

# THE EXILE



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# IT'S MEDVEDEV

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# LETTER OF THE WEEK

## SAVE THE BABY FORESKIN

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

--The eXile discussing it's "Recession Penis" [http://exile.ru/articles/detail.php?ARTICLE\\_ID=16902&BLOCK\\_ID=35](http://exile.ru/articles/detail.php?ARTICLE_ID=16902&BLOCK_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](http://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/chiro-list/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@chiroemotion.com](mailto:todd@chiroemotion.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/>

28866f3384801ae9 (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 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 cheezy 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."

## 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 disciplined people and they unite well etc.

But, I can'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,

Ayse

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 humorous 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 REFEREEING A BLOOD FEUD AND PISSING AWAY YOUR TAX DOLLARS. MCCAIN WANTS TO EXPAND IMBECILIC "CLASH OF CIVILIZATION" CONVENTIONAL-WAR STRATEGIES.

Here's a video of Obama:

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=m4yVIPqeZwo>

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 GIs 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=3AUyGnzXaAE>

Here's Michael Savage talking shit about McCain: <http://youtube.com/watch?v=gzCicf9EHyI>

Here's Ann Coulter talking shit about McCain: <http://youtube.com/watch?v=HuTqgqhxVMc>

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 Rukeyer, 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 queue properly, meanwhile the krauts conquered most of Europe before discovering that even superior equipment (with notable exceptions like the T-34, Katyusha rocket and Sturmovik bombers), training and leadership are no match for millions of vodka fuelled crazy Ivans.

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 benefited 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 say, 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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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 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.

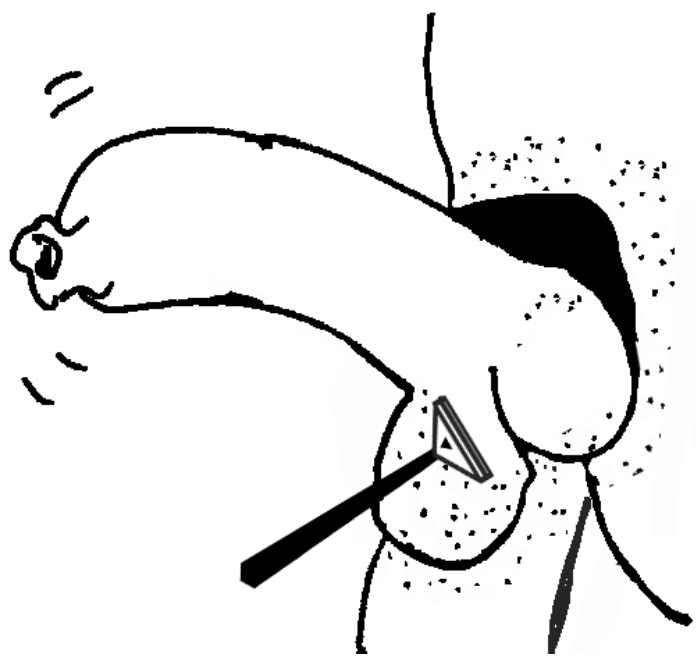
THE PENSIONER: "I have voted for the Communists all my life, because life was better in the Soviet times," lamented Naina Fedorova, a 72-year-old widower. She still fondly remembers when Stalin... 1.99 y.e. (Discount!)

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](http://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 dimensional as some would believe.

	Time	Artist	All
<b>NAME:</b> GRUSTNII FAVORIT			
<b>Track 1:</b>		Short People – Randy Newman	
<b>Track 2:</b>		Five Foot One – Iggy Pop	
<b>Track 3:</b>		Oompah Loompah	
<b>Track 4:</b>		Pablo Picasso – Modern Lovers	
<b>Track 5:</b>		Short Dick Man – Salt N Pepa	
<b>Track 6:</b>		I Wish (I Was A Little Bit Taller) – Skee-Lo	
<b>Track 7:</b>		Itsy Bitsy Teenie Weenie Yellow Polka Dot Bikini – Brian Hyland	

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# FAREWELL, NEW COLD WAR, WE HARDLY KNEW YE

By Alexander Zaitchik  
and Mark Ames

**D**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*.

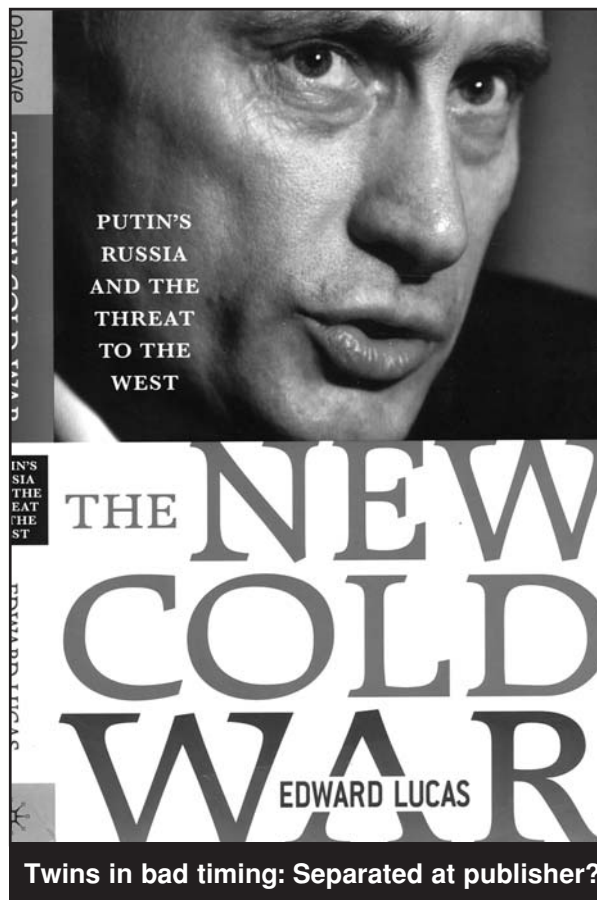
Already we can hear you snickering: "Someone published a book in February 2008 about the New Cold War? Dude, no way! Those poor bastards! Is it snowing where they are in 2007? Next thing you'll tell me is that they carry purse-dogs and drive around in Minis!"

