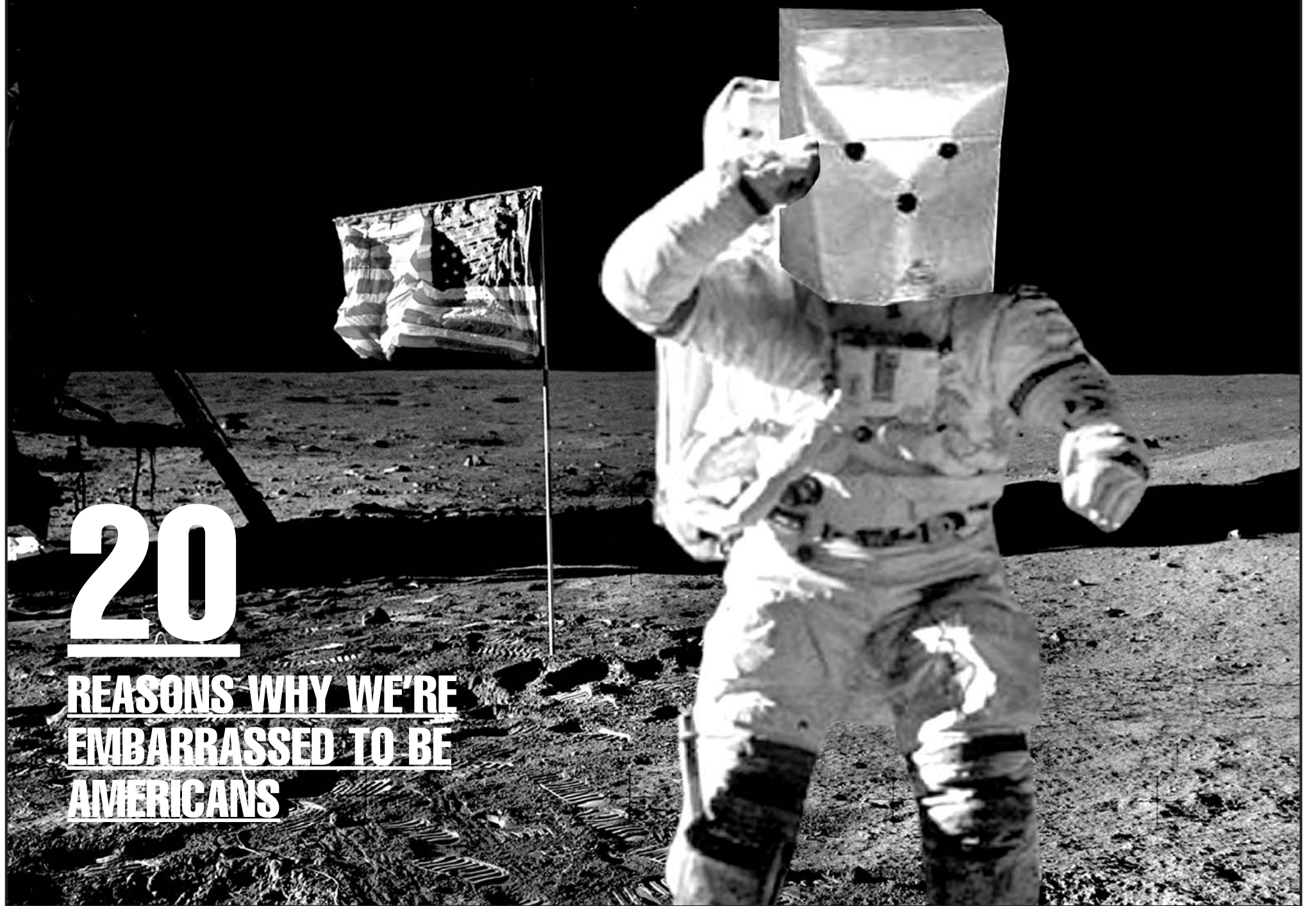




# ASHAMED TO BE AMERICAN



# 20

REASONS WHY WE'RE  
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# LETTER OF THE WEEK

## NEOCON FAN

Dear Mark Ames,

That New Cold War review of yours (appeared in JRL this morning) is one of the funniest things I have read in a whole long time. You actually made me laugh out loud. (Good thing I wasn't drinking coffee, or I'd have blown it out my nose.)

Kudos.

Best,

Nick Eberstadt

(American Enterprise Institute)

*Dear Mr. Eberstadt, We know what you're thinking now. You're probably expecting us to destroy you here in [sic], you being a member of the notorious American Enterprise Institute, the neocon's queen nest... But you know something? We're in a good mood today. And your letter cheered us up. Just as Stalin had his whims, sparing Bulgakov, so [sic] has its whims too. In the spirit of cooperation and hope and bridging divides, we're going to zip our traps and offer you a golden prize: a spankin' new eXile [sic] shirt. Wear it proudly around your evil AEI lair, Nick! Chicks will swoon, and Paul Wolfowitz will fight over your shirt with John Bolton. Guzel! Are you reading this? Get your butt off that Office Manager's chair, and send Mr. Eberstadt a [sic] shirt now. Pronto! Your liberation from tyranny depends on it!*

## THE HILLS HAVE EYES

Mark,

You would fit in perfectly at the NIU you describe. You could hang out with the "I'm from the east/west coast so I'm richer, smarter, better educated, better looking, and far superior to all you Midwesterner's crowd". Your complete ignorance to the scientific method and failure to grasp basic statistics matches the educational quality of the school. Selectively choosing a few blog posts to fit your thesis provides an accurate representation of the school. No need to provide any random sampling in the survey. Or, god forbid, actually visit the place! That would be a lot of hard work and could take months of research. By then the story would no longer be the top headline around the world and you wouldn't get some new hits on your blog.

I do agree with one thing you say though. What is with all the corn and farms everywhere? Don't people in the Midwest know you don't have to grow your own food anymore? You can just go to the grocery store!

some Midwesterner

Allen Montz

PS To improve your next writing, try reading some Chomsky, he's from on the those fancy east coast schools.

*Dear Mr. Montz, Just so you know, Mr. Ames does indeed hang out with the elitist coastal "I'm smarter-than-you" crowd. Heck, Ames IS the elitist coastal elite personified! As you correctly pointed out, Ames didn't get scientific about his analysis for the simple reason that Ames is elite and high-falutin, and all an elite high-falutin' guy like Ames needs is to spend 10 minutes looking at a complex situation like the NIU shooting, toss off a few clever opinions about the way fools like you live and die while sipping his latte, collect his praise and his paycheck, then move on to the next Trailer Magnet-Country disaster which he knows nothing about, but which he nonetheless comments on authoritatively, merely because he's an elitist from a fancy school. Were you able to understand what we just wrote there? It may be a bit too complicated for a corn-fed, buck-toothed mongoloid hillbilly like yourself, so let us put it into the kind of simple plain English syntax that regular folks like you might understand: YES IT'S TRUE, MARK AMES IS TOO GOOD FOR YOU, YOU HILLBILLY FUCK. PS: Ames not only reads Chomsky, the two of them often meet at fancy ethnic restaurants in Cambridge and converse with each other in French about their plans to lobby the Obama administration to invite the UN to occupy and administer the Midwestern states such as the one you live in, until such time that the Allen Montzes are capable of administering their own lives. First, the Allen Montzes will have to learn how to wipe their own asses, then we'll teach them to brush their teeth, and then...well you can see it's a long arduous task. Chomsky is pessimistic about the chances of you idiots ever managing to do anything more than pick corn out of your daughters' asses, but Ames is a lot*

*more optimistic. He thinks that with a few decades of armed UN administration, and perhaps 10 years of French-run reeducation camps, that you might indeed one day be ready for a kind of Africa-style self-rule, with all that it implies.*

## [SIC]S AND STONES

Dear Editor,

Is this guy Vlad for real or is his blog just being satirical? His "argument" is so ridiculous that he sounds like an 8th grader on the playground in a "my dad is tougher than yours" shouting match. Anyways, he is big man for writing those blogs without any contact email.. very brave!

James Bennett

*Dear Mr. Bennett, The main thing is that Vlad didn't bother you at all. Nope, not one iota! You've got us fooled with your letter, and if you've got us fooled, then you've probably got Vlad stymied by now. Sorry about that. Obviously we have no choice but to cancel the blog. Seeing as it's ridiculous and all.*

## TOO HIP TO BE HURT

Dear Editor,

Ok, I want to start by saying I can enjoy listening to an arrogant, ignorant, and naive Russian spout anti-American insults as well as anyone. As a matter of fact I kind of like it. I enjoy getting Nashi members wound up and watching them go. I like listening to racist Babushkas at the bus stop talk about all the bad foreigners are ruining the nation. [Uh-oh, there's going to be a "but" coming, a "but" which says, "I don't really enjoy any of that, but hopefully you believe me because what I say after the "but" is what I really mean—Ed.]

The problem is this Vlad guy just isn't very good at it. [There it is! Yup, once again, you're not bothered at all!—Ed.] He lacks the nuance that makes you think, maybe something here is true. [Does he really? Damn, and he was trying so hard to get that nuance, because nuance is so effective!—Ed.] You can get his particular brand of anti-American babble from any taxi driver from Ygo Zapitda.

Of course Russia always ends up on top, and the US routes around in their own filth, time and time again, so why should any of this be a surprise. Russia is strong and America is weak, Russians are smart and Americans are stupid. Yeah, Yeah, Yeah, and Americans are fat. [Well, aren't they?—Ed.] Hell yeah, we're all fat, fat from spending so much damn time at the top of the food chain. Get over it. Russians are thin, because they spent most of the 20th century starving to death. [Oo, that's a zinger, the ol' reaching-into-the-past-to-negate-the-painful-present argument! Works for Britain every time!—Ed.]

Have you seen the children of rich Russians? Guess what? They're fat. Fat Americans? Come on, it's been done over and over. [Yep, and for some reason, every time it inspires I'm-not-bothered letters like this!—Ed.]

Anyway I don't want to get carried away too much because my over all point is Vlad's boat just don't float. Worse of all it's not funny, but it's written like it should be funny. I can try to look at it as a sort of G.G. Allen performance art, like a monkey throwing shit at the people in the zoo, but it's just not of the caliber.

Speaking of caliber I'm guessing Kalashnikov is a pen name, if it weren't it would be the only cool thing about this guy. If it is a pen name it leads me to wonder if this is just someone smart pretending to be dumb.. hmm, does this angle make it interesting? uh.. no.

If there is a Vald.. Tell him this: In North America, we've got toilets that when you shit in them the shit goes into the water instead of sticking to the side, the shit then sits in the water and therefore doesn't give off as much shit smell as shit when you just leave it sitting around in the air at room temperature. After flushing the shit is transported out of the bowl leaving no trace behind. Russia's knock off of the flush toilet never really have taken this feature into account. Until the Russians figure this out, I'm not worried about being out-classed by them.

Other than that I enjoy most of the blogs quite a bit and I check back regularly. thanks

-Marc.

*Dear Mr. Marc, James Bennett replies, "Hey man, you and I really think alike. Vlad's column totally didn't interest me at all, which is why I also wrote a letter. I really like how you mention GG Allen's name. It really lets the eXile know that you're cool and tough and you really don't get bothered by things, because you know GG Allen, that guy was totally on the edge, man. Hey, I got an idea: Let's you and me get together with all the other readers who are bored by Vlad's blog and we'll form like a support group, yeah? Because seriously, it's dumb and it's...oh god. Waah-haa-haa! I can't hide it anymore, Marc. Please hold me! Waah-haa-haa! I want my mommie! Waaahhhh!!"*

## M-M-M-MY ILONA

Dear Mr. Ames/eXile.

["Fucking For Medvedev" blog entry, March 2, 2008.] Great! You Russians're just the best! You definitely are willing to go into the (some sort of) extremes! This kinda "system" ought to be used in every presidential election all over the world! But I surely wouldn't endorse them very candidates to use this same tactic. I guess I'm all too much an aesthetic of it all. Just think about it: Barbara Bush and Boris Yeltsin doing a campaign like this one. Gives me cold shivers to even think about it!

[http://www.exile.ru/blog/detail.php?BLOG\\_ID=17377](http://www.exile.ru/blog/detail.php?BLOG_ID=17377)

All the best,

Ilona

*Dear Ilona, Correct us if we're wrong, but what you're trying to say to us is, basically, that you'd be willing to put out for one of the editors in exchange for, say, a Caesar Salad at Krisis Zhanra, and two glasses of house wine? You'll pick up the tip and the chicken breast topping? Yeah? Deal!*

## HOW TO MAKE FRIENDS

Hey!

Nice job, fuckers. I sent you a link to a piece more than a month ago. Since then, no answer, no response whatsoever. Not even a fucking thankyou. I guess, I will consider canceling my subscription to your paper, since you guys do not ever reply. have a nice one...In case you forgot here is my email I sent:

2008/1/12, Hi Marc,

As a veteran expat in Moscow and a real connoisseur of Russian lifestyle, I believe you will appreciate this masterpiece <http://www.latimes.com/news/nation-world/world/la-fg-metro8jan08.1.3830210.story> written by a recently appointed Los Angeles Times Moscow Bureau Chief. I would be very interested in knowing what you guys think about this style of journalism - mind you, it is a Column One story! And if you happen to mention this piece in the Exile, please, send me a link to your article.

Respectfully Yours,

Well-wisher

*Dear Mr. Well-wisher, Here's what's wrong with your letter: it asks us to lift our little pinkies and work. We don't respond to those types of letters. Send us praise or some idiotic rant, anything that requires the least amount of work possible from our end, and you may get lucky and have your letter published in [sic]*

## DELIVERANCE

Dear Mark Ames,

You wrote about the North Illinois U. shooting: "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."

So, maniacs kills students at a university because of the boring layout of the town? I've rarely seen anything so malicious and elitist. Truly breathtakingly stupid. Remind me not to read anything else you've written.

George Standfast

*Dear Mr. Standfast, Mark Ames replies, "I started reading your letter, but it was so boring and flat, kinda like the boring flat state you come from, that all I could think of was, 'Gee I wish I had a 9mm Glock, a dufflebag and my camos, I'd really like to go shooting up a Wendy's right now.' But then I remembered that I'm more elite than you, so I don't need to do that. Whew! That was close, wasn't it, uh...wait, what was your name again? Who was I writing about? Oops, hold on, Chomsky's calling on my mobile, gotta go. 'Noam, mon ami! Ca va? Bien, bien! D'accord, les americains ont beaucoup stupides!'"*

## VOLGA ENVY

Yasha,

loved the article on your Volga. I have always wanted one of those cars but couldn't figure on how to get it to the states! And since I'm a woman I guess that's impossible!!

Anon

*Dear Ms. Anon, Wait, you're a woman? Dang! Can you—this is a little embarrassing, but please don't be offended if we ask—um, can you send us a jpeg of your Volga's snapper?*

## US-APPROVED!

Dear Mr. Ames:

I am a U.S. government official who has spent the least 25 years in Latin America, with the exception of two years in a Houston suburb and various trips back from business, to see family, etc. I recently moved back to the U.S. but I hope to get another overseas assignment - fast. What you say about the U.S. is absolutely correct, spot on. Those of us who are lucky enough to have jobs that take us overseas, even to the Third World, are appalled by what has happened to our once beautiful country.

Make no mistake. I am not one of those tiresome fools who travel overseas and bore everybody who lives outside the U.S. with stories about how much they hate their country, etc. [NOTE: We are—Ed.] Not at all. I love my country. When I return to the U.S. I same the same feeling one has when you encounter a dear old friend who is obviously dying of cancer. Pity, pain, sorrow - and horror.

Keep up the good work. Spread the word. We don't have much time to turn this thing around, especially in view of the pitiful election prospects.

Chuck Burgess

*Dear Mr. Burgess, If you don't mind, then let us please bore you on page 4 with how much we hate our country, and how ungrateful we are for the gift of American freedom.*

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# INTRODUCING VLAD THE RUSSIAN GLOATER

**Y**ou may be wondering what all the angry letters about this "Vlad" guy are all about in this issue of [sic]. Well, last week we launched a new blog on our website, "Vlad's Daily Gloat." And well...you sorta have to read it for yourself. Meanwhile, for the curious, here is Vlad's special introduction to readers of our print edition:

Dear eXile readers,

The editorial staff has kindly allowed me to use this space to introduce myself. My name is Vlad Kalashnikov, the author of The eXile's newest blog, which the editors and I named, "Vlad's Daily Gloat." Some already ask me if "Kalashnikov" is my real name. It's a stupid question so I will give you two answers. First, "Kalashnikov" is not such an uncommon Russian name. Second, the Kalashnikov assault rifle is the greatest assault weapon the world has ever known. Even today it stands unrivaled, and it is responsible for killing more Americans than anything over the last 50 years.

But this is not what makes me gloat or makes me so proud. Well it does sort of, but that is another discussion.

In my new blog, I have a simple goal: to warm my hands at the fires of the collapsed American empire. And to laugh at all the rubble and all the screaming bitches. Because though Russia's collapse was very tragic, America's collapse is the fun-

niest thing I have seen from that country since Police Academy 6. Well okay not quite as funny as Police Academy 6, that's very difficult, but let's say watching America decline is as funny as Superbad. I mean Superbad is funny because dumbshit American consumers actually laughed at that stupid movie. As for me, I am here to laugh at the amazing stupidity of the American people, to cackle at them as their power and wealth disintegrates into dust.

To give you an idea of what I mean, in the previous week I gloated over the news that Joseph Stiglitz, a Nobel Prize-winning economist, announced that the United States war in Iraq is the real cause of America's economic decline. To put simply into The eXile language, America has been getting a double clusterfuck in both eyeball sockets: it's going bankrupt to pay for a war that it can't afford, and to top it off, America is losing the war! America goes broke in order to suffer defeat. Now that is FUNNY!

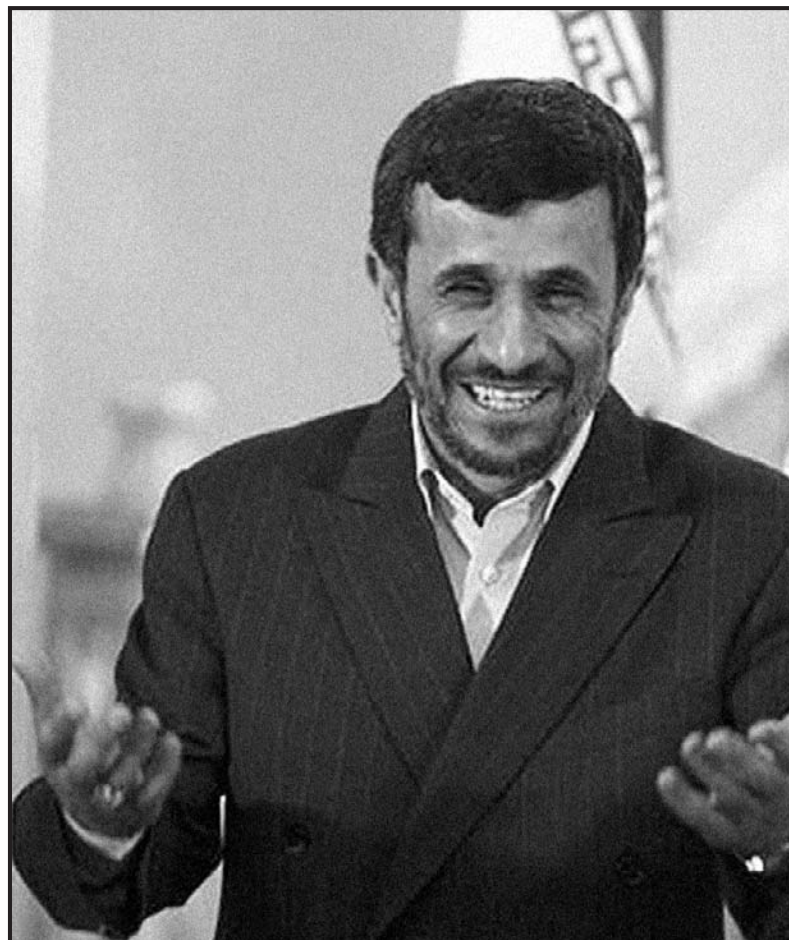
My next blog post laughed at how America's biggest enemy, the "Hitler-like" Iranian President Mahmoud Ahmadinejad, was able to fly to Iraq and receive a red carpet treatment, post-war Iraq's first ever for a head of state!

The message of Ahmadinejad's visit to Iraq was clear: "Thank you gullible American dumbshits for handing me this oil-rich country! You keep fighting and bleeding and

telling yourselves that it's not over. Meanwhile I own the place. I'll enjoy watching you bleed from my VIP suite in the Iraqi President's house, while he washes my feet!"

Every day there is something to gloat about, and this week, I started off with the cheerful story about the transfer of America's capital to Russia. While America's central bank is so afraid of how everything is falling apart—housing prices, banks, the economy—Russians are experiencing monetary paradise. You will probably be happy to learn that Russian wages grew 16.2% in 2007, and in January wages grew 15.8% over the previous year. We are getting richer so fast that our Central Bank is worried it may be too fast, unlike your Central Bank, which is lowering rates to zero because it's afraid of a Great Depression.

So, where is Russia's money coming from? I would let you figure it out, but you Americans are too stupid for that. So let me give you a hint: What does a recent story from sunny state of Florida about several men who robbed a tourist for gas money remind you of? I will give you answer: drug addicts. Yes, Americans have to steal money like some junkies to buy what Russia produces, because poor Americans, with their shitty dollar, cannot afford our oil. Ha ha, fuck you all, you fat stupid dumbshits. I enjoy watching you beg for our oil. Maybe now you will be forced to get out of your fucking SUVs and walk and so you'll



"I'm laughing at how easy it was to take Iraq from America!"

finally lose some of that ugly fat on your bodies. In this way, Russia is doing you a favor! (But not as much of a favor as you dumbshits do for Russia by making us richer every day!)

So, if you are not a chickenshit American loser, then make sure you

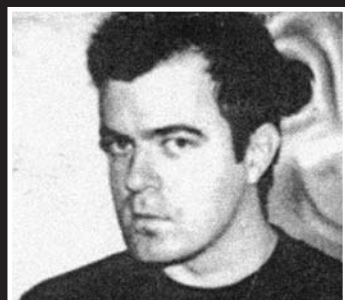
come by and visit Vlad's Daily Gloat everyday. And we will observe with me how much online American readers can endure the pain of a Russian laughing at their country's inglorious collapse on a daily basis.

Sincerely Yours,  
Vlad Kalashnikov



This fat American will soon have to go on the LUKOil diet plan.

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# 20 REASONS WHY WE'RE ASHAMED TO BE AMERICAN

In this post-election issue, while the righteous American editorialists wag their fingers at Russia's farcical elections, we want to hold up a giant mirror (with loudspeaker attached) across the Atlantic and scream what every sane American has been thinking—no actually, has been saying out loud—for nearly a decade now: We're Embarrassed To Be Americans.

Don't get us wrong. Here at the eXile, stationed in one of America's dozens of former colonies-turned-upstarts, we're ashamed not because America is hypocritical or imperialistic or militaristic or bloodthirsty. Would that we were! If only it were true, we'd shut our mouths and strut around the world, seizing our rightful booty the way booty-seeking citizens of "the most powerful empire in mankind's history" (to use one neocon's description in 2002) oughtta do.

It's not that America is so evil and bloodthirsty, it's that America has become the world laughingstock, a flash-in-the-pan hyperpower, the Sigie Sigie Sputnik of empires, the Charles Bovary of our day. The Bush years have made us so embarrassed to be Americans that even the shameful Carter Years look downright glorious by comparison.

## 1 Canadian dollar surpasses greenback

Those silly Canadians, remember how Americans used to laugh at them? How cute they looked when they'd resentfully mumble to visiting American tourists, "we're American, too—you don't own the name of our continent!" We did own it, though, which is why they were so cute, why they were so funny in all those South Park jokes. Canada was an almost-nation of almost-Americans with an almost currency called a "Canadian dollar," which was cute, and always worth about 50 American cents. Then, on September 20, 2007, a day that will live in shamefamy, the Canadian dollar passed up the U.S. dollar. People from the United States officially lost their right to call themselves "Americans." Now when we visit Canada we just say, "We're from south of the border"—if we can afford to visit Canada, that is.

### SHAME FACTOR



## 2 Baptist birthrate.

According to recent stats, the U.S. birthrate is rising, and it's rising fastest among Baptists and Mormons. It's actually falling for Asians, the most promising demographic. But the dumbest, ugliest, meanest hicks on the planet are breeding like walking catfish, wriggling to new townhouse developments in the nastiest parts of the country like Nevada and Florida. We'll end with Vegas and Fort Lauderdale shaking hands over the corpse of the last decent American, the pounding of the Tin Spike into the American cadaver.

### JIMMY SWAGGERT FACTOR



## 3 Fat is the new normal.

Last year a Newsweek cover story asked the question, "Is Fat the New Normal?" At least the Nazi's truth-inversions had a poetic evil about them. America's truth inversions are just plain depressing. You people are gross, man.

### JOHN REED FACTOR.

The fatists are reason enough to defect to Russia and glorify the "stability revolution," which to us means, "A country where 'thin' is still 'in.'"

## 4 The Iran War Puss-Out.

No country has fucked with America more brazenly than Iran has. They took dozens of American hostages in 1979, funded Hezbollah's

suicide bombing that killed 241 Marines, and now kill American soldiers in Iraq. The whole point of invading Iraq was to put Iran in a vise. But guess what? America doesn't have enough military power to attack anymore. So we issued a National Intelligence Report saying Iran isn't really such a big threat... Just like when Kim Jong Il set off his nukes and fired his missiles, we also pretended it was really not such a big deal. What we really said was, "White flag a-risin'!" Yup, "the world's only superpower" is too weak, too broke, and too afraid to go to war against a primitive third-rate enemy that literally lives in the Dark Ages. The war against the Axis of Evil is over: two bullshit countries caused America to flinch and scream "Uncle!" without ever having to fire a shot.

