ISSUE #04/283

FEBRUARY 21 - MARCH 6, 2008

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WINS UPCOMING
MARCH 2 ELECTION
WITH 68% OF VOTE
OSCE ISSUES POSTDATED REGRET OVER
'FLAWED PROCESS'-

ITS SOLD TO SOLD THE SOLD THE



P. 2 THE EXILE FEB 21 - MAR 6



## SAVE THE BABY FORESKIN

"[0]ur penis head hasn't emerged from its foreskin covering yet..."

--The eXile discussing it's "Recession Penis" http://exile.ru/articles/detail.php?ARTI-CLE\_ID=16902&IBLOCK\_ID=35

"[W]e are still butt-poor and considering ways of earning some kopeks off of our popularity. Any suggestions?"

--Mark Ames et al. at The eXile

http://exile.ru/about/

Mark

Many (most?) American penises don't HAVE a foreskin covering. I recently reported to the US Federal Bureau of Investigation/FBI that most American male infants still have their foreskins ripped and sliced off - illegally. Especially noteworthy: Look what American MDs did when I petitioned Congress for exemptions from the child abuse laws for the ancient Jewish ritual that leaves most of the foreskin on the penis...

See NIH-supported African penis slicing: Dr. Gastaldo's prediction

http://health.groups.yahoo.com/group/chiro-list/message/462

See also: Shirley the FBI bomb-sniffing dog; Attn: FBI - Seattle Division/FBI Special Agent In Charge et al. http://health.groups.yahoo.com/group/chiro-list/message/465

I also reported to the FBI other (far more serious) obvious crimes of MD-obstetricians – like 1) mass temporary baby strangulation followed by mass baby blood amputation – euphemism "immediate cord clamping" – and 2) mass birth-canal-closing/gruesome-spinal-manipulation of babies – euphemism "semisitting/dorsal delivery followed by forceps/vacuum extraction when the baby gets stuck."[Um, wait a minute: you wrote to the FBI about circumcision? Damn. If the FBI is worth one nickel of the taxpayers' money, then you, sir, better be on a No Fly list, getting cavity-searched at every airport or bus station you set foot in—Ed.]

Regarding MD-obstetrician crime #1: MD-obstetricians are temporarily strangulating babies and amputating \*\*up to 50%\*\* of their blood volume. This is happening in most c-sections and most "cord blood banking" births, according to retired obstetrician George Malcolm Morley, MB ChB FACOG. See Dr. Morley's website at www.cord-clamp.com.

Regarding MD-obstetrician crime #2: By using semisitting and dorsal delivery, MD-obstetricians are senselessly closing birth canals up to 30% and senselessly KEEPING birth canals closed up to 30% (i.e., they are keeping women semisitting/dorsal) as they pull with forceps and vacuums - sometimes pulling so hard they rip spinal nerves out of tiny spinal cords.

See Are OBGYNs causing baby strokes? http://health.groups.yahoo.com/group/chirolist/message/453

Incidentally, the mass birth-canal-closing/spinal manipulation child abuse is associated with mass ADULT abuse - obvious SEXUAL ASSAULT - mass vagina slicing to be seen (if they are later sued) to have been doing everything to open the birth canal - even as they close the birth canal the "extra" up to 30%. [Holy shit! You wouldn't happen to have a dungeon underneath your garage would you?—Ed.]

MD-obstetricians indirectly ADMIT ON VIDEO that they are routinely closing birth canals the "extra" up to 30%....

See Hospital Child Abuse: DAs and AGs should end it immediately... http://www.thepetitionsite.com/1/hospital-child-abuse-das-and-ags-should-end-it-immediately

FINALLY, REGARDING YOUR REQUEST FOR SUGGESTIONS:

"BUTT-POOR...CONSIDERING WAYS OF EARNING SOME KOPEKS...ANY SUGGESTIONS?"

Mark, there is no guarantee but...READERS: I see COMMERCIAL VALUE in this work. Share equally in any QUI TAM earnings that may come my way from my idea of simply having law enforcement stop BILLIONS per year in obvious ongoing medical fraud: Simply sign: Hospital Child Abuse: DAs and AGs should end it immediately...http://www.thepetitionsite.com/1/hospital-child-abuse-das-and-ags-should-end-it-immediately [So those billions could go to The eXile? Wow, we're sold! Sign us up!—Ed.]

Of course Mark, if Russian MD-obstetricians are committing any of the mass child abuse crimes, ending those crimes might earn you some kopeks over there -regardless what happens here in the US. Even if you don't earn any kopeks, you will make birth easier for mothers and babies.

Thanks for reading everyone.

Sincerely,

Todd

Dr. Gastaldo

Hillsboro, Oregon USA

todd@chiromotion.com

PS It's almost like we are living in Russia... THE PROBLEM: Law enforcement is looking the other way - and MDs know it...

Steve Harris, MD arrogantly boasts: "Without enforcement, there is no law. Without law, there is no crime. These are elementary principles. Get an adult to explain them to you." http://groups.google.com/group/misc.kids.pregnancy/msg/

 $28866 \\ f3384801 \\ ae9 \ (NOTE: Dr. Harris, just quoted, was responding to my having pointed out$ 

ANOTHER obvious MD-inflicted mass child abuse crime - MDs are using fraudulent vaccination promotion - promoting vaccination by promoting planned endangerment of vaccinated children during disease outbreaks - a crime that leads to the bizarre conclusion that MDs are mostly anti-immunization. I know this latter sounds bizarre [No-no-no, nothing at all sounds bizarre in your letter, seriously—Ed.]; but it's no more bizarre than MD-obstetricians keeping birth canals closed the "extra" up to 30% when babies get stuck. For details about the bizarre anti-immunization behavior of MDs...See The Leigh rape in Iraq and 'nice' MASS violence toward toward women... http://health.groups.yahoo.com/group/chiro-list/message/171

AGAIN: READERS: I see COMMERCIAL VALUE in this work.

Dear Dr. Todd, The eXile Recession Penis replies, "I couldn't agree with you more. The ongoing genocide against foreskin is one of the great tragedies of our time. Why is it that racism and anti-Semitism are denounced, while foreskinism is tolerated and even encouraged? Until America respects the right of foreskin to life and liberty and the pursuit of cheesey odors, I, the Recession Penis, shall punish the oppressors with economic recession. For I am the Recession Penis, and those who forsake me must pay. Literally pay, with like 18% interest, compounded monthly, minimum. I say to the foreskinists out there who seek to snip my brothers from their rightful penises: you can take my foreskin when you snip it from my cold dead glans."

e-mail: editor@exile.ru

## **AYSE-HOLE**

Hi war nerd.

Read you article "Da Kurds: Boo Hoo Who". It's fun reading history and contemporary events with your "fun style" of writing. But, with your lack of knowledge of history, you yourself most of the time turn into a big "fun".

I advise you read more and do more research on Turkish history before you start writing. Especially during WWI, Independence War of Turkey and of course the history of the Ottoman Empire. Your article is full of mistakes especially on these topics. Wikipedia shouldn't be your only source of info. I'm sure you'd defend yourself by saying you're not trying to write a text book, so you don't feel the need to be that correct. But still, just for your self respect and respect for your readers, you should be more objective and accurate. There are some correct information as well in your article, like when you stated Ataturk was a genius and Turks are diciplened people and they unite well etc.

But, I cant't go into details of your mistakes now, because it'll take sooo long, but if you're interested, can advice you some books, or articles etc.

Bye

Avse

Dear Mr. Ayse, The Recession Penis replies, "Um, actually I'm not totally comfortable replying to this letter. Nothing to do with him being Muslim or Turkish or any of that. It's just, you know, when you put a Recession Penis in the same room as an Ayse, well, it's just something that in general you want to avoid. So I'll take a pass on this."

## **WAR NERD BOOK?**

War Nerd

Why haven't you written a book yet? I love your columns and they need to be published but you should write a hard-cover on your theories of war. You have a lot of original thoughts and a very humourous writing style, enough to make history interesting even if the reader is already familiar with it.

Richard Dobson Dear Mr. Dobson, The Recession Penis replies, "Uh, yeah. Okay I'm supposed to say something here about the fact that Gary Brecher is publishing a book, and you can pre-order it on amazon and all that. But, uh, I'm going to have to speak to someone about this. When I first joined The eXile I really didn't expect to be answering [sic] letters. And now I'm like this big 'star' or something, and they're forcing me to do all this promo work. I'm really not... I mean this isn't my thing. I only agreed to do this because I thought it would be fun, but it's really not. I'm really feeling shriveled right now. Sorry Mr. Dobson, I just can't be witty when I'm unhappy."

## **TYLENOL PM**

Dear Mr. Ames

I know less than half of you half as well as I should like, and I like more than half of you half as well as you deserve.

https://donate.barackobama.com/page/contribute/abamt25?source=mainnav

Now, cough it up, you cheap, BCCed bastards\*, and pass it on. Obama needs to run ads against Clinton in the remaining states. If he can beat Hillary, he can win. The poll numbers are already there, and the more people see Obama, the more they like him. Mccain's not pulling charm out of his old, pale, withered ass in the next year, so Obama needs help now!

OBAMA IS THE ONLY ANTI-WAR CANDIDATE CLINTON IS A WAR-LIABILITY AND WILL EMPLOY FAMILIAR, INFERIOR CRONIES.

MCCAIN WANTS THE USA TO STAY IN IRAQ INDEFINITELY, FUTILELY REFEREING A BLOOD FEUD AND PISSING AWAY YOUR TAX DOLLARS. MCCAIN WANTS TO EXPAND IMBECILIC "CLASH OF CIVILIZATION" CONVENTIONALWAR STRATEGIES.

Here's a video of Obama: http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=m4y

VIPqeZwo Wouldn't you rather have a young guy in there? Who'll hire...maybe like, Google people to work in government, instead of weird braindead Christian old rich and mongoloid oilmen with 102 IQs? You know, a young guy, with some fading but notable plasticity left between his neurons?

\* For conservatives, here's Gary Brecher on the surge from one year ago:

"Unfortunately, this isn't a surge, just a reinforcement, and a pretty small one. And if you have to ask whether it'll work, you don't understand guerrilla war. Of course it won't work. Classic guerrilla doctrine - Hell, plain common sense - says when the occupier floods the city with troops, the guerrilla lays low. Which the Iraqis are doing. And yet people are so stupid they're already crowing that "incidents are down" since the Surge.

Well, duh. That's the idea: avoid battle, watch the Arabic-subtitled Dynasty reruns, let the clueless foreigners zoom up and down the alleys. Meanwhile, every soccer-playing kid in the street is memorizing patrol times and tipping his uncle off about the vulnerable small outposts we're now occupying as part of our meet-&-greet policy. Just yesterday the Sunni hit one of those mixed Iraqi/US outposts in daylight: two Gls killed. 17 wounded."

Pat Buchanan talking shit about Mccain:

http://youtube.com/watch?v=a9Dd-yg2A4E

Here's Rush Limbaugh talking shit about Mccain:

http://youtube.com/watch?v=3AUYgNz

Here's Michael Savage talking shit about Mccain:

http://youtube.com/watch?v=gzCicf9EH yl

Here's Ann Coulter talking shit about Mccain:

http://youtube.com/watch?v=HuTqgqhx VMc

Richard Rucker

Dear Mr. Rucker, You might have had a case there for Obama, but then you made the mistake of pointing us to that Google speech he gave. Yeah, man, that was inspiring. Seriously. Louis Rukeyser, watch out! When it comes to dullness, you've got competition. Now we know why all those Obama supporters are fainting all the time. It's called "passing out from boredom." But that we could deal with, and we're all for hating McCain...but as evidence we're supposed to take sides with cheap hucksters like Michael Savage and Ann "Childless" Coulter? If Barack Obama was the Recession Penis, we believe he would say to you, "Fuck off and leave me alone." Only not in those exact words.

## THE WIND THAT SHAKES THE ASS-HAIRS

Dear Editors.

Reading the reprinted article about European hatred I couldn't help but feel a little insulted by your views on Ireland's attitude to the English. We don't think they are bloodthirsty, perverted and untrustworthy. We KNOW they are bloodthirsty, perverted, untrustworthy and most importantly unable to handle their liquor which you failed to point out.

Furthermore the Welsh and Scots are celtic blood traitors and bastards who collaborated with the second rate German swines who populate England, I mean talk about an inferiority complex-- why do the tans (derogatory irish term for English) hate the Germans? Because they know they are the fascists' (sorry too long in Russia, I mean Germans) retarded cousins--we're talking about people who's greatest boast is that they can queu properly, meanwhile the krauts conquored most of Europe before discovering that even superior equipment (with notable exceptions like Katyusha rocket and Sturmovik bombers), training and leadership are no match for millions of vodka fuelled crazy lvans.

We, in Ireland, were the whipping boys because we were the only ones willing to stand up to the sassanach bastards in the last 250 years--and the only ones to force them out (well mostly out). As an aside I would like to point out in our claim to fame in the murdering bastards chart that when we were not fighting the English in Ireland we were happily butchering the rest of Europe in any of the armies of the Great European Empires-- Britain, France, Austria, Spain and probably Prussia and Russia benefitted from our particular brand of alcohol fuelled bloodlust.

regards

Darragh Gavin, St Petersburg

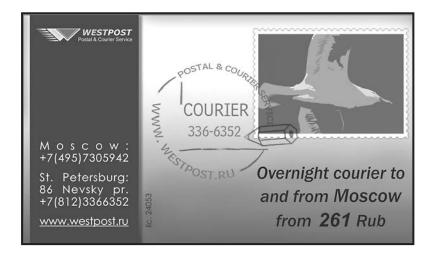
Dear Mr. Gavin, You're not like the charming-yet-unreliable Irish sidekick who always screws everything up and feels terrible about it and gets your level-headed English boss, who should have abandoned you but couldn't out of decency and fondness for your charming lyrical ways, anyway gets him deep into deadly trouble and you feel awful about it and get drunk while he dies-you're not that type of Irish. And we have to sav. we're disappointed. It's like, who needs another angry person in this world? Where's your lyrical feckless Irish charm? Can someone please find us here a charming Irish jokester screwup please? And while you're at it, please escort this Darragh person to the door. His type isn't welcome around here.



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## HEY FOREIGN CORRESPONDENTS! WORRIED ABOUT YOUR MARCH 2ND ELECTION STORY?

THE EXILE CAN HELP!
WE OFFER PRE-PACKAGED MAN-ON-THE-STREET QUOTES GUARANTEED
TO IMPRESS YOUR FOREIGN DESK EDITOR OR YOUR MONEY BACK!

## **SAMPLE XQUOTES CATERING TO YOUR NEEDS:**

PRO-PUTIN YOUTH: "Of course I voted for Dmitry Medvedev," said 23-year-old Dima Kozlov, a stylish member of the new middle-class generation. "I never lived under the Soviet Union, and for me, Putin is..." 4.99 y.e.

THE TAXI DRIVER: "What can you do? It makes no difference who we vote for," said Sergei Kuznetsov, 39. He shrugged and added, "They decide who'll win, not us..." 2.99 v.e.

decide who'll win, not us..." 2.99 y.e.
THE FEMALE KIOSK WORKER: "I am voting for
Dmitry Medvedev because I trust President
Putin's decision," said Irina Baranova, 39.
"Dimochka is like a good son to Vladimir
Vladimirovich..." 2.99 y.e.

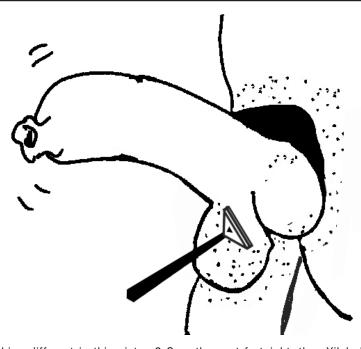


THE PENSIONER: "I have voted for the Communists all my life, because life was better in the Soviet times," lamented Naina Fedorova, a 72-year-old widower. She still fondly remembers when Stalin... 1.99 y.e. (Discount!) THE OPPOSITION ACTIVIST: "The so-called election is a farce," explained Mikhail Zilberman, a 19-year-old democracy activist and law student. "They're afraid of letting the people choose for themselves..." 4.99 y.e.

## HERE'S WHAT CORRESPONDENTS ARE SAYING:

"xQuotes gives me a window into the mysterious Russian soul without even having to leave my Western-style apartment!" – Megan K. Stack, *Los Angeles Times* bureau chief

## The eXile Recession Penis



Notice anything different in this picture? Over the past fortnight, the eXile's Recession Penis shaved its scrotum in anticipation of the expected upcoming clusterfuck in the American financial markets. That's because The New York Times recently reported that the \$45 trillion dollar credit-default swap market, which is basically the secondary market for loan insurance instruments, is getting shaky and getting murkier by the day. Like most people, our Recession Penis didn't even know that there was such a thing as the credit-default swap market, or that it's the largest financial market in the world. What got the RP's main vein swelling up was the revelation that the world's largest financial market is unregulated, and showing a rise in instruments whose owners are totally untraceable. "Reading that was really inspiring," said the Recession Penis. "I went right out and bought myself a Gillette Fusion Power razor!" The penis head saw light after it was announced that England's Northern Rock bank had to be nationalized.

## **BLURB PORN**

"Edward Lucas is one of the best-informed, best-connected, and most perceptive journalists writing about Putin's Russia: His New Cold War is essential reading for anyone who wants to understand what is happening in Eastern Europe and the former Soviet Union today."

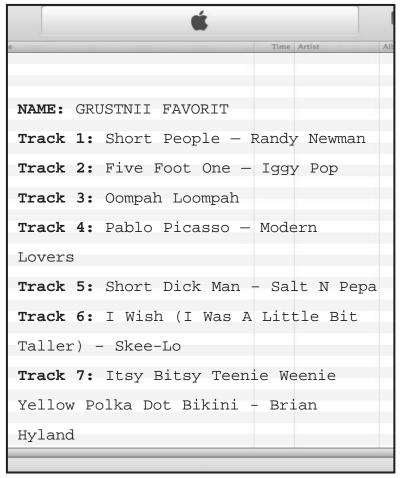
— Anne Applebaum, author of Gulag

"Question: If you could require everyone to read just one book what would it be? Edward Lucas: Anne Applebaum: Gulag."

— Edward Lucas, self-interview, www.edwardlucas.com

## MEDVEDEV'S IPOD NANO PLAYLIST

Much has been said about
Medvedev's love for classic rock
bands like Deep Purple and Led
Zeppelin. The eXile has learned that
the future president's music tastes
are not as one dimenstional as some
would believe.





P. 4 THE EXILE FEB 21 - MAR 6

# FAREWELL, NEW COLD WAR, WE HARDLY KNEW YE

By Alexander Zaitchik and Mark Ames

o you ber wh were w New C ended? ter yet, even kt there

o you remember where you were when the New Cold War ended? Or better yet, did you even know that there was a New Cold War

in the first place?

For now, let's leave that question aside and spend a few moments with our memories. Ah, just saying that phrase, "The New Cold War," inspires misty water-colored scenes from a bygone era, a time of innocence, when the world was so much simpler, when we knew right from wrong and good from evil. How lucky we had it!

But for our late-February 2008 minds, it's impossible to really grasp, without irony, the mindset of people who lived through the New Cold War. What were they like? What were they thinking? Did the Americans who lived through the New Cold War know what a Blu-Ray disc was? Did the Russians under Putin love their children too? Believe us when we say to you, we hope that they did.

Or a better question might be: What the fuck was wrong with those New Cold Warriors? Were people really that stupid back then? Didn't they have anything better to do with their time? Looking back, those New Cold War peddlers, who operated roughly between 2003 to 2007, appear to us as ridiculous today as those loafing bachelors in Jane Austen novels, who spent years doing nothing but riding their carriages around the countryside looking for someone to marry.

The New Cold War: the words have a kind of hair-band/Duran-Duran retro comedy about them, an almost sweet and innocent comedy, even though, if we remember right, people back then were really scared about the consequences of this New Cold War. Some people were, anyway. Okay--actually, just a few dozen powerful media types and political hotheads in Washington and London, along with a couple dozen of their counterparts in the Kremlin propaganda machine.