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?

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 last-minute effort to make the book less Putin specific. Too bad nobody had time to coordinate the last minute change in advertising slogan.

**T**

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;



**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-

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 Western-educated 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

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 were different times. The 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 basket-case 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 "dizzily 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 battle-hardened 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-Ribbentrop Pact.

(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 werewolves.

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-monger, 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 think-tanker 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 prison-labor 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 Rosneft 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.

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.

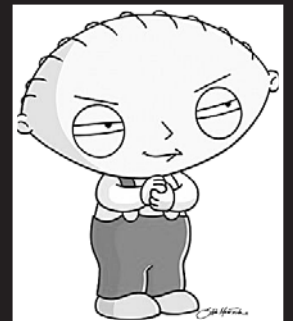
today as we cursed Russia's impossible rebound under Putin, because it's bad for business. Our business.

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 nemesist! Daaammnnn yooooooooo!"... X

### SEPARATED AT EYE HOOD?



Russophobe Edward Lucas....



...and wombophobe Stewie Griffin?

If Lucas thought things were bad last year when he ran around crying "Russian 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-

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

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 fine.

—Deanna Bellendi, Associated Press

**W**hy? Why did this rage massacre at Northern Illinois University happen? Why did Steven Kazmierczak, "armed with three handguns and a brand-new pump-action 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



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 middle-class 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 "kick-start 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

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 terror.

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

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 wasted life.

"NIU is a glorified community college," writes one former student. "Let's 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

ranks as one of the butt ugliest campuses on planet earth, then NIU is the right school for you."

The physical ugliness and intellectual 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."

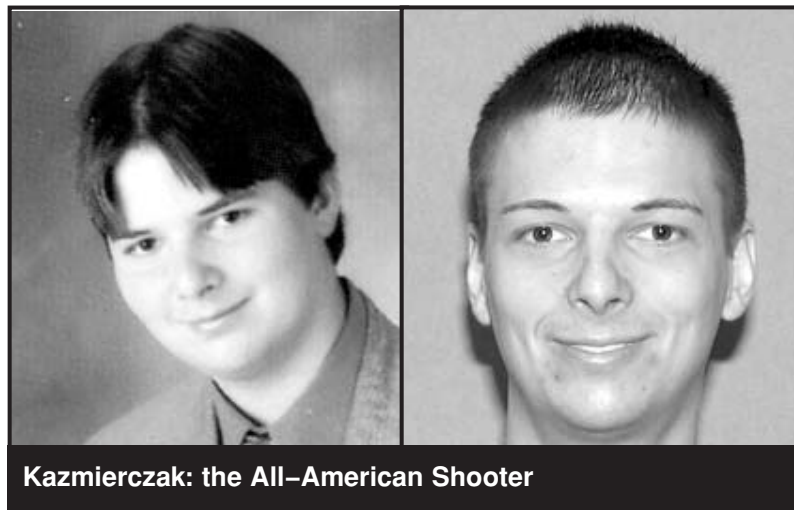
"The academic rigor required to do well at NIU is a joke .... Best advice to any high school students considering NIU? Do everything in your power to get yourself into a better school like U of I, Illinois State or some other well regarded public or private school .... And don't even get me started on 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 than the NIU dorm complex. Outside of Barsema Hall and a few others, the rest of the other buildings are dreadful and embarrassing. 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 the voice-man for the epitomical 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 their 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 like it hasn't 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 like 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 a hard time finding people like you. Dekalb is an awful, ugly town with nothing 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



Kazmierczak: the All-American Shooter

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

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 minimum 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 weather is seriously always worse in Dekalb than anywhere else. I'm from the south [Chicago] burbs and when I take the hour and half drive to Dekalb it's always storming harder, snowing more, more humid in the summer or the wind is much more extreme. Dekalb is always very windy though probably because of all the farm land and lack of trees breaking

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 and 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.