### ADAM GADHAN FACTOR:

Real Americans like winners, which is why we're growing out our beards and practicing our Farsi...

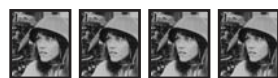


## 5 Losing two wars at once.

"Vietnam Syndrome" meant one thing: America suffered its first and only defeat in its 200-year history, and it didn't know how to deal or what it meant. Then in the 90s, America got its George Foreman on, headed back into the war ring, and racked up some wins against, admittedly, a bunch of second-stringers. Enter the 21st-century, a new season, and America is heading into the final rounds of two concurrent defeats, against the two most laughable opponents on planet earth! We're now the basement team, the doormat of the war league, the Glass Jawed white giant whose only purpose is to launch the careers of new up-and-comers! At least Germany's 0-2 record came against worthy enemies... But to lose to Iraq and Afghanistan? With America pushing out of another two wars against Iran and North Korea, which we've all but forfeited with a default, our loss record is on the verge of a 0-4. We need to double-paper bag our heads over this one.

### JANE FONDA FACTOR:

Our inner Hanoi Jane says, "Show us a fearsome Taliban mule that we can sit on for the Al Jazeera cameras, and we'll be there with bells on!"



## 6 Wes Anderson.

No one should trigger a healthy nation's gag reflex as often or as intensely as quirky-moment-machine Wes

Anderson. For years we've fantasized about the ultimate slo-mo outro to a documentary called Wes Anderson & The Life Arctic: Anderson is placed on a small dinghy with the Wilson brothers (all three of 'em) and Angelica Huston, then slowly descended from a pastel-colored Finnish ice-breaker. Just as the tears appear in Anderson's horrified, frost-encrusted eyes, Abba's "So Long" kicks in, drowning the group's slow-motion screams for mercy. Anderson went from ass-clown status to the hem-must-die list with 2007's Darjeeling Limited, a vapid film even by his standards that doubled as an effortless insult to India. It's the film equivalent of a frat boy carving his initials in the Taj Mahal. Anderson had the gall to dedicate the film to Satyajit Ray, who would have spat in Anderson's face had he lived to enjoy the honor.

### BERNADINE DOHRNE FACTOR:

Bring the War Home to Hollywood



## 7 Populism.

This is what America does in lieu of actually helping ordinary fuckin' people: hugs on camera. No cash, but all the hugs you can eat, you lovable fat suckers. From the spread of fake Texas dialect like "you folks" to the comedy of plutocrats defending the middle class on TV while earning sums that the middle class can't even fathom, populist sentimentality is the all-purpose lubricant, the WD-40, of winner-take-all capitalism. Engels' remark that anti-Semitism is "the socialism of fools" needs to be updated to apply to American populist sentimentality. A million foreclosures and one televised barn-raising, aka Extreme Makeover, for the most pathetic telegenic family of losers the producers auditioned. There's a bitter old saying, "They'd cut your head and give you a bandage." That's us, baby!

### SHAME FACTOR:



## 8 Seth McFarlane.

It isn't just that McFarlane's Family Guy shamelessly plagiarizes from The Simpsons, nor is it just the endless cheap references to bad pop culture icons. Family Guy is much worse and much more evil than that: an anti-Simpsons antidote for zombies who want to get rid of the annoying buzz of vestigial decency in their rotting heads. They want that decency removed, and Family Guy does it non-stop, scene by scene, undoing the unwanted education all those

We're not happy about it. We're pissed. Because as citizens of this Charles Bovary Nation, we've gone from globetrotting White Gods to globe-skulking buffoons-by-association. America has fucked up our action, and we're out for a little payback.

That's why we've framed this list in the most annoying, hippie-trekker, Susan Sarandon-esque way possible: Why We're Embarrassed To Be Americans. What makes it so appealing as a weapon to use against you assholes is that it's the ultimate hostel-hopping cliché imaginable.

Your clichéd response, naturally, is to whine, "If yer so darned ashamed of bein' Amer'can, whyn'tchoo just tern in yer passport then, yuh darned traitor."

To which we reply, "No. We like our passports. They allow us to travel to most places. Nope, we don't wanna turn them in, sir. Instead, we'd rather tell you why we're embarrassed, while at the same time enjoying all of the advantages that U.S. citizenship still affords us, few though they may be."

So folks—since Americans are all "folks" these days—hold on to your beta-blockers and your ACE inhibitors, cuz we're gonna put on our most caring-sounding pedantic voice, tuck our heads into multi-colored rasta-caps, and tell you why we're so ashamed of being Americans. Here goes!

Simpson episodes forced down their throats with a spoonful of sugar. McFarlane's show reinforces their meanest, dumbest instincts. And it's a huge hit.

### NICHOLAS BERG FACTOR:

We would seriously consider converting to Islam if someone would slowly saw McFarlane's head off while forcing him to sing the theme song to "Three's Company," complete with laugh track.



## 9 Dodge/Chrysler.

This company is like the android morph of the millions of fat dumb hick boys infesting America. Like them, it needed special help just to continue its bloated, destructive life. Chrysler has been on welfare since buyers noticed they could actually buy a decent car at a decent price by going Japanese. But instead of getting in shape and actually trying to produce decent cars, Chrysler bet everything it had that Americans are so utterly stupid and childish that they'd come back for huge shiny junkers that would look cool for a few thousand miles, then fall apart. And they were right. Seeing a pattern here?

### SHAME FACTOR:



## 10 Lame assassins.

You hear a lot of stupid things these days. Take, for example, the truism that "Assassination doesn't work." Bullshit. It worked so well nobody even remembers. Un-kill Bobby Kennedy, and America's entire history changes. Except you can't un-kill people. All you can do is kill some of the monsters. It's not that hard to do. Two bullets in the chest, one in the head, and Nixon will die, Attila the Hun will die, any damn human will die. The only problem is that all our assassins are idiots. The Unabomber came close; if he'd only killed more timber company lobbyists and left the useless professors to their dull fates, he'd have been a true hero. Will no one rid us of these lice? Is there a single Leftist with balls in this country?

### SARA JANE MOORE FACTOR:

The patron saint of inept assassins, Sara Jane Moore paved the way for slapstick morons like John Hinckley and a host of suicide-light-plane divers.



## 11 The Loss of Latin America.

So who's the idiot that forgot to pay off the Palace Guards in Caracas in 2002? America is so inept that we can't even pull off a coup in what FDR called "our little neighborhood down there." Yeah, we managed to get Aristide out of there without breaking a sweat, but Haiti doesn't count. It's been our practice field for a century now, where we warmed up for the real coups. Ike and the Dulles brothers used to knock off Iranian and Central American regimes over slices of morning cantaloupe. Just eight years ago, the entire hemisphere save one pesky island was America's to squeeze, and squeeze we did, while they begged for IMF hand-outs that only pulled them deeper into serfdom on our manor. Then Bush came to power and launched the most inept coup in American history against Chavez. And now all of Latin America has turned into a bunch of Castro-loving fags, welching on our IMF loans, and even inviting Ahmadinejad over for siestas and nationalization ceremonies. The title of a recent McClatchy article says it all: "Farewell to the Monroe Doctrine?" They might as well drop the question mark and fess up. There went the neighborhood a long time ago.

### JIMMY CARTER FACTOR



## 12 Addiction Memoirs.

No literary genre is more degraded and mawkish than the rehab memoir. No surprise then that no genre is more popular in today's America than the rehab memoir. It's a very reactionary, unimaginative genre in the contemporary American version, focusing on the big three crosses: drugs, drink and divorce. The only thing more idiotic than these rehab memoirs are the gullible idiots who buy them, as witnessed by the con jobs that half-assed hucksters like "JT LeRoy" and James Frey pulled off. Why are these books so popular? Simple: everyone wants to be a victim these days. Especially white middle-class urbanites. By becoming a drunk or an addict, you can become a temporary victim. If you've got a "sexual abuse" tale to throw in, then you've hit the victim jackpot—which is why all these rehab memoirs have to have a sex abuse episode. If you're really clever, you can use your connections to get the thing published. If you don't have connections but you want to sob with someone who supposedly understands your pain, then curl up with an Augusten Burroughs or David Sheff or some other wealthy well-

connected pig, and let the sobbing flow.

**JIMMY CARTERS FACTOR**



**13** *Ellen!* Look, ladies! It's wacky, upbeat, afternoon Ellen, the human Wellbutrin XL. There she is on the counter-mounted kitchen tv, dressed in Florida hospice colors, pushing her audience to applaud for musicians—not because of their music, but because they have cancer! And there she is making Barack Obama dance to James Brown on national tv—twice! And Ellen's dancing too! She's so wacky and happy! And cancer-free! Unlike her guests, speaking of whom, give them another round! ... Ellen Degeneres sucked as a second-rate comedian doing routines about "What If God Was a Woman?" Now she's reinvented herself as a third-rate Oprah, a human plague on the body televique, with no cure in sight.

**PATTY HEARST FACTOR**



**14** *Benizir Bhutto-philialia.* She wasn't Musharraf; she was a chic-dressed, porcelain-complexioned go-getter woman in a land teeming with wife-stoning darkies, and she spoke pro-American gibberish with an aristocratic Brit accent. She went to Oxford, and so does her son. To contemporary America, this means she must be Ghandi with tits, Mandela in a salwar kameez. So we encouraged her to return to take back Pakistan and rid it of all the dark-skinned non-English-speaking terrorists. We told her that we had back-side covered, and sent her off to Karachi where she got murdered faster than you can say "Mission Accomplished." Bad for American geopolitics (but could they get worse?); however, great for Bhutto's Gandhi-creds, creating a mini-Diana media boomlet that sent Bhutto's quickie autobiography into the bestseller charts. It took a cool and collected Brit, William Dalrymple, to disturb the cocktail party with a Times op-ed that reminded mourners of Benizir's very un-Gandhi-like death squads, her long-time role as Pakistan's Jihadi paymaster, and her crushing of any opposition to her rule.

**ANGELINA JOLIE FACTOR:**

Four adopted dark kids. Jolie's a shoe-in to play Bhutto in the upcoming biopic. While filming, Jolie will also adopt a Pakistani orphan, and name him "Benzira."



**15** *CNN.* American news has become so shamelessly propagandistic and idiotic that today, a blatant White House propaganda tool like CNN is considered "liberal" simply because it's gotten a wee bit squeamish over the whole Iraq debacle, as compared to FOX, which, like the gang in Hitler's bunker, is still issuing cheerful dispatches about inevitable victory in Iraq. Then there's Lou Dobbs, the guy with the freakish child molester face who transformed himself from neoliberal "New Economy" tool into a sleazy Mexican-bashing rat. This is

what passes for a "liberal media" in the United Embarrassment of America.

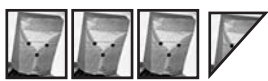
**SUSAN SARANDON'S BREASTS FACTOR:**

We suckle the anti-American milk out of 3 of Sarandon's breasts as an antidote to CNN's toxins.



**16** *Cheap American Corruption.* In Russia, if you want to buy a vote, you've got to pay a Duma politician about a million bucks. In America, if you want a Congressman to legislate a \$5 billion tax break for your company, all you have to do is fly him to a golf course in some damp shithole like Scotland, and those \$5 billion tax payer dollars are yours.

**SHAME FACTOR**



**17** *Trendy pseudo-hyper-self-consciousness.*

How many times have you heard an American use this preface: "I know it's a cliché to say this. And I know it's a cliché to say that it's a cliché to say this... but [ENTER CLICHE HERE]." Translated: "I know I am a waste of this planet's limited oxygen supply, but I'm going to suck in a few more lungfulls of your precious air than usual in order to lull you into a false sense of hope before I expel a lethal cloud of hokey idiocies, flooring you once again."

**ADAM GADHAN FACTOR:**

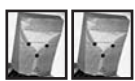
There's only one way to shut up a pseudo-self-conscious reference-dropping David Eggers type, and that's to cut off their preface with a big loud "Allahu Akhbar!"



**18** *The Ongoing Insane Southwest Building Boom.*

Exactly how many more years of extended drought and water/electricity shortages do Americans need before they stop building in the doomed Southwest? 14? 27? Will it take total Civilizational collapse like the kind Jim Kunstler sees right around the corner from the latest Scottsville condo project? The Dust Bowl is the new normal; the Colorado River is shrinking. Already states are fighting each other in court for access to dwindling water supplies, mirroring intra-state conflicts between agriculture and the cities. But still they keep building air-conditioned houses with lawns, even though the grids are already snapping during 110+ degree nights, killing all the old people who keep retiring there like it's 1966. The slow death of golf won't come soon enough to save the desert states. Vegas will make one hell of a ruin.

**SHAME FACTOR:** A plague of knit-capped hippies on all of you swine!



**19** *World's Largest Prison Population.*

The dollar may be crashing below even joke currencies like the Kazakh tenge, but when it comes to jailing our poor,

we're still #1 with a bullet. More than two and a quarter million Americans—one out of every 100—are doing some form of time. Yup, when it comes to putting our citizens in prison, we kick the authoritarian crap out of repression stars like Russia and China. The U.S. also is riding high in the state-murder competition saddle, lagging only behind Pakistan, Sudan, China, and a few other beacons of liberty in the capital punishment competition. But hey, it's working! Americans don't kill each other in Wendy's restaurants or college campuses anymore, no siree! Welcome to the United States of Visiting Hours. Please keep your hands away from the plexiglass.



**20** *Monkey-Country Political Nepotism.*

Bullshit countries with bullshit currencies elect wives and sons to run their countries simply because the population hasn't developed beyond medieval monarchy thinking. The Philippines elected the widowed wife of a slain democracy leader. Argentina elected the wife of a former president (and hailed the wife of a former dictator). America came late to the "we're medieval-brained morons and we're proud of it!" parade, starting in 2000, when America anointed the recessive-gene-damaged son of a failed one-term president into the White House. It was so great that he was reelected, while in Congress, at least 18 senators, dozens of House members and several administration officials were family legacies, leading the Washington Post to declare that the US government "resembles the court of Louis XIV without the powdered wigs." This year, Americans are working on electing the wife of the president before the recessive-gene son. She may fail, but Americans are a hard-working lot, so don't be surprised if by 2020 America finally catches up to the Philippines and Argentina and other third-world shitholes by electing the first ex-leader's wife to lead them

**MICHELLE OBAMA FACTOR:**

Three and a half. Fox and CNN should be forced to loop 2 weeks straight of Michelle Obama's "for the first time in my life I was proud to be an American" speech into every American's living room.



**BONUS EMBARRASMENTS!**

**21** *William Kristol.* We're not sure what we're most ashamed of: the systemic nepotism responsible for the retardocon's success; the major newspaper that recently hired him in the alleged spirit of "balance"; or the small amount of pleasure we derive from reading his atrocious prose and lame-ass attempts at "high" cultured diction to Manhattan-up his hard-hitting conservatism? Kristol's last Times column saw him take a break from massaging John McCain's nipples to gently stroke the fresh corpse of William F. Buckley. After plugging his prep school in the first line (Collegiate, 1970) Kristol falls back on the use of

Latin phrases and Victorian poets to escape from his troubles with English and sound better educated than he is. How ashamed does it make us that moron like Kristol is taken seriously? Put it this way: he makes us appreciate the wit and genius of William Safire.

**ALAN BERG FACTOR:** Three shots ring out in the capitol's cool dark night.



**22** *American women's voices.*

The anchorage lady monotone all American women have spent the last 20 years perfecting, so that all American women, no matter what they're saying, sound like they're reading the 10 p.m. newscast at a Midwestern midsize TV station summing up the day's stock market activity. Is there any other nation on earth infested with 150 million women who talk like transvestites with back hair?

**SHAME FACTOR:**



**23** *Paul Thomas Anderson.*

The other Anderson in the "Axis of Hackdom," Paul 3-Names wowed the Beigeocracy by--get this--holding extra-long shots on his actors as they have internal moments. Yup, in a country gone totally stupid, all you gotta do is walk out of the edit room for 10 minutes, and suddenly Rolling Stone stands and cheers your "rule-busting experimentation" while Roger Ebert creams that PTA's film is a, "A force beyond categories." Of course, Ebert also raved about Anderson's Punch Drunk Love, "[Adam] Sandler, liberated from the constraints of formula, reveals unexpected depths as an actor. Watching this film, you can imagine him in Dennis Hopper roles. He has darkness, obsession and power."

**JIMMY CARTER FACTOR:**



**24** *The War on Drugs.*

The shame here is mitigated only slightly by the fact that public support is finally crumbling for the Prohibition gravy train. But you can still see anti-pot ads on American television cut from the same hemp cloth as the original Reefer Madness campaign that made shitty Mexican weed the gateway to Negro jazz musicians bending America's innocent daughters over a snare drum. The funny-sad thing is these ads are crammed between plugs for pharmaceutical drugs featuring animated butterflies and permanent sunsets on the beach. If the Office of National Drug Control Policy had a gram for every lie it ever told to justify WoD budgets, they'd make the Medellin cartel look like the BookMobile.

**SHAME FACTOR**



**25** *America's "Post-Racist" Delusion.*

Barak Obama may have a lot of detractors both among Republicans and Democrats, but if there's one thing all Americans can agree on, it's that Obama's rise to political stardom means that Americans are no longer racist. Yeah, right, and Uzbek jet pilots might fly out of our butts. When one of America's most painful issues, its racist history, is allegedly solved because white people vote for a moderate-conservative Wall Street black guy with male-magazine looks and a CNN voice which utters words carefully steering away from anything about the whole race issue that might upset people--in other words, every white American's Dream Negro--then all we can say is, like the midget lady in *Poltergeist*, "This house is clean." CUT TO: thunder, lightening, and suddenly the earth shakes as hundreds of millions of ghosts rise from the Red States, shocking pollsters, who were sure Obama was going to win!

**HOWARD ZINN FACTOR**



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**IN LOVING MEMORY OF  
THE PUTIN YEARS**

***2000 — 2008***



# DOUGLAS KENT'S HIT AND RUN

By Mark Grueter

In 1998, Douglas Kent, serving as the American Consul General in Vladivostok, crashed his SUV into another car in the city's downtown district. The driver of the other car, a local named Alexander Kashin, barely survived with serious injuries. Police reported that Kent was drunk at the time of the crash, but he refused to take a sobriety test, dubiously citing diplomatic immunity. Kent wobbled away from his gruesome near-manslaughter scene unharmed and scot-free, and was quickly whisked out of Russia by the U.S. State Department.

Kashin, meanwhile, wound up in a wheelchair paralyzed from the chest down, locked in a judicial struggle against the U.S. Government. The struggle was over Washington's refusal to pay for Kashin's medical bills—bills that he couldn't afford, and that he couldn't work to pay off after being paralyzed by a U.S. government representative.

It was clear that Kent was responsible for the car accident, according to both eyewitness testimony and police reports from the scene. Even a lower American court system ruled against Kent. The situation soon became such an embarrassment that the State Department offered Kashin some hush money to make their problem go

away.

Kashin refused and linked up with sympathetic American lawyers based in Philadelphia who took on Kashin's case pro bono. Although they won early legal battles against Kent, the decisions were overturned by a U.S. federal appeals court.

Nearly ten years after getting paralyzed by a drunk American government employee, Kashin still hasn't received any compensation from either Kent or the U.S. Government, despite assurances from U.S. officials that he would. In 2001, James F. Shumaker, acting U.S. Consul General in Vladivostok, promised Vladimir Goryachev, representative of the Russian Ministry of Foreign Affairs in the Primorsky Krai, that Kent's attorneys would offer a compensation that would satisfy Kashin. That never happened. Meanwhile, Kashin has spent all these years cooped up in a three-room flat where he lives with his parents in Bolshoy Kamen, a town south of Vladivostok in the Primorye Region. Kashin passes almost all of his time looking out of the window of his tiny 2.5 by 3.5 meter bedroom.

With the court case closed, and hope all but crushed, Kashin recently went on a hunger strike. He began on February 18 and was hospitalized 11 days later, on February 29. As of this writing, he still refuses to eat. It remains to be seen whether or not, after he inevitably loses conscious-

ness, they'll force an IV into his arm.

Three days before he was hospitalized, Vladivostok News editor Alyona Sokolova interviewed Kashin in his tiny bedroom. Here is what Kashin told her:

Kent's car broke my neck. He broke my life. He did not answer for it. Nobody has answered. The court ruled Kent cannot be sued because he enjoys diplomatic immunity. The State Department he was working for can not be sued because it enjoys sovereign immunity. The only choice for me is to starve.

I spent a year here in this room looking out of the window after the court hearings were closed...I saw no perspectives in my life and I decided to take this final step...I will continue my hunger strike until I am paid or die. I will not step back - if I give up I will have to agree to live a miserable life.

Kashin and his lawyers requested \$10 million to cover medical expenses and a rehabilitation program. This isn't an outrageous figure dreamed up by his lawyers, but is based on a medical evaluation by an American doctor named Robert Voogt. "Based on Mr. Kashin's current age and a life expectancy of 50 years," Voogt wrote in 2001, "the total cost without loss of wages or loss of enjoyment of life or pain and suffering would be \$10,236,200 over his life time."

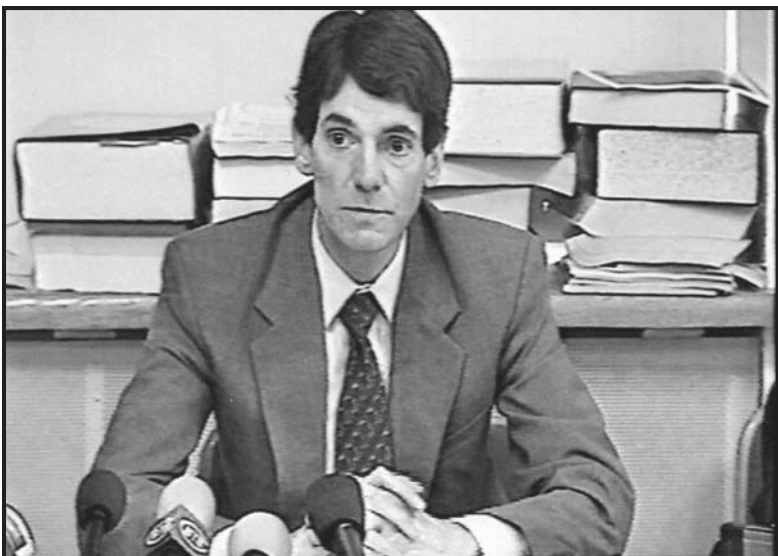
The United States, however, doesn't like giving government money to anyone who isn't a multibillionaire campaign donor. Two days after Kashin began his water-only diet, Kashin got a call from Public Affairs Officer Brigit Gerston at the US Consulate congratulating him with the news... that the government had decided to give him a "one-time humanitarian payment" of \$100,000. In other words, around \$10 million less than the doctor ordered. Kashin naturally refused the offer as an insult, telling her that the paltry sum wouldn't put a dent into his expenses and would essentially accomplish nothing except to exculpate the government from a crime their representative committed.

The bribe didn't work. The hunger strike continues.

As an irate Kashin explained: "If in America a man gets into a car incident



Alexander Kashin is now starving himself to death because the US won't pay for his medical bills



Drunk driver Douglas Kent

with such heavy consequences like mine he will be paid a decent compensation. Why do they think that the life of Russian should cost less than a life of an American? It is humiliation."

Legal responsibility over this issue can be debated, but the moral responsibility cannot. Even the U.S. government recognizes that now—perhaps unwittingly—as evidenced by the \$100,000 offer. As Kashin's lawyer John Gallagher told me, diplomatic immunity was not designed to give diplomats a blank check to behave like drunken murderous barbarians.

In fact, when this sort of thing happens to an American, the U.S. is very anti-immunity. In 1997, when a Georgian diplomat killed an American citizen in a similar drunken driving accident, diplomatic immuni-

ty was waived, and the diplomat was forced to serve a five-year prison sentence in America.

But when it comes to Doug Kent, a State Dept. spokesman explained his getaway thus: "He had already departed his post in Russia when we responded to the request made by the Russian authorities that we waive his criminal immunity."

In other words, they had already snatched him out of there before due process could catch up. Kent has since bounced around on various State Dept assignments abroad, and has assumed false names and identities while residing in Arlington, Virginia, in order to shun prosecution or further scrutiny.

Anyone who has any tips on the latest adventures of Doug Kent, we'd love to hear from you. Write us at editor@exile.ru. X

*- I don't know what get my wife for March 8th...  
- When is her March 8th?*

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# KOSOVO: THE BRAVE TRIBES ARE DOOMED

By Gary Brecher

**F**RESNO, CALIFORNIA - Hey, you want to hear the New World whining at Old Europe? Here it is, from a press conference Condi Rice gave about Kosovo: "I mean after all, we're talking about something from 1389. 1389! It's time to move forward. And Serbia needs to move forward.

## THE WAR NERD

Kosovo needs to move forward."

Well, I think we can all agree that 1389 was a while back, and that all things considered, "forward" is generally a good way to go. And not just for Serbia. No, Ma'am. It applies just as much to Kosovo.

"But hold on," Gary," you may be yelling at your computer, "what's all this about 1389 anyway?" Well, as historical expert types like me and Condi know, that happens to be the date of one of the coolest battles in history. And since it happened in Kosovo, they decided to call it the Battle of Kosovo.

I'll get to the battle in a minute--it's a glorious battle and deserves retelling--but first I want to talk about Condi's tantrum over people caring about stuff that happened long ago. I've heard this a lot: "Can't they just get over it?" There's some rule in California, it's like a misdemeanor to care about anything that happened more than a week ago. And Condi, the all-American spinster, picked up that notion and ran with it, because as we all know Condi had to be twice as dull

as her rivals. So here's Condi solving the problems of Balkan history in a mall-girl whine: "I mean come ON! 1389? I wasn't even BORN then!"

