

# THE EXILE



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## LETTER OF THE WEEK

### RUDY CAN FAIL

Dear Jared,

Hey man - just wanted to give you a shout thanking you for the live music tips. I'm actually a music consultant working for sony pictures that just got out here a few weeks ago and am excited about checking out some live music while I'm out here for the next couple months. I already have a slate of stuff scheduled (Barbara Morgenstern, Telefon Tel Aviv, Nouvelle Vague etc) but want to thank you in advance for any russian artists that you bring to my attn. I'll keep checking your space online, and let me know if you ever feel like meeting up at a show for a beer or four.

Cheers,

Rudy

*Dear Rudy, Yahweh replies, "Rudy, you poor wayward son, heed Mine words: For I say unto thee, 'Dude, what the fuck is wrong with thee! Thou art a frickin Sony Pictures producer in a town full of fertile womenfolk of child-bearing age! Think not of imbibing 4 foul beers with this Jared geek, and start thinking like a frickin Sony Pictures producer already!' Okay seriously, I'm gonna let My hair down here, tone down the rhetoric, and address you one-to-one, Dios a mano, okay? Look, do you realize what your business card can score us in a place like Moscow? Do I have to spell it out for you? YOU ARE A BABE MAGNET, RUDY! Capice? BEE-AY-BEE-EE MAGNET! Seriously, that Sony Pictures producer card is worth 10 Tribes of Israel minimum. Here's what I propose: Friday night. You bring your Sony Pictures business cards. I bring My omniscient powers and My virgin-baby trick. The two of us in the Krysha chill-out bar? Forget it! Every Masha, Tanya and Sveta will be eating out of the palms of our hands. We'll have to peel the girls off of our chaps. (You do wear chaps, don't you? Last time I made an appearance on earth, chaps were all the rage, but no one told Me so I arrived chap-less. Some funny bastards made a movie about that last disastrous visit of Mine, adding humiliation upon humiliation by hiring a crusty old geezer named Burns something-or-other to play Me, and a retard named John Denver as my Chosen One. Yeah, real funny, wasn't it? I'll tell you what was funny—when I whispered into Denver's ear, 'Try flying the Long EZ craft over the Monterey Bay, it's totally safe!' Punished that Burns prick by making him live until he was 120 years old, crapping into his Depends. Worked too. Next thing you know, they hired only the A-listers to play me. You've got your William Defoes, your Morgan Freemans, your Mel Gibsons getting on the whole Yahweh-And-Son thing. You see what I'm talking about here Rudy? Only the A-list!) Anyway, throw me a prayer this Thursday night, and I'll have my people contact your people."*

collapse was coming, so I enjoy his snark.) And even though I've seen commentary that eXile is a propaganda front for the Kremlin, I frequently learn things from it despite the bias.

I've been reading about Azerbaijan for years in terms of the conflict with Armenia. One of the images about it that stuck in my mind was a picture from National Geographic from shortly after Azerbaijan's independence. It showed three Azeri soldiers in shabby military garb on a snow-covered ridge, struggling to lift a shiny artillery shell that they would fire in the fight over Nagorno-Karabakh. It struck me as sad, that these guys were freezing and impoverished; that the only thing of monetary value was the expensive shell that they'd soon blow up in a bang that cost as much as they'd make in months. Reading your story, I can see that while that conflict might have simmered down, the travesty of power-madness continues. And the people are still ground down under the grimy bootheels of the leaders.

I don't know what feedback you get for your efforts, but realise there's one bloke in a far-flung corner of the planet who says "Good onya" for doing it.

Rick Buck

St. Kilda, Victoria

*Dear Mr. Buck, Why'dya do it, huh? Your letter really had us going with its correct balance of praise for a specific article, familiarity with our oeuvre, and added commentary which, by its very second-ratedness, ensured your place as a follower-and-fan... and then yuh had to muck it all up with that idiotic "Good onya" bit at the end. As if to say, "Oh yeah, and by the way, I'm a complete fucking idiot, so don't let my praise go to your head or anything."*

### THE HILLS HAVE [SIC]

Hello Vlad.

How much is gas money in your country? And before you go on about Petersburg and Moscows economies being so great... hows about the rest of the country. You do realize there is more to Russia than the two above mentioned cities don't you? And so some chick sucked off this guy for gas. I've had Russian whores proposition me before ...lots of time. Especially the banyas... for 40 bucks!!! ...yeah, 1000 rubles... provincial towns...and? Your country isnt doing any better either.... hows about the pupet regime from Putin? as I said before: I am tired of the America bashing. That is essentially what I have to say. I like America, I can say what I want, work where I want.