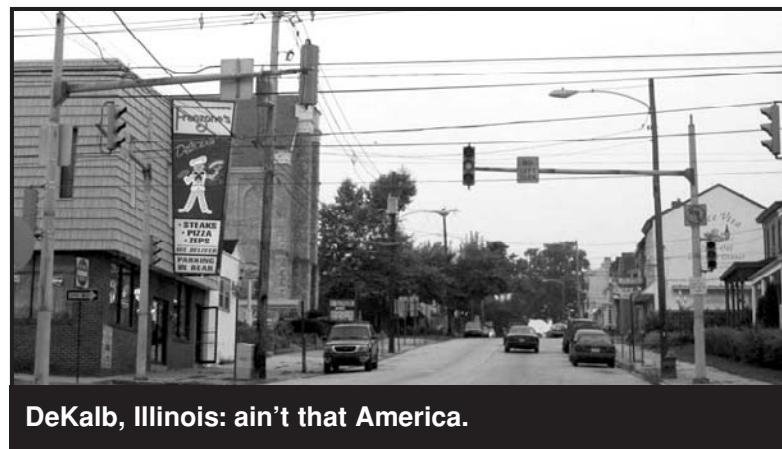
If you're wondering why Kazmierczak transferred out of NIU to the University of Illinois-Champaign last spring, this might help explain it; if you're wondering, as many bloggers have, why he'd come back and shoot up NIU rather than his current university, these sentiments are at least worth considering.

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 all-white 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 businesses, 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.

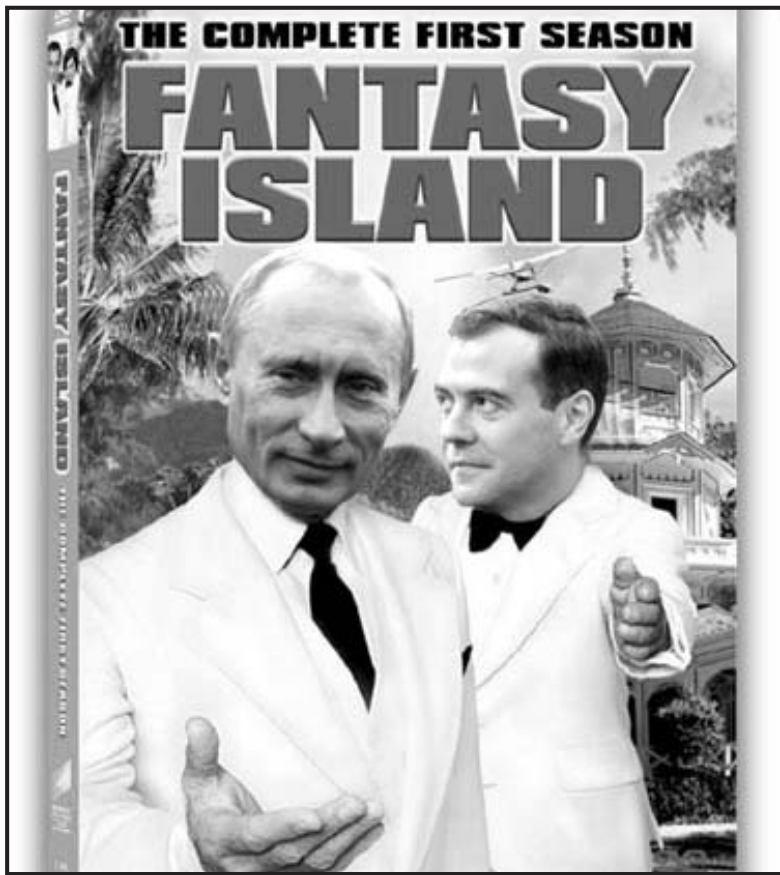
Two years ago, Kazmierczak's parents moved from Elk Grove Village to Florida, where his mother died of Lou Gehrig's Disease.

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 elders. X



DeKalb, Illinois: ain't that America.



**SEPARATED AT GRIN**



Lying pig fucker William Kristol....



...and lovable pig-fucker 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 72-year-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-the-ordinary 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 jet 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 pre-election 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, Kiryanov'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-about, 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 flattening 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 U-joint. O, the humanity!

— Mark Ames

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# HARDWARE FOR DUMMIES: THE OSPREY VS. THE HORNE

By Gary Brecher

**F**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\\_ID=35](http://www.exile.ru/articles/detail.php?ARTICLE_ID=7847&IBLOCK_ID=35)

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 fixed-wing 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 what.

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.

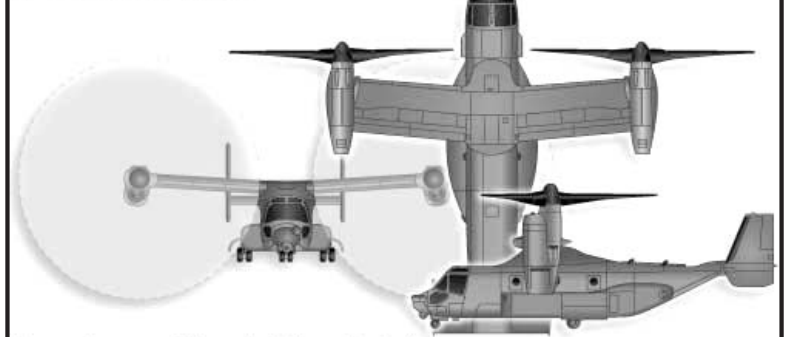
I've actually read proud stories of big sales by lobbyists. They actually brag about robbing us. They sold the F-22 Raptor by dazzling Congress with all this Knightrider dashboard crap. The reason they had to switch sales pitches is because they were having a problem using their old approach: the Soviet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

Somebody asked the annoying 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.

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

## V-22 OSPREY



**Range:** Can carry 24 people 250 nautical miles

**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 wars.

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 story.