Well, Condi, have a seat on that mall ottoman, the one between the American Eagle store and the food-court, and let Uncle Gary tell you something very important: You see, L'il Condi, some people actually care about stuff that happened a long time ago. Yeah, seriously. Like, for example, me. I care more about one particular day in 1779 than I do about my whole sophomore year in high school. Because on September 23, 1779 a Scottish-American rebel privateer named John Paul Jones maneuvered his soggy old raider, the Bon Homme Richard, next to a much bigger British warship, the Serapis, and lashed the ships together to make sure no quarter could be asked or given. And even though the Brits blew his little ship apart right under him, Jones refused to surrender and scared his Brit counterparts into surrendering themselves.

That day gave me a reason to live. All my sophomore year gave me was the strong impression that people were stupid and nasty. So excuse me, Condi, I'll take 1779. A lot of people will take any year in the past over a lot of years in the present.

And the year 1389, the one you want the Serbs to get over? Well, 1389 means even more to the Serbs than Jones' victory means to me. The battle they fought against the Turks that year is the main plotline in every song and story the Serbs tell to this day. It taught generations of Serb boys what was expected of them, how honorable warriors are supposed to act.

I suspect Condi's other, deeper problem with the Serbs' 1389-ophilia is that the Serbs didn't even win that day. Talk about un-American! They hang around dreaming of this old battle, and it was a defeat? Gawd, get a

life!

Well, not everybody wants a life, Condi. There's a lot to be said for glorious death instead. Ever read the Bible, for example? Not that you have to. A lot of the great old European warrior stories are about defeats. The Anglo-Saxons sang about getting stomped by the Vikings at Maldon, and the Franks just couldn't get enough of the Song of Roland, which is a whole epic poem about how Roland, Charlemagne's Custer, lost his whole command. They should do a poster of that battle, with Roland as this Conan-the-Barbarian hero battling to the end, surrounded by hacked Saracens, wearing a t-shirt that says, "It's a Euro thing, you wouldn't understand."

But if you really try, you can see the appeal yourself. I mean, take Custer. If he'd won, wiped out the Sioux at the Little Big Horn, would anybody remember him now? It'd be kind of a bummer, actually. Much cooler to die fighting, like those old paintings show him, hat off and hair flying in the wind, drawing scalp-hunters from all over the Plains.

If you think about how cool Custer's defeat was, it's easier to understand the Shia, who whip themselves every year to get into the spirit of Hussein's all-time one-sided defeat at Karbala ("Anguish"), where he charged the Caliph's entire army with 30 companions. Makes the charge of the Light Brigade look like a game of touch football at the Kennedy compound.

Nope, there's no doubt about it: defeat is sweeter than victory any day, unless it actually happens to you. Once you're safely under the sod and the battle is in the hands of the tribal bards, defeat is the best material around. Poets love defeat, which makes sense if you remember the kind of people who wrote poetry at school.

The Serbs were a major power in 14th-century Europe. People forget how much pure geographical luck, good or bad, makes or breaks countries. Without the good luck of having the English Channel for a front lawn, Britain would have been toast a dozen times over. And if the poor Hungarians hadn't been stuck guarding Europe's back door when the Mongols came calling, they might have ended up the dominant power on the Continent.

Serbia was another up-and-comer until it had the bad luck to run into the Turkish offensive line. The Serbs were always the best warriors in the Balkans, and under King Dusan the Great, they smashed their way down into Albania, Macedonia and Northern Greece. Belgrade, their capital today, was back then at the northern edge of Serbia. The real heartland



of Serbia was--you guessed it--Kosovo.

The Turks were on a tear of their own. They still hadn't taken Constantinople, and wouldn't for another 60-odd years, but they'd long since bypassed it to establish a foothold in Europe, from which they pushed further, year by year, doing deals when it suited them, or just plain crushing anybody who wasn't open to negotiating the Turkish way.

The battle of Kosovo was one of those classic match-ups: Serbs pushing south and east meet Turks pushing north and west.

The Turks were some of your more interesting conquerors: goofy, ruthless and sly. You never knew which kind of Turk you were going to meet on a given day, the kind who were totally willing to take in a Christian vassal state and offer a friendly exchange of harem boys to seal the deal, or the kind who liked to sit on big pillows and think of new ways to make infidels die more slowly and painfully than any have died before.

The Serb legends say that the Serbs' King Lazar could have made a deal with the Turkish sultan Murad I, but Lazar had some wacko dream where the angels told him to take the kingdom in heaven over one on earth. Like a bad contestant on Let's Make A Deal, the idiot chose the kingdom in heaven--at least, that's the way the Serbs tell it. I just wish the angels would offer me a deal like that, just once. You'd see me sign on the dotted line for the earthly kingdom offered to me so fast you'd hardly have time to pack before my goon squads arrived to throw you in the dungeons. And my dungeons--let's just say they'd be very special dungeons, dungeons I've been planning in my head since well before sophomore year.

Okay, enough daydreaming. Lazar

probably wasn't the brightest king on the block. He should have taken the deal. But if you look at the paintings of him he looks like one of these ruddy stocky type-A guys with high blood pressure who wake up angry and stay that way all day. Well, the Turks cured that blood pressure problem in one day.

The reason Lazar should have taken the deal was because the Sultan had a huge army, at least 40,000 men, a massive number for pre-antibiotic days. And maybe 4,000 of those were the Janissaries, Christian boys grabbed from their mommies as a kind of infidel tax, taken to Istanbul to be brainwashed into Muslim fanatics and turned loose on the Sultan's enemies. You have to admire that, taking the little infidel kiddies and turning them into Muzzie stormtroopers. I mean, just because you're a world conqueror doesn't mean you can't have a sense of humor.

Lazar's Serbs had a pretty good force of their own, maybe 20,000 men--including a few Croats, which is really amazing because if you know anything about the Balkans you know Croats go completely apeshit with hatred when you even mention Serbs, like that big jock in the movie who used to sniff the air and go, "NERDS!" when some math geek was in smell range.

But the Croats could see the Turks coming their way, and had the sense to fight with the Serbs to try to stop them before they reached Croat-land. It's actually pretty classic gang-war logic: the 12th Street boys may love to fight the 14th Street kids, but if some gang from out of town shows up, they're going to unite against it. Or pretend to. Because that's the other classic element here, treachery: one of the Turks' big assets was a traitor Serb noble, Dejanovic, who knew the terri-



The consolation prize in Kosovo was a kiss and a drink

## THE OSCE SHUFFLE

If you're wondering why the OSCE is the last name in "credibility" among Western reporters, then look no further than their crowd-rousing performance in Armenia over the past couple of weeks. Yessiree, the OSCE tells it like it is, baby!

### PRE-PROTEST

"Yesterday's presidential election in Armenia was conducted mostly in line with the country's international commitments," observers from the Organisation for Security and Cooperation in Europe (OSCE) said in a statement.

"Armenia election broadly fair: OSCE observers," Reuters, February 20, 2008.

### 8 DEAD PROTESTERS AND A 20-DAY STATE OF EMERGENCY LATER...

The Organization for Security and Cooperation in Europe, which sent 333 observers, concluded that 16 percent of the count was "bad" or "very bad." At one polling station, a quarter of all ballots were declared invalid. At another, all but one of 1,449 votes were for Mr. Sargsyan.

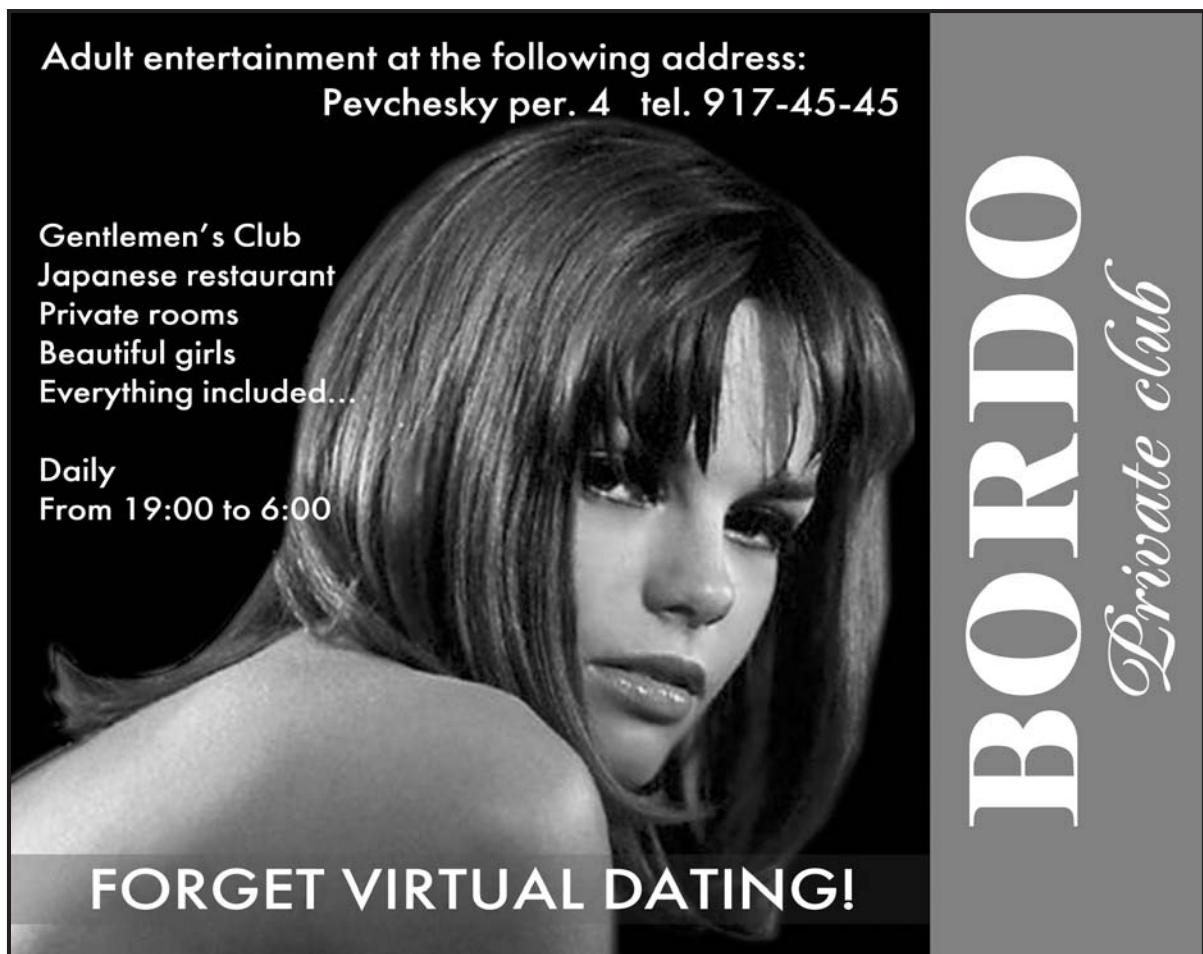
"I told the government that the probability of this is as high as the birth of a dog with five legs," said Geert Ahrens, head of the organization's Election Observation Mission here.

"Protesters and Police Clash as Armenia Unrest Grows," New York Times, March 2, 2008.

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tory and acted like their Indian scout, hoping to share the spoils.

The Serbs were fighting on their home field, but the Turks were professionals, vets with dozens of battles all over the Balkans to their credit. The Turks also had clear superiority in armor and weapons over the Serbs, who had panic-mustered every stable boy and dirt farmer they could find, even if they had no armor or proper weapons. One of the coolest features of the Serb force is that they had what European armies never seemed to have: mounted archers. Even so, most accounts of the battle spend a lot of time talking about the powerful volley of Turkish arrows that started the battle, so reading between the lines--which you absolutely have to do to make any sense of these old ballads--it seems like Kosovo started out as the classic encounter between European tactics, shield wall and heavy cavalry, vs. Steppe warfare: long-range arrow bombardment and maneuver.

The Serbs did what European armies always did best: they charged, and smashed right into the Ottoman force. Eastern armies were always impressed with what those white boys on their big plow horses could do on a flat field, with room to get up speed. There's an Arab saying that dates from the Crusades: "The charge of a Frank (European) could knock down the walls of Babylon."

But there's another truism about cavalry charges: unless they were supported by infantry, cavalry battles usually dissolved into "melees," meaning a bunch of individual duels between sweaty grunting tired guys on sweaty grunting tired horses. A few bold horsemen can make a big dent in the enemy line, but if the enemy has the discipline to stay in formation and the numbers to plug the dent, then eventually numbers will tell.

That's what happened at Kosovo, as the day wore on and everybody's hacking arms got tired: the Serb

charge was absorbed, stopped and finally reversed as the Turks committed more troops to battle.

There are times in war when courage is a bad idea. After Stalingrad the Germans should probably have surrendered on the Western Front, applied for admission as the 51st State and hoped for the best. All they got for the long years of hopeless fighting after that defeat was a few million casualties and a badass rep that got their logo put on a lot of bikers' helmets. Not much of a return on investment.

And when you've lost the battle, like the Serbs had at Kosovo by that point, then the idea of doing the noble thing, sticking around to get wiped out, isn't a very good idea. Unless you're thinking about all the art that it'll inspire: you know, sad songs, sad paintings, sad stories. The Serbs have lots of those, all about Kosovo, and all about how they got wiped out as the afternoon wore on. There's a famous painting of a dead Serb warrior with this medieval hippie Serb girl weeping over him that kind of sums up the whole necrophilia thing here. I can see the appeal of it, probably way more than most Americans can, but I have to be honest: if it came to lying dead there and getting a kiss vs. having a Corvette and driving to Malibu with her—you know, both of us alive and all—I'll take the Malibu option. (But since Malibu ain't an option for me and for just about everyone else, all we've got is the 1389 option.)

What's cooler are the funny lines the Serbs have their heroes saying to each other as they get slaughtered, like: "If every one of us turned into a grain of salt, we wouldn't be enough to salt the Sultan's dinner!" Ho-ho-ho, and now let's politely get hacked to death.

But for a really pro-active, mentally healthy response to defeat, give me my all-time favorite Serb: Milos Obilic. Milos, a Serb warrior who saw

his comrades slaughtered at Kosovo, didn't just moan and groan in defeat. No, he took action. What happened was, when the Sultan, Murad came out of his pavilion to wander over the battlefield and gloat over all the dead Christians, Milos played dead. When the Sultan got within stabbin' range, Milos jumped up and gave Murad the biggest, and last, surprise of his life. Yes, thanks to a Serb, Murad the First became the first and last Ottoman sultan to die on the battlefield. Sultans didn't specialize in leading from the front.

What the Sultans did best, you can see from what happened when the Sultan's son Bayezid heard that Daddy had been sliced 'n diced by a bad sport from the losing team. Bayezid, a born executive—God, I love this bit—Bayezid called his brother Yakub who was leading the other wing of the Ottoman Army: "Oh Yak-ky! Yak-ky little brother, palsy-walsy...could you just come on over here for a sec? Dad left me a message for you!"

Yakub came galloping over and Bayezid gave him the message: "The Sultan's throne isn't big enough for the two of us, so... Die you bastard, so I can be Sultan!" Of course Bayezid didn't do the killing himself; Sultans don't lower themselves to manual labor. He had some eunuch strangle his little bro. Killing your brothers; one of the seven habits of successful sultans, an Ottoman business management best seller.

The Serbs lost a huge number of men that day. So did the Ottomans, but they had a much bigger population to draw from. That allowed them to keep sending out more and bigger invasion forces. Even though the Serb nobles cut a deal at last, and stayed in power for another couple of generations, the whole of Serbia was inevitably absorbed into the Ottoman empire just around the time that the Turks finally took Constantinople.



Serbs having a hard time "getting over" the loss of Kosovo

By this time, the Austro-Hungarians were terrified, and for good reason. One-hundred-and-fifty years later, the Ottoman armies surged all the way to the walls of Vienna. So the Austrians, like the cunning little cowards they've always been, established a couple of Serb preserves, like Roosevelt did with the buffalo, to make sure the Serbs didn't go extinct... Real reason: so the Serbs could be their human buffer against an Ottoman attack.

You may have heard of the names of those Serb enclaves from the 1990s Balkan wars: Vojvodina and Krajina. Krajina, a long swathe of ethnic Serb territory within current-day Croatia, was eventually ethnically cleansed by the Croats: thousands of Serbs killed and the rest, hundreds of thousands, burned out of their houses, thanks to a huge dose of U.S. military aid to the Croats, along with NATO jets and intelligence. All this came after the Serbs beat the shit out of the Croats in their first fair fight in history.

And that's the lesson of Kosovo for the Serbs: we always fight better than

our miserable enemies, and yet every time we get screwed. Whether it's by the Ottomans in medieval times, or the Clintons in the 1990s, the basic blueprint was set right there on that one day in 1389, all those years ago. Just look what happened to Kosovo in 2008, the wonderful Declaration of Independence that Condi Rice was gushing about. Kosovo is now a fully independent "country" run by a cowardly Albanian mafia that lasted about five minutes in combat against middle-aged Serb militia units, then hid in the bushes until NATO bombed Serbia into submission, and rode back into power as victors all because the gullible Americans used their Air Force to bomb the Serbs into "getting over it" once and for all.

And now Condi just can't understand how the Serbs have the nerve to be unhappy, just because their ancient homeland has been overrun with Albanians, whose main exports are popping out Muslim babies and running every mafia operation in Southern Europe. Why don't the Serbs just deal, huh? Why don't they get a life, get over it, already? X

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# ON THE ROAD

## Risking life and limb on Russia's decrepit highway system

By Yasha Levine

**T**wo weeks ago I sat in a GAI patrol car drinking whiskey with an on-duty traffic cop. The pudgy officer had flagged down my friend's Nissan for a routine "document check," but decided not to pursue the bribe when he spotted me in the back swigging from a bottle of Jack Daniel's. I was immediately invited to his idling car for a drink and a chat. We passed the bottle back and forth as he told me of his friend's Duty Free booze racket. He could get any imported booze for half the retail price. A bottle of Jack for \$25? I was impressed. But I guess he still couldn't afford it on his GAIshnik salary, because I was only let go after offering to top off the flask he kept under his seat.

"I'm not getting drunk on the job," he explained. "I'm just trying to stay warm." How else did I expect him to survive winter in St. Petersburg? He had a point—one that goes a long way toward explaining why Russia has some of the highest rates of road fatalities in the world, second only to parts of Africa and the Middle East.

"Remember, the roads are very icy. Be careful!" my newly buzzed uniformed friend warned us as we took off.

It was a fitting way to finish day three of my four-day road trip along the three most dangerous stretches of European Russia's highway system. By then I had clocked a treacherous 24 hours behind the wheel. Driving from Moscow to Pskov and then up to St. Petersburg, I had traversed nearly 700 miles on some of

the most perilous roads this side of the Urals. In total, my journey was 1,200 miles long—almost half the distance across the continental United States. But I wasn't done yet. I still had to get back to Moscow alive.

It had been two years since I last traveled Russia's provincial highways. That was the year I rented a Ford Focus to move from St. Petersburg to Moscow. It was late spring and the dirty snow had melted into black slush that speeding cars and trucks threw into the air. The big chunks fell to earth, but the smaller bits hovered, created an unholy dark mist. The powerful headlights of oncoming big rigs reflected off the mist, creating a glare that shrunk night visibility to zero. The big rigs swerved onto oncoming traffic to avoid potholes, narrowly missing cars. Whole stretches of road disappeared unannounced, paved highway turning into dirt country roads without warning. At one point, I hit a mud patch and lost control of the car, nearly ending up in a ditch. I also saw a few dead bodies, including a woman hanging out of the



Day 1. My 14-hour drive from Moscow to Pskov starts with a nice road and picture perfect weather. I find myself worrying, Could this be a sign of Russia's economic resurgence?

cabin of a smashed up big rig. Its roof was shaved clean off, her limp body impaled on the windshield. Obviously, she hadn't buckled up.

After two years of economic growth, investment in public infrastructure, stricter traffic fines, road-safety ad campaigns and a supposed fight against corruption, I was curious to see if anything had changed. What did I find? A glimpse into the Eternal Russia. Buckle up, dear reader, and join me as I tour Russia's notorious highways with the critical eye of a Western journalist... X



An hour later, my fears are allayed. The road turns to shit and stays that way for 500 miles.



Day 2: Pit stop in Pskov. Hitting six-inch potholes at 60 mph turns my tires into rubber cellulite. They leak air, but still cling on.



Day 3. Although this highway took me from Pskov to St. Petersburg without incident, last year, there were 59 serious accidents recorded on just a one kilometer stretch.



Day 4. A Volga just like mine waits for a tow truck after getting rammed by the truck on the right. I see three more accidents before reaching St. Pete's city limits.



On my way to Moscow, I experience corruption first hand at GAI inspection point just like this one when I am forced to pay a \$200 bribe.



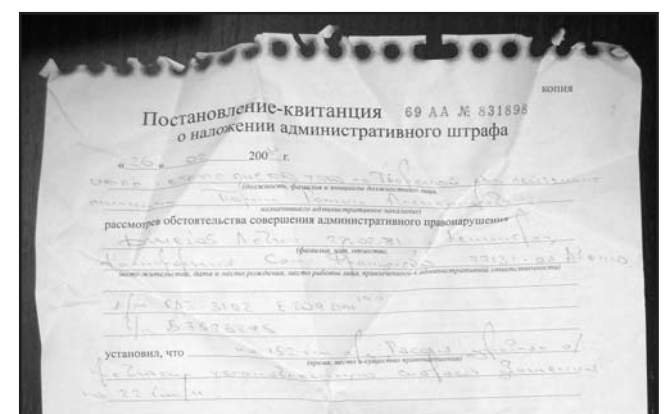
The weak link in Russia's largest highway: patches of missing asphalt slow traffic to a crawl for a few hours outside of Novgorod.



Untold damage to the economy. This truck's rear axle spills out onto the road because its driver didn't follow the posted speed limit.



A sign of hope? This section of the Moscow - St. Petersburg highway finally gets a passing lane and fresh coat of paint.



With 50 miles left to Moscow, the roads became so nice, I didn't notice I was doing 50 in a 35 mph residential zone. Issued an official \$12 citation.

# RUSSIAN ACADEMIA UNDER FIRE

By Sean Guillory

**O**n any given day, the Russian media is filled with reports of restaurants, clubs, factories, hospitals, schools, and apartments succumbing to the searing flames of Vulcan. Casualties are common. Fire is often the result of teenage pyromaniacs, defective wiring, discarded lit cigarettes, industrial accidents, and just plain stupidity. Fire is a major killer in Russia. More than 17,000 Russians died in fires in 2006, about 13 for every 100,000 people. This is a staggering statistic. Not to mention one I take to heart. Several friends and I almost became part of those stats in the summer of 2005 when the kitchen in Moscow's Kafe Bilingua went up in flames.

Russia's fire epidemic is not just a threat to public safety, a taker of lives, or a destroyer of property. The threat of fire also gives the lowly Russian bureaucrat a measure of political and administrative power. There is no better example of how the chinovnik brandishes his fire code weapon than the recent closing of European University in St. Petersburg (EUSP). No one knows why agents from the Russian Ministry of Disaster Emergency (MChS) conducted a surprise fire inspection on 18 January which led to the University's closure. Was it a Kremlin sponsored attack on the liberal, Western orientated university? Was it punishment for accepting a grant from the European Union to monitor elections? I happen to think that European University's fate is not the result of some directive from above. Rather it is yet another example of the capricious nature of the Russian bureaucrat and the lengths he will go to prove his political loyalty to his bosses.

Historically, the Russian bureaucrat has always been in a perilous position. Sandwiched between leaders who demand obedience and a public eager to lynch him, the successful Russian chinovnik survives by manipulation, intrigue, guile, and corruption. He's a contortionist of the law; a practitioner of sly servility. When he receives a signal from his masters of an imminent threat, the chinovnik unleashes the little power he has at his disposal. These powers include bureaucratic foot dragging, a sudden concern for administrative order, and a selective devotion to the letter of the law. These methods allow him to show that "his house is in order" and cleansed of "spies," "liberals," and other political troublemakers. At the same time, if his actions are deemed excessive, he can claim that he was simply following the rules. In this sense, the fire code is perfect political weapon shrouded in the cloth of legality. Selectively wielding the fire code has a perfect Orwellian ring to it. "Hard" forms of political repression are attenuated with the "soft" language of the "law" and "public safety."

Given the dismal state of fire safety and prevention in Russia, no one should've been surprised that MChS agents slapped European University with 52 violations of the fire code. After all, EUSP is housed in the Kushelev-Bezborodko mansion, a nineteenth century marble structure that is a hotbed for fire safety violations. Neither is EUSP a stranger to the Vulcan's rage. A few years ago, fire broke out in a fourth floor office, but the fire department, which is luckily stationed nearby, extinguished the blaze before it spread. The university has since made some needed changes to conform to fire code—replacing of doors and installing fire alarms with loudspeakers that run throughout the building. However, even by administrators' own admission, these measures are not enough to bring the building up to code. The building is protected as a historical monument and any radical changes to it, even for fire safety, are forbidden. So when the Dzerzhinsky Court ruled on 12 February that the University be closed, EUSP had few legal legs to stand on.

Well versed in chinovnik machinations, academics and students at the EUSP saw right through the MChS's bleating claims about fire safety. After all, if the MChS really cared, over half of St. Petersburg would be shut down tomorrow. The entire city is a fire violation. Not everyone though thinks it's politically motivated. Some suspect real estate interests: the University building is a prime chunk of real estate. Most, however, see MChS' actions as politically motivated especially when European University's academic and political affiliations are considered.