This issue, we decided to take a walk down New Cold War memory lane. Keep your hands and feet inside at all times, folks, and be careful of neo-Stalinists as we take you back to the beginnings of New Cold War bluster. The year is 2003, around the time Putin refused to back the Iraq invasion and then had the nerve to steal Yukos away from Cheney's

even buy it. It was so viable, in fact, that it might even be bankable. A damn good bet.

It was in the context of this New Cold War peak last summer that two book deals were signed and rushed to print: Mark MacKinnon's *The New Cold War* and Edward Lucas's *The New Cold War*. In case you have a hard time telling them apart, one is alliteratively titled, *The New Cold War: Revolutions, Rigged Elections, and Pipeline Politics in the Former Soviet Union*, while the other is starkly titled, *The New Cold War: Putin's Russia and the Threat to the West.* 

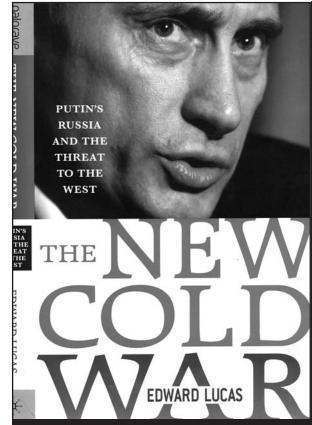
Already we can hear you snickering: "Someone published a book in February 2008 about the New Cold War? Dude, no way! Those poor bastards! Is it snowing where they are in 2007? Next thing you'll tell me is that they carry purse-dogs and drive around in Minis!"

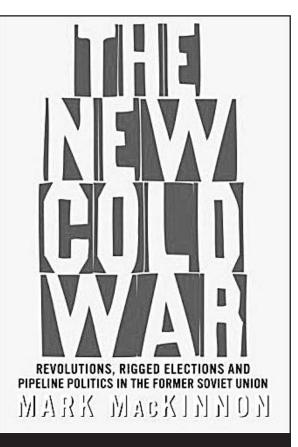
Yes, it's that painfully dated, as if Lucas just published a book called, Sub-Prime Mortgages: They're Not Just A Passing Fad! followed by MacKinnon's, Florida Condo-miniums: The World's Best Investment!

Poor Edward Lucas and Mark MacKinnon. They found themselves in what seemed like the right place, hustling a new fear spanning 11 time zones to a fear-thirsty audience, only to miss the market by a few months. What's even more agonizing to behold is the fact that the two authors were fully aware of the race against news-relevancy's expiration date. Just two pages into Edward Lucas's The New Cold War, he confesses: "This book was conceived and written over one summer, requiring exceptional efforts from my literary agents...who grasped the urgency of the idea and found publishers willing to bring it out at breakneck speed.' He goes on to thank those publishers directly for "effortlessly cramming work that normally takes a year into barely three months."

In other words, Lucas' book was a rush job.

MacKinnon's book was also a rush job, and it shows. The first chapter, a scare-intro about how terrifying life is under Putin, is rife with embarrassing factual errors (he wrongly calls Yevgeny Primakov "the longest serving of [Yeltsin's] prime ministers," wrongly dates Putin's move to Moscow to 1997, and claims that Putin "exported" his managed democracy to Kazakhstan, which has been ruled by one family for over 20 years, and Azerbaijan, a pro-American family dynasty since 1993) and hackneyed writing (try reading this sentence aloud: "Russia, under Yeltsin, was a snarly but seemingly powerless bear when dealing with the other former Soviet republics"). Every page betrays a manuscript





Twins in bad timing: Separated at publisher?

are timed to hit a media event at its peak—to catch a wave and ride it into the Amazon shore. They tend to be glossy, heavily illustrated, and carry titles like *Diana: The People's Princess*. The danger of the rush job is that they can easily look ridiculous not long after being squeezed out. Anyone have a copy of *Time* magazine's triumphant paperback 21 Days to Baghdad lying around?

to Baghdad lying around?

As we noted back in a November preview of Edward Lucas's book, there is more than a whiff of sensationalism around his recent Russia writing. And you can't really blame him. There isn't any other way to interest wide Western audiences in foreign news stories like Russia's resurgence without resorting to bombast. A Middle England housewife just isn't going to care about pipeline politics in Central Asia—unless KGB oligarchs are in those pipes, on their way to Nottingham to rape her children and deny them winter heat.

The funny thing is, even after rushing to finish his manuscript last summer, Lucas and his publishers still missed their wave. The New Cold War (NCW) hysteria peaked around the Duma elections and the imprisonment of Gary Kasparov in late November. Shortly after, the NCW angle was dealt a one-two punch that knocked Lucas's big idea into the

ent subtitles on the cover and the title page—The Future of Russia and the Threat to the West in the case of the latter—perhaps reflecting a lastminute effort to make the book less Putin specific. Too bad nobody had time to coordidate the last minute change in advertising slogan.

hese books offer multiple levels of pleasure. After all, we live in a time where culture is both sped up and fixated on the recent past in

endless retro-fads. So perhaps we're already ready to re-consume the New Cold War as retro-kitsch. And what better way to do that than to read the more New Cold War-y of the two New Cold War books, the one written by Stewie-lookalike *Economist* correspondent Edward Lucas.

After thanking his editors for getting the book out so fast that they couldn't edit it, Lucas pulls out his trusty costume box of epaulets and funny mustaches. Immediately he invokes Hitler and Stalin. According to Lucas, there is a new darkness at noon. Similar to the early stages of the last cold war, the danger today lies in the West's inability to walk and chew gum at the same time. Just as the Allied powers grew so obsessed with Germany and Japan in the 1930s that they lost focus of the threat posed by Soviet Russia, today the mistake is being repeated with a misguided obsession with radical Islam and the War on Terror.

That damn War on Terror has really screwed up the ambitions of every foreign correspondent not feeding at that story's trough. It's caused a lot of resentment, and forces correspondents and writers to double their efforts to convince the Home Audience that their non-War-On-Terror subject is as relevant, or more relevant. It's not an easy sell.

But Lucas is a pushy salesman, and views every aspect of the War on Terror through a Russia-threat prism. He decries Guantanamo, the invasion of Iraq, and Abu Ghraib—not for being gross violations of human rights and international law, but for providing the Kremlin with "potent propaganda weapons." When Moscow shows "contemptuous disregard for Western norms" it is time for a fiercely contested New Cold War;

when Washington does the same, it's a PR problem.

Lucas isn't an idiot, he's just a bit of a fruitcake (and folks, we say that knowing that if this newspaper calls you a "fruitcake," that's pretty sad for you), and so he's aware that he is treading deep hypocritical waters. Throughout the book, he shows he's sensitive to the charge of being hysterical and historically obtuse and just plain wrong. The book at times seems to be written by two men, a Doctor Strangelove arguing for the NCW, and a Mr. Hyde checking himself.

On one page, Lucas berates Russia apologists for failing to see the massive threat over the eastern horizon. On another, he retreats swiftly from the implications of his own rhetoric. After suggesting that the Russian threat is more sinister than that posed by Al Qaeda, he takes care to stress that Russia is "not a military menace to the West." Rather the problem is one of "bombast, bullying, and bribery." Russia, he explains, "has dropped three Soviet attributes from its foreign policy: a messianic ideology, raw military power, and the imperative of territorial expansion." In its place it has embraced trade and investment, exactly as the West has always argued it should. Instead of nuclear weapons and massive heavy tank divisions, the NCW is "fought with cash, natural resources, diplomacy and propaganda... The new cold war is in part a struggle for market share."

If most people find the thought of a suitcase nuke in lower Manhattan more frightening than a growing Gazprom portfolio of downstream German energy assets, well, they obviously haven't spent enough time hanging out in the Polish foreign ministry cafeteria listening to Westerneducated bureaucrats griping about Russia's imperial intentions.

The multiple personality disorder on display in Lucas's *The New Cold War* is fascinating to watch. One minute Lucas calmly suggests there will be no return to the Cold War we had in the past. And the next, Lucas pops up across the room, crying, "The most catastrophic mistake the outside world has made since 1991 is to assume that Russia is steadily becoming a 'normal' country." Munich '38! Yalta '45!

So when were the seedlings for this catastrophic mistake planted? Here Lucas must tread lightly, without laying too much blame at Yeltsin's grave. The *Economist* correspondent is a big fan of the first post-communist

# As we noted back in a November preview of Edward Lucas's book, there is more than a whiff of sensationalism around his recent Russia writing.

grasp. Thus began a long, coordinated effort to portray Russia as an increasingly fascist country. (Although in a strange twist which historians will be left to explain, these same New Cold Warriors also portrayed Russia as getting weaker by the day, which, they argued, actually proved how dangerous Russia was.) From there, it followed that the weaker Russia became, the greater the threat it posed to the West and its way of life. The New Cold War reached a bull market peak in 2007 with the looming Duma elections, and the Russian media's own increasing hysterics about Rus's struggle with America. In the West, this New Cold War gig looked like it had a brilliant future, as if some people might handed in ten minutes past deadline.

MacKinnon's sloppy first chapter is obviously tacked on and almost totally unrelated to the rest of his book, which focuses on the West's covert manipulation of the color revolutions which swept the former Soviet space, and how the Kremlin was right about some NGOs and "independent media" outfits being tools of the U.S. State Department. Those chapters are solid and tightly written, but ultimately not as bankable as the New Cold War angle was thought to be last year, when the contracts for these books were signed.

In publishing, rush jobs are generally associated with the lowest form of product, reeking of sensationalism, exploitation, and hackery. Quickies

news dustbin: first, Putin's surprise nomination of the mild-mannered and liberal-ish Dmitry Medvedev to succeed him as President; and then a couple of weeks later, *Time* magazine's grudging but sober reconsideration of Putin in its "Person of the Year" issue. Suddenly the NCW hysteria of 2007 seemed like an anachronism

Like the first chapter of MacKinnon's book, Lucas's *The New Cold War* betrays its rush job on a textual level. It is riddled with typos and missing punctuation. The index, which under normal circumstances takes a painfully long time to compile, is an Indian train wreck, misdirecting readers to wrong and even non-existent pages. There are differ-

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President. According to Lucas' narrative, Putin betrayed the proud legacy of the freedom fighter Boris Yeltsin, whose "three immovable principles were free speech, friendship with the West, and [keeping] the Communists out of power." As for the dozens of journalists murdered during the 1990s and that whole dissolving and shelling an elected parliament thing, not to mention the war in Chechnya or the stolen 1996 elections—well, those different times. Lollapalooza years. People talked differently back then, so we can't judge them. Better not to dwell too much on the distant past. Better to focus on Russia's trajectory starting, oh gosh, I dunno... say around 1999? Is that too random?

Because Putin turned his back on the Yeltsin legacy of freedom and peoples' friendship with the West, Lucas believes Russia "now stands little chance of avoiding long-term decline."

Here's that same paradox that so many New Cold Warriors peddled during that bygone era. Coming in the middle of a giant book-length warning of Russia's growing power, readers could be forgiven for scratching their heads. Regardless of what you think of the state of freedom and democracy in Russia today-and Lucas is right about this part of his story, it has gotten worse, even though it all started under Yeltsin-this is an idiotic statement. As Lucas knows better than most, Russia is not the feeble basketcase it was under his hero Yeltsin; it's posted some of the world's best and most consistent growth rates every year since 2000. Many foreign companies are posting their best-or, in the case of Ford, their only-profits in Russia's booming economy. Moscow holds the second largest foreign currency reserves in the world. In Lucas' own words, the country's finances are "dizzyingly good." Even Russia's slow-motion demographic disaster shows signs of turning around, which even the optimists didn't expect.

The idea that Russia is on the verge of long-term decline isn't just wishful thinking; it's not even sadism, as some pro-Kremlin analysts have suggested. Rather, it's just a bad lie, which the NCW peddlers needed to paper over the inherent weakness of their whole argument. Because if Russia was getting stronger under Putin, then readers would have to consider the possibility that perhaps Putin wasn't so bad for Russia. And if Putin hasn't been so awful for Russia, then the entire moral argument collapses, and the New Cold War comes down to a simple battle of bullies for power.

Lucas can't figure out where he comes down on this, so like so many other NCW pushers, he comes down on both sides: on one page, Russia is alternately a doomed and fatally corrupt basketcase, on another it's a rising "giant nuclear armed Saudi Arabia... with a global weight not seen since the 1950s." Except for the fact that women are allowed to drive in Russia and the Putin government doesn't fund Wahhabite terror worldwide and none of the hijackers on 9/11 were Russian. Except for those minor differences, the Saudi comparison is a useful and suggestive one. Countries with natural resources tend to use them strategically and to their benefit. Like the Saudis and OPEC. Other countries try to break that control. Like the U.S. This is how the world works and how it has always worked.

The tension mounts on every page. Lucas says that Russia's economy is still dependent on Soviet brains, technology, and accomplishments, yet praises new Russian companies like Yandex ("in some respects better than Google") and Kaspersky Labs, which produces cutting edge anti-virus software.

But Lucas isn't really interested in the hi-tech sector at all, or the state of Russian small businesses more generally. Lucas is all about the gas and the oil. This is the source of Russia's newfound power. It is also brass tacks for the new cold warriors, something they are not always very good at hiding.

On the subject of energy, Lucas' split personality disappears. What emerges is a self-assured fire-breathing hydrocarbon superhero, the Paul Revere of pipeline politics. Europe depends on Russia for a third of its gas imports, a number set to rise. The major European powers are all too eager to lock in bilateral deals and get their national energy companies a seat at the Siberian dinner table. They are not interested in a New Cold War. This drives Lucas to despair: "The contest [between Russia and the West]," he writes, "resembles a battlehardened chess grandmaster playing against a bunch of inattentive and squabbling amateurs." Lucas is furious at the lack of European resolve, or rather interest, in fighting a war that it doesn't even know is taking place. Lucas urges Europe to deregulate its energy markets, import as much liquefied natural gas as possible, and build pipelines connecting the Middle East and Central Asia to southeastern Europe in order to bypass Russia. Because you know, the Middle East and Central Asia: bastions of democracy, dude.

If two companies have the magic to set Lucas off on an epileptic seizure, they are "Gazprom" and "Nord Stream," the German-Russian project that will deliver gas directly to Germany via a Baltic Seabed pipeline. The project will both deny Eastern Europe transit fees and buffer Germany's energy security from problems between Russia and its ex-Soviet satellites. This bothers Lucas so much that he reaches back into his costume box: He approvingly quotes his friend Radek Sikorski, whose wife is the notorious neocon propagandist Anne Applebaum, in comparing Nord Stream to the Molotov-Ribbontrop

(It's all too ironic that so many freedom-loving New Cold Warriors should have such a soft spot for Sikorski. While deputy foreign minister in the late 90s, Sikorski tried implementing a scheme to trap visiting expatriate Poles inside the country with no way of leaving even though they'd entered with Western passports. Known as the "passport trap," it is arguably the most neo-Soviet program ever devised in post-Communist Eastern Europe.)

Lucas simply can't get his head around why any country would do business with Russia and Gazprom. After a lot of lip-biting, he chalks Germany's partnership in Nord Stream up to "fear, resentment and guilt." On this Lucas is no doubt correct. Surely having gas delivered right to their door without having to worry about some stupid spat in the Balts has nothing to do with it. How silly!

The emerging energy reality in Europe is so horrifying to Lucas that he is forced to find comfort in scenarios predicting the imminent exhaustion of Russia's vast oil and gas reserves. Indeed this is another running feature of NCW russophobia: "Yeah, well, just wait till Russia's resources run out/the price of oil drops! It's gonna happen too, just you wait!"

It's true that 43 trillion cubic meters of gas reserves won't last forever, or even the century. Some studies show that as early as 2020, Russia could need to keep all of its gas for domestic use. But if these numbers are accurate, there's not much point in getting riled up. Why not just write a book about alternative energy? For one, it ain't scary enough. And if it ain't scaring John Q Public, then John Q Public ain't gonna lay down \$20 bucks to buy it.

Lucas's answer to battling Russia's massive resource advantage is a kind of "Better Stone-Aged Than Sovereign Democracy" policy, the Episcopalian equivalent of suicide bombing: he argues that we stop buy-

ing Russia's resources altogether.

But to his dismay, his fellow Western infidels don't agree. "Now the fellow travelers are capitalists," writes Lucas, speaking about accountancy firms, state energy companies, individual investors, and PR outfits. Although he doesn't use the word, he implies strongly that they are traitors. Lucas has an ally in this view in Tony Blair, who left office with an Eisenhower-esque exit warning to Western firms to stay away from the Russian werewolf. Don't believe it when you see profits to be made and resources to be traded: when there's a full moon out, those natural gas reserves and IPOs turn into were-

Needless to say, it's an argument that would bring destruction to the West's economy and total world war

rassing predicament also reveals something about our sordid profession, and the difficulty of journalistic entrepreneurship. How do you sell a book, let alone an article, to the fiercely myopic and ignorant United States market, the only market that really pays cash to journalists? During the Clinton years, the fear market was fairly wide open to the best fear-mongerer, no matter how ridiculous the fear-object was. It's easy to forget that back then a lot of people seriously believed that Clinton was going to invite the UN blue helmets to occupy America, disarm the white male population, and force every household to quarter a homosexual in their child's closet. That sort of fear story sold huge in America, and the culture still lingers today. Which raises another problem

Poor Edward Lucas, but more than that, poor Mark MacKinnon, who at least wrote a decent historical account of how those "color revolutions" were actually carried out, but it's lost in the irrelevancy of the title and the tacked-on first chapter which frames the book. (Indeed MacKinnon's book ends up being much more of an unintentional defense of Putin's authoritarian moves as a logical defense against a massive multi-pronged Western assault to seize control of the region.)

But really, poor us, and poor Western correspondents. With the New Cold War over as quickly as it started, every journalist and thinktanker invested in the NCW is left holding our irrelevancy-dicks. Under our breaths, we're cursing the appointment of Medvedev as much

## If two companies have the magic to set Lucas off on an epileptic seizure, they are "Gazprom" and "Nord Stream"

if applied everywhere equally. Which is why Lucas issues no similar warnings about trade with China, a prisonlabor state with a human rights record that makes Vladimir Putin look like Bishop Tutu. Nor are there any harsh words for Russia's fellow BRIC state Brazil, which still hasn't gotten around to eradicating human slavery.

The reason Lucas doesn't agonize over the human rights records of other states isn't just because those aren't his beats (although that's part of it). It's because he doesn't really care about human rights. Lucas knows we are entering a century of resource scarcity and increased energy competition. If Russia had the same human rights record but its main export was cheap wine, he would not be writing a book about the "the price of putting off confrontation." Lucas is not really outraged that the seized assets of Yukos were snatched up as Rossneft shares on the London Stock Exchange; he's upset because Rosneft and Gazprom have Europe by the balls and there's nothing much anybody can do about it. Lucas comes close to saying this at times, but he can't be too bald about it. Hence his amusing bleatings about Russia's "inattention to the moral and ethical basis of capitalism."

Tell it to the invisible hand, Ed. Talk to the hand.

f Lucas thought things were bad last year when he ran around "Russian crying Wolf!" to anyone who would listen, that's nothing compared to where we are today. The bogeyman Putin is taking a Deng Xiaoping-ish seat behind the stage, and his replacement is a cuddly liberal who dresses a lot like Lucas's friends dress, and who comes from the same crowd of Petersburg liberals that Lucas's heroes come from.

The new story out here, the new angle, has nothing to do with the "F" word and everything to do with the "L" word. Even the stridently anti-Putin *Newsweek* has jumped aboard the new wagon, as evidenced in their recent report "Russia's Mighty Mouse", which suggests that Medvedev is going to chart his own liberalish course, leaving NCW peddlers like Lucas as high and dry as if they'd arrived in Moscow today with a container of Levi's 501s, thinking that they're going to make a killing selling blue jeans in the metro.