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 air-superiority 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 dog-fighter. 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 racing.

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 propellers: 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 Carter.

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 quiet.

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 carrier-based 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,



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



# 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

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 car.

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 witnesses.

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 podelzds 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 scenario 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 problem.

## 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 through the door. IOU, indeed.

## THAT PODEZD SMELL

















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
-  all in the family
-  cries for help ignored
-  "investigation continuing"
-  carved up like a turkey
-  cannibalism
-  old people
-  **SELF** 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 to 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



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

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



On the evening of February 14, St. Petersburg lawyer Josef Gabuniya 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

# 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

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 airframe.

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 carriers?

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



Congressman plays with an F18 model before voting.

obsolete 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 are.

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

# THERE WILL BE MILKSHAKES

By Eileen Jones

**T**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. 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 impor-

favorite 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 Right-hand 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

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 "Mrrrraaawww!! I'm not quite sure what that was, other than the only preparation the audience is going to get for Plainview baying "Draaaaaiiiiiinnnagggge!!" 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 unlike 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](http://idrinkyourmilkshake.com), which is dedicated to discussing "PTA's magnificent new movie." Check under the subheading entitled "Theories of Paul."

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



Paul Thomas Anderson: reason we're ashamed to be Americam #43

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 now-notorious "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 "SCHLLLLLLLPPPPP!!" 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 groundbreaking 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. X



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 non-cognoscenti 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, ranting 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

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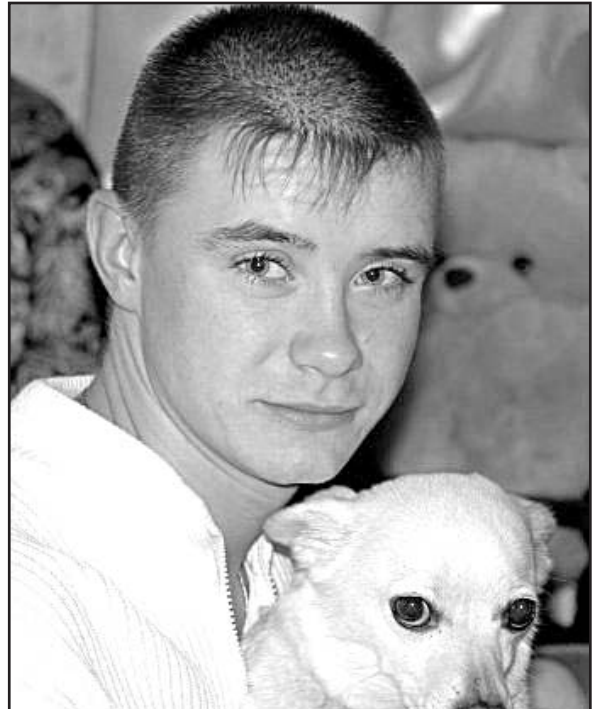
# SOAK UP THE SAVAGE LUST OF MOTHER RUSSIA!



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](mailto:face@exile.ru) and win prizes!

## THE FORTNIGHT SPIN



By Jared Lindquist  
exileradio@gmail.com

**A**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 its 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 **APOCALYPTICA** (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 **METALLICA**, **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 Moscow.

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, Solyayka, 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 Intelligent 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 dark-wave 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 hitting 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, Ikra, 21:00). Originally known as **MANITOBA** until old-school punk **HANDSOME DICK MANITOBA** sued him, Caribou plays experimental electronic indie, creating a Krautrock-inspired soundscape of prog and drugs. His live performances are renowned for being particularly eclectic and utilizing many drummers.

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 **DRAUGGARD** open.

Holy fucking christ is there a lot of metal in March: next up is Swedish melodic death-metal band **SONIC SYNDICATE** (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 easy-to-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

## TOP PICKS



**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 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.



**HUSHPUPIES**  
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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**THE EXILE**

**FRIDAY  
February 22**

**ROCK**  
**Moralnyy Kodex**  
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**  
20.00: B-2

**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**  
20.00: Ikra  
**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

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

**WEDNESDAY  
February 27**

**ROCK**  
**Umka & Bronevik**  
20.00: Ikra  
**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**  
21.00: Ikra  
**Rob Dirton**  
21.00: Kult

**THURSDAY  
February 28**

**ROCK**  
**Stoks, Attraksion Voronova**  
20.00: Tabula Rasa  
**Inna Bondar**  
22.00: Proekt OGI  
**Hushpuppies**  
22.30: Ikra

**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  
**B-2**  
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**  
20.00: B-2

**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, Philla**  
21.00: Propaganda  
**Anatoly Ice, DJ Ivan Tchizhevky**  
22.00: Kult  
**DJ Ada**  
21.00: Karma Bar

**SUNDAY  
March 2**

**ROCK**  
**Vasily 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: Roadhouse

**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**

**ROCK**  
**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**

**ROCK**  
**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

Ah, 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? Whatever. 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 drag-onfly!

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 with Republican Pervert Bill O'Reilly. A few months later, he was



found naked, bound and gagged in his Rolls Royce (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 A-hole."

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 english.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. Bi.Otch.