The European University was established in 1994 on the initiative of then-St. Petersburg mayor and Putin patron, Anatoly Sobchak. The University's focus on social sciences and humanities is modeled on graduate programs in the West. It frequently invites scholars from American and European universities, and includes some damn good Russian faculty in its own right. If this wasn't enough to make EUSP a political target, the fact that the university receives funds from Soros, Ford, and MacArthur Foundations would alone make your average sycophantic chinovnik salivate. In fact many assume

careful to avoid excessively political formulations unless you feel you have good reason to use them." There is no hard evidence of a "systematic Kremlin-engineered program to curb academic freedom or Western influence." As I stated above, I don't think there is any Kremlin directed campaign. I do however believe that the Kremlin has created and encouraged an atmosphere in which local bootlicking officials desperate to please their masters or to wage war on their local rivals are glad to get in on the repression action.

Mischa and other concerned academics are not the only ones cautioning against crude politicization. The European University's rector, Nikolai Vakhtin, while admitting that the reasons for the closure are "mysterious," has tried to dismiss the notion that EUSP's closure was political. He told the St. Petersburg Times that a political link was a "fantasy" cooked up by the media. In an article published on Polit.ru, suggestions of a political link were called "conspirologic." One may assume that Vakhtin's efforts to quell conspiracy theories are an attempt to prevent pouring gasoline on the fire. In an open letter to students published on European

persecute them: the letter of the law, and the good graces of its wielder, the ever conniving bureaucrat. Pissing him off is not going to get anyone anywhere. That is the beauty of the fire code from the perspective of the chinovnik. He can cite the law as a way to dismiss charges of political machinations, while at the same time, as the law's keeper, he can remind those in his fiefdom that he is the guardian of authority and public safety.

You don't have to be a Russian loony-liberal or even to employ "conspirologic" to see that a chill has swept through Russian academia. Russian academics that have connections to and funding from Western foundations are especially targeted. For example, Western money has been at the center of a scandal that hit Saratov State University last October. The controversy began when Dmitrii Chernyshevskii, the vice rector of Saratov State University, wrote an article in Zemskoe obozrenie smearing Velikhan Mirzekhanov, the dean of the History Department, as a plagiarist, a slave to Western funding and for "organizing a channel of influence for Western ideology." In good

tory textbooks." The roundtable was reported on Ekho Moskyvy. I received an email copy of the invitation from a friend of a friend. In the accompanying email he wrote, "I have no idea of the authenticity of this document. Authentic or not, it tells something about the moment we live." Well, it's authentic and it says something indeed about the world we live in. I'm sure what the academics and bureaucrats that attended MID's "discussion" got a clear sense of the world they live in too.

It's true that "conspirologic" is in the air. But it's not like the Russian authorities aren't pumping it full of their own conspiracy-inducing gases. Nevertheless, the question remains that if the European University was shut down for political reasons, who gave the order? Is there any shred of hard evidence? Unfortunately, no. If there was I'm sure some sympathetic character would have leaked it. I personally doubt that an order came from anywhere seriously high up in government. The bureaucratic use of law is far more autonomous and localized. It is based on the tried and true Russian bureaucratic method of interpreting signals, reading between the lines, and acting accordingly. I

## The threat of fire gives the lowly Russian bureaucrat a measure of political and administrative power.

that the 673,000 euro grant which EUSP received from the European Union to help improve monitoring of Russian elections (the program was closed on January 28) is the real reason it was put under the fire-violations microscope.

Western grant money is increasingly a big no-no in an atmosphere where NGOs are seen as covers for spies, the coming of a new "Cold War" is in the air, and a transfer of presidential power is right around the corner. Even the fact that the late Sobchak, who was the mentor of Putin and Medvedev, set the university up could keep the fire-citation-wielding chinovniki off the EUSP's back. On the contrary, shutting it down could result in some sweet political capital. Who is going to care about some Western orientated university, which focuses on the humanities? Students? Academics? They're political midgets compared to the great legal powers of a chinovnik drooling at the chance to rim his boss for brownie-points.

Students and academics have been protesting the closing of their university. Last Saturday, students staged a small rally by Mikhail Lomonosov's statue near the University. In addition, the university's administration has filed appeals in court and directly to St. Petersburg's governor and Putin client Valentina Matvienko. The story has also received ample coverage in the Russian and Western press.

Perhaps most surprising is that even Western academics have sprung into action. Usually a rather docile and cringing bunch, reluctant to jeopardize their access to Russian visas, libraries, and archives, Western academics have been roused to an action of sorts, organizing a petition to protest EUSP's closing with the hope that international shame might have some effect. The petition can be found here: <http://www.gopetition.com/online/17080.html>. It currently has 3,414 signatures. In addition, the American academic trade paper, the Chronicle of Higher Education, published a story on the situation. Numerous academic blogs have also taken to the cause.

Once such blog is Save the European University at St. Petersburg (found at: <http://euspb.blogspot.com/>). Run by a blogger named Mischa (whom I presume is a student), the blog gives readers up-to-date news, brings attention to other assaults on academic freedom, urges concerned individuals to donate money, and asks that readers flood the Russian authorities with letters. But he warns, "Be

University's website, Vakhtin stressed that "We do not propose to speculate about [the reasons for EUSP's closure]. What is crucial for us is that we are now denied the opportunity to study, to attend seminars and lectures, and to carry out our own research." As things stand now, EUSP has been given a temporary license on the condition that they find a new building. The signal however has been sent. EUSP is untouchable and few are willing risk their necks to rent them anything.

The fact that partisans for EUSP have to tip-toe around the political nature of this incident proves how effective the law is as a political weapon. The fact that the University is not up to the fire code undercuts any forceful claims that its closure is about politics. Instead of calling a spade a spade, university officials are forced depoliticize their complaints in order to effectively kowtow to the authority of Russian officials. I don't necessarily blame them. Devoid of any power or influence, the only thing academics and students can do is to appeal to the very things used to

old Soviet prose, Chernyshevskii called for the university to "wrest Mizekhanovshchina from its environment."

Signals are being sent down the bureaucratic pipeline. As usual, there aren't any smoking guns per se, only incidents that set the correct line of action. Take for example, the roundtable "Resisting the falsification of history to the detriment of Russia is a task of nationwide importance" organized by the Ministry of Foreign Affairs on February 12th. According to the invitation issued by E. A. Shmagin, the deputy directory of Department of Foreign Policy Planning of the Ministry of Foreign Affairs, the event sought to bring Russian foreign policy concerns to the attention of academics. Some of the themes up for discussion were "the possible negative consequences for Russia as the main target for historical manipulation," to identify "our enemies and allies abroad" in working against "historical falsification," and to review "counter-propaganda work" in the "mass media, culture, the internet, literature, and his-

think that European University sociology professor Vadim Volkov was dead on when he told Ekspert Online, "Our authorities operate uncoordinated. And information is deposited to some bureaucrat that says that European University is all but an enemy. He never declares this aloud, but lets a directive to conduct an inspection and close [the University] loose along his bureaucratic chain. It's interesting; don't these people understand that they are provoking a scandal in the heat of an election campaign?"

I think they do and the atmosphere of an electoral campaign is the perfect backdrop for sucking up to the new (old) leadership. Perhaps this is the real reason why fire is such an effective measure. The lowly Russian bureaucrat who strives to correctly interpret signals from above can have his cake and eat it too. If he reads the tea leaves correctly, he's a winner. If he fucks up and interprets the signals too literally, well he can always say that because of his tireless devotion to his job, a few less students will be engulfed in flames. X



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# SOAK UP THE SAVAGE LUST OF MOTHER RUSSIA!



We've always wondered what Russian chicks do when their men-folk invariably pass out after a dacha shashlik booze-fest. Here's what our spycamera learned: if her man loves the bottle, doesn't mean she can't learn to love it too.



If this guy can score, well...you can see why the exile editors moved to Russia.



It's as if God said, "I feel bad for giving this girl a lazy eye. So what I'll do is fit her out with the most perfect in-synch-with-gravity funbags the world has ever known, and yea, none shall ever gaze above her neckline."



The ultimate "Chyo blya!" face.



The less cheesy Russian chicks get, the more scary and unapproachable they seem. One glimpse of this indie chick's glare is enough to send us fleeing from the entire inner-Third-Ring club scene. Kaluga, here we come!



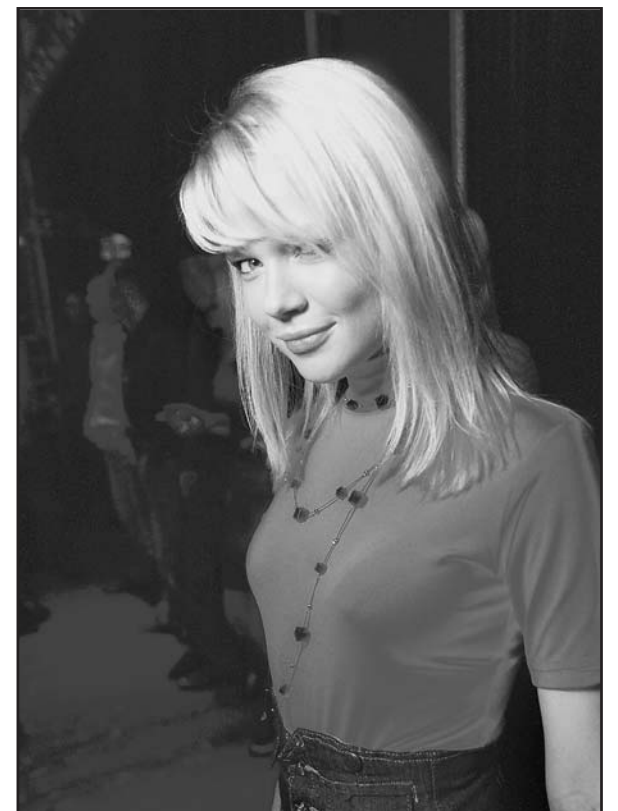
How many times have you been accosted by dudes like these who insist that you sit at their table and share one shot, just one shot, for friendship?



Our specialists forecast that the indie disease will not affect accessible provincial babes like her until at least 2018.



This Russian middle manager was going to open an account at Citibank, but he decided that his local Sberbank was a safer bet.



This perfect babe's look says, "Indie? Are you joking me? Why would I play by the ugly-girls' rules? I'll take the free cars and apartments from suitors and you can have your 'I-just-got-back-from-London-and-I'm-so-progressive' pride."

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

First off the bat, let's get this silly Women's Day holiday out of the way. If you're P-whipped, you'll probably be taking your date to see Russia's favorite foreign indie band: **BRAZZAVILLE** (March 8, Apelsin, 20:00). For some odd reason, this American by way of Barcelona band has become exceedingly successful here, touring the country two or three times a year. If there were more bands adept at doing this, the phrase "Big in Russia" could start to replace "Big in Japan"...

True exholes will, of course, be taking their dates to see **LENINGRAD** (March 8, 21:30, Tochka) for Women's Day. What could be more romantic than listening to Russia's most vulgar band singing "gde zhe vy blyadi (where are you whores)" and "bez tebya pizdets (without you everything is fucked)"?

The absolute pussies among you will, of course, have to drag your dyves to see **CHRIS DE BURGH** (March 9, Kremlin Palace, 19:00), in order to hear him sing that annoying "Lady in Red" song, and a dozen others.

Now that that's out of the way, we can get down to business. California's **MAD CADDIES** (March 10, Apelsin, 20:00) have been playing competent ska punk since the mid-90s. I can't say I really care at this point, but when I was in high school, shit like this was the bomb.

I've seen German whirling dervish **NAMOSH** (March 14, 16 Tons, 23:00) two or three times in Moscow, and the gig is always fun. He's a semi-nerdy guy, running around the stage like a crazy man, with only his sampler to back him up. Fun stuff, especially if you're a bit on the drunk side.

This band **TANZWUT** (March 15, Tochka, 20:00) comes here every year or so, and one of these visits, I've got to eventually check out. I mean, they're a German medieval rock / industrial band that plays bagpipes. It sounds so awful, that it might be worth trying to get guest listed just for shits n giggles.

Another German band that I'm certain to avoid is ska group **BENUTS** (March 15, Tabula Rasa, 19:00). I just can't get into this stuff anymore, although I should note that anyone looking for nubile alternative-y teenager girls could do much worse than attending a ska gig here. Locals **SKALPEL**, **PRIVATE RADIO** and **KIOSK** support.

Those of you interested in hip-hop (but not the bling that Moscow's community has adopted more than the music), would do well to check out the Dutch band **ILLICIT**

(March 16, Ikra, 21:00). In this gig, they could be compared to **THE ROOTS**. Name-dropping **COMMON** or **OUTKAST** would also not be out of the ordinary. Local rapper **NOIZE MC** opens.

Avant garde electronic musician **ROBIN RIMBAUD** (March 18, Bilingua, 21:00) is better known as **SCANNER**, so-called for his utilization of cell phone and police scanners in live performances. He's been producing his offbeat electronic music for 20 years now, and I have to say, I have no idea what he's going to be doing here - although the list of people he's worked with, such as **BRYAN FERRY**, **RADIOHEAD** and **COLIN NEWMAN**, suggest it'll be pretty far out - but the gig is apparently free.

Looking at the bands members of **DOWN** (March 18, B1 Maximum, 21:00) were in before - **PANTERA**, **CORROSION OF CONFORMITY**, **CROWBAR** and **EYEHATEGOD** - it's pretty easy to know what you're in for here: metal. Loud, and heavy. Not my cup of tea, but you could do worse, I suppose.

Speaking of worse, guitarist **RICHE KOTZEN** (March 19, Apelsin, 20:00) played in **POISON** and **MR. BIG**, in both cases long after the bands had ceased to be relevant. He is joined by Mr. Big's drummer **PAT TORPEY** and **SLASH'S SNAKEPIT** bassist **JOHNNY GRIPARIC**.

Last year I was fortunate enough to see aging rocker **CHUCK BERRY** (March 20, B1 Maximum, 20:00) perform in Moscow, and it was great. I can only hope that when I am 80 I am still able to walk, let alone rock out on stage every night. I don't know if I'll make it to see Chuck again, but he's definitely worth a glance if you've never seen him live before.

Old-school German industrial band **DIE KRUPPS** (March 21, Apelsin, 20:00) is apparently still together, following the "success" of their 25th anniversary reunion three years ago. Although they became more metal in their later years, their early stuff is alright.

Sometimes you just want a night of enjoyable local bands. Look no further than Perm's mod revivalists **THE WHITE TRAINERS COMMUNITY** (March 22, Aktovy Zal, 20:00), who will be playing with Moscow dance punk superstars **DOT DASH** as well as garage rockers **THE CAVESTOMPERS**. Last time we saw Dot Dash was opening for some popular Russian rock band at B1, so it'll be nice to see them once again in more friendly confines.

Hopefully that gig will end in time to still catch the beginning of the **NEILS CHILDREN** (March 22, 16 Tons, 23:00) gig. The British post-punk band is supported by arty British no-wavers **ELECTRICITY IN OUR HOMES** and local post-punks **MANICURE**.

I guess since local post-rockers **SILENCE KIT** (March 23, B1 Maximum, 19:00) has no trouble filling up the smaller halls of 16 Tons, Ikra and Aktovy Zal, the logical next step for them is to try to play the relatively ginormous B1. Honestly, it doesn't make a whole lot of sense to me, but we'll see what the indie kids can do. X

## TOP PICKS



**MICRORAVE**  
Vermel  
March 12, 19:00

It's rare that we actually manage to have fun at gigs, since most everything sucks so horribly. Either the groups, or the public, or the club's staff (and often all three). However, the 8-bit gurus of the Children of Dos collective manage to continuously throw some of the most fun parties we've ever been to in town. This time, for their "microrave," 777minus111, Kola Kid and Farnheim promise to keep the 8-bit Gameboy core rocking, and even to have "true" 8-bit video on display. Get fucked up and enjoy this mid-week breakdown.



**ST. PATRICK'S DAY**  
B2  
March 16, 19:00

Even though St. Paddy's day isn't officially until the 17th, we'll take what we can get. B2 promises to have rivers of beer and whiskey flowing, and three plus hours of live music from the likes of Tintal, aka the Russian Pogues. So put down the vodka and the Stary Melnik, pick up a pint of Guinness and a glass of Jameson's and get down with the Irish, if only for a day.



**EIGHT LEGS**  
16 Tons  
March 21, 23:00

Up and coming British indie band Eight Legs certainly has decent taste: the band claims to draw influences from Hunter S. Thompson, The Smiths, Interpol, Libertines, Iggy Pop and Lou Reed among others. That said, their sound places them somewhere between Bloc Party and The Cure. The band is barely into their twenties, which is why their songs tend to deal with such deep issues as getting wasted, text messaging, and boredom.

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Lent menu from our chef started 10.03

14.03 ISKRA DISCO & DJ VIKTORES & friends – 22:00

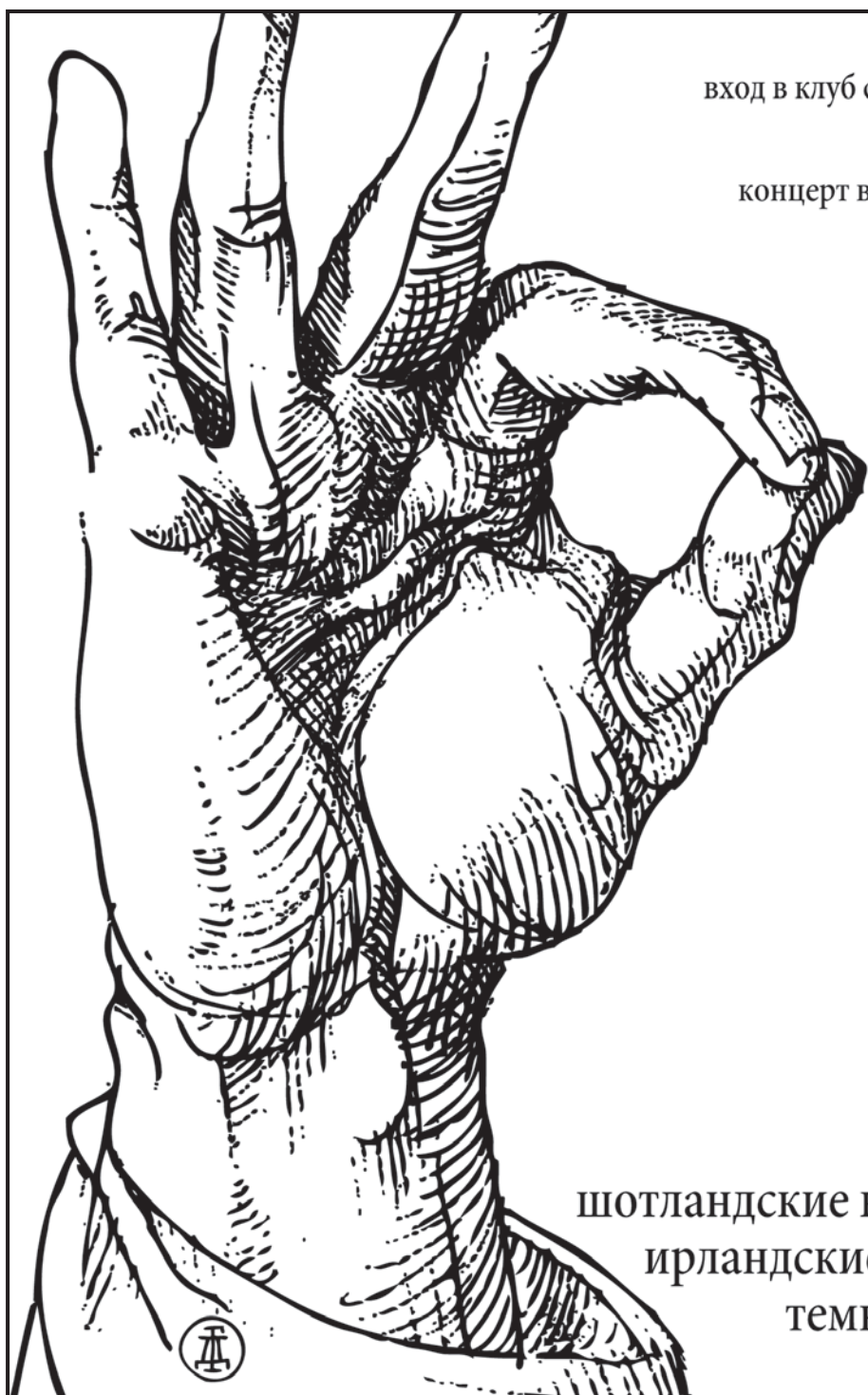
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## FRIDAY March 7

### ROCK

**ADO**  
22.00: Zhest  
**Hula Hoop**  
23.00: B-2  
**Mara**  
23.00: 16 Tonn  
**Ragga-jungle, Ragga-Breaks**  
22.00: Tochka

### JAZZ & BLUES

**Dr. Agranovskiy, Cheniy Hleb**  
20.30: Roadhouse  
**Jazz Piano**  
20.00: B-2  
**Lou Bega & Labana Band**  
21.00: B 1 Maximum

### CLUBBIN'

**DJs Jonny, Tuzov**  
00.30: B-2  
**DJs Carlos Tico, SKAM**  
21.00: Karma Bar  
**DJs ZigZag**  
21.00: Kult  
**DJs Causelove, Technic, Shevtsov**  
23.00: Fabrique  
**Epik Soundsystem: Gatek, Old Dog Nikolaev, Komotsky**  
21.00: Propaganda

## SATURDAY March 8

### ROCK

**Helavisa**  
20.00: Ikra  
**Leningrad**  
21.30: Tochka  
**Bravo**  
23.00: Tabula Rasa  
**Chris Norman (UK)**  
21.00: B 1 Maximum

### JAZZ & BLUES

**Jazz Piano**  
20.00: B-2  
**Grassmeyster**  
20.30: Roadhouse

### CLUBBIN'

**80s, 90s Hits Dance Party: DJs Mix, Rodriguez**  
22.00: Hemingway's  
**DJs Young, Cat, Fenix, Ivan Martin**  
23.00: Fabrique  
**DJs Ariel, Tuzov**  
00.30: B-2  
**DJs Ada, Ahmed**  
00.00: Karma Bar

## SUNDAY March 9

### ROCK

**Tocha Rosi**  
21.00: Zhest  
**Cabernet Deneuve**  
22.00: Proekt OGI  
**Nochnie Snaipery**  
20.00: B 1 Maximum  
**Tokio**  
23.00: B-2

### 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**  
23.00: Ikra  
**Anatoliy Ice, China Town**  
20.00: Propaganda

## MONDAY March 10

### ROCK

**Maio**  
20.00: Tabula Rasa  
**Animal Jazz**  
19.00: B 1 Maximum  
**Vihod**  
22.00: Proekt OGI  
**Iva Nova**  
21.00: Ikra

### JAZZ & BLUES

**Dr. Nick**  
21.00: Roadhouse

### CLUBBIN'

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

## TUESDAY March 11

### ROCK

### The Sweet, Stekla, Exored

18.30: Tochka  
**Chaiky Kyby, Malina Trip**  
19.00: Tabula Rasa  
**Cabina Vartanova**  
21.00: B-2

### JAZZ & BLUES

**Mihail Mishuris & Orchestra**  
21.00: Roadhouse

### CLUBBIN'

**DJs ZigZag, Anatoliy Gerasimov, Philla**  
21.00: Propaganda

## WEDNESDAY March 12

### ROCK

**F.P.G.**  
20.00: Ikra  
**DUO ZIKR**  
21.00: B-2  
**Barabanda, Mate, Podarki**  
19.00: Tabula Rasa  
**F.R.U.I.T.S**  
22.00: Proekt OGI

### JAZZ & BLUES

**Dirty Dozen**  
21.00: Roadhouse  
**Edelveis**  
21.00: B-2

### CLUBBIN'

**Javybz DJs**  
21.00: Propaganda  
**DJ Spirin & Rock'n'roll Radio**  
21.00: Ikra  
**Rob Dirton**  
21.00: Kult

## THURSDAY March 13

### ROCK

**Vse Stvolj**  
19.00: Tabula Rasa  
**Psoy Korolenko**  
22.00: Proekt OGI  
**5DIEZ**  
20.00: Tochka  
**Romeo Must Die**  
22.00: 16 Tonn

### JAZZ & BLUES

**Jazz Piano**  
20.00: B -2  
**Rockin' Dad**  
21.00: Roadhouse

### CLUBBIN'

**DJs Studinskiy, Sanches**  
21.00: Propaganda  
**Ja Vybz DJs sessions**  
21.00: Kult  
**HomeListening DJ's**  
21.00: B-2

## FRIDAY March 14

### ROCK

**Namosh (Ger)**  
23.00: 16 Tonn  
**Revolver**  
22.00: Proekt OGI  
**Markscheider Kunst**  
23.00: Tabula Rasa  
**Delfin**  
19.00: Ikra  
**Naiv**  
19.00: Tochka

### JAZZ & BLUES

**RawCat's 88**  
21.00: Roadhouse  
**Moscow Ragtime Band**  
23.00: B-2

### CLUBBIN'

**80s, 90s Hits Dance Party: DJs Mix, Rodriguez**  
22.00: Hemingway's  
**DJ Komotskiy, Gatek**  
21.00: Propaganda  
**DJs Ariel, Tuzov**  
00.30: B-2  
**DJs ZigZag**  
21.00: Kult  
**DJs Turbomax, Ivanov, Technik**  
23.00: Fabrique

## SATURDAY March 15

### ROCK

**Vladimar Kuzmin**  
23.00: B-2  
**Intelligent Sound (UK)**  
22.00: B 1 Maximum  
**Neschastniy Sluchay**  
23.00: B-2

### JAZZ & BLUES

**26 Gerc**  
21.00: Roadhouse  
**Jazz Piano**  
20.00: B-2

### CLUBBIN'

**80s, 90s Hits Dance Party: DJs Mix, Rodriguez**  
22.00: Hemingway's  
**DJs Philla, Onlee, Demarkus Lewis**  
21.00: Propaganda  
**Anatoly Ice**  
22.00: Kult  
**DJs Svodnik, Panin**  
00.00: Ikra

## SUNDAY March 16

### ROCK

**Tintal**  
19.00: B-2  
**Benuts, Private Radio**  
20.00: Tabula Rasa  
**Epidemiya**  
19.00: B 1 Maximum  
**ZEА**  
22.00: Proekt OGI

### JAZZ & BLUES

**Open Blues Jam**  
18.00: Roadhouse

### CLUBBIN'

**DJs Anatoly Ice, Tony Key, Kuka**  
23.00: Propaganda  
**Syndicate Records**  
19.00: Kult

## MONDAY March 17

### ROCK

**Mamay, Nancial, Morigan**  
19.00: Tabula Rasa  
**Barokko-Flesh**  
22.00: B-2

### JAZZ & BLUES

**Dr. Nick**  
21.00: Roadhouse  
**Jazz Piano**  
21.00: B-2

### CLUBBIN'

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

## TUESDAY March 18

### ROCK

**Down (USA)**  
21.00: B 1 Maximum  
**Atakama**  
20.00: Tabula Rasa

### JAZZ & BLUES

**Mihail Mishuris & Orchestra**  
21.00: Roadhouse  
**Haleo**  
21.00: B -2

### CLUBBIN'

**DJs ZigZag, Anatoliy Gerasimov, DJ Philla**  
21.00: Propaganda

## WEDNESDAY March 19

### ROCK

**Kitaygorod**  
19.00: Tabula Rasa  
**Yorik**  
20.00: Ikra  
**Punk TV**  
21.00: 16 Tonn  
**Vinogradov & Aleksey**  
22.00: Proekt OGI

### JAZZ & BLUES

**Jazz Sisters**  
21.00: Roadhouse

### CLUBBIN'

**Rob Dirton**  
21.00: Kult  
**Javybz DJs**  
21.00: Propaganda

## THURSDAY March 20

### ROCK

**Messer Chups**  
21.00: Ikra  
**Mozhzhvelnik, Holymnday**  
19.00: B-2  
**Dasaev**  
22.00: 16 Tonn

### JAZZ & BLUES

**Jazz Hall, Chuck Berry**  
20.00: B 1 Maximum

### CLUBBIN'

**DJs Studinskiy, Sanches**  
21.00: Propaganda  
**Ja Vybz dj sessions**  
21.00: Karma Bar

## DANGEROUS LIASONS

*By Dmitriy Babooshka  
pflanze@yandex.ru*

It's been a tough week for me with financial losses and psychological traumas. I hardly had any time to write this week's article, but the call of duty (named Ames) insisted that I do so. This won't be an easy story for most of you, dear eXile readers, whose real nightclubbing intentions we both know. But here goes the cold naked truth about nightlife in Moscow.