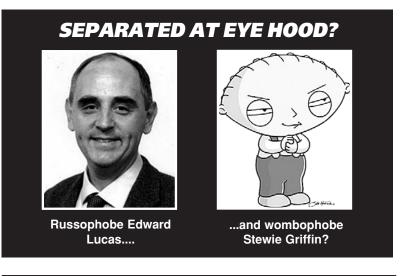
Lucas and MacKinnon's embar-

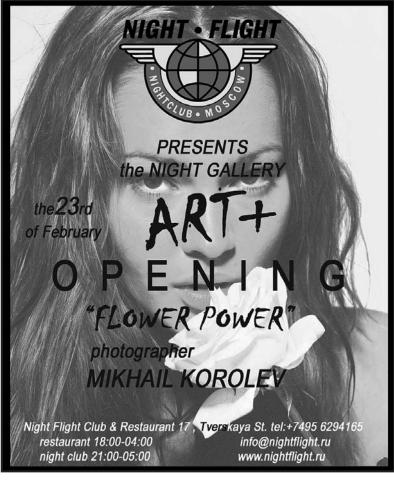
journalists have: trying to sell fear that involves even the most basic rational explanation to a nation of morons

Books about Russia have never quite sold what the publishers hoped they would. Even biggest books like Hoffman's *Oligarchs* or his *Washington Post* colleagues' *Kremlin Rising* only hit big in WonkWorld, not in Barnes & Noble, where the money's made. Ever since Russia stopped scaring the shit out of Americans 20 years ago, it's been a hard sell. With the War On Terror, it's downright impossible.

today as we cursed Russia's impossible rebound under Putin, because it's bad for business. Our business.

The journalist in us snickers at seeing Edward Lucas take such an inglorious dive. But the poor, struggling entrepreneur in us shakes our fist at the Kremlin and says, along with Edward Lucas, Mark MacKinnon and the rest of our colleagues in the Russia-watching community: "Damn you, Putin! You've foiled us again! We're not through with you though... not by a longshot. We'll get you yet, you slipper nemesis! Daaammmn yooouuuuuu!"... \*\*X





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## **NORTHERN ILL. UNIVERSITY: WAS THE KILLER CRAZY, OR THE CAMPUS HOPELESS?**

ranks as one of the butt ugliest cam-

By Mark Ames

Unlike Virginia Tech gunman Cho Seung-Hui—a sullen misfit who could barely look anyone in the eye, much less carry on a conversation-Kazmierczak appeared to fit in just

-Deanna Bellendi, Associated

hy? Why did this rage massacre at Illinois Northern University happen? Why did Steven Kazmierczak, "armed with three handguns and a brand-new pumpaction shotgun he had carried onto campus in a guitar case," step from behind a screen on the stage of a lecture hall at NIU and open fire on a geology class, killing seven, wounding many more?

The explanations are a repeat of the ones we hear after every other massacre, leading nowhere: gun crazy, evil perp (Nazi, anti-Semite), didn't take his meds, broke up with girlfriend ... none of them are satisfying, none of them lead us anywhere except

obviously-second-rate universities, as well as the third-rate "vocational" schools. This is relevant, because in a culture so obsessed with being number one, and where the socioeconomic gap between the Number Ones and Everyone Else is growing so wide that it's starting to take on medieval dimensions, it's the ones stuck in the vast middle who face real existential

We're just starting to learn a bit about the NIU killer, 27-year-old Steven P. Kazmierczak: he's been described as a "fairly normal, unstressed person," as well as a bright honors student. Before there was a photo and a name, he was described as a "skinny white guy" wearing all black and a ski mask. In other words, a caricature of evil. Now, one look at the photo of the pimply, pinheaded, goggle-eyed Kazmierczak, and it's hard to match the evil to the recognizably twerpy, sympathetic face.

A Northern Illinois law student told the Washington Post, "The person who did it is a loser. He doesn't deserve a name or picture reference. You're not Kurt Cobain if you do that.

Let's assume he's at least partly

puses on planet earth, then NIU is the right school for you. The physical ugliness and intellec-

tual mediocrity are a recurring theme: "NIU is the pits. It's a suitcase school with a horribly ugly campus that ought to re-label itself Northern Illinois Community College."

"The academic rigor required to do well at NIU is a joke .... Best advice to any high school students considering NĬU? Do everything in your power to get yourself into a better school like U of I, Illinois State or some other well regarded public or provide school .... And don't even get me started on the NIU campus. If there is an uglier or more disorganized one on this planet, I haven't seen it in all my travels. There are rundown CHA buildings in the most blighted parts of Chicago that are in better shape then the NIU dorm complex. Outside of Barsema Hall and a few others, the rest of the other buildings are dreadful and embarassing. The first thing 95% of NIU students do upon receiving their diploma is to run like hell from DeKalb and never turn back.

DeKalb is a small farming town full of cornfields; its population is 40,000, while NIU has roughly 25,000 students. Both town and school are overwhelmingly white. One student described the town this way: "[A]llergies are bad because of the cornfields, and it smells in the summer because of the PIG FARM!! Also, people in the area are generally not very nice."

Speaking of not very nice people, DeKalb's most famous son is Joseph F. Glidden, was the inventor of barbed wire. The university's most famous living graduates, are Dan Castellaneta, the voice actor for Homer Simpson, and slimeball Republican Dennis Hastert, who famously declared after Katrina that certain "neighborhoods" [read: black and poor] should be "bulldozed" rather than rebuilt. So there you have it: DeKalb's most celebrated citizens are a pair of creeps and and the voiceman for the epitomal American loser.

As one woman from NIU's class of 2006 shows, it's really the people who make life there a living Hell [I'm

including her grammar mistakes]:

[D]on't make the same mistake I did, NIU is a terrible school a complete waste of my time and money. I came into NIU as a transfer student despite the fact that i had several friends that told me how horrible it was. Well they were right!! First of all the students here are completely self centered and ignorant. Not a friendly campus AT All. everyone stays in there own cliques and groups even out at the bars, dont expect anyone to be friendly to you. Apartment and house parties are closed here usually just groups of friends. The faculty here are extremely unhelpful and unwilling to help you. The financial aid and other administrative offices treat you like shit, not to mention their "offices" look like prison cells. Coming from a school which had everything remodeled it was very hard coming here. This school looks ilek it hasnt been remodeled since 1800. All the buildings (except Barsema) are disgusting SICK i wouldn't be surprised if huge rats were crawling around. The on campus dorms and dining facilities I will not even get into that if you unfortunately decide to invest your time into an education here you will find out BEWARE!! THe library is terrible, I had a better library at my grade school. The gym: I have a better gym in the basement of my house. It looks liek a bunch of treadmills thrown into a basement. This is a suitcase school. 70% of students leave for the weekends. WARNING: Massive amounts of drug consumption at this school. Extremely high drug scene, so if you aren't into that you will have ahard time finding people like you. Dekalb is an awful, ugly town with nothign to do. There is no mall nearby. There are no places to work in town. NIU has been the worst experience of my life. I would give anything to go back and have listened to the 10-15 people who advised me not to go here. So here is

your chance right now for anyone

reading this, before you make the

same mistake and regret it. Don't choose NIU!!! Invest your time, money, and college experience somewhere else.

Kazmierczak: the All-American Shooter

It's not just the transfer students who grieve about the people in DeKalb, as one psychology major explains:

I think NIU is the shittiest decision a person can make as far as picking a university that will broaden their horizons. I was very motivated with my studies before I moved out there and the lack of job opportunities doesn't give you a way to apply your studies so I've lost a lot of inspiration. It may be reasonably priced financially, but I was absolutely miserable so it wasn't worth saving the money. If you're planning on depending on your bike to commute around town good luck. It seems that people in Dekalb are unfamiliar with the invention of the bicycle. When I've ridden on the sidewalks I get harassed. When I ride on the street on one trip I have numerous people yelling obscenities at me to get out of the street. Last year when I was living in the dorms while My bike was chained to the bike rack somebody stole my entire front wheel. I got it fixed this year and within two weeks of the repair while I was in class somebody seemingly attacked my bike (the front wheel's rim was bent and tire was flat.) I don't understand why anyone would do something so pointless, but it seems that's how a lot of people in Dekalb are. I managed to make a few close friends but the majority of the people in Dekalb are insensitive, uninspired (with reason considering their surroundings), and pretentious even though they have no reason to be cause a lot of them are very lucky to have even gotten into NIU. Even if you're motivated and don't have trouble finding a job where you're from, it's very hard to find a decent job in Dekalb. Almost everything is mini-mum wage. I was making \$11 an hour before I transferred to NIU and then the best I could find was a job at a gas station making \$6.50/hr. The only way for you to get experience in your field is through volunteer experience because there are very very few decent jobs in the surrounding area. This is going to sound ridiculous but

the wind. Whatever it's from, NIU is like a wind tunnel. The majority of my professors are also insensitive and don't understand unusual family situations. The campus is ok in some parts but hideous in most areas and it doesn't have a lot of natural beauty. The most scenic part of campus the main entrance by the lagoon is ruined by ugly looking satellites scattered about. I could go on forever. I attended for a year and a half an now i'm transferring. I had a bad feeling about the campus from the start when I visited and I guess I should have gone with it. I'm just trying to keep other people from making the same mistake.

If you're wondering Kazmierczak transferred out of NIU to the University of Illinois-Champaign last spring, this might help explain it; if you're wondering, as many bloggers have, why he'd come back and shoot up NIU rather than his current university, these sentiments are at least worth considering.

Kazmierczak's hometown, Elk Grove Village, Illinois, is also revealing of the vast, flat middle of Middle America. Located on the edge of Chicago's hyper-busy O'Hare Airport, Elk Grove Village has a humble population of roughly 40,000 almost allwhite middle-class citizens (mostly German and Polish stock), yet it hosts, as it proudly boasts, the largest consolidated business park in North America. Packed into its humble 5.4 square miles are 3.800 business, hosting over 100,000 workers servicing O'Hare Airport alone, and several Interstate highways servicing the wall-to-wall giant flat-roofed warehouse structures, corporate offices and, yes, suburban tract homes.

Two years ago, Kazmierczak's parents moved from Elk Grove Village to Florida, where his mother died of Lou Gehrig's Disease.

Scratching the surface of his life a very familiar, flat sort of American Hell—makes his need for medications a bit more understandable, as is the case for the millions of Americans like him who take psychiatric medication. Indeed, someone who wouldn't turn to antidepressants would, in my opinion, be the sick one.

If we bracket his massacre as the work of an evil lunatic on drugs, we'll miss yet another opportunity to genuinely examine what life is like for most Americans today, who live in that terrifying gap between the official propaganda about a nation of happy fun-loving Number Ones, and the reality of mediocrity, petty malice, and a flat physical setting that reflects the malice and mediocrity of its town



away from genuine examination.

In my book Going Postal, I proposed looking at these uniquely American and uniquely post-Reagan massacres without cheap moral blinders. Look at the setting of the crime, look at the people who live in that setting, and look at the genealogy of the crime.

These rage massacres began in the mid-1980s in post offices, one after another, all seemingly "senseless." Mass killings like the one in Edmond, Oklahoma postal massacre in 1986 which left 14 dead, were quickly transformed into water cooler joke material: The phrase "going postal" replaced "having a cow," and the clash between the Happy Days-era world of mailmen and dawning age of rampaging maniacs was too silly, and seemingly safely confined, to be spared this transformation into cheap black comedy.

But by the end of the 1980s, the water cooler crowd started getting shot as well: workplace massacres spread like a nasty virus from the postal service to wider private sector, and they haven't stopped. The jokes got more nervous. Workplaces transformed into little Atticas, with surveillance cameras, badges, armed rent-a-cops, along with snitches and mutual suspicion.

But the jokes about "going postal" didn't really end until rage massacres spread to the next logical place in Middle American life: our middleclass schools. Suddenly horror and revulsion overwhelmed the irony. Privately, in the safe anonymous world of the Internet, the Columbine killers have become heroes to untold numbers of America's kids, just as they'd set out to do. Like so many terrorists and insurgents, Columbine killers Eric Harris and Dylan Klebold set out on a suicide mission to "kickstart a revolution." And like many successful terrorist or insurgency movements, they succeeded by spawning an ever-growing supply of schoolyard killers.

Over the past few years, the killings leapt from the K-12 schools to universities. Not the top universities, which seems significant to me, but rather to right: Kazmierczak probably was a loser, by the standards of Midwestern American winners. For now there's too little information to sort out. But judging from previous massacres, it's likely that Kazmierczak reached a point where life no longer was worth living. His medications are now being held up as a cause, but they just as easily could have been the effects of living the life he lived.

While most of the media focuses on the healing Christian spirit of Dekalb, Ill., home of Northern Illinois University, I've done some searching of what students wrote in anonymous forums, particularly studentsreviews.com, about NIU and Dekalb. Not what they're saying now, when the cameras are on and everyone's officially grieving and Wondering Why, but from last year to three years ago, when they were honest. What you find is an enormous amount of anger and regret—the sort of regret you'd expect from a middle-aged Willy Loman looking back on a wast-

"NIU is a glorified community college," writes one former student. just say there aren't many Albert Einsteins on campus. If you got solid C's in high school and otherwise are destined for a career path that involves shoveling shit, then NIU is the right school for you. If you are a gang banger from the inner city who has just enough smarts to con a subsidized college education out of the system, then NIU is the right school for you. If your greatest career ambition is to one day be the assistant manager at GNC or Radio Shack, then NIU is the right school for you. If your dream mobile involves one day owning an eleven year old minivan with half the trim missing, then NIU is the right school for you. If you think Pabst Blue Ribbon is a "high end" beer, then NIU is the right school for you. If you like following a football program that hasn't been to a bowl game since 1983, then NIU is the right school for you. If you like following a basketball program that is lucky to draw 1,200 fans to a home game, then NIU is the right school for you. If you like going to a school that



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# THE COMPLETE FIRST SEASON

## SEPARATED AT GRIN



Lying pig fucker William Kristol....

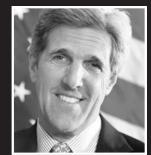


...and lovable pigfucker Kermit the Frog?

## SEPARATED AT SKULL



Lying war pig Anne Applebaum....



...and fucked by war pigs John Kerry?

## FROM THE BLOGS

## PROVINCIAL POLICE CHIEF FIRED AFTER KILLING PUTIN CRITIC

February 15, 2008

A stranger-than-fiction story from Voronezh, in Russia's black earth region, in which justice prevails.

It started typically enough last December when police detained a 72year-old man, Viktor Shvyrev, after he made a quip that United Russia, the party of President Putin, were "fascists." He fired off his killing joke while walking past a "victory rally" following last December's Duma elections, in which pro-Putin parties swept to power, and the cops who heard it were not amused.

According to Shvyrev's own hospital-bed account, he commented to a trio of cops at the rally: "So, the fascists won, eh?"

To prove that they weren't fascists, the three cops took him down to the police precinct, took his wallet and phone, and proceeded to beat him to death. It wasn't a quick death either: first he suffered from severe concussions and brain hemorrhaging; then he lost feeling in his legs; and finally, about a month after the beating, he died in a Voronezh hospital.

Afterwards, the cops filed a report that told a surprisingly different version: the old pensioner was spotted drunk on the streets, holding a bottle of vodka, and constantly slipping and falling and hitting his head. The police detained him for his own safety so as to prevent him from constantly hitting his head and ribs on the sidewalk, and for public drunkenness. They took him in, and let him go an hour later, apparently after they'd given him a special Voronezh's Finest sobering-up treatment. The case was supposedly closed. His daughter, who told reporters that her dead father never drank, was left to pick up the corpse.

So far, there's nothing out-of-theordinary here, just another day in provincial Russia's rule-of-law, right?

Wrong.

Yesterday, Komsomolskaya Pravda reported that the head of that police precinct, Colonel Valery Larichev, was fired and replaced by the chief investigator of his division. What the heck is going on here? Is this a portent of Medvedev-things-to-come?

Russia watchers will recall that late last year, an Other Russia activist, Yuri Chervochkin, was beaten to death by suspected undercover cops in the provincial town of Serpukhov. No fallout whatsoever, and none expected at this point in the Putin Era.

Yet in the last week, we've seen a public outcry over the brutal denial of medical treatment to YUKOS lawyer Vasily Alexanian, who is dying of AIDS and cancer, eventually lead to his transfer out of jail and into a medical clinic (although which clinic and what sort of treatment he's getting is still a giant mystery).

And now this: a provincial top police chief fired for what he thought was his patriotic duty: beating to death old pensioners for uttering criticism of Putin.

Strange days, indeed.

—Mark Ames

## **RUSSIAN ELECTIONS:** NOTHING TO SEE, KEEP MOVING ALONG FOLKS... February 14, 2008

Less than two weeks remain until Russia's presidential election. But if you just woke up from a coma, you'd never guess it. You'd probably think you were still in 2006. Other than the occasional "Vote on March 2" posters pasted up in the metro and on storefronts, no one's paying attention. No one's even talking about it. But it's not

just the jaded Russian public. That

would be expected. The media is as bored as anyone

Sure there was a Russian bomber iet flyover over a US Navy ship and a barely averted gas cutoff to Ukraine, but they almost seem staged to provide some kind of news story to substitute for what looks like a moratorium on election-oriented coverage.

Sure, a Medvedev win comes with a 100% Putin-backed guarantee, but there's gotta be some kind of dirt? Apparently not.

You know that the situation is bad when the New Times, Russia's leading muckraking weekly magazine, has to fill up a huge chunk of their last preelection issue with coverage of the US presidential race. American politics even dominates the cover. Out of a total of six political slots, the issue boasts no less than three stories on the America's upcoming election.

Did I mention that the New Times had one of their leading political reporters recently banished from Russia by the FSB? Could this be why New Times is focusing on the safe story about the US primaries?

—Yasha Levine

## RUSSIA'S TOP TRAFFIC COP **RUNS OVER WOMAN** February 12, 2008

As head of Russia's Department of Transport Safety in the Interior Ministry, Viktor Kiryanov is the

country's top traffic cop, or "Glavnii Gaishnik." Given his title, it should come as no surprise to anyone familiar with Russia that yesterday afternoon, Kirvanov's Mercedes ran over a woman while she was crossing the street in central Moscow. It should also come as no surprise that according to the official account, it was all the pedestrian's fault for getting in the way of Kiryanov's Mercedes.

The head Gaishnik flattened the woman on Ulitsa Solyanka, just down the road from my house in a one-way street (wonder which way Kiryanov was going?). Ambulances were immediately called to the scene, but the woman's condition, or whereabouts, or is-she-alive-abouts, are still unknown. What is known is the statement released by the Department of Transport Safety's press secretary: "We're all participants in road travel and no one is immune to events taking place on the road, not even the head of the GIBDD [acronym for the traffic police department].

According to gazeta.ru, a witness on the scene said that Kiryanov's Mercedes ran a red and slammed right into the woman, who was walking in the crosswalk on a green light. The witness said that Kiryanov's car was traveling the wrong way down the one-way, a lane reserved only for trolleybuses, and that her body was tangled up in the rear of the Mercedes when he ran up to see what had happened. He described the woman as seriously injured" and said her forehead was covered in blood.

In reply, the GIBDD's press spokeswoman, Alena Yaroschenko, shot back, "Why can't you consider the possibility that the pedestrian caused the accident?"

That's right, so the next time you're forced to cough up a bribe to the GAIshnik, just remember, they're only human, just like...well, not like you and me, but like other high-flying bureaucrats to whom the law doesn't apply (such as Deputy Prime Minister Sergei Ivanov's son Alexander, who did a few donuts on a 68-year-old babushka's body as she crossed the street, but as it turned out, legally it was her fault for dying in his axles!). Sure, it may be true that they're never at fault for any car accident, but just because a humble bureaucrat like Mr. Kiryanov isn't ever at fault for flatcaking some hapless pedestrian, it doesn't mean he's immune from the hassle of having to wash said babushka's blood off of his Mercedes grill, or picking her brains out from his Ujoint. O, the humanity!

— Mark Ames





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## HARDWARE FOR DUMMIES: THE OSPREY VS. THE HORNE

By Gary Brecher

RESNO, CA — OK, let's talk hardware for once. I love the hardware, always have; the reason I don't talk much about it is that what we've got is mostly useless, and what we really do need is always getting slammed. I'll give you two examples: the F/A-18 and the V-22.

## THE WAR NERD

If you're a typical half-baked Tom Clancy fan, you know what to think of both these planes: F/A-18 good, V-22 bad. Wrong on both counts. In fact, that's why it's hard to talk hardware, because you have to de-program so much crap from the standard view.