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." Mhmm... 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 "momma," honey, go on, say "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 - pretty long, actually. Can some high-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 The eXile decoding KEY

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

### 1171



★★ ★ ★★

#### Cheers:

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

#### Jeers:

Feis kontrol wouldn't let in under-21 dyeves, leading us to

wonder: since when is this the fucking US?! Taxi predators ream you here. Coat check too small to handle the large crowds—hopefully they have that worked out by now.

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

**Hours:** As many as you can handle

### Aktovy Zal



★★ ★

#### Cheers:

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 boon docks by the thrid ring means you really have to plan to go here.

**Cover:** cheap, depends on the concert

**M:** Baumanskaya  
**Address:** 265-3935

**Phone:** 265-3935

**Address:** Perevedenovsky per., 18

**Hours:** 8 to late, depends on shows

### Apelsin



★★ ★

#### Cheers:

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

#### Jeers:

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

**Cover:** depends on the concert

**M:** Barikadnaya

**Phone:** 253-0253

**Address:** Ul. Malaya Gruzinskaya 15

**Hours:** 12:00 - 05:00

### B1 Maximum



★★ ★

#### Cheers:

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

#### Jeers:

Lindquist and Levine tried leaving about 1 minute into NoFX's set but the concert was so oversold it took about 30 minutes to get the fuck out. What's more the whole eXile team got kicked out of the VIP zone because they ran out of VIP bracelets. We haven't seen bathrooms this nasty since Leningradsky Volkaz. Has absolutely no atmosphere whatsoever.

**Cover:** depends on the concert

**M:** Leninsky Prospekt / Shabolovskaya

**Phone:** 648-6777

**Address:** Ul. Ordzhonikidze 11

**Hours:** 18:00 - 06:00

### B2



★★ ★

#### Cheers:

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

#### Jeers:

Easily some of the most sovok and least service-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 night of drinking and not getting drunk, the whiskey-colas really starte hitting us here! Drunken dyev factor on the rise, and you know if a girl's partying here she's ready fo' anything! Asking the barman to get creative can have serious consequences... Killer underground dive run by the same folks who brought you den of debauchery McCoys. From the looks of it, folks'll be drinking just as much here. Part of the million-cocktails-to-choose-from wave launched by Help. Little frames cover the walls with descriptions of the drinks available. Tasty and cheap menu that lets U decide what goes in your noodle dish.

#### Jeers:

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

**M:** Chekhovskaya

**Address:** Strastnoi blvr. 6 str. 2

**Phone:** 209-2779

**Hours:** 24 hours

### Booze Bub



★

#### Cheers:

Gets TOTALLY packed on weekends, making this an ideal pre-party venue for those hitting Tema next door. Pissed off that there's not a single Thurs. night go-to bar that actually has chicks? Then Bub's your answer. Recent Thursday night visit revealed a place packed with easy, desperate student and secretary dyeves. 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 phalocentric on a recent visit. May need some time to get packed full of the reasons we like to visit Help and Tema.

**M:** Chisty Prudy

**Address:** Potapovskiy Per. 5, bld. 2

**Phone:** 621-4717

**Hours:** Round the clock

### Cafe Royal



★

#### Cheers:

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

#### Jeers:

...and we're not sure that's a good thing.

**Cover:** Depends on who's playing

**M:** Chisty Prudy

**Phone:** 607-0969, 607-9172

**Address:** Ashcheulov per., 9

**Hours:** 12PM to 6AM

**Website:** www.caferoyal.ru

### Che



★★★

#### Cheers:

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

#### Jeers:

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

**M:** Lubyanka

**Phone:** 621-7477

**Address:** Nikolskaya Str. 10/2

**Hours:** 12pm-9am

### Club XIII



★★★

#### Cheers:

You can go home again! Girls will sometimes hit on you

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

#### Jeers:

Recent Shalya-less party was duller than a Death Porn kitchen knife. Very very pricy drinks. We kind of miss, in retrospect, the dark opium dens, where anything could and did happen.

**M:** Chisty Prudy

**Address:** Mynsnitskaya 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/Krishna molls on their off night. Attracts droves of rich Russian dudes doing the Planet of the Apes routine around their expensive cars and bikes outside.

**M:** Teatralnaya

**Phone:** 629-8085

**Address:** Stofeshnikov 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 honeys retire. Tons of sweet dyeves that all seem to be studying architecture. People here actually dance with joy in their faces. Very little bullshit. Caesar salad pretty good, too.

#### Jeers:

Known to blast annoying artsy French music at insane decibel levels. The last time we went we had to climb a fence or two to get there. Sometimes the hippie element is a bit thick and the riggers seem to be taking a liking to this place. And that just don't bode well...

**Cover:** None

**M:** Okhotnyi Ryad

**Phone:** 692-1119

**Address:** 12:00 - 6:00

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

#### Jeers:

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

**M:** Novokuznetskaya

**Phone:** 953-6576/540-9955

**Address:** Kosmodamianskaya Nab. 2

**Hours:** 18:00 - 06:00

### Gradus Bar



★

#### Cheers:

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-provincial 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.



## 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



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



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 young 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 than 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 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.