Last Friday, I made some cash acting in a new film in which I played a small role as a *sledovatel'* (investigative detective). You could say that my role will not

## CLUB REVIEW

make cinema history, and I'll never get my Oscar, but I don't really care about your opinion. I'm taking my first steps in the magical world of cinema, and in the beginning you don't really make money. I have other sources of income, and they're quite good, in case if you're interested. Although, on the other hand, it is cool to tell chicks that I'm a movie star as well as The eXile club reviewer.

Anyway, I got my actor's pay of 5,000 rubles, which I think is a great deal for one day of work, and I immediately thought of my debts. Nowadays everyone has debts of some kind, depending on your status and your needs. My debts were really just a joke—1,000 rubles, which I owed to my friend after our last visit to a casino.

Getting this 5,000 rubles was a great excuse to see Vasya to pay him back. After the transaction was done I suggested going for a drink, since none of us was driving our expensive foreign cars. So we walked the dirty Moscow streets. We patronized one bar after another, burning piles of cash on powerful spirits, and sizing up each place's environment. It was not a lucky evening, my dear readers. We weren't grabbing the ladies' attention, we were completely alone in the cruel world looking for nothing but tender love. After my ninth Jack Daniels we decided to go for real princesses.

When we arrived at **ZOLOTAYA VOBLA** the party was already at its peak. I was drunk and brave enough to hit up on girls right away. At the bar counter, there were two girls sitting one next to another, talking their silly female bullshit. I asked them to recommend to me their favorite bartender, and after a few minutes, I became best friends with these two girls: Alyona and Ksyusha.

Suddenly, Alyona bet me \$100 that I couldn't drink five tequila shots in a row. What if I don't drink these shots?" I drunkenly asked. She answered it would cost me my \$100, and I agreed. Really, who the fuck would refuse a girl offering you tequila (she paid for it!) and a hundred bucks?

Well, the answer is that women are evil, and I learn this over and over. Anyway, I got served five shots. But each was 100 grams, not our traditional Russian 50 grams. That means a half liter of tequila! At the time it was no problem for me. I threw all five shots down my throat, and grabbed the \$100 bill from the table.

...Next thing I remember is waking up alone in my bed about 4 pm the next day. I saw a pair of sneakers next to my pillow. I usually don't lose consciousness like that no matter how drunk I get. My first thought was: "PlayStation." Well, it was gone, along with my MacBook and \$2,000 in cash which I left out on my shelf.

My apartment was a mess but two sets of keys were put in the corridor on my pink Van Laack shirt next to the unlocked door. I guess it meant, "We're not coming back, we took everything we needed." The only good thing that morning was the \$100 bill in my back.

After I completely realized that my lovely apartment was robbed and my nice computer and PSP were gone, I called Vasya to find out what happened. He said I was so drunk that the club manager asked the security to remove me from the club.

Since I could barely walk two *hachiki* "gypsy cab" drivers asked Vasya to help put me into their car. Well, you know how the story ends. Vasya was wasted

and the idea of two *hachiki* in a shestyor-ka didn't look strange to him. Neither did he blink when one of the *hachiki* took me upstairs to my apartment.

Obviously the driver picked up the spare keys and saw my dollars and computers. The rest was a routine. They took Vasya to the club and came back to my apartment and cleaned it out.

After I called Vasya, I saw a number in my phone. It was Alyona's, the girl I met in McCoy. I've heard a lot about *kofelinschiki* (which means a girl or two whom you easily pick up in bar or a club, and who secretly puts clonidine in your drink when you take them home). You finish the drink and then sleep deeply for the next 12 hours. If they put a little more clonidine than necessary, your sleep is eternal. Meanwhile, they steal everything they see from your apartment.

Immediately, I decided that the *khachiki* and Alyona could be working the same gang. So I called her to check things up. She sounded nice and I suggested seeing each other for a drink or something.

When she arrived in a Porsche Cayenne I realized she's not the type who robs apartments. Either that or she's really, really good at it. Alyona turned out to be a rather skanky (to use an eXile term) blonde in her late thirties whose stomach seemed to be leading her around. That wasn't how she looked the night before, but Jack Daniels and tequila can improve a lot of people's looks.

It turned out that Alyona owns three clothing stores and a beauty salon. She said that yesterday was a bad day because she lost her garage in her divorce with her husband. So she was cheering herself up by going to bars and making other people drink almost to death just to make her feel better.

When I told my sad story about the rest of the evening her eyes filled with concern and she paid for my dinner. Later, she took me to a "very serious club" to see the opening of a Gago Rushanyan painting exhibition called Nuances.

I always wondered where do old people go out. I had to pay for this new wisdom with my MacBook, PSP and two grand. But here it goes—**RESTAVRATSIYA**, a genuine place for Moscow's ageing intelligentsia. Old-timers have a lot to enjoy here: a cigar room, a fire place and the largest whiskey collection in town.

Gago's paintings mostly featured naked girls in aquarelles and I really liked them. The club was packed with late middle-age gentlemen with their fading-beauty wives, and some artsy-dressed dudes with strange moustaches, whom I figured were the artist types. Nimble girls were handing out price lists for the paintings to the rich dressed guests—but not to me.

I learned that this place features no DJs or go-go dancers. The program for March included jazz jam sessions, theater performances, Argentinean milonga dances, blues nights, French chanson, and so on. Once a month the club organizes an evening of introductions, which I considered an interesting opportunity.

In terms of girls you can meet here, I would grade this place very high. I seriously doubt you'll meet any *kofelinschiki* here. More likely you'll meet modestly-dressed daughters of Conservatory teachers or Tretyakov gallery advisors.

**Club:** Restavratsiya  
**Address:** 7, Leontyevskiy pereulok  
**Phone:** 290-59-69  
**M:** Tverskaya (10 min. walk)  
**Hours:** 17:00 – 05:00, daily

Don't be deceived. Usually these types own five room apartments near Tverskaya, stuffed with antiques, expensive paintings and old books.

However, if you want to get into her bed (where her aunt probably died a few decades ago) you need to behave like a gentleman, the type who is desperate to practice and improve his Russian (and of course you will help her with her English). You can read books together. Definitely talk about literature and that sort of stuff, as if you really care.

Certainly, it was a different party than the ones I'm used to. I didn't understand why I felt like such a stranger here—either my trade school education instead of their snobby MGIMO degrees, or my depression because of losing my MacBook and money. I decided in the future to stick to places I like. So get ready for the report on **SOHO ROOMS**, a new flashy club for spoiled mundane crowd, which you can read about in the next issue.

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

# BARS & CLUBS

## Things That Do & Don't Suck

The eXile decoding KEY

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

### 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 dyevs, leading us to wonder: since when is this the fucking US?! Taxi predators ream you here. Coat check too small to handle the large crowds--hopefully they have that worked out by 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 boondocks by the thrid ring means you really have to plan to go here.

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

**M:** Baumanskaya

**Phone:** 265-3935

**Address:** Perevedenovsky per., 18

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

### Apelsin



★★ ★

### Cheers:

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

### Jeers:

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

**Cover:** depends on the concert

**M:** Barrikadnaya

**Phone:** 253-0253

**Address:** Ul. Malaya Gruzinskaya 15

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

### B1 Maximum



★★ ★

### Cheers:

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

### Jeers:

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

**Cover:** depends on the concert

**M:** Leninsky Prospekt / Shabolovskaya

**Phone:** 648-6777

**Address:** Ul. Ordzhonikidze 11

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

### B2



★★ ★

### Cheers:

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

### Jeers:

Easily some of the most sovok and least service-oriented staff in town. Prices may seem bizarre considering that this is supposed to be a dive rock club. Suffering from multiple-personality disorder. Empties out early even on weekends.

**Cover:** depends

**M:** Mayakovskaya

**Phone:** 209-9918

**Address:** Bolshaya Sadovaya ul. 8

### Barfly



★★ ★

### Cheers:

Recent 4AM visit saw off-duty Help bartenders gettin' down, so U know they mix the drinks well here! After a long 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 McCoy's. From the looks of it, folks'll be drinking just as much here. Part of the million-cocktails-to-choose-from wave launched by Help. Little frames cover the walls with descriptions of the drinks available. Tasty and cheap menu that lets U decide what goes in your noodle dish.

### Jeers:

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

**M:** Chekhovskaya

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

**Phone:** 209-2779

**Hours:** 24 hours

### Bourbon Street



★ ★ ★★

### Cheers:

A good place to chill with one whiskey, one scotch, and one beer at the bar, or sit at a table with a friend or two, but don't come expecting to make friends or lift out of your depression. Lately it's been feeling even more dead than usual, but whatever, it's August. The management had a come-to-Jesus talk with staff after we busted them playing techno, making this one of the most customer-friendly bars this side of the NATO divide. This little still-undiscovered "neighborhood dive" offers some unusually wild entertainment when you least expect it. Deceptively humble veneer hides all sorts of sexual shenanigans which Ames and his chick both witnessed and participated in ... We were about to complain that the music's too loud, but then we remembered that's how dives oughta be!

### Jeers:

Often has a "feised at Propka" vibe. Gets uncomfortably packed on weekends. eXpat galore. Kitchen could use a little "umph."

**M:** Kitai Gorod

**Phone:** 980-1058

**Address:** Bol. Zlatoustinsky Per. 7/1 (next to Propaganda)

**Hours:** nearly all of 'em

### Booze Bub



★ ★ ★

### Cheers:

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

### Jeers:

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

**M:** Chistyey Prudy

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

**Phone:** 621-4717

**Hours:** Round the clock

### Cafe Royal



★ ★

### Cheers:

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

### Jeers:

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

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

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

### Jeers:

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

**M:** Chisty Prudy

**Address:** Myasnitskaya 13

**Hours:** Wed-Sun, 10pm - 6am

### Denis Simachev Bar



## CELEBRATE ST. PATRICK'S DAY at PAPA'S PLACE

### Saturday March 15th

**Irish dance show / Green cocktails  
and beer, specials on Irish whiskey,  
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**Entrance Free for Irish people,  
natural red-heads, and midgets!**

**Myasnitskaya 22 / m. Chistyey Prudi  
755-95-54 / www.papas.ru**



**Best offer in March**

**One pint of Guinness  
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**Snooker & Pool**

**789 88 54 Novoslobodskaya 20**





★ ★★★ ★★

**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 weekendy elitny hangout and the newest roost for Opera/Dyagelev/Krisha molls on their off night. Attracts droves of rich Russian dudes doing the *Planet of the Apes* routine around their expensive cars and bikes outside.

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

**Duma**

★★★★ ★

**Cheers:**

There's a lot to like about this place, assuming you can find it: Fun young student crowd, no moving cars in sight, surrounded by quiet back streets, great music: heavy on 60s rare grooves, soul, and funk, nice patio, good food. In the summertime they put a ping-pong table outside. Neighborhood bar feel where everyone knows each other is weird to see, but feels good. No feis control. This might be the place where Krizis honeys retire. Tons of sweet dveys 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:** Okhotnyiy Ryad  
**Phone:** 692-1119  
**Address:** 12:00 - 6:00

**Fabrique**

★★★★ ★★ ★★

**Cheers:**

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

**Address:** 26, Sretenka Str.  
**Phone:** 607-07-13  
**M:** Sukharevskaya  
**Hours:** daily, 12:00 – 00:00

**Help**

★★★★ ★ ★

**Cheers:**

eXile alert! Ignore previous comments about weekends being hit or miss: every Friday and Saturday (and an increasing number of weeknights) is packed full of drunk sluts dancing on the floor, on the tables, and on the bar. While the rest of Moscow's bars and clubs are turning gay, thank God there's one place still keeping it real for the homophobes. Non-dyke lesbo activity has been steadily on the rise. One time, upon sitting down, a girl from a neighboring table came over and said: "I'm sorry, I lost a bet" and then proceeded to get up on her table and do a striptease! Later we saw two babes practically fucking on the dancefloor, and the night ended with a flat-chested chick flashing us repeatedly. Great place to start or end a bender. The director is a serious cocktail aficionado (and award-winning barman) who has come up with a variety of unusual and at times frightening cocktails, all reasonably priced. Casual woody 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, without fail. And there's no better place to watch/heckle a small gig than in Ikra's small hall, more intimate than NYC's Knitting Factory but gets the same caliber or bigger gigs. Food surprisingly edible.

**Jeers:**

Finally gave us club cards, but make us wait at the bar for a manager every time we try to use it. WTF!? Added hookah menu just to fuck wid us. Gets unbearably hot and stuffy inside when there's a parking 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-eitny 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.

**Kalina Bar**

★★★★ ★★ ★★

**Cheers:**

Fancy-assed bar on the 21st floor with a fantastic panoramic view of Moscow. Chic clientele, lots of 30-something yuppies and the odd gauche New Russian to spice things up. Somebody tried their sushi and said it was not bad.

**Jeers:**

Very expensive. Techno music so loud you'd think you were in a provincial Azeri restaurant. This is a bar, folks! People are supposed to be able to at least hear what the person next to him is screaming.

**Club:** Kalina Bar  
**Address:** 8, Novinskiy Boulevard (Lotte Plaza, 21 floor).

**Phone:** 229-55-19  
**M:** Smolenkaya  
**Hours:** 11:00 – 06:00, daily



★★★★ ★ ★★

**Cheers:**

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

**Cheers/Jeers:**

The cover charge. Damn, what's up with dat. What time iz we livin' in? To get to the overflow gardiob, 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 dveys almost any day of the week and they love rock'n'roll! No joke, folks: we had to see it ourselves to believe. Some eXile insiders claim it's the best place in town to meet a wife. THE place to meet a girl you can spoon with... plenty of approachable babes, but they require a little wooing. Very impressive crowd, including lots of single hipsters and one chick in a Kajagoogoo outfit. They've done a surprisingly good job recreating the atmosphere of the ol' KZ, creating a pafus-free zone for all you bo-hos, without the dirt and grime of Lyotchik. Combines student-y types with intellegensia, upwardly mobile yuppies and a smattering of expats. Less pressure to get wasted than at Bourbon St.

**Jeers:**

If you're not as well-connected as an eXile editor, you will still experience face control at a Nazi Level from Thurs. to Sun. Techno music gets progressively loud as the weekdays approach Friday. Because it's a non-pafusny kinda place, there're plenty of cows mixed in with the talent. Reminds us of our Golden Days of love and youth and springtime, which then reminds us of the fact that we'z old. Long Islands, although cheap, rank somewhere between "bizarre" and "non-alcoholic fruity ass" on the scale of things. Can be a bit boring if no concert is happening.

**Queers:** Every Thursday  
**M:** Chistye Prudy / Kitai Gorod  
**Phone:** 623-2594, 778-2234  
**Address:** Pokrovka 16/16, str. 1  
**Hours:** 24/7

**Krisha**

★★★★ ★★ ★★

**Cheers:**

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

**Jeers:**

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

**MOTORHOME**

★★★★ ★

**Cheers/Jeers:**

In the words of Jared's little brother Eric Linquist: "This place was decked out like some sort of futuristic, rated R version of Chuck E. Cheese with a huge bar and rows of racing simulation pods lining the walls. Instead of gay furry mascots, the place was packed full of Russian go-go dancers in sexy racing outfits doing lesbo shows on the freakin' bar. I mean, damn!" That's right, it's a club specializing in hi-tech F1 racing simulators. Those crazy Muscovites! What'll they come up with next? Play brothels for kid birthday parties? On top of that, the place got billiard tables and is jam-packed with flat screens showing like 20 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-zillion-dollar display of cars out front, to the heinously overpriced food upstairs, to the way-outta-your-league "garch-hunting bebaage downstairs, where the music and dancing are.

**Jeers:**

Jeering Most is like jeering the oligarchs themselves.  
**M:** Okhotniy 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 dveys 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 till next year. Absolutely friggin' packed full of sluts and drunk eXholes, with everyone drinking. This is it folks, no unsurmountable face control, no eXtreme prices, tons of approachable offerings and now they even have America's finest brew available: Bud. Thursday "Office Night" rawqs: free food offerings, like the awesome pizza, and an advantageous chick-to-unit ratio. We also saw one of the drunkest Neanderthals of our lives here, devouring his pizza while his dyev girlfriend slapped him and pulled his ear to leave. Latin dancing nights are the ONLY game in town on Tuesday! Our last visit saw a mix of sluts and balding guys, and if they can score surely U can too!

**Jeers:**

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

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

**Propaganda**

★★★★ ★★ ★

**Cheers:**

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

**Jeers:**

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

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

**Prosto Bar**

★★★★ ★ ★★

**Cheers:**

Is the grimy industrial zone around Belorussky vokzal slowly turning into the new, less arty, more elitny Vinzavod. Or is this club just an indie version of Papa

John's? We're not sure, but they sure do pack a lot of hot young dveys ready to boogie all the way to your pad. Cheap booze, cheap and decent food.

**Jeers:**

Euro pop.  
**M:** Belorusskaya  
**Phone:** 257-0717  
**Address:** 17, 1-ya Yamskogo Polya Ul.  
**Hours:** 11:00 - till last guest

**The Real McCoy**

★★★★ ★ ★

**Cheers:**

eXile alert! McCoy's has entered the 22nd century by installing the eXile's toilet-stall newspaper stands! Folks, now you can read the eXile while vomiting out your Long Island Iced Tea...all 8 of 'em! Buns McGillicuddy recently spotted doing shots with mullet-master Dima Bilan! Pay your respects...and pay the price for all that fun 'n shame 'n shitfaced inebriation. We'd been staying away out of concern for our livers, but one Friday night was enough to realize why livers are overrated! This place has so many hot and drunk sluts that you don't have time to focus on one before the next demands your attention. Newbies in Moscow have been known to go into catatonia when they enter this place. We admit: Thursday nights are hit or miss, although recent visits have leaned much more to the "hit" side of the equation. Perhaps the best place to be reintroduced to Moscow night life after spending the long New Year's holidays in the de-sexed Western world. THE most dangerous place to go for weeknight nightcaps! We defy you to leave after just one drink. Hell, we defy you to leave after two! More 10PM last calls have turned into 3AM "oh fucks" than we can count! McCoys is the closest thing to a guarantee this side of Night Flight. Always some table of desperate sluts here, even when it's otherwise empty. Often features the kind of drunken madness that was banned by the Geneva Convention. They let you pass out at the tables! Chances are if you wake up in Yugo-Zapadnaya with a bunch of Mexicans in a hail storm, you were at McCoys the night before. If there's a way to get kicked out, we haven't found it! Packed 'til late.

**Jeers:**

Are they trying to push a blow habit on us by feising us for drunkenness at 4am? Don't go here sober—the human fauna might be startling. Some sluts so ugly, even the jumbo Long Island won't make you want them. Getting a drink on a weekend night requires a half-hour of screaming and wasting money at the bartender. Occasionally packed with people we would really rather never run into again. Don't even think about heading onto the dance floor with an open drink in hand.

**M:** Barrikadnaya  
**Phone:** 255-41-44  
**Address:** Kudrinskaya pl. 1 (in the towering Stalin dom)  
**Hours:** Always

**Restovratsaya**

★★★★ ★ ★

**Cheers/Jeers:**

Read Babooshka's club review and real life crime story on pg 15.  
**Address:** 7, Leontyevskiy pereulok  
**Phone:** 290-59-69  
**M:** Tverskaya (10 min. walk)  
**Hours:** 17:00 – 05:00, daily

**Road House**

★★★★ ★ ★

**Cheers:**

You wouldn't know it, but there's a genuine neighborhood blues joint in Moscow that sort of reminds us of the kinds of blues bars you'd find in mid-sized cities in America like Fresno or Dayton. And we mean that in a good way. Live blues every night, cozy atmosphere, absolutely no pafos or feis kontrol, cheap drinks and food. 30% discount for journalists, doctors and musicians! Lots of bliny, decent amount of groups of single chicks in tight jeans and 80s hairdos, tasty "Pork Barbados" for only 190r. Check out their music program and give it a shot, esp if you live in the area.

**Jeers:**

The whole "real people" suburban blues thing is not for everyone. While we saw a great Norwegian act playing (and the crowd loved it), we would expect some acts to sing "blues" with heavy Russian accents. Gets crowded so it can be hard to get a table.

**Cover:** only during shows, depends on act  
**M:** Sportivnaya  
**Phone:** 245-4183  
**Address:** Ul. Dovatora 8 (close to metro)  
**Hours:** noon-midnight

**Sakhar**

★★★★ ★★ ★★

**Cheers/Jeers:**

This is another one of those elitny-indie hybrid clubs. eXile's official club aficionado Dmitry Babooshka says this place is not to be missed. There's a lot of teen action here, but of the progressive kind, meaning she'll be impressed even if an iPhone is the most expensive accessory you own. How else do you think Babooshka got to screw a young dyev in a telephone booth? So far, that's the best argument we've heard for getting an iPhone.

No one on The eXile staff (except Babooshka) has one.

**M:** Sukharevskaya  
**Phone:** 607-2838  
**Address:** 235/25 Sretenka St.  
**Hours:** Thu - Fri: 12:00 - 09:00

Silver's



★ ★ ★★

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

**Jeers:**  
You might get accosted by Russian students looking to practice their anglijsky yazyk. Word's gotten out, and it's tough to find a seat for lunch. Don't come here to hunt for chicks—there ain't any. This is a place where English-speaking expats with beer-bulges come to gripe, banter, and watch free SkyTV. Irish aren't known for their good burgers, and neither is Silver's. Small setting means it can get packed evenings.

**M:** Okhotny Ryad  
**Phone:** 290-4222  
**Address:** 5/6 Tverskaya Ulitsa (go down Nikitskaya Per.)  
**Hours:** 8 till late

Sixteen Tons



★★ ★ ★★

**Cheers:**  
eXile alert! The eXile's 10th anniversary party took place here, and folks, we are damn glad we did it. No place could have handled the crowd rush, and the mad drunken mob of eXholes, half as well as Sixteen Tons did, with its superb bar staff, excellent sound system, great stage, and eXhole-friendly management. Thanks to Pasha, Andrei & crew for pulling it off. Shockingly high babe factor at the disco following gigs. Not that we got laid or anything...or even that we would want to. Upstairs has some of the top shows and a good mix of dyes and serious music aficionados. Downstairs, a range of scalliwags ranging from oligarchs to eXpats to divorced mammas to starving journalists. Management not averse to fights outside.