Start with the V-22 Osprey. You probably know the basics: it's a transport aircraft with engines out on the end of the wings that can rotate forward to fly like a conventional plane and tilt up to vertical (that's what the V is for) so it can land like a helicopter.

And everybody knows, or thinks they know, that it's a lemon. It's ten years behind schedule; it keeps crashing; it's already killed more than 50 Marines. And Dick Cheney hates it. Back when he was Secretary of Defense, Cheney said the V-22 was "...one weapons system I don't need."

That's as good a place as any to start your deprogramming: whatever Dick Cheney says, think the opposite. If Dick Cheney tells you it's a sunny day, get your umbrella. It's no surprise to me that Cheney hates this weapons system, because Cheney is, and I'm kind of half serious here, an Iranian agent who hates America and wants to destroy us. He's all for spending trillions of our tax dollars on absolutely worthless weapons like aircraft carriers, but he fought hard against the Osprey because it's the one contemporary weapons system the USAF's C-130. Only five of the eight choppers were still working, and the mission was scrubbed. During takeoff after the scrub, one of the CH-53s, underpowered and overweight, was blown into a C-130. Kaboom! Giant fireball, eight men dead, and the next day some greasy mullah had himself photographed holding up a charred American pilot's arm. If you're a glutton for pain, you can read the more detailed article I did on it:

http://www.exile.ru/articles/detail. php?ARTICLE\_ID=7847&IBLOCK

Replay that raid with the Osprey as basic transport and you get a very different result. The Osprey carries 32 troops at a cruising speed of 250 mph; there'd be no need to land in the middle of the desert, because it can be refueled air-to-air. The flight would have landed directly at the staging area near Tehran, without any need to touch down in the desert during a sandstorm. A fleet of Ospreys instead of CH-53s would probably have ferried Beckwith's guys safely to their staging base outside Tehran.

To be honest, I don't think the mission, at least from that point on, ever had a chance; it was James Bond crap that required this big American force to infiltrate Tehran in trucks and rescue the hostages, then fight its way back to the planes. It was like some mid- 80s screenplay that would've starred Patrick Swayze.

Nobody would have made it home alive, but at least they would have died killing Revolutionary Guards at a nice, satisfying 20:1 ratio, with our air cover turning Tehran into a toasty lesson on why you should be nice to American diplomats. There's failure and there's failure, and with better transport this could've been a glorious failure instead of a painful (really painful, I remember!) joke.

Suppose the Osprey really isn't a very safe aircraft. That's the knock on it, after all. Well, the hard answer here is, so what? It's a revolutionary advance in exactly the kind of war we actually need to learn how to fight. If that costs a few lives along the way, so be it. The question nobody bothers asking is whether the lives lost on a then you can live with losses.

Besides, I'm not convinced the Osprey's really that unreliable. There have only been four major crashes, and for such a revolutionary design that's not bad. Compare that to the really scary record of the F-18 variants we sold to the Aussies: four of the 71 they bought have crashed already, but nobody's panicking about that.

So why does the Osprey get so much bad-mouthing?

Before you let me answer for you, let's give you a lesson in thinking hard about hardware. You tell me, why would the Air Force, the Navy and the Army hate a weapons system like this one? Remember, we're talking about jealous branches of the Armed Services, we're talking about billions of dollars, we're talking about a world where an Air Force general takes off his uniform and gets a lobbying job without even blinking. And keep in mind that each one of the Armed Services will do anything to keep from losing money to the others.

I bet you got it by now. The Osprey is a Marine Corps project. This should be the last clue you need: what makes the Corps different from all the other services? Answer: because it has its own air wing, and this USMC air wing is the only American force that's allowed to operate fixedwing aircraft, helicopters, or mutants like the V-22; all the other services have to stick to one or the other kind of aircraft. The Army is limited by law to helicopters and the Air Force has a monopoly of fixed (or swept-) wing craft. So a plane like the Osprey, that can turn from one to the other in a few seconds, is about as welcome as a sneezing duck on a trans-Pacific flight from Hong Kong.

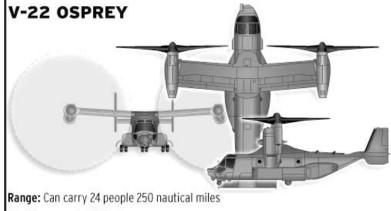
Defense appropriations are an annual turf war between the services. and the Osprey doesn't even have any identifiable turf. It's a bird, it's a plane, it's a procurement officer's worst nightmare! It threatens the whole paranoid truce between the three big services about who owns

The fact that the V-22 might actually help us fight irregular wars like the ones we actually need to plan for doesn't figure at all. They'd laugh at you if you brought that up. It'd just prove that "you don't get it." To them, this is like an advertising campaign. They want to sell programs to Congress so they can buy another condo in Costa Rica.

I've actually read proud stories of big sales by lobbyists. They actually brag about robbing us. They sold the F-22 Raptor by dazzling Congress with all this Knightrider dashboard crap. The reason they had to switch sales pitches is because they were having a problem using their old approach: the Soviet threat.

Somebody asked the annoving question, "Uh...what Soviets? Didn't they kinda go outta business?" So the lobbyists actually ran a campaign called "Save the Raptor"—like it was some Sierra Club bird watcher's PBS documentary call-in show. And, wouldn't you know it, they saved the Raptor! Nobody knows what the Raptor's good for, unless all our F-15 squadrons suddenly come under the control of the Hypno-toad and have to be knocked out of the sky by an "even more advanced!" fighter.

his pals to say so. The only weapons systems they hate are the ones like the Osprey, hardware that actually



Cruising speed: 225 knots.

Payload: Can carry an external 10,000 pound load 75 miles.

Cost: More than \$100 million each, including development costs. Self-Deployment: Can fly 2,100 miles with one aerial refueling.

Planned purchases: Marines: 360, Air Force: 50, Navy: 48

WOODY VONDRACEK / The News & Observer

## The V-22 Osprey: Too good for the corrupt armed services.

might help us fight and win irregular

In case this sounds harsh, let's talk about another weapons system, one that Tom Clancy just loves, the fucking moron: the F/A-18 Hornet. I happen to know everything there is to know about how this clunker came into service, because my baptism of fire as a hardware war nerd was the Lightweight Fighter Program, the big showdown between two contenders for a smaller, cheaper fighter to complement the F-15. I was still in grade school, and a lot of the technical stuff was over my head, but by reading everything the library had, every issue of Armed Forces Journal and Aviation Week, I got the main line of

The idea behind the Lightweight Fighter was that, in an all-out air war against the Warsaw Pact, we'd lose a lot of planes, so we needed a HiLo mix of expensive high-altitude airsuperiority fighters like the F-15 and F-14 and cheaper, lighter planes that could match the dogfighting agility of the MiG-21. We were overrating the MiG-21, as it turned out, but at the time everybody took it real seriously. Why not? There was no money in admitting the MiG-21 was a flying Yugo. Totally inferior to the earlier MiG designs. It was supposed to be a lean, mean killer and we needed something to match.

Of course the F-4 Phantom was part of the problem. It was lousy in dogfights over North Vietnam, because it handled like a SCUD an interceptor pushed into duty as a dogfighter. The USAF had been pushed into accepting the F-4, a Navy carrier-based design, and hated it. One outcome was the Top Gun schools to re-train pilots to stick and move; the other was the Lightweight Fighter Program, which was supposed to give

them a fighter that could play bumper-cars instead of just drag rac-

There were five entries, but it soon came down to two contenders: the General Dynamics YF-16 and the Northrop YF-17. Both services, the USAF and the Navy, had agreed to buy the winning design. And it was pretty clear, even to a naive kid like me, that General Dynamics was the winning team this time. I knew how to read between the lines from being a big Oakland Raiders fan: I knew what the writers were saying in that careful language they used. And they were saying Northrop's design was a dog, but GD's was amazing.

Nobody much liked GD back then, because the F-111 fighter-bomber had a bad rep, but their F-16 prototype outflew the Northrop contender every time. It was more mobile at high speed, and it even cost less: \$4.6 million per copy, vs. \$5 million for the Northrop. In 1975 it was officially announced as the winner. And that's when things got weird. At the time I just didn't understand what happened. Too young and dumb, too trusting--like most war nerds are even today.

First big shock was that the Navy went back on the deal, announced it wouldn't buy the F-16 and was going to adopt a modified version of the F-17. The official reason was that the F-16 had only one engine, and the Navy had always had double-engine fighters. The Northrop design, the YF-17, was a twin-engine.

But that two-engine story was actually a lie that the Navy figured was simple enough for Congress to understand. I remember hearing the same story from my uncle, who dived

CONTINUED TO PAGE 9



Rotating propellars: The ultimate insurgent cuisinart!

that could have made a difference in Operation Desert One/Eagle Claw, the Iran hostage-rescue attempt back in the days of Reverend Jimmy

That's a good handy test to ask yourself about any weapons system: would it have helped in Desert One? That's the kind of mission we need to think about: special ops, fast and

So, would the Osprey have helped? Hell yes. If we'd had something like it in service, the rescue mission might not have ended so disgustingly. You probably remember the whole miserable story back in 1980: we had to use CH-53 heavy-lift choppers on that raid, even though they've always had a bad rep, and they're not designed for transport anyway, let alone high-value, high-risk special operations transport. By the time they reached their first rendezvous with particular aircraft are worth it or not. So if you have, say, an unsafe carrierbased fighter, then to me that clunker's not worth one American life, because it's useless. Its whole existence is a waste of lives and money. But if you have a VTOL special ops transport that gets your guys in and out twice as fast, with no clumsy refueling stops, then it's worth the lives spent to learn how to make it mechanically reliable. God knows we've lost a lot more guys in less worthwhile ways.

Try thinking like the enemy. Would Al Qaeda hesitate if it had a flight of Ospreys that could land near Capitol Hill, even if their head maintenance guys told them that, say, one-third of the planes were going to crash before they got to the target? Nope. If the mission is that important, and the Osprey is designed for exactly the most important missions we've got,

They won, the sales pitch worked. Maybe they can even come up with a civilian version of the Raptor, sell one to Ah-nold at a discount, make a killing with the street-racer crowd. It'd probably be pretty good at that. But it sure isn't any use in a war like Iraq or any other war we're going to be fighting on this planet.

But don't expect Cheney or any of



The F–18 after colliding with a bird: "Yeah, but you shoul– da seen what that seagull looks like!"

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## THE DP JUST WON'T QUIT

**COP FIGHT!** 





We begin in the small Ukrainian city of Uzhgorod, where on February 6, roughly 10 Ukrainian cops from the elite "Berkut" division (the Ukrainian OMON) were enjoying a banquet party at a local restaurant. It should have been just another night of drunken police revelry ending with the discharging of a couple of AK-47s clips,

exchange about "rank" and "seniority" followed. But that went nowhere fast. So, these defenders of the peace decided to resolve the dispute the good ol' fashioned way. According to Segodya, armed with knives, chains, pipes and baseball bats, they headed

outside for full-on group fight.

Backup was called and soon about 100 of Ukraine's finest were going at it the restaurant's parking lot. It not clear how long the fight lasted, but these guys must have been really ham



a trip to the local brothel, and a bad mass hangover, except for the decision by a group of GAI traffic cops to crash the party.

When group of GAI officers from two neighboring towns decided to stop in for a bite to eat, it didn't take long for trouble to fire up. Local news sources did not report the exact reason for the altercation. We're guessing it

## **DEATH** PORN

was a combination of turf lines crossed and caliber envy. If the Ukrainian GAI is anything like their Russian counterparts (and we're guessing they are), then after all those bottles of vodka, they must have started to feel that their comic sailor uniforms and underpowered makarov pistols attached to their belts by sissy cords seemed inadequate compared to the Berkut cops' OMON-style gear and tricked-out AK-47s.

A toast-off ensued, with each group trying to best one another. When that didn't settle the score, a brief verbal

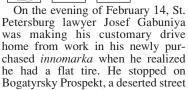
handed from all the drinking because, amazingly, no one was killed and no innocent bystanders were injured during the tussle. Only one of the police officers sustained injuries serious enough to warrant a trip to the emergency room. All the other cops tended their battle scars at home.

The Ukrainian government is denying that the incident ever occurred.

## ALL LAWYERS MUST DIE







was making his customary drive home from work in his newly purchased *innomarka* when he realized he had a flat tire. He stopped on Bogatyrsky Prospekt, a deserted street in the city's northern spalny rayon, and tried to fix the flat. As he was bending down to inspect the damage, he didn't see a man emerge from a tailing car and approach him quietly from behind with a knife in hand.

The next thing Gabuniya knew, the assailant plunged the blade into his scalp and attempted to stab him in his neck. But the lawyer wasn't going to take the attack lying, or sitting, down. The attacker managed to get in a few more slashes, including one deep cut

that barely missed the carotid artery, before Gabuniya grabbed his knife by the blade, wrenched it from his hand and switched into attack mode. Spooked, the attacker ran back to his

Gabuniya managed to get himself to a hospital before he bled to death all over his brand new car and is currently in critical but stable condition. His would-be killer left no leads, but police are ruling out a botched robbery and leaning towards connecting the crime to Mr. Gabuniya's professional activities. He is currently handling the defense of 60 felonies in St. Petersburg and Moscow. Maybe one of his former clients wasn't too happy with his work.

## DISAPPEARING KIDS





Early in February, when kids started disappearing from various villages in Leningrad oblast, St. Petersburg authorities realized that they might have a serial killer on their hands. The first two kids, boys aged seven and eight, disappeared February 1 from Tosno, a railroad town located in the southeast corner of the oblast. After returning home from school, the two buddies went out to into their dvor to play. They were never seen again. There were no witnesses.

Ten-year-old Natasha Rubtsova from the neighboring town of Pikalyovo was the next victim. She disappeared on February 9 after going out alone to ride her sled at a hill behind her apartment. Just like the first two victims, there were no witnesses. That same day, at around the same time, nine-year-old Pavel Kabanov was seen leaving school in central St. Petersburg, but never made it home. Again, there were no wit-

Although the police were mum, the Death Porn Profiling team immediately suspected that the first two disappearances are linked to one perpetrator, judging by the temporal proximity and similarity of the victims. Pavel Kabanov, on the other hand, was clearly an unrelated. The first perp could not have been in two places at once.

Indeed, our prediction turned out to be correct. Pavel returned home the following day. As it turned out, he was scared of getting a beating after receiving a D on his homework. He had spent the day wandering around town and sleeping in podezds before getting hungry and returning home. (We're guessing that beating was still waiting for him when he got there.)

Natasha's body was found a few days later not far from the abduction site. According to police repots, she was naked and showed signs of rape. The cause of death had not yet been determined.

While at print time, the bodies of the two boys had not yet turned up, local police have changed their version of events. According to RBK Daily, the prosecutor for the Leningrad oblast has ruled out the previous serial rapist/murderer sce-nario and is now leaning towards a version of events that has the two children accidentally drowning in the local river. While there is no evidence to support this, he has passed on the case to the local emergency rescue service. Now it's up to them to fish out the bodies. No crime, no case, no

## PAY UP FOR DIE









On the evening of February 8 in the Kemerovo oblast, a man visited his friend's house to collect on some money owed to him. When he rang the doorbell, the friend came to the door but refused to open it. The kids and wife were sleeping, he said. Through the closed door, the debtor explained that he didn't have the 26,000 rubles on him and promised to get the money together soon. Judging by the fact that the creditor didn't come alone (he brought along a locked and loaded shotgun), this probably wasn't the first time his friend tried to weasel out of the situation by not showing his face. After asking for the cash a few more times, the friend gave up hope of ever seeing his money. He continued chatting up his soon-to-be-dead buddy, all the while taking careful aim through a big old-fashioned keyhole. Then he squeezed off a mess of buckshot

## THAT PODEZD SMELL

through the door. IOU, indeed.







On February 15, police in the basement of a Novosibirsk apartment discovered five male bodies. The officers arrived on the scene after a series of complaints by apartment residents that a foul stench had been coming from some nook underneath the building. All the bodies were male and showed signs of multiple puncture and slicing wounds. As this info comes from the terse Interfax wire, details are scarce. But judging by the decomposition, the victims had been dead for about a week. Police believe the murders are part of an organized crime razborka.

## **BOTCHED HONOR KILLING**





That same day, two Moscow street beggars posing as Afghan vets were

low-yield murder



neighbors

podyezd



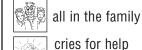
really stupid criminal



control shot



children



cries for help



"investigation continuing"



cannibalism



old people



murder-suicide

killing connected with victim's profession

convicted of the attempted murder of a man who criticized their fake army fatigues a year ago. According the victim, who was well enough to testify at the trial, he was attacked by the two men while leaving the Kuntsevo metro stop. The victim, who was left unnamed in the Interfax report, says he is a simple god-fearing man who made the mistake of trying to shame two drunkards out of scamming people out of their hard-earned kopeks. After a brief verbal altercation, the two men pounced on him with knives in broad daylight. The slashed his gut and lower back. The vets were clearly pumped up on a mind-bending mix of fortified beer and window cleaner. Even when the victim collapsed to the floor in a pool of blood, one of the perps continued to kick and stab him in the head and face. One of the attackers (we're guessing the one that kept slashing) was sentenced to three years squared. His friend received a suspended sentence and his victim's 86,674-ruble hospital bill. He was also ordered to pay 1,000,000 rubles for moral damages. X

## CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8

for abalone on weekends in this crappy old boat with double inboards. My dad would just nod while my uncle went on about how you had to have two engines, one just wasn't safe...and then when we were back in the car heading home, my dad would

explain that was a lot of nonsense that dated from the days when marine engines were so hopeless you had to have a spare if you wanted to stay off the rocks. Any decent modern diesel would do you fine.

And when you consider that the F-16's engine was none other than the Pratt & Whitney F-100, the same beautiful machine that powered the F-15, the double-engine story sounds pretty feeble. The F/A-18's GE F-404 never had, and never will have, the same legendary rep as the P&W F-100. In fact, they had to do endless modifications just to get the thing to work.

The real reason the Navy didn't want the F-16 was that the USAF was going to be using it. Even though they'd stuck the USAF with the F-4, they weren't going to take their promised turn making the big adjustment. The Navy didn't really think much of the Northrop YF-17, but they liked the fact that it would be all theirs.

And to show that they were calling the shots, the Navy went and did the ultimate betrayal: they bought the Northrop design, and then froze Northrop itself out of the development process, the whole long, profitable business of converting the YF-17 into a carrier-based airplane that eventually became the F/A-18. They handed over the whole program to a contractor they liked better, McDonnell Douglas.

The reason the Navy wouldn't let Northrop handle the program goes all the way back to the 1940s, when these companies were still run by the guys they're named after. Northrop was the property of John Knudsen Northrop, who had earned the total, eternal hate of the Navy by daring to tell Congress that we didn't need aircraft carriers any more. That's the one thing you don't ever tell the Navy, even though everybody knows it's true. Northrop was just trying to sell his weird "flying wing" designs when he made that crack

about the carriers, but the damage

was done. Thirty years later, the Navy brass got its revenge by taking Northrop's F-17 away and making it the McDonnell Douglas F/A-18.

It wasn't a very good design then, and it isn't now. The F-16 has had a totally brilliant career, proved itself in air superiority and ground attack versions. The F/A-18 clunks along thanks to great pilots and a lot of cash, but it's just not that great an

The only reason the F/A-18 exists is to be put on aircraft carriers. Which brings us back to what Jack Northrop said more than fifty years ago: why do we need aircraft carri-

If you look hard at the Navy's weird little dance after the Lightweight Fighter Program, what you see is a mediocre plane that never should have been funded, sitting on the decks of the most expensive, useless and vulnerable warships ever built.

When we scrambled F/A-18s to intercept old Soviet Tu-95s that were photographing the USS Nimitz in the Pacific last week (Feb. 11), the whole farce got me down. Here's a couple of rusty, slow, hopelessly



55-year-old Soviet bombers pretending to threaten a US aircraft carrier that's just as obsolete as they are. Every ham actor in that little drama should have retired long ago; it was like watching a fight between a couple of old heavyweights who should be enjoying their golden years in a wheelchair but keep getting trotted out because Don King knows how gullible we all

The Russians can get better pic-

tures from their satellites than the poor old Tu-95s got; the Nimitz is a worthless target anyway, designed to fight WW II; and the F-18 that intercepted it only exists because the Navy turned down a superior plane, the F-16, for reasons that would have embarrassed a fourth grader.