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

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 lesbian activity has been steadily on the rise. One time, upon sitting down, a girl from a neighboring table came over and said: "I'm sorry, I lost a bet" and then proceeded to get up on her table and do a striptease! Later we saw two babes practically fucking on the dancefloor, and the night ended with a flat-chested chick flashing us repeatedly. Great place to start or end a bender. The director is a serious cocktail aficionado (and award-winning barman) who has come up with a variety of unusual and at times frightening cocktails, all reasonably priced. Casual woodsy interior, relaxed crowd, decent service. Long Island iced tea for 150r. Try the "red hot slammer." Bartenders often seen at tables whipping up fresh concoctions, slamming glasses on tables, and lighting things on fire.

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

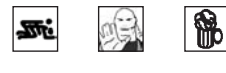
Hot Dogs



**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 hormones 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 there.  
**M:** Kurskaya  
**Phone:** 917-0150  
**Address:** Zemlyanoy 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 w/d us. Gets unbearably hot and stuffy inside when there's a packed gig like the recent Kid Koala show. Surly bartenders sometimes can't be bothered to pour you a beer.  
**Cover:** Up to 600R depending on the event  
**M:** Kurskaya  
**Phone:** 505-5351  
**Address:** Ul. Kazakova 8A

Justo Banya Douche



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

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



**Cheers:**  
eXile alert! Katz nearly had to beat the dirty sluts piling up onto her man with a stick. And she would have too, if the dude wasn't such a pushed out wanker and fell back from the action himself. The place is so jam-packed with salivating sluts hungry for male attention, you'd think you were in a bad porno horror rip off. All they got to do is get a whiff of your pheromones and damn do these girls move! The only way to save 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 garidrob, you have to walk about two kilometers through a dark and winding underground tunnel. You might never find your way back!

**Cover:** 200R for chicks, 300R for dudes on weekends (liberal face control)  
**M:** Kuznetsky Most  
**Phone:** 624-5633  
**Address:** Ul. Pushechnaya 3 (just down from Hola Mexico)  
**Hours:** Thurs.-Sun.: 21:00 - 6:00

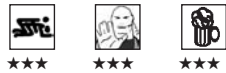
Krizis Zhanra



**Cheers:**  
eXile alert! Well, we be gosh darned! We hadn't been here for anything other than peaceful lunch since last spring. We're happy to report that place hadn't changed a bit. KZ still packs in the young and available babes that say "yes" almost as if we had paid for it. eXile editors no longer embarrassingly halted at the door by Krizis' notoriously Nazi face control. Nash seems to have finally solved the problem. This place continuously packs in babe-o-licious 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 Lytchik. Combines student-y types with intellegensia, upwardly mobile yuppies and a smattering of expats. Less pressure to get wasted than at Bourbon St.

**Jeers:**  
If you're not as well-connected as an eXile editor, you will still experience face control at a Nazi Level from Thurs. to Sun. Techno music gets progressively loud as the 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're old. Long Islands, although cheap, rank somewhere between "bizarre" and "non-alcoholic fruity ass" on the scale of things. Can be a bit boring if no concert is happening.  
**Queers:** Every Thursday  
**M:** Chistye Prudy / Kitai Gorod  
**Phone:** 623-2594, 778-2234  
**Address:** Pokrovka 16/16, str. 1  
**Hours:** 24/7

Krishna



**Cheers:**  
After a good run this winter, the eXile's luck may be up here. Or maybe we just look especially Chechen with our summer tans and long beards. And furry hats. In any case, we've been faced on repeat by the Obergruppenfuhrer at the door since July. We're hoping that'll change with the coming of fall and the return of our pale faces. If you can get in, then note that the place is packed with amazing wildlife—the whole range of fauna is here. Main dance floor on the rooftop, partly covered, is where the action is, but the downstairs darker dance-floor may be where you'll get luckier. The chillout space is one of the plushiest in town.

**Jeers:**  
See above.  
**M:** You don't  
**Address:** Naberezhnaya near Hotel Ukraina  
**Hours:** 19:00 - late

MOTORHOME



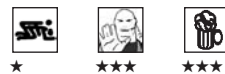
**Cheers/Jeers:**  
In the words of Jared's little brother Eric Linquist: "This

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

**Jeers:**  
The place just opened. Developing...

**M:** Novoslobodskaya  
**Address:** Novoslobodskaya 20  
**Hours:** till 1 a.m.  
**Phone:** 789-8854  
**Web:** www.motordom.ru

MOST



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

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

Papa's Place



**Cheers:**  
eXile alert! An annoying American chick and her German boyfriend accused Rudnitsky and Yasha of giving Americans living abroad a bad name but backed down after Adderalled-out Yasha called the Nazi out for a fist fight. That's right, who da man? Still redefining the meaning of "packed with drunken sluts." Someone forgot to tell them that it's not the 90s anymore. No-holds-barred wet T contest shows more skin than most strip clubs! Proof that there's still a place in Moscow where the dyevs 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" rawg's: free food offerings, like the awesome pizza, and an advantageous chick-to-unit ratio. We also saw one of the drunkest Neanderthals of our lives here, devouring his pizza while his dyev girl-

friend slapped him and pulled his ear to leave. Latin dancing nights are the ONLY game in town on Tuesday! Our last visit saw a mix of sluts and balding guys, and if they can score surely U can too!

