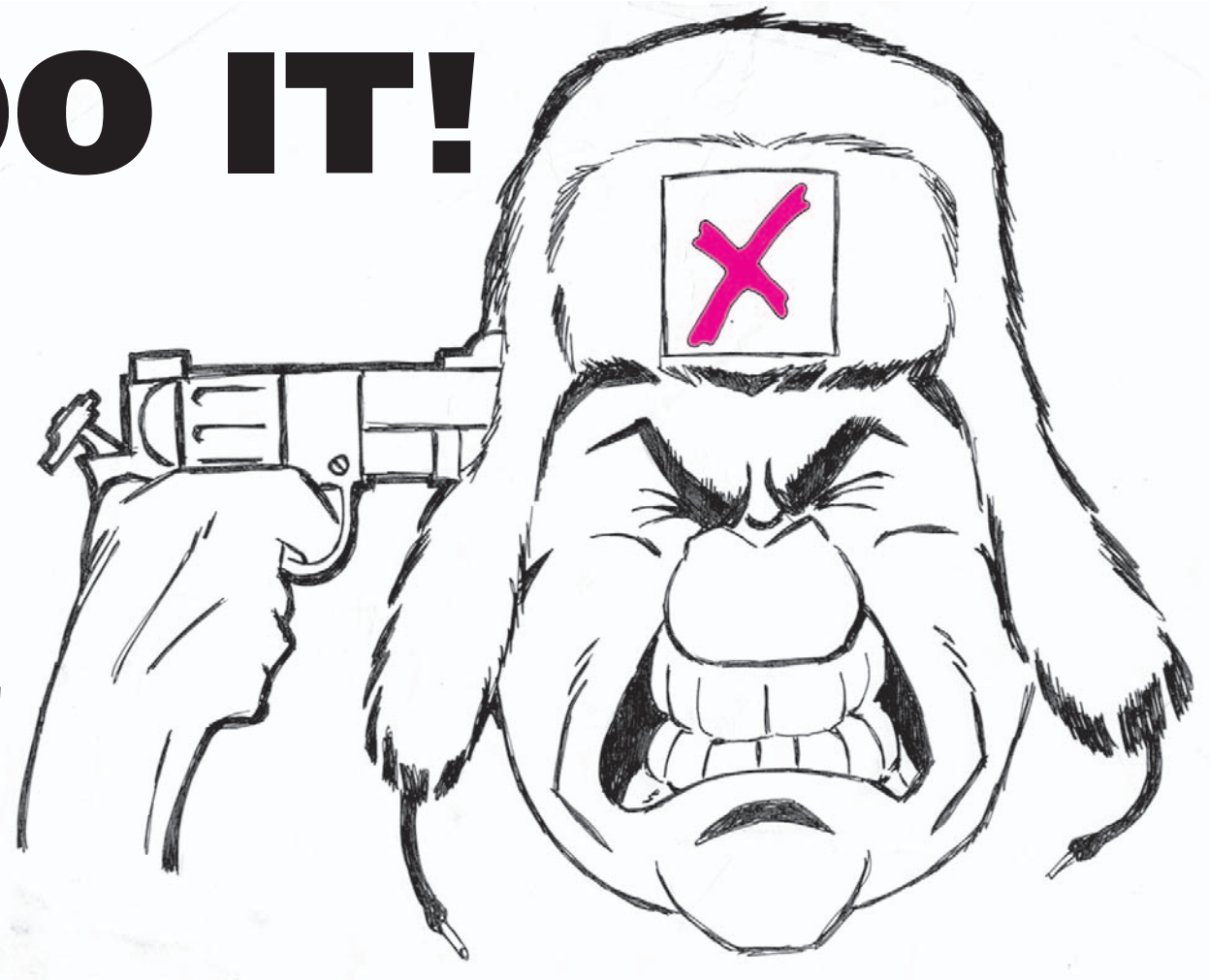
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