**Jeers:**  
Club named after the average weight of the dyes. Not much to do upstairs when there isn't live music.  
**Cover:** Devs: R100 weekdays, R150 weekends; Guys: R150 weekdays, R200 weekends  
**M:** Ul. 1905  
**Phone:** 253-5300  
**Address:** Presnenski Val 6  
**Hours:** 18.00 - 6.00

Solyanka



★★★★ ★★ ★★

**Cheers:**  
eXile alert! Solyanka's newly-minted restaurant just

might be the best new place to eat since we discovered Dantes way back in 2007. The 270r biz lunch offers a tasty 3-course evro fusion meal (menu changes daily) that's a damn bargain for Moscow these days. Hosts a strange dyev mix, ranging from semi-bydlo to full on hyper-elitny. They arrive when doors open and don't leave 'til closing time. Ever since Mix went the way of the Dodo, Solyanka's hipster crowd has been getting infused with late 20s/early 30s secretary/office worker type dyevs. And that's just fine by us. If you now the type, then you know that they are willing to take it anytime, anywhere. All you have to do is notice them. Case in point: Last weekend Levine and Rudnitsky had to beat off three 30-year-old chicks that wouldn't leave them alone until they surrendered their phone numbers. And all this because L & R were speaking English! Mental note: must start coming here more often. A shining example of the latest club trend: The indie-pafosny hybrid. If you're tired of the same ol' Krizis, but can't stand the Fag Nation Propka scene, then Solyanka is the answer to your prayers. Semi-intelligent dance music, fairly priced drinks and a bunch of barely legal linged-out indie chicks that can't afford them.

**Jeers:**  
Windows PC users given hostile looks by MacBook/iPhone-toting hipsters. On club nights, place is harder to get into then Dyagelev. An eXile editor got feised over the telephone last weekend, even after Tofer gave Solyanka a heartfelt blowjob review. Closes at midnight on all weeknights other than Thursdays. Went back to the 90s practice of charging for entrance. Some chicks have a "I'm one year away from becoming a Rai groupie" feel to them. So snatch 'em up before they hit seventeen and become way out of your league.

**M:** Kitay Gorod  
**Phone:** None  
**Cover:** 300 rubles, or something  
**Address:** Solyanka 11/6

Sorry Babushka



★★ ★ ★★

**Cheers:**  
eXile alert! Just confirmed. Sorry Bab's 3am Fri/Sat night drunk dyev index is way off the charts. This place is set to become one of our favorites, especially now that they gave us a 50% discount card! From the looks of things, they've also given tons of hot girls the cards, turning Sorry B into a pre-party magnet for gals looking to quench their thirst at the right price. Packs a good crowd on weekends and offers plenty of macking ops. Girls friendlier than most, and by that we don't mean they're ugly.

**Jeers:**  
Recent menu update for 2007 has upset the balance of one of the best Caesar salads in town. Seems like everyone here only converses with each other via iCO message sent between laptops. Weird hippie/Buddhist contingent mixed in with model level babes threw us off a bit. Portions getting smaller. 50% discount card might be more of a curse—we're getting a little sick of this place. Got a Prada-lite vibe. Not quite sure what the name means, and we're not sure they know either. You could easily break an ankle on the unexpected step near the bar. The food, a bargain for card-holders, probably ain't worth your rubles if you aren't as kewl as us.  
**M:** Kitay Gorod  
**Phone:** 784-0615  
**Address:** Slavyanskaya pl. 2

Tema Bar



★★ ★ ★

**Cheers:**  
eXile alert! Folks, Tema Bar's two-year anniversary was a sight to behold, reaffirming, once again, that on weekends this place transforms into what the Boar House used to be... but more wholesome. And to prove it, one

of The eXile's editorial team picked up a chick that night just by standing at the bar and nodding yes. Previously, Yasha demonstrated by getting the digits of a nice Jewish girl, while at the same time successfully wooing a blond shiksa to bed with him... Recent anniversary par-tay was a who's-who of the anti-pafos, pro-alcohol'n'fun tusovka...along with fun-luv'in' babes, many of whom took it upon themselves to dance on the ginormous bar. Congrats, guys! If you love Help but wish it had more of a party scene, Tema is THE place to check out! One of a very, very few places in town where everyone's having a good time. Dyevs become unbelievably approachable around 1am after having downed a half-dozen tropical cocktails. Multiple sets of gals doing the fake lezbo thing to turn you on. One of the cocktails requires donning a Soviet Army helmet and getting whacked over the head with a ski! Dima of Help fame has opened another, bigger cocktail bar, this time smack dab in the center of Moscow! Great central drinking option, especially if you're sick of OGI. Mammoth cocktail menu impresses chicks. Nice value and prices.

**Jeers:**  
Some of the surliest bartenders in town. One actually refused to light our flaming cocktails on fire. While all the girls are having fun and definitely available, you'll need to knock back a few before your beer goggles start functioning properly. Might run into old flings from McCoy's at inopportune moments. Food not exactly all that.

**M:** Chisty Prudy  
**Address:** Potapovskiy per. 5  
**Hours:** 24

Tiki Bar



★★ ★ ★

**Cheers:**  
The legendary team from Tema Bar & Help are behind this place: Moscow's first and only tiki bar. If you know them, then you know about their magical ability to pack in their clubs with podmoskovie student dyevs, as well as a slightly more aged, but yet so easily bangable secretary contingent. Music is loud, so you won't have talk to them. Tiki's extensive menu of fancy polynesian drinks is packed with copious amounts of booze will get the job done and leave enough money in your wallet for you to order a cab in the morning so that you never have to see your one night stand again. eXile's official food critic Tofer Lamont got way too wasted on their fruity cocktails and was too busy chasing another kind of tail to remember much about the food. He thinks he may have had some nachos with some pasta.

**Jeers:**  
How can you jeer a place that packs a full house of fine, totally non-indie dyevs that will sleep with you because it'll mean they won't have to wait for the metro to open?  
**M:** Barikadnaya  
**Address:** Sadovaya-Kudrinskaya st., 3A  
**Phone:** 741-2203  
**Hours:** 24

VinoSyr – Wine & Cheese Bar



★ ★

**Cheers/Jeers:**  
Check out Tofer's highbrow review on pg 20...  
**Address:** Malyyi Palashevskiy pereulok 6  
**Phone:** 739-1045  
**Metro:** Pushkinskaya  
**Hours:** Everyday from 6 p.m to 6 a.m.  
**Web:** www.vinosyr.ru

Voodoo Lounge



★★ ★ ★★

**Cheers:**  
Whoa, are we sorry Voodoo fell off our radar screens: here's the antidote to Pafusny Moscow: cheap drinks, tons of approachable student babes, and action that's rawkin' before midnight! Don't let the cover turn you off: unlike just about every other club in Moscow, Voodoo packs a crowd early. Summer patio should be opening soon, increasing the snapper factor significantly. Recent birthday party visit revealed HUGE Lolita factor and low White God factor, meaning U could get lucky! Lots o' ladies, very few snobs; high marks on accessibility, but U gotta dance. Ames tried out a Latin dancing lesson here and almost got beat up by a chick. Plenty of young sluts lookin' for luv. Stays packed all night long. Voodoo has become part of the must-do "circuit" for everyone from hormone-charged eXholes to Latino-luv'in' teenies.

**Jeers:**  
Things slow down early... around 3. These girls need a lot of space to dance—if you get too close, you might get hurt. If you don't respond well to Slavic pheromones, then beware the BO factor. Snideman impersonators rumored to get in without paying cover. Girls think that all you want is their number. Too many men with greasy ponytails and Hamas sympathizers.  
**Cover:** 50R for broads, 150R for dudes (weekends only)  
**M:** Belorusskaya  
**Phone:** 253-2323  
**Address:** Sredny Tishinsky pereulok 5/7  
**Hours:** 18.00 - 6.00

Yello



★★ ★★ ★★

**Cheers:**  
Continuing the trend in "intelligent" elitny/indie/pafosny clubs, Yello opens in exactly the same spot where the boho/bearded intelligentsia/rocker "Klub na Brestskoy" used to be, signalling that in 2008, the beard is being replaced by the bilan. Good Pina Coladas.

**Jeers:**  
Club opens up officially in February, so you gots to be

club-connected to get in now. Has that "fresh, just-remotented" concrete smell.  
**Address:** 6, 2nd Brestskaya Str. (entrance from 1st Brestskaya)  
**Phone:** 694-09-36  
**M:** Mayakovskaya  
**Hours:** Officially to be opened in February though they have parties almost every weekend. Available for banquet.

Zhest



★★ ★ ★

**Cheers:**  
eXile alert! We'd forgotten how cheap Zhest was until a gig last Friday when we were able to buy a round of drinks for four for under 1,000 rubles. Do you see how we upgraded Zhest's fahkie-faktor from 1 to 2 stars? That's because of a research mission the eXile editors embarked on recently, revealing that if you stand around the bar talking English, drunken indie chicks will hit on you. Even though (or especially if) their boyfriends are right behind them. Some of the chicks were even hot. Ames had a blast playing sugar daddy, as only a poverty-stricken old man can, buying cheap mugs of beer for little nose-ringed dyevs. This OGI-affiliate has a much more basement indie feel than the other OGIs, which are crawling with bearded pseudo-philosophers. Cheap-O, meaning it should fill up with foreign student types, English teachers and MT employees.

**Jeers:**  
They closed the bar inside the concert hall, which means you have leave in order to get a drink. Come to think of it, in some cases that could be a cheer...Bouncers response to a fight is to deny entry to everyone across the board for days. Guess they'd rather be safe than make money. Weak bar in the concert area. No air conditioning and other environmentally friendly facilities.

**M:** Lubyanka  
**Phone:** 628-4883  
**Address:** Bolshaya Lubyanka 13/16 str. 1  
**Hours:** 24/7

Zoloto



★★★★ ★

**Cheers:**  
This place may be opening the newest hip industrial tusovka neighborhood near the Belorussky train station. eXile club reviewer Babooshka went there, he says he picked up like three young chicks while in mourning for a childhood friend that got run over. But he's usually full of shit.

**Jeers:**  
None that Babooshka told about.  
**Address:** 35, 1st Lyusinovskiy per.  
**Phone:** 237 6652  
**M:** Dobrynskaya  
**Hours:** 24/7

EROTIC

911 Club



★★★★ ★★ ★★

**Cheers:**  
eXile alert! The OG 911 in the hotel is still open! Which means U don't have far to go if you make friends. Imagine Shandra but in a small, cozy setting the size of some minigarch's living room. Lots of girls all eager to pay attention to you. Strip stage right in front of your face, couches, and rooms upstairs (one has karaoke) where you can take your favorite dancer. Drinks aren't overpriced, and the kabiney are free on Sundays, which is good news for cheap-O expats. Also entrance is for now at least free.

**Jeers:**  
While not expensive, if you're an English teacher or an editor of the eXile, then this place is out of your range.  
**M:** Leninsky Prospekt  
**Phone:** 507-2727  
**Address:** 15 Kosyguina (in the Korston hotel)  
**Hours:** 21:00 - 06:00

Bordo



★★★★ ★★ ★★

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

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

Divas



★★ ★ ★★

**Cheers:**  
eXile alert! A former Hungry Duck beau-from-Ames'-past is now a dancer here! Who says dating Ames doesn't pay?! Conveniently-located ad in this very paper for info on parties and discounts.

**Jeers:**  
Like all strip clubs, you wind up spending a lot more money than if you had stayed home to search for porn on the net.  
**Cover:** 700R  
**M:** Pushkinskaya  
**Phone:** 609-00-65; 609-00-54  
**Address:** Strastnoi Bulvar 10/2  
**Hours:** 21.00 - 6.00

NIGHT • FLIGHT



★★★★ ★★ ★★★

**Cheers:**  
eXile alert! Happy 16th, NF! A Sweet Sixteen party never looked so freakin' hot. NF should receive a medal for the amount of foreign investment it's brought to Moscow. Still the best place to remember what keeps you in Moscow. Vodka bar in the back offers about 30 types of vodka, ranging from affordable Stol to Kauffman Luxury (at R1000+ a shot!). What can we say that hasn't been said... even on slow nights your jaw will be dragging along the floor due to the sheer quantity of available babe-age. Prices have gotten relatively cheaper, when compared with inflation elsewhere. Congratulations to the fellas that put Sweden back on the map—if only they could conquer our home country, we might move back to America! So packed with awesome babes who want to get to know you (because you're so damn interesting), excellent service and genuine class. There is no single better way to spend your hard earned money than at Night Flight, even if it's not hard earned! If you have only one night in Moscow, make sure this place is on your list. Women so hot that you just want to keep them in a padded chest in your basement. No shame in showing your face: the Swedish-managed staff is discreet, professional and attentive. THE favored place for married men on business trips to visit—many have given this place "two hastily removed wedding rings up!"

**Jeers:**  
Girls start at least \$300 these days, and drive a tougher bargain. Bring back the crisis days! Lots of silicon on display these days, so you might want to try the merchandise before you buy it. If you bump into your boss, just say that you've come for the food [sic].  
**Cover:** 800R, including one drink  
**M:** Tverskaya  
**Phone:** 629-4165  
**Address:** Ul. Tverskaya 17  
**Hours:** Club 21.00 - 5.00; Restaurant 18.00 - 5.00

Shandra



★★★★ ★ ★★

**Cheers:**  
Club's constantly packed with between 25 to 50 strippers of every ethnicity imaginable: Russians, Asians, Africans, even one that looked a little Mexican. Our last visit showed them to be so thoroughly quality-controlled that even our intern was impressed. Pretty good food and the ability to order the emergency I'm-out-of-money-light for your table which alerts strippers to stay clear of your area. Yes folks, Shandra *does* care about your dignity. An eXile operative met a stripper who spoke perfect English and even read The eXile. Now that's quality.

**Jeers:**  
Look, just because we can't afford it doesn't mean we have to knock it, or does it?  
**M:** Sukharevskaya  
**Phone:** 208-0982  
**Address:** Prosvirin per. 7  
**Hours:** 20:00-6:00

Violete



★★★★ ★ ★★

**Cheers:**  
eXile alert! Has no qualms about letting in 2-drunk-2-fuck eXile editors at 3am! Cocktails mixed well, and the stogie menu really hit the spot. Yasha even managed to get one of the babe's digits! The newest addition to the Ho-ing bordello scene, Violete is exactly the place to go if you've already done Ishtar and Safari enough and you're looking for roughly the same thing but in a newer, non-sticky, cool setting. Violete has it all: scores of hot, friendly nekkid chicks, VIP kabiney with Karaoke offerings, and a highly libidinous purple hue.

**Jeers:**  
We had such a good time sitting at the bar that we pretty much forgot to go look at the strippers taking their clothes off.  
**M:** Novokuznetskaya  
**Phone:** 959-3320  
**Address:** Raushskaya Nab. 4/5  
**Hours:** Evening til morning

# EATS

**KEY** \$ = UP TO \$15.00     \$\$\$ = \$30.00 - \$50.00  
 \$\$ = \$15.00 - \$30.00     \$\$\$\$ = \$50.00 - ∞  
*(for one salad, entree, and one cocktail per person)*

## African

### Adis Ababa

**\$**  
**Cheers:**  
 The only Ethiopian restaurant in Moscow is also its best. Authentic oils and spices mean legit 'Thopian goodness in every dish. The Ghoulish Adis Ababa just about had us planning a vacation to the Horn. Every dish is spicy and filling; including decent vegetarian selection. Hoegaarten on tap. Friendly staff will occasionally play Ethiopian funk.  
**Jeers:**  
 We're not sure what it is about Ethiopian food, but for some reason you just don't really get the urge to go very often.  
**M:** Kurskaya  
**Phone:** 916-2432  
**Address:** Zemlyanoi Val, Dom 6

## American

### Correa's

**\$**  
**Cheers:**  
 eXile alert! New Correa's branch opened up near Mayakovskaya. Recent tasting affirmed a thumbs-up on the brunchfast goods. Also, the babeage factor seems to get higher and pain-ier every weekend. They've added a couple of new slammin-good omelets to their repertoire, including a great spinach and mozzarella baby that we thoroughly enjoyed. Great lunch option if you're not too hungry... all three sandwiches our table ate had us in nirvana! 5+ for the smoked turkey and goat cheese 'wich. A most awesomely delicious Buffalo Mozzarella salad (290r). Every item is a delight; in fact it might be the best breakfast offering outside of the US, if you're into the American breakfast thing (and only a barbarian wouldn't be). We tried the goat cheese and black bean omelet, and yes, it's Moscow's best. As for the dinner meals... First, the marinated olives 'n artichoke hearts. Second, the juicy Roasted beet salad with pesto, aged goat cheese and pine nuts. We didn't know beets could be so good! Third, the Terriyaki Chicken Pita with avocado and cilantro—best damn sandwich in Moscow. Fourth, the entrees. The grilled salmon with orange-soy glaze and fresh snow peas is an amazing, juicy, fresh cut that will leave you very pleased, while Strip Steak with berry-glaze and thick cut guacomole salad will satisfy your meat jones. Deli items a hit with oil-windfall Russians.  
**Jeers:**  
 For some reason babes with babies make this their favorite weekend brunchfast spot. If like us your idea of a good breakfast does not include looking at some way-too-thin-and-hot chick trying to show off her baby (the new accessory of the Russian elitny class), then like us, you'll be slightly annoyed. When we tried to order an Erdinger beer from the menu, waitress told us "we haven't had that for quite some time." Ordynka location hidden in a business park, of all places. May make you feel a little too delovoy as you search for the entrance. Seating area too small. Place has become so popular that you need to reserve hours in advance.  
**M:** 1: Belorusskya; 2: Tretyakoskaya; 3: n/a; 4: Paveletskaya 5: Mayakovskaya  
**Phone:** 1: 933-6157 2: 725-5878, 3: 729-2585, 4: 969-2113, 5: 789-9654  
**Address:** 1: Bolshaya Gruzinskaya 32; 2: Bolshaya Ordynkaya 40/2 (through the shlangbaum); 3: Rublevo-Uspenskoe Shosse 85/1, 4: Ul. Sadovnicheskaya 82 bld. 1 5: Ul. Gashka 7/1  
**Hours:** 8:00 - 22:00 weekdays, 9:00 - 22:00 weekends

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**Hours:** 8:00 - 22:00 weekdays, 9:00 - 22:00 weekends

### Flat Iron Grill

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

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

### Hard Rock Cafe

**Wi-Fi**  
**\$**  
**Cheers:**  
 Legendary burger (600r) perhaps the greatest burger this town has ever seen. Giant Angus patty, with bacon, cheese, and onion rings. Mmmmm, we you can taste your arteries clot! Hot damn, folks, that that's a hell of a breakfast special! For an amazing 100R you get three eggs any style, bacon, sausage and toast, and potatoes! Move over, Starlite! We nit you shot, folks! Also the breakfast burrito (180R) got high marks from Dr. Dolan. We had their burger and we rank it tied with Starlite for Moscow's best, save Scandinavia's gourmet burger. Huge portions, great setting that will impress your outside-the-Third-Ring date. Nachos massive and satisfying, good club sand. Non-stop music vids mean that you won't have embarrassing silent moments with your date.  
**Jeers:**  
 New menu seems to have jacked up the prices, while leaving the portions the same. All-VH1 all the time video system makes us pine for the days of Creed. They get you with the 60R "American coffee" that's espresso 'n water. There's always something... A lot of stuff, like the bacon, too salty. A lot of songs, like Creed, too shitty. Heavy American tourist presence. Place so packed now you'll probably have to wait.  
**M:** Smolenskaya  
**Phone:** 244-8970  
**Address:** Stary Arbat 44  
**Hours:** 24/7

### Starlite Diner

**Wi-Fi**  
**\$\$**  
**Cheers:**  
 eXile alert! Starlite at Mayakovskaya has reopened after a minor fire, and is now more Starlite-y than ever before. Was the fire in anyway connected with the newly installed eXile newspaper racks in their bathroom stalls? New Starlite opened up on Prospekt Vernadskovo, just a few minutes from the Universitet metro. New location, but the same great Starlite feel! Check it out. Mayakovskaya location got itself a damn pretty waitress. We just order water and stare. Discovered bagels hidden on the breakfast menu and, even if they're frozen Lenders, we ain't complaining. Get them with bacon for a tasty kosher treat! Re-affirm two howlin' pastel coyotes way up on the Southwest chicken wrap! New expand-O breakfast menu has our mouths a-waterin'! Thumbs up on the Florentine Omelet with spinach and feta. Lotsa other items look good too, like the Kamchatka Crab omelet and the pecan pancakes. Best place in town for a late night pre-bedtime burger. Is it just us, or did the omelets get incredibly tasty again over the past month? The best place to watch issues of international significance unfold. Seriously beefed up the ham&cheese! Two important points: Some of Moscow's best burgers and best breakfasts. eXile staffers agree: late night plate of nachos are vastly preferable to clubbing. The chili may not be world famous but it is yumilicious and Moscow's best. Mongolicious omelets that even tames the violent temper of Morris U. Snideman, Esq. Stomach-expanding breakfast burritos a good alternative. Milkshakes huge again, and orgasmic. Try the coffee-chocolate-oreo mix.  
**Jeers:**  
 Starlite burger ain't a 100 percent surefire hit. Previous visit revealed an undercooked, soggy patty that had a cooked-in-microwave feel to it. Kid-filled Sundays remind us why we've forced so many girls to have abortions.  
**M:** #1: Mayakovskaya #2: Oktyabrskaya #3: Universitet  
**Phone:** #1: 290-9638; #2: 959-8919; #3: 783-4037  
**Address:** #1: Sadovaya Bolshaya ul. 16; #2: Ul Korovy val. 9; #3: Pr. Vernadskogo 6  
**Hours:** 24 hours

**Arab**

## Fossil

**\$**  
**Cheers:**  
 This place could be Moscow's best Arab option. Our first round of tasting eXposed us to delicious hummus (190r), succulent babaganush (210r) and mouth watering kebab. We'll be back, so be sure to stay tuned for updates...  
**Jeers:**  
 Total lack of a dyev presence that would make the Hezbollah proud. The spinach pastries seemed to be experiencing microwave-induced soggygness. They play what could be the worst restaurant in Moscow, a blend of soothing arab techno and bad 80s music. Luckily, it ain't that loud.  
**M:** Chisty Prudy  
**Phone:** 626-4570  
**Address:** Ul. Myasnitskaya 24/1 str. 1

## Asian

### Aromatnaya Reka

**\$**  
**Cheers:**  
 eXile boku alert! This place serves it up real and tasty every freakin' time. Just tried the fresh spring rolls and they are the best in town. While the pho won't rock your world, it will keep you coming back. Meee sooo huuungry! AR's housed in a now-defunct "Americana" gay/transvestite cabaret, but don't be fooled by its new location. The waiters may be effeminate, but the cuisine is straight Viet Cong. Tasty springrolls, good noodles, pho and just about every other Vietnamese dish is as close as you'll get to perfection this side of Laos. Ho Chi Minh would be proud. And the food's so reasonably priced, even the Vietnamese could afford to eat here.  
**Jeers:**  
 If we jeered, we'd only be showing that Americans are sore losers. So we'll go ahead and do that by saying: Don't bother ordering the steamed spring rolls or the grilled eel wrapped in spinach.  
**M:** Baumanskaya  
**Phone:** 267-3190  
**Address:** Takmanov per. 11

### Spicy

**\$\$-5**  
**Cheers:**  
 Holy shit! A new Chinese/Thai place calling itself Spicy! Could this be the answer to our prayers?  
**Jeers:**  
 No! Place should be called ass-y, as the only feeling we were left with was sadness over our utterly bland meal. Not one piece of food had any flavor to it whatsoever, let alone any spice. Couldn't find the Thai portion of the menu and later heard a rumor that it sucked so bad, they dropped it almost immediately. Too bad they didn't do the same for the Chinese part. There's a good chance their kitchen is infected by the assness of Pourboire up the street.  
**M:** Belorusskaya  
**Phone:** 766-2222  
**Address:** Ul. Krasina 27, str. 1

### Maki Kafe

**\$**  
**Cheers:**  
 One of the top spots in central Moscow for surprisingly delicious food at surprisingly not-ridiculously-expensive prices. Good place to take a dyev-date. The Thai coconut soup, milkshakes, salads and even sushi rolls rank high with us or dyevs we've been there with. And oh does Maki have a lotta dyevs to maki up. Not that we ever would, but if you're one of those peacock-pickup artist douchebags, then you'll find plenty of girls here to laugh at you. High ceilings, spare wood interior make this unlike most pseudo-mod shitholes. All in all, we likes it.  
**Jeers:**  
 People tend to think this place is better than it is. Just have reasonable expectations. In life, as well as in Maki visiting.  
**M:** Pushkinskaya  
**Phone:** 692-9731  
**Address:** Glinshevskii Pereulok 3  
**Hours:** Mon-Thurs 12:00 - 00:00, Fri-Sat 12:00 - 05:00

### Vietcafe

**\$**  
**Cheers:**  
 Rockin' Vietnamese food in the very center! Hard to pronounce anything on the menu, but we'd have a hard time complaining about it either. Fo ga (160R) and pho bo (180R) soups were giant-sized and rocked our world. Mains weren't too shabby either. Babe waitresses in elegant Asian gowns gave us chubbies.  
**Jeers:**  
 B-lunch is Evro. Why would you want to go to a Vietnamese place and eat evro? We failed to find the promised chicken and pork in our Fo Sao Tkhit, instead finding it stuffed with shrimp (which wasn't so bad). If you really want good Vietnamese, you have to go to a rymok.  
**M:** Okhotny Ryad  
**Phone:** 629-1104, 629-0830  
**Address:** Gazetny Per. 3

## Yoko

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

## Balkan

### Mehana Bansko

**Wi-Fi**  
**\$\$**  
**Cheers:**  
 eXile arson alert! Last we've heard, this place was charred like an over-grilled pork rhind. Strong buy recommendation for Mehana's business lunch, perhaps the best in town. Four hearty courses; they do terrestrial-meat-eating something satisfying. Stuffed eggplant options in Moscow, and what may be the best bereg—red peppered in vodka and soy a hit with Russkies.  
**Jeers:**  
 Don't touch the Bulgarian pastries, for the love of God! The fact that the veal stuffed with bacon and peppers looks like a dildo doesn't hide the fact that the dish is a bit bland.  
**M:** Smolenskaya  
**Phone:** 244-7387  
**Address:** Smolenskaya 9/1

### Yugos

**Wi-Fi**  
**\$\$**  
**Cheers:**  
 With Budva dissolving like Tito's Yugoslavia, we've transferred our loyalties to Yugos, easily the most popular Serbian food for Serbians in town. It's one of those places where you'll be glad they list the weight of the portions... we're talking serious piles of meat here, folks. Whole cow farms get sacrificed here on an average night. Serbian habit of shouting greetings across the dining room adds to authenticity. The pleskavitsa (R280) and the chevapchichi (R220) lovingly grilled and famously tasty. If you order in advance, they'll prepare a four-person banquet for less than 1000 rubles, and we're betting there's enough food to feed 8. XXXL-sized chef shows that she's not one the chef, she's also a customer. Best shopsky salad (R99) we've ever had in a place that hasn't been bombed by NATO. Atkins dieters will think they died and went to heaven.  
**Jeers:**  
 Kind of a hassle to get to. Gypsy concerts on Fridays might be a little much. War criminals welcomed. Fries tasted like they'd been chewed up and spit out already.  
**M:** Taganskaya  
**Phone:**  
**Address:** Nikoloyamskaya 40/22 str. 4

## Cafes

### Bookafe

**\$**  
**Cheers:**  
 The best cafe food in Moscow, hands-down. We've liked everything we tried here, and believe you us, we were expecting to sneer. The blinding Juicyfruit colors may be annoying, but they attract plenty of quality dyevs. The spinach and pesto salad is an expensive favorite (450r), the quesadillas (230r) are larger and tastier than you'd think, and even the cheeseecake rocks. Dyevs say that the sushi is good, and they offer free wi-fi and plugs o'plenty.  
**Jeers:**  
 We'd jeer the pretentious photography and design books, except that they're a good way to keep your date entertained without having to talk to her.  
**M:** Tsvetnoi Bulvar  
**Phone:** 694-0356  
**Address:** Sadovaya Samotechnaya 13  
**Hours:** 11:00 - 02:00

### Respublika

**\$**  
**Cheers:**  
 This hip little pink-colored cafe in the second-floor bowels of the Respublika book and music store is easy to miss, or overlook. But the soups, salads, and pasta dishes are surprisingly solid and the milk shakes are delish. The coffee goes especially well

with the free wifi. Worth sitting down for a few the next time your picking up a CD. People do still buy CDs, right?