And yet it's the V-22 Osprey that gets all the bad press. Jeez. It's not the hardware I mind, it's the rusty Cold War software in the heads of the guys who like to talk about it. X P. 10 THE EXILE FEB 21 - MAR 6

## THERE WILL BE MILKSHAKES

By Eileen Jones

here Will Be Blood got to be an award-hogging cultural phenomenon before I could register any objections. So here they are:

My first objection to There Will Be Blood is the title.

My first objection to *There Will Be Blood* is the title. Totally misleading. There's hardly any blood in this 50-hour (or so it seemed) movie. Characters get killed with a remarkable lack of spatter even when impaled by oil-drilling equipment, shot in the face, or bludgeoned about the head with an old-fashioned wooden bowling pin. Little known fact about 19th-20th turn-of-the-century Americans: it seems they didn't bleed much no matter what you did to them.

I assume this relative lack of gore is part of the film's intended appeal to the art cinema crowd-you know, "Bloodless Films for Bloodless People." They'd naturally love its non-spatter deaths, its three-named director (Paul Thomas Anderson, director of the pretentious art-film Magnolia), its literary pedigree courtesy of source material by an earnest socialist, Upton Sinclair, whose books they haven't read but they've heard his name somewhere, perhaps in some undergrad American Lit class, and knew that they were supposed to like him whether they read him or not. They'd love the way it seems to be saying something imporfavorite plotlines. (Quick reality check: guess who actually ends up alone, ranting in the dark? Crazy homeless woman on a below-zero night, that's a good bet.)

Oddly enough, whole early hunks of this film show us Daniel Plainview surrounded by other workers, miners, tough oilmen like himself who seem to have a wordless kinship based on toil and danger. Fifteen no-dialogue minutes of pick hitting rock, toting and drilling, solemn male stares, romantic sunlight gleaming off hat brims: I figured this was supposed to mean something. Especially when a representative Son of Toil (Ciaran Hinds, an Irish actor whose face looks as if it were hewn from a tree) sticks silently with Daniel Plainview like Tonto, enacting the role of Righthand Man without the benefit of dialogue. Why no dialogue? What's with this Tonto? Your eyes keep glancing at him nervously—here's this actor in a prominent role, clearly meant to be noticed, taking up half the screen in scene after scene with nothing to do but write in a little book or otherwise try to look busy. It's embarrassing.

Anyway, turns out Plainview hated them all, too. He says so later.

To rub in this sentimental view of the rich and powerful as spiritually barren—cigars, mansions, private bowling alleys, and yet they cannot love!—Plainview has to acquire and reject some family members. He gets hold of an adopted son, H.W. (Dillon Freasier). At first he does seem to

go anywhere and that can't even be plausibly shrugged off with that reliable filmmaker's-helper, the appeal to realism: "That's how it is in real life, man, it's messy, it's random! People change all the time, they don't make sense, they yell out shit like 'I drink your milkshake!!' Look AROUND, man!" Luckily PTA isn't shy about the use of meat-cleaver editing to get him out of a narrative jam, clumsy cuts usually followed by an intertitle telling you it's nine years later. The Monty Python comedy troupe discovered the same technique for their TV show, realizing that when a skit's going off the rails, you shouldn't bore and baffle your audience by trying to round it off gracefully, just cut, then intone, "And now for something completely different."

Anyway, there's some more plot. Plainview's nemesis is a tiresome young preacher Eli Sunday (Paul Dano), for reasons which are never entirely clear unless you like your themes rendered so big and symbolic they require no explanation. Now we can add Religion into the mix of Capitalism, Greed, Money, Love, and Happiness, and the thing seems to be getting more profound every minute. Surely this movie is telling us everything we'll ever need to know about America—wait, hell, it's bigger than that—about The Human Condition. Let's double-check with the critics and see.

Yep, Manohla Dargis of the New York Times confirms it: "...[T]he film is above all a consummate work of art, one that transcends the historically fraught context of its making....[T]he window it opens is to human consciousness itself."

Roger Ebert is so overcome by the film he loses his ability to use contractions: "Watching the movie is like viewing a natural disaster you cannot turn away from. By that I do not mean the movie is bad, any more than it is good. It is a force beyond categories."

In short, this movie is so staggering it is not even a movie anymore. It is an Act of God, beyond our mortal ken. No wonder the director has three names, nobody with only two would dare take on such daunting co-authorship: There Will Be Blood, by God (Additional dialogue by Paul Thomas Anderson).

So this is a new Gospel for hordes of worshipful gits. There's no use pointing out to them the grotesquely stupid parts, because they'll just say you can't handle its "rule-busting experimentation" (Peter Travers, Rolling Stone), or that it all actually works as "an absurdist, blackly comic horror film" (Glenn Kenny, Premiere Magazine). And I might have been

okay with all of this, tolerant of the cine-religions of others, no matter how nutty, had there not been certain blasphemous charges made against my own faith. I actually read comparisons of this overflowing slop bucket of a film to...I can hardly type this...Raging Bull and No Country for Old Men.

Of course, you know this means war.

If you want to make grandiose comparisons, stick to the one claiming Paul Thomas Anderson has forced on us his own "bloody and brilliant Citizen Kane" (Peter Travers, Rolling Stone). You can get some logical traction with that claim. Citizen Kane is also a big hammy melodrama about an American tycoon, directed by a young egocentric fathead and accorded way too much reverence by everybody. Of course, Citizen Kane is a much better big, hammy melodrama because Orson Welles was a much better showman and masscom technology whiz than PTA, and he was great at coming up with inventive ways of expanding the use of media (radio, theater, film), getting new effects designed to make a crowd go OOOH!!

But Paul Thomas Anderson's big hammy flourishes aren't even any fun, they're just irksome. Take the nownotorious "I drink your milkshake" scene. Though it might've been intended to thrill us with pity and terror, it had a much better chance at

being hilarious: Daniel Day-Lewis prancing up howling that line, then illustrating how to drink a milkshake by going "SCHLLLLLPPPP!!" then chasing Paul Dano around with a bowling pin. But it isn't hilarious, either. For one thing, the scene up to that point has gone on for what seems like an hour, and it's one of those Basil Exposition scenes with a character we haven't seen in a while catching us up with everything he's been doing for years and years and years, and there are all sorts of meaningful pauses and offerings of drinks and dull psychological wrangling. By the time we get to the milkshake punch line, which nobody understands or cares about anyway, it's like hearing one of those really long jokes badly told. Everybody in the audience just sits there sadly, taking it. It's like being part of a psychological experiment to see how much annoyance audiences will bear and still not walk out. You can picture the psychologists standing at the back of the theater, with clipboards, exchanging amazed glances as one lame effect after another after another is passively absorbed.

If the critics are right, this film, like *There Will Be Blood*, is a ground-breaking achievement destined to have a huge impact on American cinema for generations to come. I've registered my objections, but I'm afraid There Will Be Milkshakes in our future.  $\chi$ 



You're going to grow up to hate my oil man guts, son.

tant about America then and now, about capitalism being bad, about greed not bringing happiness and money not buying love, or money buying love but not happiness—I forget how it goes.

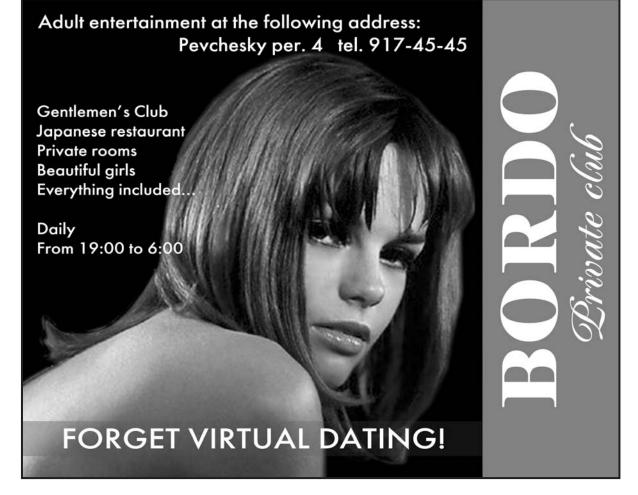
That reminds me of my other objection: the fact that the movie makes absolutely no fucking sense whatsoever. And that it takes almost three hours in which not to make any fucking sense and is very loud and chesty about it. It's sort of like the experience of being trapped in a stalled elevator with an egotistical would-be creative type telling you his great idea for a rock opera that'll revolutionize the form. I bet Paul Thomas Anderson has a great idea for a rock opera.

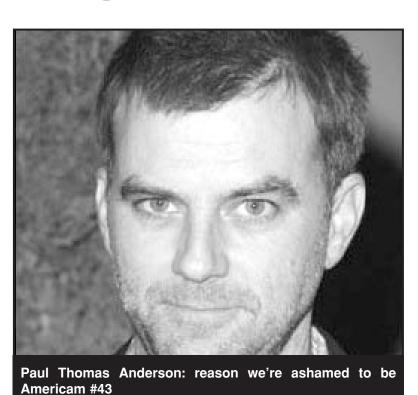
The movie, for you noncognoscenti who haven't already seen it several times and devoted weeks to parsing its finer nuances, is about Daniel Plainview (Daniel Day-Lewis), a hardscrabble Western silver miner circa 1900, who strikes oil and buys up property in southern California, and strikes more oil and gets very rich and then announces he hates everyone, and acts on it, winding up a lone homicidal nutter stewing in his own bile. Why? Well, if you know your Anglo-American tales, the consequence of wealth is almost always a furious estrangement from your fellow man. You can be the most popular charmer who ever stepped, never happier than when six-deep in people, but the minute you get rich, look out. Ebenezer Scrooge, Mr. Potter, Citizen Kane: you know the drill. We love the idea that the rich end up alone, raving in their shadowy mansions, which is why Howard Hughes is still a popular movie subject; he was a real zillionaire who obligingly lived out one of our

love the kid with an almost creepy fervor. There's this scene where they're both on the floor after the boy is deafened by an explosion, and Plainview is sort of pawing and mauling the kid's head while the kid goes "Mrrraaawww!! I'm not quite sure what that was, other than the only preparation the audience is going to get for Plainview baying "Draaaaiiiinnnnagggge!!" later in the film. Incoherent yelling's a sort of motif in this movie.

But a loved and lovable son won't fit the plotline that leads to the mansion-raving at the end, so Plainview has to cast him off. This is helped along by replacing the adorable gnome-like boy playing young H.W. with an adult changeling who in no way resembles the earlier H.W. in looks, voice, manners, gait, rhetorical style, anything. The whole point of the casting seems to be how unalike they are, as if to suggest this couldn't possibly be the real H.W., sort of like the imposter character earlier in the movie turned out not to be Daniel Plainview's long-lost brother Henry. You might be tempted to try to make something coherent out of this, but don't. Because that'll lead directly to pondering the identical twin brothers, Paul and Eli, both played by Paul Dano—are they really supposed to be twin brothers, or is there something far more mystical/metaphorical going on here? That's just one of the questions being pondered on the fansite idrinkyourmilkshake.com, which is dedicated to discussing "PTA's magnificent new movie." Check under the subheading entitled "Theories of

There are all sorts of things like this in the movie that get your attention but don't seem to signify anything or





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## **LIARS WITHOUT BORDERS**

By Kirill Pankratov

ichael McFaul, a favorite punching bag for The eXile, recently launched a broadside against the Putin government in a Foreign Affairs article titled "The

Foreign Affairs article titled "The Myth of the Authoritarian Model," which was reviewed in the last issue. Among his many spurious claims was this:

"Meanwhile, Russia now ranks as the third-most-dangerous place in the world to be a journalist, behind only Iraq and Colombia. Reporters Without Borders has counted 21 journalists murdered in Russia since 2000, including Anna Politkovskaya, the country's most courageous investigative journalist, in October 2006."

You hear this horror story all over the Western media. But how true are these claims?

First, let's get one thing straight. Iraq is a truly special case – in a horrible sense. In 2007, forty journalists were killed in Iraq, the same number as in 2006— which is the highest number of journalists killed since 2003, according the data by the New York-based Committee to Protect J o u r n a l i s t s (http://www.cpj.org/deadly/index.ht ml). According to another organization, Reporters Without Borders, 209 "journalists and media workers" have died in Iraq.

Since the American invasion Iraq has been a hellhole of such an enormous proportions that there simply is no other country on earth which even compares. In that sense, the dangers journalists face elsewhere in the world seems like the odd lightning strike. Even within this "competition" it's important to look at how the statistics are calculated, and what are the differences between Russia and other countries in this respect.

I looked at the statistics of journalists killings provided by the Committee to Protect Journalists (CPJ), an NGO based in New York, following an online discussion I read about in a Russian LiveJournal forum. Something very strange quickly became evident to me: In Russia and other post-Soviet countries, journalists included in the CPJ's database died all sorts of ways: from gunshots, terrorist bombs, heart attacks, in car accidents, suicides, etc. And yet in other countries almost all the reported journalist murders were a result of either direct assassinations (usually by gunshots), or else they were war-related or terrorismrelated.

Does anybody really believe that in every other country around the world except the former Soviet Union, journalists never die from car crashes or suspicious suicides, never have untimely heart attacks or other fatal illnesses that can be connected to their work? This is highly unlikely, to say the least. Which points to another obvious explanation for this phenomenon: the criteria applied to Russia and neighboring post-Soviet countries on the one hand, and the rest of the world on the other, are very, very different.

The site of the Committee to Protect Journalists has a section outlining its methodology:

CPJ applies strict journalistic standards when investigating a death. We consider a case "confirmed" only if we are reasonably certain that a journalist was killed in direct reprisal for his or her work; in crossfire; or while carrying out a dangerous assignment. We do not include journalists who are killed in accidents—such as car or plane crashes—unless the crash was caused by hostile action (for example, if a plane were shot down or a car crashed trying to avoid gunfire).

We include only confirmed cases in our database and in the statistical analysis above.

If the motives are unclear, but it is possible that a journalist was killed because of his or her work, CPJ classifies the case as "unconfirmed" and continues to investigate to determine the motive for the murder.

Let's consider this statement as applied to the case below from Mexico in 2006, of the so-called "confirmed" category:

GarcTa, a reporter for the Veracruz-based publication Testimonio and local correspondent for the Mexico City weekly Alarma, was found murdered near the town of Mandinga y Matoza.

Traveling by motorcycle from Veracruz to the nearby city of Alvarado, GarcTa was run down by a stolen car with Mexico City plates at 1 p.m., the Mexican press reported. Unidentified assailants shot GarcTa while he was on the ground, twice in the head and at least four times in the chest, according to press reports and a CPJ source...

GarcTa had reported for 13 years on violent crime and drug trafficking in Veracruz, a colleague told CPJ. GarcTa's last report, published a who hosted the morning program "Radio Peri'Hdico El Viento" on Radio Lemas, was shot three times in the chest

...shot by unidentified gunmen on February 4 in the northwestern city of MonterTa, C'Urdoba province."

...shot three times by a masked assailant outside his home in Yumbo, in southwestern Valle del Cauca province, at around 9:45 p.m. Witnesses said the assailant had been waiting in the bushes behind S3nchez's home.

But the CPJ list for Russia included, for example, Yury Shchekochikhin, who died in 2003 from acute allergic reaction, in somewhat suspicious circumstances. Despite this he was declared a "confirmed" case by the CPJ. Also placed in the "confirmed" category was Ivan Safronov of *Kommersant*, who fell out of a window in February 2007. Whether it was a suicide or a foul

Makeyev was fatally struck by a car in 2005 – yet he is included in the "confirmed" category of journalists murdered on the job. Vyacheslav Ifranov died in his garage from monoxide poisoning without any evidence of a foul play – yet he is also in the CPJ list.

To get a fuller picture I compiled a table (shown below) of journalists in the CPJ database according to the way they died. Black squares represent straightforward murders - usually by gunshots, sometimes - by stabbing. Red squares – war or terrorism casualties where journalists themselves were not primary targets, but were killed in the attack. Blue squares - deaths in car accidents; and green squares - all other causes (suicides, heart attacks, etc). I excluded Iraq, Afghanistan, as well as Israel and the Palestinian territories, as well as African countries (although quite a lot of journalists were killed in

where they happen. In countries like Russia, Belarus, or Iran, the cases of "confirmed" journalist deaths as a reprisal for their work, the CPJ includes death by any circumstance whatsoever. But in most other countries, a journalist has to either be directly assassinated or die in a war to be listed as "confirmed" killed for his work; no journalists anywhere else in the world are set up for car crashes, suspicious suicides or sudden illnesses for their work. The difference in criteria is huge. The CPJ includes lists those journalists whose death was without any doubt related to their work. For Russia, in contrast, even the slightest suspicion about a journalist's death automatically qualifies his name to appear in the database of the "regime's victims" (this trend really started in earnest after 2002).

After I published some of these findings on my Russian LiveJournal blog, I was contacted by The Moscow Times journalist Nabi Abdullaev and by Oleg Panfilov of the Center For Journalism in Extreme Situations (CJES). Abdullaev mentioned he already raised very similar issue in his article on CJES site http://www.cjes.ru/about/?pid=4&id =2699&PHPSESSID=610ab996168 aae309989f7edbfc56c08. It seemed clear that the CJES supplies most of the information about journalists' deaths in Russia to the CPJ. Panfilov himself is as much an anti-Putin activist as one can be. Yet even he is amazed by the "strict journalistic standards" that CPJ applies to Russia: "Several years ago, an NTV television cameraman died in Chechnya after his car slid off a road into a canvon. How could this death be linked to the Putin regime?" Panfilov

The countries which represent such huge deviations in the CPJ stats oddly mirror the same countries that Washington policymakers dislike. Is the CPJ an objective and independent body, or is it just an obedient tool of the US government? The evidence is pretty clear. This wouldn't be the first NGO which acts as an arm of US policy interests under the guise of higher universal standards, but it is the first that specifically uses journalists' deaths to advance political agendas. Among all of the "doublestandards" going on, this has to be a new low: The Committee To Protect Journalists: an organization which claims to defend a profession dedicated to exposing government corruption and lies, is itself revealed as a corrupt tool of less-than-idealistic interests. X

## **CPJ STATS ON MURDERED JOURNALISTS**

	2000		2001		2002		2003		2004		2005		2006		2007	
Russia		0000	•				•11	□:	•••		•==		•••	••		
Belarus						□	п			•		⊡				
Ukraine	-		•	•						•						
Kazakhstan										•						
Iran							п									
Bangladesh			•	0		0										
Brazil	-			•						•						
Columbia		0000		0000		0000		000	•	0		0000	••			
India		000	•		•	00	•	00		•			•			
Mexico		00	•							00	•	□	••	0000		000
Nepal					•	00				•	п				•	•
Pakistan	•			□			•						••			
Philippines				00	••			0		000		•	•••	0000		00
Sri Lanka	-										••		•	00		0
Turkey															•	
Yugoslavia			-	00					•							

■ assasination ■ war, terrorism ■ car accidents ■ others

■ confirmed □ unconfirmed

week before his death in the bimonthly Testimonio, detailed the activities of a gang of thieves who stole containers coming into the port of Veracruz, the colleague said. Other reporters in Veracruz said that GarcTa had previously received death threats on his cell phone.

And now the "unconfirmed" case, also in Mexico:

The body of Enrique Perea Quintanilla, a longtime police reporter who became editor of a crime magazine, was found at 2 p.m. on the side of a road about 9 miles (15 kilometers) south of Chihuahua, Eduardo Esparza, a spokesman for the Chihuahua state prosecutor, told CPJ. Perea was shot once in the head and once in the back with a .45-caliber gun.

Perea was editor of a monthly magazine, Dos Caras, Una Verdad (Two Sides, One Truth), which specialized in reporting on closed murder cases and local drug trafficking. He had worked for 20 years as a police reporter for the dailies El Heraldo and El Diario until becoming the magazine's editor in 2005, his former colleague and editor at El Heraldo, COsar Ibarra, told CPJ...