**Jeers:**  
U may need to beg for an invite to office party night, due to its popularity. Was cold downstairs last time we were there. Latin night downside: U may have to dance to have a chance. There's such a thing as too packed with sluts... like when you have to wait 30 min just to pay the cover. Wouldn't let Rudnitsky in on Halloween in his sportivny costum, as the okhronik really believed he was a Caucasian bandit.  
**Cover:** 150R on weekends, free-ish during the week  
**M:** Chistye Prudy  
**Phone:** 755-9554  
**Address:** Myasnitskaya Ul. 22 (inside Johnny's)  
**Hours:** Always

Propaganda



**Cheers:**  
eXile crazy dyev alert! One eXile editor snagged a chick here that demanded he hit her in the face, and she loved every cheekbone-crushing smack. Meanwhile, another member of the eXile editorial team pulled a barely sane art studentika 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're getting old, but we find ourselves here oogling the biz-lunch crowd much more often than the disco crowd.

**Jeers:**  
When the fuck did Propaganda become elitny?! Recent Friday night visit ended at the door when we were told the club was having a private party. After accusing the promoter of lying to us, we were told: "Whether I am lying to you or not, it is still a private party." Be ready to enter tight ribbed-sweater territory, where the line between metrosexual and flamin' fag is awfully thin. Going after you've had a few too many sets the stage for some eXtremely painful rejections. Girls here drank more in the Yeltsin era.

**Queers:** Sunday nights are 'gay' nights  
**M:** Kitai Gorod  
**Phone:** 624-5732  
**Address:** Bolshoi Zlatoustinsky per. 7  
**Hours:** Sun-Thurs 12:00-06:00, Fri-Sat 'til 08:00

Prosto Bar



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









SS

**Cheers:**  
eXile alert! Recent late-night visit shows that Starlite is not the only choice in town when you're hungry at 3AM! Massive nacho plate got rave reviews. New Pancho Villa a vast improvement over former digs, with funky layout and much more space. Andreas is back in action, whipping up some of the most authentic Mexican food this side of the Iron Curtain. Who are we kidding though: it's the 2-fer-1 happy hour that goes from midnight 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:** Bolshaya Yakimanka 52

**Santa Fe**



**SSS**  
**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.  
**M:** 1905 goda  
**Phone:** 256-2126  
**Address:** Mantulinskaya 5/1, str. 6  
**Hours:** noon - 02.00

**Sombrero**



SS

**Cheers:**

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

**German**

**Bavarius**

**SS**  
**Cheers:**  
The best and most authentic Jerry food and Biergarten in this gottverdamnten Town! And probably the best damn biz lunch while we're at it. U could do much wurst than the sausage plates for under 10 bucks. Huge portions, good prices and excellent bread as well. A liter or 4 of Franziskaner Weissbier will erase any worries you might have in this crazy world. For a naughty breakfast option, try the Weisswurst with sweet mustard, a pretzel and a mandatory Weissbier.  
**Jeers:**  
Uncomfortable wooden seats. Why the hell can't restaurants just offer comfortable seating?! If you order still water, you'll get a tiny dropper of Evian for 101 rubles. 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**

**SSS**  
**Cheers:**  
THE place to take visiting relatives footing the bill for a taste of passable Roosky food. Schreck described breaded veal as closest thing to Sublime in months. Two babes dining alone at the next table were a close

second. If you've got the dough, all-in-all the most impressive "haute rus" cuisine. Black caviar with bliny (\$23) melts in your mouth. Excellent solyanka (\$9), pelmeni, and main courses.

**Jeers:**  
It's so civilized here you'll get paranoid that Russia has suddenly become like Switzerland. Paying something like sixty bucks for four shots of Russkii Standart really brings out our Jew-guilt. Oversized menu makes deciding impossible; overbearing. Grilled lamb (\$17) chewy and not particularly flavorful. Packed full of quasi-cultured Russian bobos and foreigners with over-lyressed dyev-dates. Why pay this much for local food?  
**M:** Pushkinskaya  
**Phone:** 229-5590  
**Address:** Tverskoi bulvar 26A  
**Hours:** noon - midnight

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

**Gorki**



**SSS**  
**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.  
**Jeers:**  
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**

**SSS**  
**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-Evropsyky fusion served vertically on fancy plates. Bar goes snap, crackle, pop on weekends and turns into a hotbed of semi-pafusness by drawing a multitude of middle-class student chicks who desperately want to look like they belong on the pages of Glamour magazine. V 1.0's newly expanded dance-floor/DJ area has increased the place's nite life stats to the point that we're considering moving this listing to the clubs section...  
**Jeers:**  
After the novelty and the acid wears off, you start to wonder if the virtual reality room isn't a bit retarded and/or creepy.  
**M:** Pl. Revolyustii  
**Phone:** 647-1303  
**Address:** Varvarka 3 (Gostinny Dvor)  
**Hours:** Good ones.

**Scandinavian**

**Night Flight**

**SS-\$\$\$**  
**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 potatod 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 surprisingly tangy, delicious homemade Cactus Sherbert, which we highly recommend. As always, the wines were expertly chosen, making Night Flight still one of Moscow's very best places for genuine wine lovers. The most surprising wine had to be the Hugel Riesling from Alsace (2900r for a bottle), while the Ironstone Reserve California Zinfandel went perfectly

with the bloody reindeer meat. With superior wine selections, as well as expert and discreet service, and views of the hottest babes who seem interested in you, this place still ranks as Moscow's finest dining.