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

### Kvartira 44

**\$**  
**Cheers:**  
 The perfect boho alternative to Mayak if you're in the Nikitskaya hood, Kvartira 44 has an appropriately musty feel and second-hand furniture motif to go with its high bearded-intelligentsia-clientele factor. Offerings are cheap and not all that good, but it's a therapeutic way to escape the usual crass 'n flashy Moscow-Boomtown places.  
**Jeers:**  
 Like we said, High Bearded Intelligentsia Factor, as well as weary women with shawls around their shoulders. Also too many journalists and yuppies who believe that they're actually complex and artistic. Can be crowded.  
**M:** Pushkinskaya  
**Phone:** 291-7503  
**Address:** Bolshaya Nikitskaya 22/2  
**Hours:** 12:00 - 02:00

## Caucasian

### Dioscuria

**\$**  
**Cheers:**  
 Stick with the basics—lobio, eggplant roulette and dolma—and you can't go wrong. Ruble prices unaffected by Moscow boom, making Dioscuria one of the greatest bargains around! Almost as cheap as Guriya, but thrice the quality. One taste of their sturgeon shashlik or Adzharian khachapuri (with a fried egg in the middle) and you'll be hooked. The delicious lavash bread comes piping hot, perfect for sopping up leftover juices.  
**Jeers:**  
 Wild fluctuations in quality remind us of the Nasdaq. Recent lulya kebab served blackened on the outside, raw on the inside and apparently deep fried. Still has deafening live music sung on weekend evenings. Menu doesn't quite have all the favorites (meaning dolma); sometimes the backroom mafia feel is a bit too realistic.  
**M:** Arbatskaya  
**Phone:** 291-3759  
**Address:** Nikitski Bulvar dom 5, str. 1 (through the post office arch off Novy Arbat)  
**Hours:** 11:00 - 23:00

### Genatsvale

**\$\$**  
**Cheers:**  
 eXile alert! Ames recently visited here, comping a free menu to various retired tourists. The Arbat location is pretty gauche, but it's also pretty tasty. Bill came to \$40 a head, but the food was as good as any Georgian fare. Recent visit reaffirms that Genatsvale is good, but the prices have doubled. Delish veal shashlik. Quick service, excellent khachapuri (100R), decent harcho (120R) and mighty succulent chicken shashlick (180R). Excellent prices, a great Val-U. Also serves a massive variety of lamb and pork dishes, including ribs, knuckle, shashliki, and things we've never heard of.  
**Jeers:**  
 Prices have shot way up. Hot red lobio tasted like canned Rosarita refritos, only not as good. Lamb chunks in harcho tasted like buffalo chips. Monster PA speakers blast at night; to avoid it, you have to sit at dwarf tables in the back. Expect tables packed with black-clad Georgians giving 10-minute toasts in which all guests have to stand with tired arms holding up shaky glasses of vodka.  
**M:** Kropotkinskaya  
**Phone:** 202-0445  
**Address:** Ostozhenka 12/1  
**Hours:** 11:00 - midnite

### Metekhi

**\$**  
**Cheers:**  
 eXile alert! Reaffirm on food here after recent visit. Tasty shashliki, among the best khachapuri, esp the "Metekhi Khachapuri" with 2bl cheese. Still an eXile favorite. Came here with a Georgian born in Metekhi, and it made him homesick. It's THAT good, folks! Red and green lobio that actually contains fresh ingredients. All the taste of the best Georgian places without the slow service and gloomy decor.  
**Jeers:**  
 Lamb shashlik a bit too fatty. Not easy to find - it's on a small side street. Cheery decor may make you feel this can't possibly be a Georgian restaurant.  
**M:** Tsvetnoi Bulvar  
**Phone:** 200-0837  
**Address:** 1-i Kolobovskiy Per. 11  
**Hours:** 11:00 - 23:00

**Women's Day at Starlite Diner.**  
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## EATS REVIEW

### WINE-O-MITE!

*VinoSyrr blows up the wine bar competition.*



*By Tofer Lamont*

VinoSyr is one of those places I walked by a thousand times before curiosity finally got the better of me. After innumerable passes, I finally stopped in my tracks and said, out loud, "I wonder just what exactly it is that goes on down there..." I don't know why it took me so long. The sign is eye-level and inviting enough. And like everybody I like wine and cheese. But for some reason I just never went in. Maybe it's a primordial fear of caves, of walking down strange stairs in the relative dark.

The first time I ever passed VinoSyr was probably my first week in Moscow, back in late 2006, when I made my maiden voyage to the nearby European Medical Center to get a suspicious pink splotch on my upper thigh checked out. It was a memorable first visit to the neighborhood. For 7,000 roubles, a kindly Frenchman informed me had jock itch and recommend I change my underwear more often. Had I known about VinoSyr and self-diagnosed myself accurately, I could have spent that money a lot better on a long grapy night in the wine bar around the corner.

Located just under the arch at Pushkinkaya and diagonally across from Scandanavia, VinoSyr is a rare bird in this town: an extremely chill and affordable wine and cheese bar. Which is exactly as owner and resident wine expert Anatoly Sokolov intended it. "The philosophy here is to provide wines with the best quality-to-price ratio," he told me on a recent visit. "This is why we stock mostly Spanish wines, which tend to be the best for the price. We also have a lot of Italian labels."

A bottle at VinoSyr starts at around 600r and scales up to 4,000r. Altogether there are 150 wines stacked in the state of the art climate-controlled cellar. For people looking to learn more about wine, low-key tastings will be scheduled starting this spring.

The food menu also tilts heavily in the direction of Spain. Cheese platters (230 - 350r) and meat plates (380r) featuring jamon will keep a party of two busy nibbling while they drain their bottle. Also recommended are the bowls of delicious jumbo Spanish olives and plates of flattened red peppers. Dishes of honey come with the stickier blue cheeses, which Sokolov says adds to the cheese's texture, which it does. But personally I like the way it makes blue cheese taste more like honey, and less like stinky blue cheese, a taste I still haven't acquired and doubt I ever will.

Along with the prices, the de'cor at VinoSyr is another aspect of the place that is refreshing in this town. It's classy and low-key, with wine labels plastered on walls and exposed leaking water pipes encased in glass incorporated into the design. In case your date bores you to death or you just get tired of talking, soundless plasma screens show films worth looking at, from nature documentary fare like Baraka and Migration, to the silent-era films of Charlie Chaplin and the early French experimentalists. The stereo usually spills forth mellow Spanish vocal music. Until, that is, the inimitable bow-tied Valentin Baklanov cranks up his keyboard and lays down recorded bass and drum lines. Boklanov is a well-respected Russian jazz pianist who has been around a few blocks. His virtual trio plays most weeknights. Tips and requests are encouraged; throwing olives is not.

Whatever's going on in the background at VinoSyr, it's always possible to hear yourself. When the eXile finally gets around to publishing an annual "Best of Moscow" issue, VinoSyr will probably get "Best Place to Have a Good Conversation and a Good Bottle of Wine Without Sliding into 'Cheesy Intimate' Territory or Spending Your Entire Paycheck."

In other words, this is a cozy and recommended date spot. If there is any chemistry at all between two people, it is hard to imagine a two- or three-bottle night at VinoSyr not leading back to the nearest bedroom. If that first date should result in a suspicious splotch on your inner thigh, you can always get it checked out on the way to your second VinoSyr date. The EMC is just around the corner.

*This spring VinoSyr will host expert-moderated wine tastings every Wednesday night. It is open from 6 p.m. to 6 a.m. every day of the week.*

**VinoSyr**  
**Address:** Malyi Palashevsky pereulok 6  
**Phone:** 739-1045  
**Metro:** Pushkinskaya  
**Web:** www.vinosyr.ru

eXile alert! This might be the only place in town you and your Russian dyev can agree on. Thumbs-up for the Caesar Salad (185r). Our Russian date enjoyed the California Rolls (295r). Good option when you're sick of Starlite but don't want something too fancy. Delicious salads and dumplings. Has quietly become one of our favorite places when it comes to finding that point between interesting food, good prices, and cool atmosphere. Try the tuna roll salad, the Thai stirfry, and anything with duck. Cute waitresses, strange chrome bathrooms, and plenty of lookers. Good biz lunch.

#### Jeers:

They pack you in a bit too close, meaning you can't reveal state secrets without everyone listening in. Service is still sometimes a bit off. Don't order the milkshakes. They could use a shake up of their crappy Belgian beer list.

**M:** Mayakovskaya  
**Phone:** 299-5519

**Address:** Ul. Sadovaya Triumfalnaya d. 2/30 Str. 1 (across from the Am Bar&Grill)  
**Hours:** 11:00 - 02:00

### Prado

\$\$-\$

#### Cheers:

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

#### Jeers:

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

**M:** Kitai-Gorod

**Phone:** 784-6969

**Address:** Slavjanskaya Ploshad 2

## European

### Aist

\$\$\$\$

#### Cheers:

We were treated to a meal here by an Anal-Lister who shall remain nameless for the next 6 months! The place to go for oligarch sightings (there's a schul next store). We were seated next to Freidman last week. Roof garden done right. Say what you will about Novikov, he finds great chefs. Even the shashlyk's frickin' great. Best mojito ever. The high-priced has trawling for sugar-daddies even give bums like us the once-over by virtue of the fact that we got a table.

#### Jeers:

Uppity waiter had to be reminded to refresh our drinks. Folks, this ain't something you wanna be doing for a \$100 biz lunch. The \$50 duck was dry, which just ain't cool. You'll want to get out of your Zhiguli gypsy cab about 20 meters before the entrance or you'll be a laughing stock.

**M:** Pushkinskaya

**Phone:** 736-91-31/32

**Address:** M. Bronnaya 8/1

**Hours:** 12:00 - 24:00

### Apple Restaurant

\$\$\$

#### Cheers:

The Apple Bar and Restaurant is open to non-guests at the Golden Apple, "Moscow's only boutique hotel," and it's a good thing, too. This sleek space is perfect for a mellow and delicious dinner. An imaginative and tasty take on the European fusion menu, the Apple is strong on seafood and offers more pumpkin themed dishes than any place in town. Great cocktails, attentive staff, good music. Their Raspberry Lamponi was our favorite cocktail last summer.

#### Jeers:

You can't afford a room in the hotel but have to eat next to people who can.

**M:** Teatralnaya

**Phone:** 928-7602

**Address:** 8/10 Neglinnaya Ul.

### ArteFAQ



\$\$

#### Cheers:

Like Tofer said in last issue's review, this place is "art fag-a-licious"—for art fags that is. For the rest of us, this place is pretty darn good. Started by the people behind FAQ, this place had dependably good food and cheap-o, well-mixed drinks. It's affordable evro-fusion that tries to have some class. Oh yeah, and the plexi-glass floor of the balcony means you can see girly panties just by looking up from your barstool.

#### Jeers:

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

**M:** Chekovskaya/Pushkinskaya

**Phone:** 650-3971

**Address:** Bolshaya Dmitrovka 52

**Hours:** 12:00 - 24:00

**www.artefaq.ru**

### The Apartment

\$\$\$

#### Cheers:

Hip wine-bar downstairs, kewl SoHo-style loft upstairs. Menu's not pretentious, but everything's damn good. A welcome break from Novikov copy-cats that are always trying for impossibly complex food to show off that they know ingredients like broccoli di rape. For most of us, their Thanksgiving feast was a first introduction... and most of us agree, it was absolutely d-lightful! In a novel approach in Moscow, Apartment is going for ambience over food. While everything we ate rocks, the menu's supposed to fit the place rather than visa-versa. The chef's a fish specialist trained in France, and you can feel safe eating it here. They've almost made a cult of freshness here. Chill, homey mood, even if this is a favorite among the elite. Great leather chairs and a ghetto for cigar smokers.

#### Jeers:

We know this is an up-n-comin' hood and all, but it's a pain in the ass to get to. Welcome to new Moscow, where if you want to eat well, you've got to drop a C-note.

**M:** Kievskaya

**Phone:** 518-6060

**Address:** Savinskaya Nab. 21

**Hours:** 12:00 - last client

### Dantes

\$\$

#### Cheers:

Yasha's totally neg review a few issues ago was way off. Hands down, Dantes is the best new affordable restaurant in Moscow. It has the best fried noodles this side of the Great Wall and at 300 rubles, cheap by Moscow standards, too. The 170 rubble house red isn't that bad. They serve decent evro food and sushi to keep your date happy. Open 24 hours. Has WiFi. Get here before they jack up the prices.

#### Jeers:

Skimpy eurofag Steak & Eggs breakfast less satisfying than a negative-calorie rice cracker. They charge 300 rubles for four pieces of dim sum. The Caesar salad is not recommended. We had the most unsavory pork dish the day after Putin named Medvedev his successor. Also, the little potato spheres served on the side were too dry and the bread stale. Is Dantes losing its touch, or has food stopped tasting so good now that we know the Putin-era is coming to an end?

**M:** Lubyanka

**Phone:** 621-4688

**Address:** Myasnikskaya 13-3

**Hours:** always

### Eat & Talk

\$\$

#### Cheers:

Located in the lobby of a small business center, this place is a good choice for biz lunch or grabbing a nightcap at 5 a.m. It has three big things going for it: location, big buffet, and vibe. Situated next door next to Zhurfak, E&T is constantly filled with cute journalism students. Free wifi, accessible plugs and central location. They just opened a new, nicely designed Irish pub down the hall that is the only place in town to get Guinness Extra Cold.

#### Jeers:

The seats in the VIP room looked like they were designed for getting some serious work done on your laptop, but turned out to be way too high for comfort.

**M:** Biblioteka

**Phone:** 961-3101

**Address:** Mochovaya 7

**Hour:** 24/7

### El Parador

\$\$

#### Cheers:

When you have a hankering for jamon, the thinly sliced leg meat from the Iberian black pig, this is the place to go. The chef may have a Russian passport, but his heart is Spanish. The jewel of the desert menu is the rich and almondy Tarta de Santiago. Eat it and weep tears of Spanish butter.

#### Jeers:

Flamenco musicians take to the small stage only after at 8pm, which is good if you're on a date and don't are willing to endure anything but conversation, but annoying if you're just trying to eat.

**M:** Tverskaya

**Phone:** 650-1623

**Address:** Tverskaya ul 12/2 (entrance on Kozitsky)

**Hour:** Lunch 'til dinner

### Guylian Cafe

\$\$

#### Cheers:

eXile alert! Totally not the sucky ass-flavored food you remember! New menu is simply delightful, thanks to director Chantelle and three-star chef Peter Goosens. Will satisfy all your Flemish desires. Waterzoi Soup (375r) quite possibly the best soup in this city. Coquilles St. Jacques scallops dish (650r) simply orgasmic. Large selection of Belgian beers.

#### Jeers:

Although everything on the menu is good, there's a strong chance you'll end up eyeing your date's dish with envy, wondering if it's somehow better. Furniture lame and reminiscent of 70s Woody Allen movies.

**M:** Teatralnaya

**Phone:** 928-7602

**Address:** 8/10 Neglinnaya Ul.

### GQ Bar

\$\$\$

#### Cheers:

New place to go for those of you sick of Vogue Cafe. Probably the trendiest place in town for those who are willing to throw down loot and not care about it. True gentleman Ames was impressed by the food's quality, and found it fun to eat Evro-food with chopsticks. Three enormous halls should make it E-Z to get a reservation.

#### Jeers:

Way pricey. eXile editors can't afford to eat here unless someone else foots the bill. For being a bar, there sure aren't many people drinking themselves stupid. Then again, with Grey Goose running 380R a shot, who can afford to? You might run into Russian movie stars and their entourage on your way out of the pisser.

**M:** Tretyakovskaya

**Phone:** 956-7775

**Address:** Balchug Ul. 5

**Hours:** 24 hours

### Los Bandidos

\$\$\$

#### Cheers:

Excellent hamon (690R+) and more than one great paella (de pollo for 790R, and de cordero for 890R). It's a spinoff of the famous Spanish restaurant of the same name outside of Marbella; the head chef in Moscow is an import from there. Real Andalusian cured hams that hang from hooks from the ceiling, highly professional service without being intrusive. Gazpacho delicioso, but at 12 dolares its loco.

#### Jeers:

Pulled the old "we're out of all the wines cheaper than 3100R, sir" ruse on our last visit. Who would want to eat Spanish food unless it's a tapas bar in New York or LA? Wildly overpriced but solid quality that makes you feel like you're in a fancy, overpriced West European restaurant rather than one here.

**M:** Tretyakovskaya

**Phone:** 953-0466

**Address:** Bol. Ordynka 7

**Hours:** 12:00 - the last chico

### Mulat Tomas

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#### Cheers:

eXile alert! Great place for quiet late-night dining in style. Get started with the free and tasty bread, then move onto the gigantic soups (c200R), which was more than enough to fill some of us up. For those still hungry, the veal mignon (790R) was divine, and the spaghetti with seafood (490R) got high marks. The sexiest new restaurant/cafe/tusovka in Moscow, opened up by the good folks who brought us Ketama, Shyolk, and the late Mesto Vstreichi. Here you enter a den of sin, with plush blue velvet and heavy draw-drapes to close your booth. Delicious, simple menu at reasonable prices. Try the soups, the fresh-baked breads and pirozhki, delicious salads, nice choice of mains. So far no complaints, expect it to be a popular place soon.

#### Jeers:

Although service was more or less great and unobtrusive, the waiter had the tendency to disappear at the moments you really needed him. Don't go here with your ex-wife. Or your wife, for that matter, unless you're the type who still sleeps with his wife. We prefer the meat mains to the fishy mains.

**M:** Chekhovskaya

**Phone:** 694-6252

**Address:** Bolshaya Dmitrovka d.17

**Hours:** Always

### Ogni

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#### Cheers:

Ogni comes from the Discreet Charm folks, and it's already drawing a strong crowd of 20-something professionals. Kamchatcka Crab salad (300R) was a hit, as was the fact that they serve you .5l mineral waters for 60r.

#### Jeers:

Otherwise the food is nothing to email home about. Rudnitsky was so incensed by the New Yuppie crowd of once-interesting Russians behaving as dull and bland as Americans that he went out and got married just so he could have a wife to beat.

**M:** Sukharevskaya

**Phone:** 207-1222

**Address:** M. Sukharevskaya pl. 8

**Hours:** Always

### Pilsner Urquell

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#### Cheers:

eXile alert! Recent thumbs-up for the reliably greasy and good-sized portions at fair prices. Zaitchik praised the Cvicikova meat 'n dumplings extravaganza (390R), while we found the smoked chicken a bah-gain at 325 rubles, though we didn't feel too hot afterwards. This chain is expanding quicker than Flounder's waistline! Newish Pokrovka location just like the original: good, cheap beer, and lots of greasy beer food. We really dug the semi-spicy sliced chicken dish (275r). Just about the only place in town where you can say, "Czech, please!" Cheapish new Czech pub at a prominent Mayakovskaya location is solidly mediocre... just like you'd expect from the Czechs. Stick to the sausages and beer (0.5l for 75-110R), and you should have a good time of it.

#### Jeers:

For some reason patrons here seem to be in a frantic race to lower Russia's life expectancy even lower than the current 58 years, as nearly every client smoked not just foul cigarettes, but also cigars and pipes. Pipes! Can't someone just gong these idiots who smoke pipes?! What fucking century do these asses think we're living in?! Agh! Coming here frequently will turn make your belly look American. Rude hostess nearly tackled us on our way up the stairs because we neglected to tell her that we had friends waiting for us. Our 'medium rare' steak was burnt to a crisp. When was the last time you craved Czech food? Exactly.

**M:** 1: Mayakovskaya, 2: Kitai Gorod

**Phone:** 1: 251-2023, 2: 624-7003

**Address:** 1: 1st Tverskaya Yamskaya 1, 2: Pokrovka 15/16

**Hours:** noon-midnight

### The Real McCoy



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#### Cheers:

eXile alert! We think we saw the famed baguette de Paris sandwich back on the menu...but we left too drunk to remember. Service has been more-or-less prompt on recent weeknight visits. Always surprises us that the food is so good! And you can easily do dinner for two with booze for under 1,000R! Portion gigantized, filling you up without letting you down. Kickin' business lunch deal. Succulent salmon filet made Schrek feel like he was back living next to the Pacific Ocean. Spaghetti carbonara was good by Italian standards—for 210 rubles, and at 5:30 in the morning! You can also get big slabs o' meat (R400-R700) that actually come rare if you want 'em to. Don't try anything too fancy and you'll walk away completely sated. Did we mention it's the best bar in town?

#### Jeers:

eXile alert! Former fave 3 Amigos sampler plate now total sucks ass. Chicken wings absolutely unedible—

### Tiflis

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#### Cheers:

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

#### Jeers:

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

**M:** Park Kultury

**Phone:** 8-499-766-9728

**Address:** Ostozhenka 32

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

## Eclectic

### Casual

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we think they may have spent more time on the grill than on the actual chicken. Service so bad on a recent Saturday afternoon visit, we were forced to call the manager from our cell phone in order to get a waiter to stop watching soccer and take our order. We have the feeling that the high quality of the food probably doesn't hold up at drunken 6AM visits. High US embassy spook factor. Spicy the Mexican food is not. The chick-pea and lamb soup (R180) needs to meet a blender.

**M:** Barrikadnaya
**Phone:** 255-41-44
**Address:** Kudrinskaya pl. 1 (in the Stalin sky-scraper)
**Hours:** Always

## Tapas de Comida



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**Cheers:**

eXile alert! If you're looking for a different summer veranda to dine at, definitely give Tapas a try. Two big thumbs-ups for the Gazpacho (140r) and the Sangria, which rawqs. Pig out on the gigantic Mixed Grill, a steal at 1100 rubles when you see the portions we're talking about. Two of us still had to take a doggie bag. The food here's great, with our favorites including the salmon seviceh (R190), the beef filet salad (R400), and the rabbit. Great sliced meats and a surprisingly good cheese plate (R 480) well worth it, featuring the not-to-be-missed drunken goat cheese. Downstairs in the tapas room rawks! Totally laid back atmosphere where you can simply point to what you want at the tapas bar. Plenty of Spanish tapas and, for your chauvanistic Russian friends, plenty of Ruscky-style tapas. Best bits include various sliced meats (although chirizo could be spicier...), smoked salmon, fresh-made bread, and a shrimp dish whose name we don't remember. The format seems to be a real hit among xPats, and we counted three tables of 'em on a recent visit. As always with places run by the folks at McCoy, killer cocktails... but you might actually be able to walk rather than crawl out of this one. Great drinks menu, including smooth cognac like "kheres" for only R120/75g and tasty, funky sangria by the liter.

**Jeers:**

Things to avoid: salmon suffle, the chicken liver, and drinking here until 4. Tapas only served on the first floor.

**M:** Tsvetnoi Bulvar
**Phone:** 208-2007
**Address:** Trubnaya ul. 20/2 str. 3
**Hours:** Always

## Uncle Guilly's

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**Cheers:**

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

**Jeers:**

Thanksgiving meal was capped with... fruit cake! We decided to have a shot of absenthe instead. 100 rubles for those little sampler Cokes? This is not a nice uncl! Gave free cherry pie to Americans and U.S. Embassy employees for President's Day.

**M:** Pushkinskaya
**Phone:** 229-2050
**Address:** Stoleshnikov per. 6, str. 1
**Hours:** 12:00 - 24:00

# Indian

## Adzhanta

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**Cheers:**

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

**Jeers:**

Why are all the waiters dark-skinned?