Esparza said the state prosecutor's office believed the murder was the work of organized crime. While the motive was not immediately clear, he said, Perea's journalism was one of the investigation's leads.

The difference between most of these "confirmed" and "unconfirmed" cases is far from obvious – almost all of them can be attributed to the journalists' work and their publications.

Similarly, In Colombia, for example, the pattern is almost always the same:

Two armed motorcyclists shot Palacios, 55, a veteran radio news host, as he drove to work around 5:30 a.m. in the city of Cbcuta... Palacios, play (and whether it was related to his work) is still not clear, but it was suspicious (he had been working on a story about secret Russian weapons sales to Syria). Another reporter included in the database as "confirmed" was Ilya Zimin, who was murdered after making homosexual advances on a Moldovan migrant worker whom he met in a bar and brought back to his apartment. Pavel

Somalia, Sierra-Leone and other places). This way the list of countries below includes neither major war zones nor obvious "failed states." Only some countries (typically with a significant number of cases) are represented here.

When you look at this table what becomes immediately clear is that the CPJ has two distinct ways of judging journalists' deaths based on



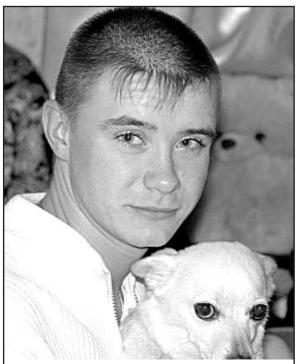
## SOAK UP THE SAVAGE LUST OF MOTHER RUSSIA!



America has its West Coast/East Coast rivalry going. The shitty project-packed Moscow region of Chertanova has its own rivalry going: Chertanovo Southside versus...Chertanova Kyrgyz gasterbeiters. Their colors? Dirty gray versus slushy mud.



Indie comes to Moscow: on the one hand, jesus frikin christ we'd trade the whole lot of Catpower groupies for this semi-indie dyev. On the other hand..what's the deal with that little tire growing down there? It's a little too authentically indie.



If you're wondering what happened to all those purse dogs you used to see when it was fashionable, this may answer your concerns: they've found a home with the millions of sexually-ambiguous provincial gopniki, whose stylish bangs hanging from his buzzcut say, "I'm not like the other boys."



Kadyrov chic: this is the second Face Control photo this year which points to 2008 as The Year That Chechnya Became Cool



Like an otter unaware of how its beautiful coat leaves a human spectator in awe, so this dyev isn't aware that her cheap outfit and bad pose leave us with a chubby.



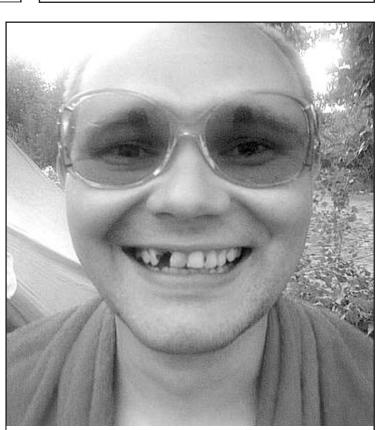
In the brutal competition among Russian camera hogs, a tradeoff: these girls squish his face out of the picture, and in return, he gets to squeeze their thingies.



You look at this photo of a provincial chick with her serf's braid and her whore's boots, and you think, "I could sure use a bottle of Ya Sam lotion and a dark private room right now."



Not many chicks can get away with wearing Gladiator sandal-straps with a cheap porn store French Maid mini and a Michael Jackson pleather coat over it...but we likes what we sees.



Extreme Gop-Over: All you need to do is throw a pair of "Video Killed The Radio Star" glasses on a typical broken-toothed gop-stop's face, and suddenly you'd have the Williamsburg North Six scene hailing him as The Next Big Thing.

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

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## THE FORTNIGHT SPIN



By Jared Lindquist exileradio@gmail.com

s this issue has the honor of covering not one but two silly holidays, it is "important." You have free time, three-day weekends, and for whatever reason you didn't travel somewhere warm. So, the best way to spend Men's Day is probably at the **WOMEN AT WORK** party (February 23, Gaudi Arena, 23:00), a party celebrating the contributions of women to electronic music. Yes, that's right: it's not just dudes in tight shirts with obnoxiously shaved heads spinning records anymore. Headlining the party is LADY MISS KIER, who you might remember from DEE-LITE.

As Russia recovers from it's Men's Day hangover, Moscow promoters have provided a troika of metal(ish) gigs to keep your headache raging and your zapoi going strong. First off is Swiss black metal band **SAMAEL** (February 25, Tochka, 19:00). The band has been around for twenty years and has become a bit more ambient on recent releases.

Part two is Swedish progressive metal band **PAIN OF SALVATION** (February 25, Apelsin, 20:00). They like to write concept albums about social, environmental, philosophical and emotional issues. I don't really see how that fits in the metal rubric, but fuck it, they're Swedes.

Your Men's Day zapoi can end with Finnish symphonic metal band APOCA-LYPTICA (February 26, B1 Maximum, 21:30), who are not associated with the MEL GIBSON Aztec movie. This novelty act has been around for a dozen years, playing orchestral covers of METALLI-CA, PANTERA, SEPULTURA and anyone else famous enough to get on Headbanger's Ball. Probably the perfect thing to get your head back to normal after drinking enough vodka to create a death porn story, if you weren't such a well-balanced individual.

Ten years or so ago, when I was still in high school, I went to a party at one of the local universities. After an obscure 90s alt-rock band rocked the house, headliners **LIQUID SOUL** (February 28, B1 Maximum, 20:00) took the stage

to play acid jazz. I hadn't heard anything like it before, and it was just so out of place with what had just gone on, I had no idea who was responsible for the creative booking. In any case, this Chicago party band ingratiated itself with me, although that could be just because the girl I was on a date with liked them. Ultimately, I don't know which is more surprising: that they are still together ten years later, or that they're playing in

Those that don't want to go to a gig, but still want to feel like a hipster, can go to the YUM YUM - LABELFUCKER Party (February 28, Solaynka, 22:00). I've never been, but supposedly they corral a bunch of expats into one of the club's smaller rooms, close the doors, and turn up IDM (that's Intellgent Dance Music) remixes of ABBA hits.

The history of **BI-2** (February 29, B1 Maximum, 20:00) makes it clear that they shouldn't suck. Originally formed twenty years ago in Belarus, the two core members quickly moved apart, with one ending up in Australia, playing in darkwave bands. In the late 90s, the band blew up in Russia, primarily by being on the uber-successful Brat 2 soundtrack. While their music is alright, I can't get over the press photos of these guys looking like total cockknockers, which is why I wouldn't usually recommend you hit-ting their gig. The key here is that our favorite local dance-punk band **DOT DASH** is opening, which should be pretty fucking weird.

The first gig of import as Ikra enters its third year of existence is Canadian indie rocker CARIBOU (March 1, 21:00). Originally known as MANITO-BA until old-school punk HANDSOME DICK MANITOBA sued him, Caribou plays experimental electronic indie, creating a Krautrock-inspired soundscape of prog and drugscapes. His live performances are renowned for being particularly eclectic and utilizing many drum-

Or, if you're not that into the indie, you can indulge your inner metal god at the WACKEN ROAD SHOW (March 1, Tochka, 18:00), featuring Scandinavian metal giants OVERKILL, TRISTANIA and ENSLAVED. Locals DRAUG-GARD open.

Holy fucking christ is there a lot of metal in March: next up is Swedish melodic death-metal band SONIC SYN-DICATE (March 2, Tochka, 20:00).

Taking a brief break from the metal, you can have your eardrums assaulted by Pittsburgh punk band ANTI-FLAG (March 4, Tochka, 19:00). After getting their start in the mid-90s in the DIY punk scene, Anti-Flag gained popularity with their "political" punk (sample lyric: "You gotta die for your government / Die for your country, that's shit"), all over easyto-digest melodic hardcore. Since I stopped pretending to care about them in the late 90s, they've been praised in the US House of Representatives and signed to a major label. Way to keep it real and smash the state, fellas! X





## **NASH'S BIRTHDAY PARTY**

Krizis Zhanra Feb 23 - 23:00

We're not even gonna estimate how old our boy Nash is - because that would start to put even us in an unfavorable light. Instead, we're just gonna say: train your livers, and wish our favorite Moscow Britpopper another happy birthday. Music accompaniment to the dozens of vodka shots sure to be thrust you're your hands will be provided by locals Dans Ramblers and Stone Shades. Nash's band Blast will of course be playing, unless the guys are too smashed to pick up their guitars.



## **HUSHPUPPIES**

Ikra

Feb 28 - 21:00

Hushpuppies hail from France, but we're not gonna hold that against them, as they've dropped the usually froggy garbage and instead adopted garage rock and 60s psychedelic rock as their signature sound. Ikra, whose second birthday Hushpuppies are in town to celebrate, calls the band the most "adrenalinal" band in the world, and who are we to argue with a promoter's hyperbole? Our sincerest congratulations go out to Ikra on its second birthday, with the hope that we get many more in the future.

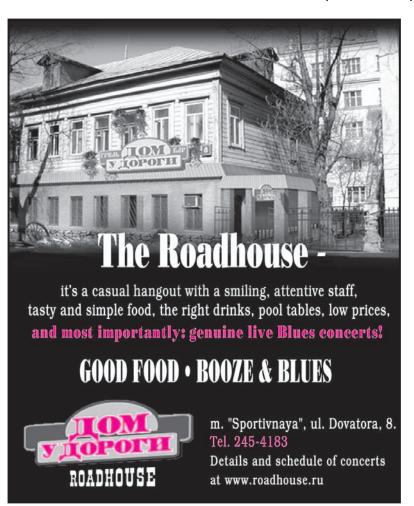


## GEORGE CLINTON AND PARLIAMENT FUNKADELIC ALL STARS

**B1 Maximum** 

Mar 6 - 20:00

While George Clinton and P-Funk have no doubt gotten pretty damn cheesy, they've still got a legacy that demands respect. In the 70s, Clinton's freaky persona fronted bands Parliament and Funkadelic and continued on into the 80s, although with less success. Then, those ass-clowns in the Red Hot Chili Peppers recruited him to produce a record, and he has somewhat of a commercial renaissance, being sampled in just about every 90s rap song ever. Clinton is nearing 70 these days, but he's still batshit crazy, and will no doubt have a room of the whitest people you know shaking their ass like it's Chocolate City circa 1978.







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22.02 ISKRA DISCO & FRIENDS (Men's Day rehersal...) - 22:00

23.02 ISKRA DISCO + dj BERG + orchestra "Odinokie serdtsa" (Men's Day!!!) - 22:00

24.02 ISKRA DISCO (Men's Day continuation...) -22:00

*29.02* ISKRA DISCO & dj BERG – *22:00* 

1.03 Flower party ISKRA DISCO + live -22:00

3.03 "Nochnoy desant" band. First album release "Mechti sbivautsya" (VJ ARCHI) – 21:00













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## **FRIDAY** February 22

ROCK

Moralniy Kodek 23.00: Tabula Rasa Vopli Vidoplyasova 23.00: B-2 Red Snapper (UK) 21.00: B 1 Maximum Kirpichi

21.00: Ikra

JAZZ & BLUES The Blackmailers 20:30: Roadhouse Jazz Piano

**CLUBBIN'** 80s, 90s Hits Dance Party: DJs Mix, Rodriguez 22.00: Hemingway's DJs Jonny, Tuzov 00.30: B-2 DJs Anton Denisov, SKAM 00.00: Karma Bar DJs Technic, Asya 23.00: Fabrique DJs Volodya, Budnyak, Anton 23.00: Krizis Zhanra

## **SATURDAY** February 23

ROCK Bumboks 20.00: Ikra Cheese People, Enface 23.00: 16 Tonn Runnin` Wild 21.00: Tabula Rasa Bravo, Skalpel 20.00: B 1 Maximum

JAZZ & BLUES Jazz Piano, Esh 20.00: B-2 Big Blues Revival 20.30: Roadhouse

CLUBBIN' 80s, 90s Hits Dance Party: DJs Mix, Rodriguez 22.00: Hemingway's **DJ Alex Gaudino** 23.00: Fabrique DJs Ariel, Tuzov 00.30: B-2 Military party, DJ Ahmed 00.00: Karma Bar DJs Volodya, Valio 23.00: Krizis Zhanra

## **SUNDAY** February 24

ROCK Bumboks 20.00: Ikra Tochka Rosi 22.00: Proekt OGI Sunrise Avenue 20.00: B 1 Maximum Diary of Dreams 19.00: Tochka

JAZZ & BLUES Jazz Piano 20.00: B-2 Open Blues Jam 18.00: Roadhouse

CLUBBIN' Mighty Party, DJ Ahmed 23.00: Karma Bar DJ Shum Anatoliy Ice, China Town 20.00: Propaganda

## **MONDAY** February 25

ROCK Samael 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 26

ROCK Z.I.M.A 20.00: Ikra Apocalyptiya 21.00: B 1 Maximum Argument 5.45 19.00: Tabula Rasa

JAZZ & BLUES Dirty Dozen 21.00: Roadhouse

21.00: Kult

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

## WEDNESDAY February 27

Umka & Bronevik 20.00: lkra Karfagen Pal 20.00: B-2 Crocodile t.x., Shoroh 20.00: Tabula Rasa Letaushie Lguny 22.00: Proekt OGI

JAZZ & BLUES Vadim Ivashenko & Bone Shakers 21.00: Roadhouse Edelveis 21.00: B-2

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

## **THURSDAY** February 28

Stoks, Attraktsion Voronova 20.00: Tabula Rasa Inna Bondar 22.00: Proekt OGI Hushpuppies

JAZZ & BLUES Jazz Hall, Liquid Soul 20.00: B 1 Maximum Modern Blues Band 21.00: Roadhouse

CLUBBIN' Ladies Night, Free Latin American Dance Lessons, Latino Disco: DJ Christiano 21.00: Hemingway's **DJs Studinskiy, Sanches** 21.00: Propaganda DJ Levskee 21.00: Kult HomeListening DJ's 21.00: B-2 DJs Carlos 21.00: Karma Bar

## **FRIDAY** February 29

ROCK **Esthetic Education** 23.00: 16 Tonn 20.00: B 1 Maximum Alesha Paltsev & Koroly Kuhny 22.00: Zhest FolkRockForum 19.00: Tochka

JAZZ & BLUES Mihail Mishuris & Orchestra 21.00: Roadhouse Jazz Piano, Jazz Sisters

CLUBBIN' 80s, 90s Hits Dance Party: DJs Mix, Rodriguez 22.00: Hemingway's DJ Komotskiy 21.00: Propaganda **DJs Ariel, Tuzov** 00.30: B-2 **DJs ZigZag** 21.00: Kult DJs Carlos, SKAM 21.00: Karma Bar

## **SATURDAY** March 1

ROCK Levan Lomidze 23.00: Tabula Rasa Mashina Vremeny 21.00: B 1 Maximum Mahsa & Medvedy 23.00: B-2 Caribou 21.00: Ikra

JAZZ & BLUES Staraya Gvardiya 21.00: Roadhouse

CLUBBIN' 80s, 90s Hits Dance Party: DJs Mix, Rodriguez 22.00: Hemingway's DJs Romashka, Onlee, Da Vinci, 21.00: Propaganda Anatoly Ice, DJ Ivan Tchizhevky DJ Ada 21.00: Karma Bar

## **SUNDAY** March 2

Vasiliy Lozhkin 20.00: B-2 Pure, Moi Do Dir 20.00: Tabula Rasa Paperniy Tam 21.00: Ikra Sonic Syndicate 18.00: Tochka

JAZZ & BLUES Open Blues Jam 18.00: Roadhouse

CLUBBIN' DJ Ahmed 20.00: Karma Bar DJs Kosoff, Anatoly Ice, Tony Key 23.00: Propaganda DJ Tuzov 01.00: B-2

## **MONDAY** March 3

ROCK **Sound Drivers** 20.00: Tabula Rasa Fryday, Illegal, Forma 18.30: Tochka

JAZZ & BLUES Dr. Nick 21.00: Roadhose

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

## **TUESDAY** March 4

ROCK **Anti-Flag** 20.00: Tochka

JAZZ & BLUES Mihail Mishuris & Orchestra 21.00: Roadhouse

CLUBBIN' DJs ZigZag, Anatoliy Gerasimov, DJ Philla 21.00: Propaganda

## WEDNESDAY March 5

Trinity & Dmitriy Chetvergov 19.00: Tabula Rasa Silence Kit, Mooncake 20.00: Ikra **Mandarin Stellar** 21.00: Zhest

**JAZZ & BLUES Swing Gitane** 21.00: Roadhouse

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

## **THURSDAY** March 6

White Trainers Community 21.00: Ikra **Televizor** 21.00: B-2 More & Relsy 22.00: 16 Tonn

**JAZZ & BLUES** Jazz Hall, George Clinton 20.00: B 1 Maximum

CLUBBIN' Ladies Night, Free Latin American Dance Lessons, Latino Disco: DJ Christiano DJs Studinskiy, Sanches 21.00: Propaganda Ja Vybz dj sessions 21.00: Karma Bar

## **DESPERATE MEASURES**

by Kitty McFarlane

h, fame. Celebrities wouldn't be celebrities without it. For some, it comes effortlessly. For others, it comes only after the third trip to rehab. But other, less fortunate attention whores must continually bust their humps to keep their names in the blogs.

Many would-be A-listers settle for

"accidentally" falls out of her one-of-a-kind ensembles. Bai Ling, who has claimed that she is "from the moon," recently enjoyed some headline-grabbing action when she was detained at LAX after shoplifting about \$16 worth of crap from an airport corner store. Sixteen bucks? Really? Really, you're famous for some unknown reason and you don't have sixteen bucks? Whatevs. After her truly pitiful mug shot was released, Bai Ling updated her Bai Blog with a message straight

## CELEBRETARD WATCH



strolling up and down Robinson Avenue or eating out at Koi or the Ivy, where they know the paparazzi camp out, waiting for the scent of the overpaid. The stars arrive with great fanfare, exit their cars (often in a manner so as to draw attention to the absence of any undergarments) and frown disdainfully at the swarming paparazzi ever-so-briefly before striking various poses on their way into the building.

However, some would-be celebrities don't have it so easy. They are forced to take it to the next level, frantically milking their curds and whey to get back into the public's ever-wandering eye. You might spend a few nanoseconds pitying their profound desperation. But then you go back to ignoring them and... oh, look! A dragonfly!

Self-proclaimed Prince Frederick von Anhalt, Zsa Zsa Gabor's husband (yes, she's still alive), has tried a number of shockingly desperate stunts to get the attention of the press. During the peak of the Anna Nicole Smith Death Circus, he claimed to be the father of little wonk-eyed Danielynn, which bore the fruit of an interview Republican Pervert Bill O'Reilly. A few months later, he was



found naked, bound and gagged in his **Rolls Rovce** (von Anhalt, not O'Reilly). He claims to have been approached by three attractive young women who he says asked him for a photo - that's the first thing wrong with his story. He goes on to claim that one of the women robbed him at gunpoint, took his car keys and all of his belongings, his driver's license - and his clothes. Magically, he was able to call the police for help on his cell phone. Hey, they let him keep his hat!

These days von Anhalt keeps himself busy by courting the paps from TMZ on a regular basis and spouting nonsense about real celebrities and how they all suck. Unfortunately, TMZ only encourages him by publishing their bits on "Prince von Ahole.

Apparently, Chinese "actress" Bai Ling has dedicated her short time on this planet and her mystery-career to the old schoolyard rhyme: "Chinese, Japanese, dirty knees, look at these!" The Nip-Slip Princess (and ain't that one helluva nip!) occasionally gets headlines, usually because her boob

offa engrish.com: "Life happens to you either you liked it or not, sometimes I feel you have to be so brave to stand in front of the World, and just hope that people will have a tender heart toward you." Six. Teen. Dolla.