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

**Scandinavia**

**SS-SSSS**  
**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 recently, although we've been told it'll be back.  
**M:** Pushkinskaya  
**Phone:** 937-5630  
**Address:** Palashevsky Mal. per. 7  
**Hours:** 12.00 - 24.00

**Steaks**

**El Gaucho**

**SSSS**  
**Cheers:**  
We've been lax on trying this place since we had Doug's, but now that he's gone, we decided to try Argentinean steaks and folks, they wuz good! Forget Goodman's, El Gaucho has the best steaks in town. Sure, they're pricey, but you do get what you pay for. Coal grill they bring out with each steak keeps your meal warm. We've eaten here twice so far, and both times we felt like we would never have to eat again. Mayakovskaya location THE place to take someone you wish to impress.  
**Jeers:**  
The Paveletskaya branch isn't all that swanky. Different branches have different menus. We can't afford to eat here more than once a year.  
**M:** #1: Mayakovskaya, #2: Paveletskaya, #3: Krasnie Vorota  
**Phone:** #1: 699-7474, #2: 953-2876, #3: 623-1098  
**Address:** #1: Sadovaya-Triumfalnaya 4, #2: Zatspeysky Val 6, #3: Bolshoi Kozlovsky Per. 3  
**Hours:** 12.00 - 23:00

**Goodman**



**SSS**  
**Cheers:**  
eXile alert! The burger that we're about to mention, 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 people (including a startling likeness of our boy Sam) on the wall. Ribeye (\$34) is huge and hugely satisfying.  
**Jeers:**  
We're still waiting for a better-priced version, with better Palms-like service, of this place, but until it comes, we have to give props to Goodman's. Better make reservations on Tverskaya, as biznes is booming. Barrikadnaya branch feels like it's on the third floor of a mall, and it is.  
**M:** a) Pushkinskaya b) Barrikadnaya  
**Phone:** a) 937-5679 b) 981-4941  
**Address:** a) 23 Tverskaya b) 31 Novinsky bul  
**Hours:** 12.00 - 'til the last customer

**Steak's**

**SS**  
**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. Verkhnyaya Radischevskaya d. 21  
**Hours:** noon-midnight

**Torro Grill**

**SS**  
**Cheers:**  
Moscow's newest meat-lover's restaurant sets itself apart from the rest with its remarkably reasonable

prices, kick-ass Argentinian grill, and meat offerings that break out of the usual steak offerings. Besides Ribeye steaks, they offer awesome sausages, juicy chicken, a mouth-watering pulled-pork sandwich, and one of the best bowls of bean soup in Eurasia. Definitely have the freshly brewed pale ale. From the good folks who first brought us Goodman's, expect Toro to become a bigtime fave.

**Jeers:**  
It's located in a mall.  
**M:** Universitet  
**Phone:** 775-4503  
**Address:** Prospekt Vernadskogo d. 6 (in the huge new mall), 2nd floor next to the movie theater  
**Hours:** noon-midnight

**Thai**

**Thai Thai**

**SS-SSS**  
**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**

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

**Delivery/Sandwich shops**

**13 Sandwiches**

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

**Johnny's**

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

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# WANTED

# BY THE EXILE

## SLANDER — FRAUD DEFAMATION OF CHARACTER MATT SIEGEL

### DESCRIPTION

**ALIASES:** Sometimes goes by the name of Matthew

**AGE:** 30

**HEIGHT:** average

**WEIGHT:** 200-230 pounds

**BUILD:** Chubby

**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 truth.

### 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.

**IF YOU HAVE ANY INFORMATION CONCERNING THIS PERSON, PLEASE NOTIFY THE EXILE**

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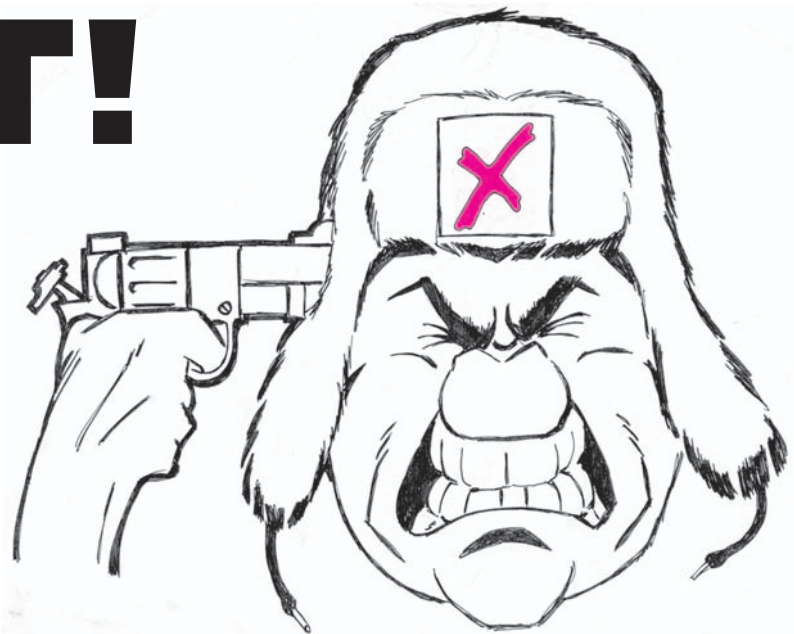
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