**M:** Ulitsa 1905
**Phone:** 609-3925, 609-3701
**Address:** M. Gruzinskaya 23
**Hours:** 12:00 - midnight

## Darbar

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**Cheers:**

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

**Jeers:**

The music that accompanies the dancers that pop out of the wall every half hour is a little loud. But at least it's over in two minutes.
**M:** Leninsky Prospekt
**Phone:** 930-2925, 930-2365
**Address:** Leninsky Pr. 38 (Top Floor of Hotel Sputnik)
**Hours:** 12:00 - midnight

## Juggernaut



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**Cheers:**

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

**Jeers:**

Many patrons have that kind of depressed, sallow complexion that makes us want to b-line it to Mickey-D's for a Big Tasty. The place has a grim Berkeley vibe until dinnertime, when the staff perks right up and the portions get bigger. Lack of booze takes the whole health-food thing a bit too far. We could really do with- out the overweight belly dancers.

**M:** Kuznetsky Most
**Phone:** 928-3580
**Address:** Kuznetsky Most 11
**Hours:** 10.00 - 23.00

## Khajuraho

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**Cheers:**

Killer Indian food, with tons of vegetarian options, and lots of copulating statues spread throughout the dining room. What more could you ask for? How's about some of Moscow's best belly dancers? Host to Dr. Dolan's tear-filled going away party, when we tried most of the menu, and loved it all. We especially recom- mend the palak paneer, tandoor dishes and just about anything with lamb in it.

**Jeers:**

Food was rather on the bland side on our last visit. Ear- shattering music accompanies a belly dancer who isn't much of a babe. How is it that Moscow's got so many great Indian options when just about every other ethnic joint in town deserves an ass? We resent having to make choices, and they don't bode well for Putin's attempt to restore order in Russia.

**M:** Ul. 1905 goda
**Phone:** 256-8136; 256-7202
**Address:** Shmitovskiy proezd 14

**Hours:** 12.00 - 'til the last guest

## Maharajah

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**Cheers:**

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

**Jeers:**

Told us with scorn that there are cheap items on the menu when we asked if they had a biz lunch. It's in a basement. Naan is not great.

**M:** Kitai Gorod
**Phone:** 621-9844; 621-7758
**Address:** Pokrovka 2/1
**Hours:** 12.00 - midnight

## Tandoor

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**Cheers:**

Last visit gave us a dinner that is about as transcen- dental as they come. Packed full of Indians, eXholes, and the occasional Russian. Recent visit confirmed a big turban up on the palak paneer, samosas, and the awesome murg malai chicken tikka. Biz lunch a rockin' good deal for R300, with more savory courses than we can count...and we've never tried the executive ver- sion. The prawn masala (600r) is fantastic, succulent, and the Rosh Josh lamb dish (460r) makes us realize the even if the "one dish down with 4" lamb, we'll eat that lamb, so TECHNический ay. Excellent kebab platter /fisher beer, though it ain't ПЕРЕПЫ tuffed breads earn all four /dras chicken (420R) spiced to your tastes is so good, we don't know why you'd want to order anything else. Excellent ser- vice makes you feel like a Raj overlord.

**Jeers:**

Cost of plain, steamed rice is upwards of \$5, which is roughly the same cost of an entire acre of rice fields. Expat presence means you might be forced to listen to two British old maids fight over the bill at the next table. Naan bread with peas a little lame; stick to garlic nan. The toilet in the concert hall area is pretty foul.

**M:** Mayakovskaya
**Phone:** 299-8062
**Address:** Tverskaya ul. 31 (inside the Chaikovsky concert hall, near Deli France)
**Hour:** 12.00 - 23.00

## Vostochnaya Komnata

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**Cheers:**

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

**Jeers:**

Belly dancer not "all that." Sitting near the bar does not get you quicker drink service. Long Island Ice Tea mysteriously served sans ice. Brought our appetizer out long after we'd already finished our mains. Tabbouleh was weak. Dishes tend to be spiced for the Russian pallet unless you tell them in advance to spice it up.

**M:** Smolenskaya
**Phone:** 937-8423
**Hours:** 12.00 - 24.00
**Address:** Smolensky Ploschad 3 (Smolensky Passazh, down the pereulok on the right)

# Italian

## Cantinetta Antinori

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**Cheers:**

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

**Jeers:**

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

**M:** Smolenskaya
**Phone:** 241-3771
**Hours:** 12.00 - 24.00
**Address:** Denezhny per. 20

## Capriccio's

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**Cheers:**

This multi-level Italian joint is really two restuarants in one: a lounge pizzeria at street level, and a warm and cozy traditional Italian eatery downstairs. The young Russian chef is serious about his Italiano, and the pasta and Italian desert menus are solid across the board. Lots of Italian wines to choose from, which are better than similarly priced French wines. The seafood dishes are especially out-of-this-world good.

**Jeers:**

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

**M:** Sukharevskaya
**Phone:** 518-1380
**Address:** Prospect Mira 5
www.capriccio.ru

## Dorian Gray

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**Cheers:**

Some people just know Dorian Gray as the Italian place where that guy got shot in the middle of dinner rush back in the late 90s. These days the hearty Italian restaurant with the literary British name is a more sub- dued place, where the only thing dying a Sicilian death is your hunger. This is the real southern Italian deal, straight through the gloriously sushi-less menu and on into the kitchen, which the knowledgeable Croatian owner keeps stocked with prize Sicilian chefs. Moscow's O.G. Italiano cucine, the food at Dorian Gray is so authentic and so fresh that it has no right to be this affordable. It's not cheap, but it's not expensive, either. Quality Italian for the people--that should be their motto. Situated right across from the Kremlin on the water, Dorian was one of Vladimir Putin's favorite lunch spots before he became a famous pop star. And it's still full of government heavies at midday, including a certain Mr. Medvedev. The one time we saw him eat here, he was enjoying a pasta dish with pesto and (real) Sakhalin crab and some squid capaccio. We ordered the same thing and were glad we did.

**Jeers:**

They make the bread every few hours and serve it fresh with a choice of oils and butters, including a tuna but- ter so good it's hard not to fill up on bread before the main. Putin sometimes still seen eating here poorly disguised in Groucho Marx nose-mustache-and-glass- es.

**M:** Tretyakovskaya
**Phone:** 238-6401
**Address:** Kadashevskaya 6/1

## ‘Gusto

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**Cheers:**

Claims to offer fine dining in a casual atmosphere, right on Kamergersky! English-language menu a nice touch. Pizzas looked tasty.

**Jeers:**

Where to begin...our ravioli reminded us more of pel- men. Pasta cooked to Russian standards of tough- ness. Both our taglietelli in beer sauce (340R) and our date's spaghetti with chicken (330R) were sitting like rocks in our stomach after an h our. Has awful live music cranked to 11. For your money, you're better off heading next door to Pinocchio.

**M:** Okhotny Ryad
**Phone:** 209-6922
**Address:** Kamergersky per. 5

## La Grotta

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**Cheers:**

We used to like this place for its reasonable prices, its unpretentious atmopshere, and the fact that other Italians liked it too...

**Jeers:**

So we went there recently for the first time in years, and found that the times at La Grotta have a-changed indeed. Prices were absurd, the atmosphere depress- ing, and worst of all, three items we ordered weren't available. So we got up and left. Atsa da matta for you!
**M:** Pushkinskaya
**Phone:** 694-30-57
**Address:** Bolshaya Bronnaya 27/4

## Mario

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**Cheers:**

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

THE place for oligarchs and oligarchabies.

**Jeers:**

Recent visit had awful service and just about the cheesiest, shittiest lounge singer we've heard in years. Penne with salmon wasn't all that. Almost got shot by jittery guards after walking too close to a client. Customers fond of bringing in their groomed poodles in designer pakety.

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

## Mi Piace

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**Cheers:**

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

**Jeers:**

Imagine a third-rate Middle American "Italian" restau- rant in some shitty suburb, then triple the prices, half the portions and the quality, and voila! You have Mi Piace. If you are a regular here, then you should be sterilized.

**Address:** More Mi Piacers in town than tochkas, so we're not going to list them.

## Pasta Della Mama



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**Cheers:**

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

**Jeers:**

Didn't another renovating previous restaurant, Borgo. Overpriced and a bit pretentious for what it is. Service a bit spotty. Crowd tends to the pafos. One foul woman talked loudly in bad English the whole time to her suit- or/boss. Don't bring bread automatically. When we asked for Tabasco sauce, they brought us Tabasco Soy Sauce, noting they don't carry the hot pepper sauce. Soy sauce in an Italian joint???

**M:** Pushkinskaya
**Phone:** 730-5600
**Address:** Spiridonovsky Per 12/9
**Hours:** 12.00 - midnight

## Pasta Project

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**Cheers:**

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

**Jeers:**

If you hit the "ice" button on the touch screen, you'll get a single cube. They refuse to leave good enough alone, like when they add fried mushrooms to what would otherwise be a perfectly fine mesclin salad. Another example: pesto comes with mozzarella, as if parm ain't pafusny enough. No draft beer. Menu seemed a little short on pastas. Calls itself "territory of healthy food." The only pasta we tried - tagliatelle bolognese - was a little on the bland side.

**M:** Kitai-Gorod
**Phone:** 928-6767
**Address:** Pokrovka 1
**Hours:** 11:30-23:30

## Sesto Senza

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**Cheers:**

New Italian joint from the guy who brought U people's favorite Verona. Large portions. Fair prices. Good look- ing deaf chicks who are "hard of hearing" serve you. The food is neither bad nor great, but it's value-friend- ly at least.

**Jeers:**

But it ain't all that in the flavor department. Verona is still much better. Nice gimmick to have deaf people serve you, but it meant our order got fucked up.

**M:** Taganskaya
**Phone:** 911-3653
**Address:** Novospassky Per. 3, korp. 1, entrance from Ul. Bolshie Kamenshiki
**Hours:** Noon to midnight

## Spago

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**Cheers:**

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

**Jeers:**

Portions very Euro-small. Be careful about taking a date here, she might order from the pricey meat menu, which could give cheap-O expats a minor stroke.

**M:** Kitai Gorod
**Phone:** 621-3797
**Address:** Bolshoiu Zlatoustinskii Per d. 1
**Hours:** Noon to midnight

## Verona

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**Cheers:**

Only place in town to find a good cannoli. For Italian standards at \$3 per low prices, this place can't be beat. The superb \$5 penne arrabiatta alone is worth the trip across town. Massive prosciutto appetizer

(almost) always satisfies. Pizzas also damn good--try the cheese-less Marinara with super-spicy garlic toma- to sauce.

**Jeers:**

eXile alert! An eXile executive had her handbag stolen from the back of her chair here. Be careful! Can be very crowded, meaning if you even get a seat, you'll be stuck in the smoky, bright front room, rather than the dark, less-miserable dining room. Main dining hall doesn't open until seven on Sundays--they make you wait in the cafe. Limited wine list. Those massive parmesan chunks that come with the prosciutto seem like a big waste to us. Dessert selection extremely unpredictable.

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

**Hours:** 11.00 - 23.00

# Latin

## Acapulco

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**Cheers:**

Thank you Acapulco! There ain't that many places out there that still fit into our image of Russian restaurants: terrible, overpriced sloop that, at its best, reminds you of the concoctions that you'd whip up in 7th grade Home Ec. class. The tacos (R290) come in a star- shaped hard shell reminiscent of Chevy's mini-taco salads! When we asked for a spicely masking agent, they brought us mayo with red pepper mixed in!

**Jeers:**

Who needs Jeers with Cheers like these!

**M:** Park Kulturny
**Phone:** Kulturny
**Address:** Zubovsky bul. 27/5
**Hours:** 12:00 to 24:00

## Hemingway's

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**Cheers:**

eXile alert! Legendary Chris is back on the scene, with a promise to keep the British rugby fans out for good (see Jeers). An eXile editor found himself in a state of beaner-gas bliss after scruffing down their burrito/taco combo last weekend. Two stinky thumbs up! Half-off burgers on Tuesdays means you can get a helluva meal with beers for under \$20. Considering the depth of the falling \$ these days, that some serious value. A short while back, Hemingway's got itself a new and improved expanded menu. While keeping all the Tex Mex dishes you've come to know and crave, they've expanded their salad offerings and added a whole new steak and fish section. And the number of tasty appetizers, desserts and cocktails has swelled to oceanic proportions. If you're into seafood, then you have try their grilled scal- lops (

(310R), rice with black beans—all the authentic stuff from real Cuba is there. Already attracting the limber Latino community and Russians who love that whole Latino night thing. Also try the yucca plant and the platinos. Have their own hand-rolled cigars, kick-ass mojitos, the most authentic ones in Moscow! Santeria shows!

**Jeers:**  
Our mains were a bit cold, but the staff was willing to put them in the microwave for us. This isn't a place for quiet conversation. It's more like a people's Cuban restaurant, which is a plus for us, but not for the Salnikovs of this world. We can't really complain about much. Except maybe that the dancers were so caliente that we couldn't look at our dates anymore.

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

## Pancho Villa



**\$\$**  
**Cheers:**  
eXile alert! Recent late-night visit shows that Starlite is not the only choice in town when you're hungry at 3AM! Massive nacho plate got rave 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



**\$\$\$**  
**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



**\$\$**  
**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. 31  
**Phone:** 8-499-972-1271  
**Hours:** 12:00-01:00

## German

### Bavarius

**\$\$**  
**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-Triumfal'naya 2/30 str. 1; 2: Komsomolsky pr. 21/10  
**Hours:** 12.00 - 0.00

## Russian

### Cafe Pushkin

**\$\$\$**  
**Cheers:**  
THE place to take visiting relatives footing the bill for a taste of passable Roosky food. Schreck described breaded veal as closest thing to Sublime in months. Two babes dining alone at the next table were a close second. If you've got the dough, all-in-all the most impressive "haute rus" cuisine. Black caviar with 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 overdyressed 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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**M:** Pushkinskaya  
**Phone:** 229-5590  
**Address:** Tverskoi bulvar 26A  
**Hours:** noon - midnight

## Gorki

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

**Cheers:**  
Occasional loud and obnoxious estrada performances served to you for an added fee, which you must pay. Freakin' expensive. Unless you're chauffeured here on a black Merc, you WILL feel like a field negro. We guarantee it.  
**M:** Mayakovskaya  
**Phone:** 775 2476  
**Address:** 1st Tverskaya-Yamskaya 3

## Version 1.0

**\$\$\$**  
**Cheers:**  
A stone's throw from Red Square, this place tries harder than just about anyone in town in the decor department. The virtual reality banquet hall is surely the most futuristic dining room in the city. The bar list claims to be the longest in town, and we're inclined to believe it. Excellent mojitos. The food is solid mid-range fare, a Russian-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. Revolystii  
**Phone:** 647-1303  
**Address:** Varvarka 3 (Gostinny Dvor)  
**Hours:** Good ones.

## Scandinavian

### Night Flight

**\$\$-\$\$\$**  
**Cheers:**  
eXile alert! There's a new chef in Night Flight's kitchen, and that means a new reason to "go there for the food." Which we did. The new menu is both creative and elegant, serving up still some of Moscow's best culinary delights. We started with Kamchatka crab roll pistachio salmon roe (450r for a medium-sized plate), an amazingly rich, delicious concoction for the crab-lover in you. Next we tried the Asparagus creme scallops soup (230r for a taster bowl), made exactly as thick and rich as it should be. The chicken/noodle/veggie wok dish perfectly captured the oily goodness of properly fried chow mein. Our favorite had to be the main course, a thick juice Reindeer steak cooked rare, served with foi gar potatot dumpling (750r for the "starter" size). While most game is usually, er, gamey,

this reindeer meat tasted like it came from Texas, making us wonder how Santa Claus manages to keep himself from cooking Prancer and Vixen after having to look at their tasty loins every Christmas Eve. We finished off with a surprisingly tangy, delicious homemade Cactus Sherbert, which we highly recommend. As always, the wines were expertly chosen, making Night Flight still one of Moscow's very best places for genuine wine lovers. The most surprising wine had to be the Hugel Riesling from Alsace (2900r for a bottle), while the Ironstone Reserve California Zinfandel went perfectly with the bloody reindeer meat. With superior wine selections, as well as expert and discreet service, and views of the hottest babes who seem interested in you, this place still ranks as Moscow's finest dining.

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

## Scandinavia

**\$\$-\$\$\$\$**  
**Cheers:**  
eXile alert! 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 l-bankers were a pre-98 phenom, you haven't been to Scandinavia recently. Hummus conspicuously missing from the menu recently, although we've been told it'll be back.  
**M:** Pushkinskaya  
**Phone:** 937-5630  
**Address:** Palashevsky Mal. per. 7  
**Hours:** 12.00 - 24.00

## Steaks

### El Gaucho

**\$\$\$\$**  
**Cheers:**  
We've been lax on trying this place since we had Doug's, but now that he's gone, we decided to try Argentinean steaks and folks, they wuz good! Forget Goodman's, El Gaucho has the best steaks in town. Sure, they're pricey, but you do get what you pay for. Coal grill they bring out with each steak keeps your meal warm. We've eaten here twice so far, and both times we felt like we would never have to eat again. Mayakovskaya location THE place to take someone you wish to impress.  
**Jeers:**  
The Paveletskaya branch isn't all that swanky. Different branches have different menus. We can't afford to eat here more than once a year.  
**M:** #1: Mayakovskaya, #2: Paveletskaya, #3: Krasnie Vorota  
**Phone:** #1: 699-7474, #2: 953-2876, #3: 623-1098  
**Address:** #1: Sadovaya-Triumfal'naya 4, #2: Zatsepsky Val 6, #3: Bolshoi Kozlovsky Per. 3  
**Hours:** 12.00 - 23.00

## Goodman



**\$\$\$**  
**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. Barikadnaya branch feels like it's on the third floor of a mall, and it is.  
**M:** a) Pushkinskaya b) Barrikadnaya  
**Phone:** a) 937-5679 b) 981-4941  
**Address:** a) 23 Tverskaya b) 31 Novinsky bul  
**Hours:** 12.00 - 'til the last customer

### Steak's

**\$\$**  
**Cheers:**  
Located in the old Le Club. Mid-priced. Not sure what the hell they're aiming for here, but perhaps we tried it too soon after opening. Nothing memorable.  
**Jeers:**  
Should be named "Sucks."  
**M:** Taganskaya  
**Phone:** 915-1042  
**Address:** Ul. Verkhnyaya Radischevskaya d. 21  
**Hours:** noon-midnight

## Torro Grill

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

## Thai

### Thai Thai

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

## Tibetan

### Tibet Restaurant

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

## Delivery/Sandwich shops

### 13 Sandwiches

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

**Jeers:**  
They were playing incredibly loud Russian MTV shite when we visited.  
**M:** Tsvetnoi Bulvar  
**Address:** Ul. Trubnaya 21  
**Phone:** 106-4996


### Johnny's

**\$**  
**Cheers:**  
The pizzas are, if not the best, then right there at the top. With the people-viewing that goes along with it, this is one of the great after-hour places to stop for a bite. Great gelato with constantly changing flavors! Good place to take your provincial date, who'll think it's "klass" and won't bust your wallet. Afterwards, head downstairs into Moscow's happeningest disco, where you can ditch the provincial date.  
**Jeers:**  
Don't get tempted by the cakes/baked goods, or we'll have to say, "we told you so." Sometimes you can smell the sweat wafting up from Papa John's.  
**M:** Turgenevskaya  
**Phone:** 755-9554  
**Address:** 22 Myasnikskaya  
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# 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, has recently attempted to pass as a cub reporter for the Moscow Times

**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



**UPDATE:** This photo was captured by a concerned reader at an opposition protest held in Moscow on March 3. The subject can be clearly seen mixing in with a crowd of reporters and protesters, allowing him to live out the fantasy that he is someone important.

Have you seen this man lately? Send photos to [yasha@exile.ru](mailto:yasha@exile.ru) and receive your own MATT SIEGEL WANTED T-SHIRT!

### 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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### THE EXILE

**Publisher:** Konstantin Boukarev  
**Editor-in-Chief:** Mark Ames ([editor@exile.ru](mailto:editor@exile.ru))  
**Editors:** Yasha Levine ([yasha@exile.ru](mailto:yasha@exile.ru))

Alexander Zaitchik ([zaitchik@exile.ru](mailto:zaitchik@exile.ru))  
**Art Director:** Vika Lurie  
**Family Planning:** Jake Rudnitsky ([jake@exile.ru](mailto:jake@exile.ru))  
John Dolan ([dolan@exile.ru](mailto:dolan@exile.ru))  
**Ad Design:** Ivan Sukhovey

Valery Setkin  
**Marketing & Advertising Director:** Zalina Abdusalamova ([zalina@exile.ru](mailto:zalina@exile.ru))  
**Advertising Manager:** Elena Gabdr ([the\\_exile@mail.ru](mailto:the_exile@mail.ru))  
Natalia Durdyeva ([the\\_exile@mail.ru](mailto:the_exile@mail.ru))

**Minister of Information:** Dima Shalya ([nespat@arctel.ru](mailto:nespat@arctel.ru))  
**Office Manager:** The Guzel' ([the\\_exile@mail.ru](mailto:the_exile@mail.ru))  
**Illustrations:** Roman Popsuev  
**Contributors:** Edward Limonov, Denis Salnikov

([tseppelin.guy@exile.ru](mailto:tseppelin.guy@exile.ru)), Peter Areneberg, Gary Brecher ([war\\_nerd@exile.ru](mailto:war_nerd@exile.ru)), Jared Lindquist ([exileradio@gmail.com](mailto:exileradio@gmail.com))  
**Technical Support:** Volodya the Master  
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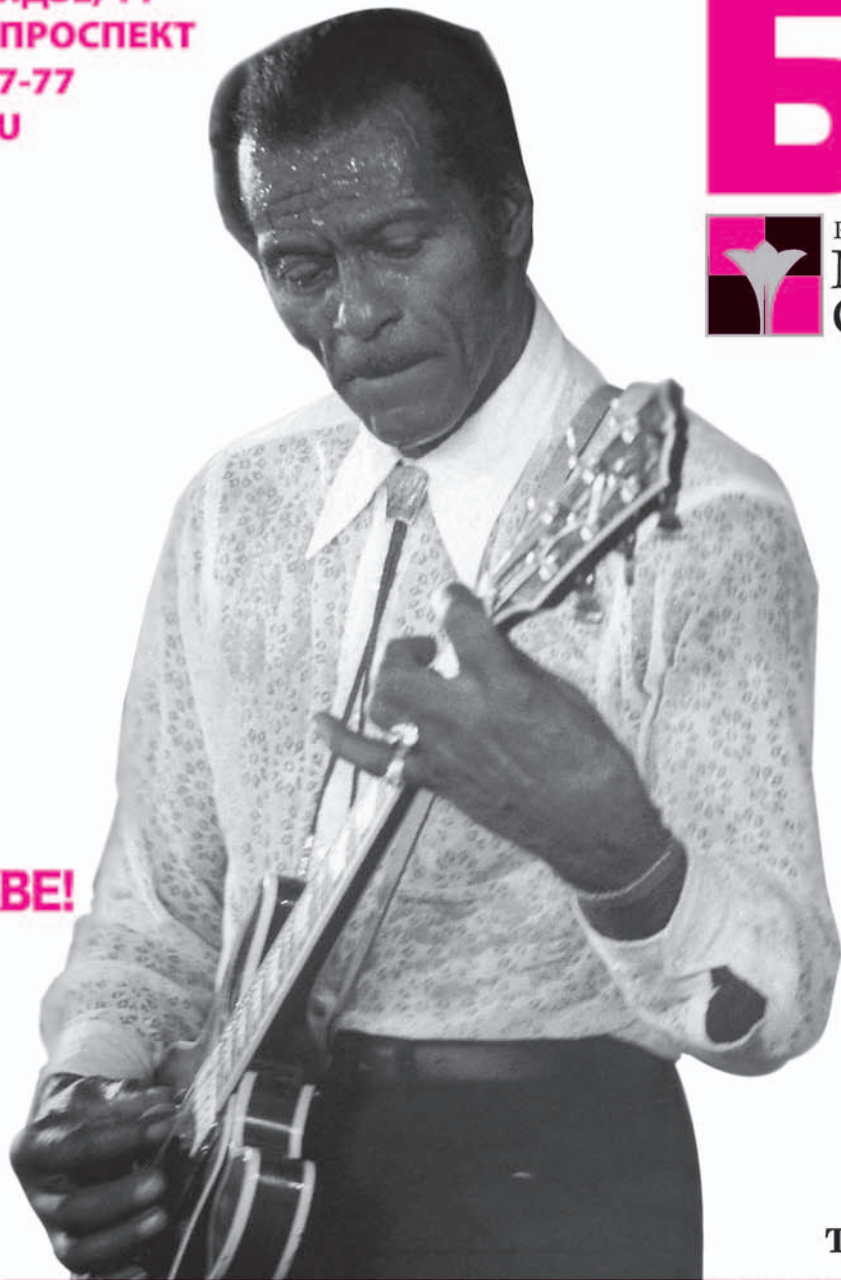


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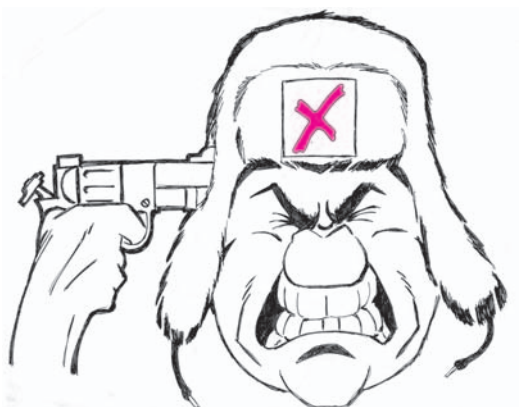
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