Somehow Rumer Willis, the offspring of ageing hotties Demi Moore and Bruce Willis, got unlucky in the genes department. We all know that **Hollywood** is a **shallow**, shallow land that embraces only superficial beauty. So what the hell is Rumer doing there? She is listed on **Wikipedia** as an actress "having appeared in many of her parents' movies." Mmhmm... Despite no actual work, Rumer hits up all the parties and poses for all the pictures. And for some reason, the pictures keep being taken. Remarkably, she secured a gig as Miss Golden Globe 2008. Perhaps making desper-



ate arrangements po blatu is not strictly a Russian phenomenon after all. Thank God the writers were still striking!

Larry Birkhead, the biological father of our favorite little cross-eyed Danielynn Marshall Birkhead, aka potential jackpot daughter of the late Anna Nicole Smith, is a proud father. Either that, or he's pimping out his biological daughter for everything she's worth. Cross-eyed? Let's inform Entertainment Tonight! One-year anniversary of crack whore momma's death? Let's take tiny Danielynn to the graveyard and have it taped for prosperity, my little moneybag. Say honey, go on, say 'momma," "momma.'

In the most colossal act of desperation in the history of mankind, Corey Haim of Lost Boys "fame" recently took out a full-page ad in *Vanity Fair*, literally begging for work. IMDB's list of people you may have mistaken him for is almost as long as his list of film and television appearances - pretlong, actually. Ĉan some **ĥigh** rolling expat please give him some work? Or maybe someone can start casting for Lichny Nomer Chast Dva? Lucky for him, some **butthook** at **A&E** actually green-lighted a second season of "The Two Coreys," possibly the most tedious reality show of all time. X



## bar•dak n [Russ, бардак, brothel, chaos] slang (1997) BARS CLUBS

## Things That Do & Don't Suck

## decoding KEY





= Feis Kontrol Factor! will U get past the thug manning 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 ★★★ =

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.

= Remont Factor! Russia is constantly improving and restructuring itself under Putin, and this place is currently striving to maintain a socially responsible

## 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

Feis kontrol wouldn't let in under-21 dyevs, 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

M: Sportivnaya Address: Savvinskaya Nab. 21

Phone: 740-5583

Aktovy Zal





Papa's Advice

for men:

February 23rd: Men's Day:

All the men will be home getting drunk

and all the women will be here looking for a man





We caught a recent Saturday night gig packed full of bearded types and intelligent-looking chicks. Moscow's premiere indie spot! 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 thrid 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 and out's so you can easily slip out to toke in the courtyard of a neighboring gothic cathedral.

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

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: UI. Ordzhonikidze 11 Hours: 18:00 - 06:00

March 8th: Women's Day:

All the men will be home getting drunk and all

the women will be here looking for a man

Papa's Place Myasnitskaya 22 / 755 9554 / www.papas.ru

## **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 impres sionable. 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

Easily some of the most sovok and least service-orient-

ed 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 under-ground dive run by the same folks who brought you den of debauchery McCoys. From the looks of it, folks'll be drinking just as much here. Part of the million-cocktailsto-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 dyevs. Recently opened by the Help/Tema crew, which is a 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

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 selction 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

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

## Che







## Cheers:

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

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







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 coralled into a rather suggestive freaking bout with a hot offduty 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: Myasnitskava 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, 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/Krisha 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: Teatralnava Phone: 629-8085 Address: Stoleshnikov Per. 12 Hours: 12:00-06:00

## Duma







## Cheers:

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 honevs retire Tons of sweet dyevs that all seem to be studying architecture. People here actually dance with joy in their faces Very little bullshit. Ceasar salad pretty good, too.

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: Okhotnvi Rvad Phone: 692-1119 Address: 12:00 - 6:00

## **Fabrique**





Cheers: Still the most babe-a-licious club in town, at least where you aren't expected to pay for special favors. Shocking ncident 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!

eXile alert! Eventhough Levine rode up to the club in a black Merc he got 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

## Address: Kosmodam Hours: 18:00 - 06:00 **Gradus Bar**

M: Novokuznetskaya Phone: 953-6576/540-9955







## Cheers:

The bar is so massive it could fit at least two soccer fields in this basement, which was built in 1913. eXile 's official club reviewer Babooshka's sources say it used to host Stalin's private movie theater. A lot of semi-provincia babettes and bilan-topped dudes. Most of the chicks are highly depressive secretaries or hard-working accountants-types who would love for you to lay some pipe on them, and are not unlike the chicks who frequent the cafe disco in Babooshka's aunt's village. The bar boasts not only a great selection of beers and German wurst but also two dance floors and a very expensive set of music equipment for live shows.

## Jeers:

Plays music that even Medvedev would like.

## **BAR-DAK CLUB GUIDE**

## TOP OF THE WORLD

Moscow From The Shadows To The 21st Floor

By Dmitriy Babooshka pflanze@yandex.ru

I have two big worries. The first is Americans destroying my unique Russian culture, and the second is the

Chinese overrunning my country's land. Americans make my people celebrate holidays that my grandfather has never heard of, and the Chinese are slowly conquering us with their evil technologies, their cheap goods and their dog-meat-based foodstuffs.

## **CLUB REVIEW**

Let's start with the American holiday imperialism. As a real man I hate any romantic holidays where I am supposed to give gifts to some girl. I hardly understand why Russians bother celebrating a day when some Catholic was tortured to death as if it's the most romantic day of the year. Maybe if you're American or German, fine, but why should we Russians concern ourselves with it?

Thank God that my Moldovan girlfriend Katya knows nothing about St. Valentine's Day, so I'm not obliged to give her any stupid gifts. And yet she's learning quickly by living here in Moscow. Late in the evening this past February 14th, Katya sent me a text saying she just learned that today is "lover's day," so she sent me a kiss and said all sorts of cheesy things to me. At least she didn't find out about it until later in the day. All of my former girlfriends went into hysterics if I didn't perform special tricks for them on this day or bring them piles of jewelry.

Anyway, Katya's message arrived just as I was on my way to a very special event with my old buddy Alexei. The days when we were selling chocolate back in the early 90s are gone and now he works for the Moscow City Government. With his connections, red ksiva and special license plates, he never has to deal with traffic jams while cruising his black 5-series BMW. It was Thursday evening and we were on the fast lane heading towards the Paveletsky train station area, looking to hit TEN' club.

You won't find this club listed in many places. You really don't see clubbers out in this remote district, which is home to all sorts of illegal car services, garages with stolen cars or warehouses with Chinese goods. Alexei explained to me that a Moscow Duma senator owns this club and uses it sometimes to host special events or concerts.

I wondered what sorts of special events he can hold in this ghetto but Alexei said not to ask, and he promised that I'll see it all with my own eyes in a few minutes.

As soon as we parked his BMW a few meters from the VIP entrance, I was amazed. In Diaghilev parking in a choice spot like this would cost \$2,000, but now that it's burned down, these parking opportunities disappeared in the club's clouds of smoke.

We entered the party through the right door, the one with the VIP sign on it, and I was pleasantly surprised to learn that we'd come to a "Moscow youth party" organized by the Moscow City Committee of Youth Affairs.

"Wow! Sounds promising!" I imagined tables full of sturgeon, black caviar, roasted pigs and beautiful lolitas offering themselves up. Alexei crushed my dreams saying we can get all that later in a restaurant. Here we were on strict business--to see people, the future of Russia.

Whatever, dude. Let's rock! What I can say is that the hope of Russia looked young, very young. I figured that most of these party animals were allowed to stay out only till about 10 pm. There were fresh and young bodies all around me, so much so that I felt like a pedophile. Later, the word "biomaterial" came to my mind.

I was surprised to see that there were also young gays wearing their first tight jeans and tops. Jeez! These guys are just 13 or 14 years old and they're already gay? Or want to look like they are? It must be the influence of American culture with its "gay is okay" concept they teach in their schools.

Inside the gloomy dance floor (basically the only real space in the club besides the entrance) there was a giant screen washing the voung minds inside by showing them happy low-res images of men serving for the army or doing other social chores for their Motherland. While the young were spending their parents' money on their first vodkas and beers, the older Committee members were enjoying the party from the top balconies overseeing the pubescent crowd below.

I couldn't stand this party, which seemed like a Fabrika live performance, so I proposed that we escape to somewhere more classy and pleasant rather then Ten'.

Alexei understood my concerns about the Chinese hordes overrunning Russia, so he took me to check their new outpost at the edge of Novy Arbat, a place called Lotte Plaza.

I've seen a lot of movies about the rich decorations inside of Chinese Emperors' temples, so this ornate plaza didn't really surprise me. Its museum-like boutiques didn't impress me either, nor Alexei, but in general the interior decorations looked very rich. The one thing that surprised me was how Koreans put their strange dry foods at the entrance to their supermarkets, as if their dry foods are somehow on the same level as Russian elitny food from Azbuka Vkusa.

There were rows of shitty dried fish and seafood attracting Russian customers by the unusual look and smell. But I'm smart enough to see through their sly strategy. Smiling Korean (Chinese?) girls are trying to lure me away from buying my Russian kefir. Instead, they want me to buy their dried octopus or dried cuttlefish and

Club: Kalina Bar Address: 8, Novinskiy Boulevard (Lotte Plaza, 21 floor). Phone: 229-55-19 M: Smolenkaya **Hours:** 11:00 – 06:00, daily

to make soup with it. But I did it: I bought some dried shrimps. A few minutes later I realized that the stink of dried shrimps coming from the bag was unbearable.

Anyway, dried food is not the real reason to visit the Lotte Plaza. The glass elevator took us to the top floor in few seconds, and let us off at the bourgeois KALINA BAR on the 21st floor. The Koreans were smart enough to place a restaurant in such a strategic place. You can look down at all of our secret strategic buildings while sitting there pretending you're a regular customer. Like you can see all the satellite dishes on the Ministry for Defense or count all the Gazprom ads around Moscow.

The babe factor was very hot. Tables and tables packed with three-girls-and-a-bottle-of-champagne. Russia is a country of lonely hearts. Especially on St. Valentine's day.

A night spent in the company of auditors going wild tasting the wide selection of drinks was one of the best things I've ever observed. Sitting next to the window with such a spectacular view, feeling up the soft and juicy Larissa (still I didn't figure out what her "Transactory Advisor" title on her business card means), I felt like a king of the world. The Russian world, which is not as Russian as it used to be with all these dried shrimps in my bag, a Miller (not Zhigulevskoye) in my glass and desperate dyevs who burn their youth for American corporations. But when you are a king, these tiny details play no role. Pleasure is more important.

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 afficionado (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

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

Address: 1st Tverskaya-Yamskaya 27, bldq 1







Cheers It's hard to believe, but the Boar House is back on the scene, reborn in exactly the same spot but with a new name, a new coat of paint and well... we're not sure just yet, but we're hoping it's an injection of human growth hormoes that'll keep it going well beyond its years. Rest assured, the working girls are still waiting for you to lay down your pipe.

Jeers: The sinks and faucets weren't hooked up when we were

M. Kurskava **Phone:** 917-0150 Address: Zemlyanov Val, 26 Hours: all the ones you'll ever need

## 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, with-

out 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 some

be bothered to pour you a beer. Cover: Up to 600R depending on the event

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-eitny club scene. Harder to get into and more expensive than Solvanka, 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 vintagelooking jeans and tight ironic tee's?

M: Lubvanka Phone: 625-6836

Address: Teatralniy proezd 3 Hours: daily from 6pm, concerts on weekends at 9 pm.









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 pussed out wanker and fell back from the action himself. The place is so jam-packet 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 phermones 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 iz we livin' in? To get to the overflow gardirob, you have to walk about two kilometers through a dark and winding underground tunnel. You might never find your way

**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' noto riously Nazi face control. Nash seems to have finaly solved the problem. This place continuously packs in babe-o-licious dyevs 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 ol' 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:

f 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 week days 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'z 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 hap-

Queers: Every Thursday M: Chistye Prudy / Kitai Gorod Phone: 623-2594, 778-2234 Address: Pokrovka 16/16 str 1

## Krisha



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 reneat 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 dance-floor may be where you'll get luckier. The chillout space

Jeers: See above

M: You don't

Address: Naberezhnaya near Hotel Ukraina Hours: 19:00 - late

## **MOTORHOME**

is one of the plushest in town.







In the words of Jared's little brother Eric Linguist: "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 gogo 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 broth els for kid birthday parties? On top of that, the place got billiard tables and is jam-packed with flat screens show ing 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: Novoslobodskava 20 Phone: 789-8854 Web: www.motordom.ru

## MOST





## Cheers:

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

Jeering Most is like jeering the oligarchs themselves. 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.







## 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-holdsbarred wet T contest shows more skin than most strip clubs! Proof that there's still a place in Moscow when the dvevs 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 friggin' packed full of sluts and drunk eXholes, with everyone 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 adavantageous 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. Latir 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: Chistye Prudy

Phone: 755-9554

.ddress: Myasnitskaya Ul. 22 (inside Johnny's)

## Propaganda





Cheers: eXile crazy dvev 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

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

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



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! McCoys 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 hail storm, you were at McCoys 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 drunkeness 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 bartenter. 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

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 vou'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)

## Sakhar







Cheers/Jeers: Update coming next issue. We really mean it this time.

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 find-ing 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 sandwhich (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, cholestorol-heavy breakfasts as well Always serviced with a smile by a rotating crew of cute

## Jeers:

You might get accosted by Russian students looking to practice their angliisky yazyk. Word's gotten out, and it's tough to find a seat for lunch. Don't come here to hunt for there ain't any. This is a place where Englishspeaking 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.

Phone: 290-4222

Address: 5/6 Tverskaya Ulitsa (go down Nikitskaya

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 drunk-en 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 dvevs and serious music afficionadoes. Downstairs, a range of scalli-wags ranging from oligarchs to eXpats to divorced mammas to starving journalists. Management not averse to fights outside

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: Presnenskii 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 day. Hosts a strange dyev mix, ranging from semi-bydlo to full on hyper-elitny. They arrive when doors open and don't leave till 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 anytime, 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 blowiob 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.

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

## Jeers:

Recent menu update for 2007 has upset the balance of one of the best Caeser salads in town. Seems like everyone here only converses wih 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 kewl as us.

Phone: 784-0615

## 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 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 anniversay par-tay was a who's-who of the anti-pafos, pro-alcohol'n'fun tusovka...along with fun-luvin' 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 every-one's having a good time. Dyevs become unbelievably approachable around 1am after having downed a halfozen 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 googles start func-tioning properly. Might run into old flings from McCoy's at inonnortune moments. Food not exactly all that Chisty Prudy

Address: Potapovsky per. 5

## Tiki Bar







Cheers/Jeers: ee review in the restaurant section

M: Barikadnava

Address: Sadovaya-Kudrinskaya st., 3A Phone: 741-2203

\*\*

Cheers:

## Voodoo Lounge







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 accessability, 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. Stays packed all night long. Voodoo has become part of the must-do "circuit" for everyone from hormone-charged eXholes to Latino-luvin' teenies

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 pheremones, 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 Coladas.

## Jeers:

Club opens up officially in February, so you gots to be club-connected to get in now. Has that "fresh, just-

Address: 6, 2nd Brestskaya Str. (entrance from 1st

M: Mayakovskaya

Hours: Officially to be opened in February though they have parties almost every weekend. Available for ban

## 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 pover-ty-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 Rouncers 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.

Address: Bolshaya Lubyanka 13/16 str. 1

## Phone: 628-4883

M: Lubvanka



Cheers



This place may be opening the newest hip industrial tusovka neighborhood near the Belorussky train station.

eXile club reviewer Bahooshka 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 ususally full

Jeers: None that Babooshka told about. Address: 35, 1st Lyusinovskiy per. Phone: 237 6652 M: Dobryninskaya

## **EROTIC**

## **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-0 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

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 did we 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.

The veneer of civilization is something that our Editorial Board has consistantly come out against in the past. Could this place be haunted by the ghost of the Expat M: Kitai Gorod

## Hours: All of them!

Phone: 917-4545





Address: Pivchesky per. 4 str. 1



## 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

Cover: 700R M: Pushkinskaya Phone: 609-00-65; 609-00-54 Address: Strastnoi Bulvar 10/2 Hours: 21.00 - 6.00

## NIGHT • FLIGHT



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 awe-some babes who want to get to know you (because you're so damn interesting), excellent service and gen-uine 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

Hours: Club 21.00 - 5.00; Restaurant 18.00 - 5.00

## M: Tverskaya Phone: 629-4165

Address: Ul. Tverskaya 17





\*\*\* 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-ofmoney-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

## 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 Æ.

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: Novokuznetskava Phone: 959-3320 Address: Raushskava Nab. 4/5 Hours: Evening til morning



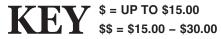
## THURSDAY NIGHTS LATINO DISCO EVERY FRIDAY AND SATURDAY 10PM - 5AM





HEMINGWAY'S BAR, 13 Komsomolsky Prospekt, tel: 246-57-26, 246-64-59, www.hemingways.ru





\$\$\$ = \$30.00 - \$50.00  $$$$ = $50.00 - \infty$ 

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

## **African**

## Adis Ababa

sionally play Ethiopian funk.

Cheers:

## 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 occa-

## 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

Cheers:

eXile alert! New Correa's branch opened up near Mayakovskaya, Recent tasting affirmed a thumbs-up on the brunchfast goods. Also, the babeage factor seems to get higher and pain-ier every weekend. They've added a couple of new slammin-good omelets to their reportoire, 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 salid 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.

For some reason babes with babies make this their favorite weekend brunchfast spot. If like us your idea of a good breakfast does not include looking at some waytoo-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: Belorusskya; 2: Tretyakoskaya, 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: UI. Sadovnicheskaya 82

bld. 1 5: Ul. Gasheka 7/1 Hours: 8.00 - 22.00 weekdays, 9.00 - 22.00 weekends

## Flat Iron Grill



## Cheers:

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**



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

## 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

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 Vernandskovo, 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 prebedtime 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 yummilicious 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.

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 abor-

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

## Hours: 24 hours Arab

## **Fossil**



## Cheers:

This place could be Moscow's best Arab option. Our first round of tasting eXposed us to delicious hummus (190r), succulant babaganush (210r) and mouth waterupdates..

Total lack of a dyev presence that would make the Hezbollah proud. The spinach pastries seemed to be experiencing microwave-induced soggyness. They play what could be the worst restaurant in Moscow, a blend of soothing arab techno and bad 80s music. Luckily, it

M: Chistve Prudy

Address: UI. Myasnitskaya 24/1 str. 1

## Asian

## Aromatnaya Reka

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 huuungry! 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 cousine 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

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

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## Cheers:

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

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: Belorusskva Phone: 766-2222 Address: Ul. Krasina 27. str. 1

## Maki Kafe

## Cheers:

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 dvevs we've been there with And oh does Maki have a lotta dyevs 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.

People tend to think this place is better than it is. Just have reasonable expectations. In life, as well as in Maki

M: Pushkinskaya

**Phone:** 692-9731

Address: Glinschevskii Pereulolk 3 Hourse: Mon-Thurs 12:00 - 00:00. Fri-Sat 12:00 -

## Vietcafe

Cheers: Bockin' 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

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

M: Okhotny Ryad Phone: 629-1104, 629-0830 Address: Gazetny Per. 3

## Yoko

Cheers:

The fish is of high quality, but...

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 then you'd expect.

Address: Soimonovsky proezd, 5 M: Kropotkinskaya

Hours: From 12:00 till last quest **Telephone:** (495)506-00-33, 506-55-33

## Balkan

## Mehana Bansko



## Cheers:

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 M: Smolenskava

Phone: 244-7387 Address: Smolenskaya 9/1

Yugos

Cheers:

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. XXXXLsized 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.

Kind of a hassle to get to. Gypsy concerts on Fridays tasted like they'd been chewed up and spit out already.

M: Taganskava

Address: Nikoloyamskaya 40/22 str. 4

## Cafes

## **Bookafe**

## Cheers

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 dvevs. 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. Dyevs 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: Sadovava Samotechnava 13

Hours: 11.00 - 02.00

## Respublika

## Cheers

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

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 is a therapeutic way to escape the usual crass 'n flashy Moscow-Boomtown places.

## Jeers:

Like we said, High Bearded Intelligentsia Factor, as well as weary women with shawls around their shouulders. Also too many journalists and yuppies who believe that they're actually complex and artistic. Can be crowded. M: Pushkinskava

**Phone:** 291-7503 Address: Bolshaya Nikitskaya 22/2 Hours: 12:00 - 02:00

## Caucasian

## Dioscuria

Cheers:

hasics-lohio eggnlant roulette and dolma-and you can't go wrong. Ruble prices unaffected by Moscow boom, making Dioscarius 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.

Wild fluctuations in quality remind us of the Nasdag. 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 realis-

Phone: 291-3759

Address: Nikitski Bulvar dom 5, str. 1 (through the post office arch off Novy Arbat)

Hours: 11 00 - 23 00

## Genatsvale

Cheers:

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 ser-

vice, 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 shaky glasses of vodka.

M: Kropotkinskaya Phone: 202-0445 Address: Ostozhenka 12/1 Hours: 11.00 - midnite

## Metekhi

## Cheers:

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. 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**

\$\$-\$\$\$

Cheers: 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 gener-

ous 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 prepay 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

M: Park Kultury **Phone:** 8-499-766-9728 Address: Ostozhenka 32 Hours: 12.00 - 00.00

## **Eclectic**

Casual \$\$\$-\$\$\$

Cheers: 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 Obydenskii Per. 3

## City Grill Cheers:

eXile alert! This might be the only place in town you and 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 guietly become one of our 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.

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

Address: Ul. Sadovava Triumfalnava d. 2/30 Str. 1

## (across from the Am Bar&Grill) Hours: 11:00 - 02:00

 $\mathbf{02}$ 

Cheers/Jeers:

**Phone:** 299-5519

See Tofer's high class review on this same page! Phone: 255-8888

Address: Tverskaya 3, 02 Lounge Rooftop Bar

Hours: The Ritz don't eva close

## Cheers:

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!

priced, even the Vietnamese could afford to eat here.

## **EATS REVIEW**

## MAI TAI, OR YOURS?

By Tofer Lamont



I don't remember much from my years as a religion major. It was a long time ago, the mid-90s, and anyway I was way too stoned to retain more than a few fuzzy memories of the classes I actually went to. But I do remember a couple of things. One of them is that Polynesian mythology is full of nubile goddesses with awesome magical powers. Not only could they seduce and defeat any god with a twist of their hips, they could produce lightning bolts by shaking their coconut-shell bras, make fish jump into the boats of fishermen, and sail their wooden boats all the way to the moon.

I'm pretty sure I saw all three of those things happen the other week at the

opening party for TIKI BAR, Moscow's first Hawaiian themed bar and restaurant. In any case there was no shortage of nubile goddesses, and I definitely remember a boat. The boat looked a lot like the one from Gilligan's Island and was built into the wall to look like it crashed during a storm. Two nubile goddesses danced around a huge wooden steering wheel while some factory-issue

Tiki Bar Address: Sadovaya-Kudzinskaya Ul. 3A **Phone:** 741-2203 Metro: Barrikadnaya www.tikibar.ru

Russian band played crap rock with lots of sax solos. When the DJ finally came on, at least ten other nubile goddesses started dancing on the bar. This made it hard to order a mai tai, but I wasn't complaining. Nobody could have

Unfortunately I was also too drunk to be able to remember much about the food. I think I got some nachos heaped with guacamole and olives. Whatever I had it was not particularly tiki, but it was good and I still had some money left in my wallet the next day.

Not that food matters at a tiki bar. More important are the following questions: Is the rum drink menu long and exotic? Are the drinks stiff? Are they served in tiki mugs?

Tiki Bar says: yes, yes, and yes. I stuck to mai tais, but my company that night swears they also had rum drinks that are likely new to Moscow, like the famous Somoan's Grog, made from dark Jamaican rum, passion fruit syrup, anosturga bitters, unsweetened pineapple juice, lemon juice and mint. I'm still pissed at myself for not being more adventurous, but when you get a good mai tai groove going, you kind of want to stick with it. The next time I go to Tiki Bar, and there will be a next time, I'm going to see if they make an Evil Bastard, a beast of a tiki drink involving Whaler's vanilla, Bacardi 151, lemonade, orange juice, passion fruit and almond syrups.

They may give you cavities and hangovers, but fruity rum drinks are a lot of fun. So are tiki bars filled with nubile goddesses and fake palm trees. Since tiki bar culture never existed here, I wonder whether Moscovites will approach Tiki Bar as Americans did during the first wave of tikimania, which was genuine, or the second wave, which was all kitsch appeal.

Not that it matters. I had a blast at the opening, even if I can't remember much of it. I know because the next morning the savage tiki godesses were mighty pissed, directing lightning bolts at my head with their comely coconut-shell covered boobs.

## **Prado**

\$\$-\$

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 freaking good, folks. We're not sure if that means that the dames who hang out here hoping to get picked up by minigarchs 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.

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 duy wearing sunglasses, white 70s Ree-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

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. Bronava 8/1 Hours: 12:00 - 24:00

## **Apple Restaurant**

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 Rasberry Lamponi was our favorite cocktail last summer.

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 Neglinnava Ul.

## **ArteFAQ**



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 plexiglass floor of the balcony means you can see girlie panties just by looking up from your barstool.

The place has a high artsy I-don't-have-a-dimabilandimabilan factor. Time Out has called this the new home of the LiveJournal set.

M: Chekovskaya/Pushkinskaya **Phone:** 650-3971 Address: Bolshava Dmitrovka 32 Hours: 12:00 - 24:00

## The Apartment

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.

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-

M: Kievskaya Phone: 518-6060 Address: Savinskava Nab. 21 Hours: 12:00 - last client

## **Dantes**

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:

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. Luhvanka Phone: 621-4688 Address: Myasnitskaya 13-3 Hours: always

## Eat & Talk

Cheers:

Located in the lobby of a small business center, this place is a good choice for biz lunch or grabbing a nightcap 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 their 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

## **El Parador**

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

## 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 converstion, but annoying if you're just trying to eat.

M: Tverskava Phone: 650-1623

Address: Tverskaya ul 12/2 (entrance on Kozitsky) Hour: Lunch 'til dinner

## Guylian Cafe

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: Teatralnava Phone: 928-7602 Address: 8/10 Neglinnaya UI.

## **GQ** Bar

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.

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: Tretvakovskava Phone: 956-7775 Address: Balchug Ul. 5 Hours: 24 hours

## Los Bandidos

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 delicisio, 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**

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 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, Shyolk, 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 souns 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: Bolshava Dmitrovka d.17 Hours: Always

Ogni

\$\$ Cheers:

Ogni comes from the Discreet Charm folks, and it's already drawing a strong crowd of 20-something professionals. Kamchatcka Crab salad (300r) was a hit, as was the fact that they serve you .5I mineral waters for

## 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: Sukharevskava Phone: 207-1222 Address: M. Sukharevskaya pl. 8

Hours: Always

## Pilsner Urquell

Cheers:

eXile alert! Recent thumbs-up for the reliably greasy and good-sized portions at fair prices. Zaitchik praised the Cvickova 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 prominen Mayakovsky 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

## 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 foul cigarettes, but also cigars and pipes. Pipes Can't someone just gong 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

Hours: noon-midnight

## The Real McCoy



Cheers: eXile alert! We think we saw the famed baquette 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 gigantosized, 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?

eXile alert! Former fave 3 Amigos sampler plate now total sucks ass. Chicken wings absolutely unedible-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 chickpea and lamb soup (R180) needs to meet a blender.

M: Barrikadnaya Phone: 255-41-44

Address: Kudrinskaya pl. 1 (in the Stalin sky-Hours: Always

## Tapa de Comida



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Cheers: eXile alert! If you're looking for a different summer veranda to dine at, definitely give Tapas a try. Two big thumbs-ups for the Gazpacho (140r) and the Sangria, which rawgs. 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 seviche (R190), the beef filet salad (R400), and the rab bit. Great sliced meats and a surprisingly good cheese plate (R 480) well worth it, featuring the not-to-bemissed drunken goat cheese. Downstairs in the tapas room rawks! Totally laid back atmosphere where you can simply point to what you want at the tapas bar. Plenty of Spanish tapas and, for your chauvanistic Russian friends, plenty of Russky-style tapas, Best bits 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.

Phone: 208-2007 Address: Trubnaya ul. 20/2 str. 3

Uncle Guilly's

## 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 allyou-can-eat, you'll fit through the door on your way out. Guilly's burgers are the best in Moscow fer 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 absenthe instead. 100 rubles for those little sampler Cokes? This is not a nice uncle! Gave free cherry 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 Birvani, we have Ploy. They have Samosas, we have Xachipuri. Next time, I'm gonna come here with

## 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

\$\$

## Cheers:

Hands down still far and away the best Indian restuarant 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 (includiing 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 roofton bar/deck is in the works, so stay tuned...

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



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 nrices 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 dinnertime, 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

## 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

## Jeers:

Food was rather on the bland side on our last visit. Earshattering music accompanies a belly dancer who isn't much of a habe. How is it that Moscow's not 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: Shmitovsky proezd 14 Hours: 12.00 - 'til the last guest

## Maharajah

## Cheers:

eXile alert! Folks, if you're ionesing 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 reining Rajnish! 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**

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## 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 tha even if the lion lies down with the lamb, we'll eat that lamb, so long as it's prepared this way. Excellent kebab 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

Hour: 12.00 - 23.00

Address: Tverskaya ul. 31 (inside the Chaikovsky concert hall, near Deli France)

## Vostochnaya Komnata

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 Sushifags 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).

Belly dancer not "all that." Sitting near the bar does not get vou guicker 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 pallet 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 va 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: Smolenskava Phone: 241-3771 Hours: 12.00 - 24.00 Address: Denezhny per. 20

## Capriccio's

## Cheers:

This multi-level Italian joint is really two restuarants 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.

The pizza is mediocre. Upstaris you may be surrounded by people eating sushi. Our butter was a little hard

M: Sukharevskava Phone: 518-1380 Address: Prospect Mira 5 www.cappricio.ru

## **Dorian Gray**

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 subdued 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: Tretvakovskava 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.

Where to begin...our ravioli reminded us more of nelmeni. Pasta cooked to Russian standards of toughness. Both our taglietelli 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: Pushkinskava

Address: Bolshaya Bronnaya 27/4

## Mario

\$\$\$\$ Cheers:

Mama mia, the risotto here is unabelievable-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 carnaccio 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 littery ards after walking too close to a client fond of bringing in their groomed poodles in designer

M: Ulitsa 1905 Goda **Phone:** 253-6505 Address: Ulitsa Klimashkina 17 Hours: 13.00 - midnight

## Mi Piace

## Cheers:

It's clean and they have wi-fi that sometimes works.

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 Piace. If you are a regular here, then you should be ster-

Address: More Mi Piaces 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 suitor/boss. Don't bring bread automatically. When we asked for Tabasco sauce, they brought us Tabasco Sov Sauce, noting they don't carry the hot pepper sauce. Soy sauce in an Italian joint???

M: Pushkinskaya Phone: 730-5600

Address: Spiridonovsky Per 12/9 Hours: 12.00 - midnight

## Pasta Project

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 narm 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.

## .leers:

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 UI. Bolshie Kamenshiki

## Hours: Noon to midnight Spago

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## 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 Paccheti 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-0 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 In Maccive procedutto appetizer (almost) always satisfies. Pizzas also damn good-try the cheese-less Marinara with super-spicy garlic tomato sauce.

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 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.

**Phone:** 912-0632 / 276-4150 Address: Vorontsovskaya ul. 32/36

Hours: 11.00 - 23.00

M: Proletarskava

## Latin

## Acapulco

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 starshaped hard shell reminiscent of Chevy's mini-taco salads! When we asked for a spicey masking agent, they brought us mayo with red pepper mixed in!

## Jeers:

Who needs Jeers with Cheers like these!

M: Park Kultury Phone: Kultury

Address: Zubovsky bul. 27/5 Hours: 12:00 to 24:00

## Hemingway's



## Cheers: eXile alert! Legendary Chris is back on the scene, with

a promise to keep the British rugby fans out for good (see Jeers). 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 scal lops (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 delux 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 ıımnh

## Address: Komsomolsky Prospekt 13 (where La Hacienda used to be)

Navarro's

## Cheers:

M: Park Kultury

eXile alert! We just sampled Navarro's amazing weekend brunch, and folks, you won't find a better place in Moscow. Everything from succulent oysters to fresh tamales, babaganoush to freshly-slized 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 break fast. 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.

Address: Shmitovsky proezd 23, bldg. 4

Hours: 8:30AM to 3AM or until the last guest

## Jeers:

So far, no jeers... M: 1905 Goda Phone: 259-3791

## 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 muy delicioso items! Our favorites included the breaded langostines with a mango sauce the massively tasty chicken stuffed with a pistachio filling, scallops, and the yummie duck salad. Now you can eat more unscale 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 handrolled 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. Delicous 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 moiitos, the most authentic ones in Moscow! Santeria

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 Salnikovs 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.

**Phone:** 277-0578 Address: Talalikhina Ul. 28 Hours: 24/7/265

M: Volgogradskaya Prospekt

## Pancho Villa



## \$\$

## 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 revues. 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 til 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: Bolshava Yakimanka 52

## Santa Fe



## \$\$\$

## 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 Hippopotum, 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.

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M: 1905 goda Phone: 256-2126

Address: Mantulinskaya 5/1, str. 6

## Hours: noon - 02.00 Sombrero



\$\$

## 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 humangous enough to ruin your appetite. Wines reasonably priced. Quesadillas (290r) quite possibly the largest we've seen in Moscow. Good tortillas with the faiitas (470r). Offers a 20% discount on the menu during the

## 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

M: Novoslobodskaya Address: Sushevskava 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 comforable seating?! If you order still water, you'll get a tiny dropper of Evian for 101 rubles. Facken zie!

M: 1: Mayakovskaya; 2: Frunzenskaya 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

GENTLEMEN'S CLUB

## Cheers:

THE place to take visiting relatives footing the bill for a taste of passable Roosky food. Schreck described breaded yeal 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 bliny (\$23) melts in your mouth. Excellent solyanka (\$9), pelmeni, and main courses.

## Jeers:

It's so cilivized 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 overlydressed dyev-dates. Why pay this much for local

M: Pushkinskaya Phone: 229-5590 Address: Tverskoi bulvar 26A Hours: noon - midnight

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M: Pushkinskava Phone: 229-5590 Address: Tverskoi bulvar 26A Hours: noon - midnight

## Gorki

## Cheers:

Russian food in the style of a 60s Soviet restaurant for the party elite. Waiters treat you as if you're a politburo chief, and also manage to stay out of the way-a nice change in this city. Another reminder that Stalin had it all figured out... The best beef stroganoff we've ever had and believe us, we've had a lot. Other dishes get high marks too. Definitely the best choice now for upscale cuisine a la Rus.

## Cheers:

Occasional loud and obnoxious estrada performances served to you for an added fee, which you must pay. Freakin' expensive. Unless you're chauffeured here on a black Merc, you WILL feel like a field negro. We guarantee it.

M: Mayakovskaya Phone: 775 2476

Address: 1st Tverskaya-Yamskaya 3

## 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-Evropsky 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 dancefloor/DJ area has increased the place's nite life stats to the point that we're considering moving this listing to the clubs section...

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. Revolvustii Phone: 647-1303

Address: Varvarka 3 (Gostinny Dvor)

Hours: Good ones.

## Scandinavian

## Night Flight

\$\$-\$\$\$

## Cheers:

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 potatot dumpling (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 suprisingly 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! This place cooks up some "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:

Like we said, not cheap, portions not large, so Old-Europe-phobic Americans might need a little adjustment here. If you thought western I-bankers were a pre-98 phenom, you haven't been to Scandinavia recently. Hummus conspicuously missing from the menu recent ly, although we've been told it'll be back.

M: Pushkinskava **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.

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: Zatsepsky Val 6, #3: Bolshoi Kozlovsky Per. 3 Hours: 12.00 - 23:00

## Goodman



## \$\$\$ Cheers

yeah the tasty one that's we wanted to rock your world. Well, it's now two times in a row that they've been out of beef patties.Tverskaya has been out of them. Although Goodman's burgers are pricier than Scandinavia's at 450r without toppings, they're damn tasty and quality. The chocolate cake (270r) is better than most of our sexual experiences of the last few years. Ribs shockingly good and slide off the bone so easily you can eat 'em with a fork. Plus, they're a relative bargain at \$24. Our favorite steakhouse. They actually cook the meat as you request it, never overdoing it! Tries to be a local version of the Palms, including weary middle-aged waiters and caricatures of local famous

eXile alert! The burger that we're about to mention,

## 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 Tverskava, as biznes is booming. Barrikadnaya branch feels like it's on the third floor of a mall and it is

people (including a startling likeness of our boy Sam)

on the wall. Ribeye (\$34) is huge and hugely satisfying.

M: a) Pushkinskaya b) Barrikadnaya **Phone:** a) 937-5679 b) 981-4941 Address: a) 23 Tverskava 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

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

## Torro Grill

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 stablished Val-U range.

## Jeers:

That would be like bad karma.

M: Okhotny Rvad Phone: 692-0267 Address: Kamergersky per. 5/6

Hours: noon - 23.00

## Delivery/ Sandwich shops

## 13 Sandwiches

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## 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 Pvat 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 Proscuitto 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 ton. 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'.

# MANTED

# THEEEXILE

## **SLANDER — FRAUD DEFAMATION OF CHARACTER** MATT SIEGEL

## **DESCRIPTION**

BUILD: Chubby

ALIASES: Sometimes goes by the name of

Matthew **AGE:** 30

HEIGHT: average WEIGHT: 200-230 pounds

HAIR: Light brown, sparse, in beginning

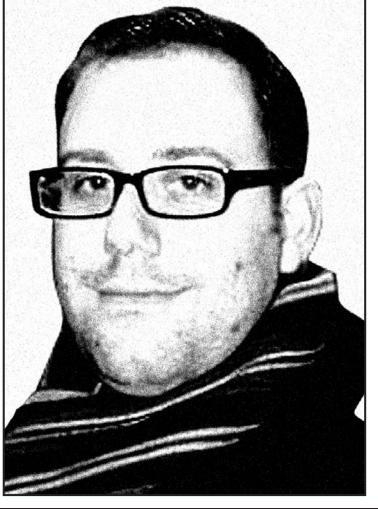
stages of male-pattern balding

OCCUPATIONS: Moscow correspondent for the Jewish Telegraphic Agency (JTA), amateur digital photographer, will sometimes claim to be have had a successful career as a New York music producer

EYES: Brown/green COMPLEXION: Pasty RACE: New York Jew

NATIONALITY: American, has been known to try to pass as a British citizen

SCARS AND MARKS: Most likely circumcised, has heart-shaped "Mom" tattoo on one arm, prominent double-chin (which he is known to hide with multicolored scarves), two distinct moles on left side of face, frequently covers balding head with Mets hat REMARKS: Knows basic Russian, studied computer programming, fantasizes about being a journalist, performs at poetry slams



## **CRIMINAL RECORD**

Has been charged with slander and defamation of character against eXile editor Yasha Levine for attempting to con Mr. Levine's girlfriend into believing that all eXile editors were no good, women-hating bastards who cheat and lie every chance they get. He even claimed to be friends with a girl who was recently burned by Mr. Levine, as proof that he was no good for her. While The eXile has not officially denied these allegations, this WANTED poster serves as a warning to all those who would fuck with The eXile by exposing the

## **CAUTION**

Subject is believed to be perfectly harmless to the general public, but can become a great nuisance to young Russian Jewish women. Posing as a Jewish reporter he will disarm and ingratiate himself to his naive victims with his meek and passive personality. After collecting contact information for a supposed follow-up interview, he is known to harass his victims with cute SMS's, quirky email forwards, and invitations to Shabbat services at Moscow's Central Choral Synagogue.

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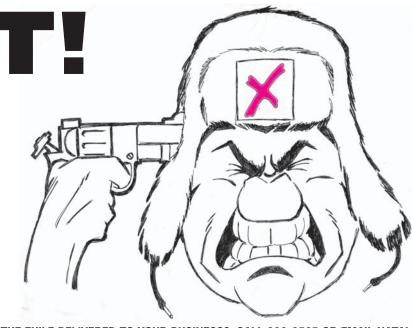
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