Vote, and actually make a difference. And have the right to own guns...that is..as many as I want.

There is no other place in the world like America. All these rights we have are inherent. That is to say we inherited them from God. All living beings have inherent rights from God. Provided that their government recognizes them. Yes, I like Russia also, and of course they are going to be the next super country. Of course.... they have 9 time zones of raw material. And a work force ready to take on the task. And... you can thank good ol' America for this.

You remember history don't you? You remember .."Mr. Gorbachev, tear down this wall" don't you? Do you remember the cold war that bankrupted the Soyuz Sovietestcy, Socialstcy Rest-puuu-blik don't you. You remember the 'murderous' regimes of the past dictators of Russia don't you. Thank good old America for your new found freedom. Do you actually think that you could say what you want in your paper... about Russian economy? or Putin? or voting? During say.... Khrushchev's reign? how about Stalin?

I dare to say you would be harvesting coal...at say....a cup of casha a day, wage. And all the free gulag sex you can take..or give. Well, excuse me... I gotta go make some fantastic money, work...ohhh 3 hours or so today...and then I think I will go home. Also excuse me for my poor grammar and spelling...I don't use spell check, and didn't have to go to the university to make a living here. Because the economy is fantastic. God bless the USA. and He will.. because we humble ourselves before Him and ask.

Kalashnikov huh?... got one? I do... its by my front door. No.. its not made my ishmarsh.... its chinese, and semi auto.... not full. Gee Vlad I didnt need a licence or nothing. Hows about you? what kind of hoops do you have to jump through to get one? or even a shotgun? You dont have to answer.. I know. Hey... hows about fixing your crappy server.... whats powering it? a Commadore 64? its slow like honey in the winter.

Daniel Allen

Oklahoma city

*Dear Mr. Allen, Wow, so America has finally wired up the trailer parks. Ain't that somethin! Some people might argue that your sub-retarded English grammar is proof of America's decline, but we say, "Give Daniel Allen a chance! If you grew up with your uncle Jethro's dick in your ass and tornadoes blowing overhead, and you had upward-slanting eyes and an abnormally-shaped head with*

*stunted arms, your English grammar would be worse than a Mexican lettuce-picker's too, just like Daniel Allen's is." God bless you, Mr. Allen, you chromosomically-challenged patriot you, for standing up for the stars 'n stripes. And if someone says, "Why the fuck isn't Daniel Allen in Iraq," we answer, "Oh just you wait! Daniel Allen ain't the type who'd let his country down by staying in his trailer home surfing Free Republic all day. Nosirree! Daniel's gonna go to Iraq faster than you can say 'Doyee!' He don't need no fancy education."*

### MICHAEL TIGHT ORIFICE

War Nerd,

Yes, toilet paper and toothpaste can be made unbelievably hard, but the best material for blades come from the steel reinforcements in work shoes. To kill someone quickly, one needs to slash, rather than stab, so a broad-bladed shank made from the steel shank of a work shoe is best. Why do you think they're called "shanks"? The anti-slip friction strips on the concrete steps come up easily enough, and are perfect for sharpening steel. I did three years in the feds, and so saw all sorts of interesting things.

I took the other approach, though. With a MS in chemistry and 79 US and foreign patents, I ran an informal GED study group and taught my cellmate, a biker nazi everyone called "Frankenstein" how to read. I brought him from "Tip & Mitten" to "Aviation Week & Space Technology" while I was there. Nobody bothered me, and so a certain orifice remained an exit-only operation, while my students gave me all sorts of commissary items out of gratitude.

Keep those articles coming.

--Michael Scott

Dear Mr. Scott,

*We showed your letter to Daniel Allen above, and man, something about your letter made this Oklahoma City patriot really, really excited. No seriously, Daniel Allen of Oklahoma City started howling and drooling and screeching, "Oh pweez Daniew wanna put fee-wee into Michaew Scott owofice, it a tight owofice! O pweez, pwetee pweez! Daniew he no care abouw amewika! Daniew wanna tight owofice, just wike my owofice used to be, befowe uncle Jefro he open my owofice too much, and befow I open up my sistuh Suzy Ann owofice! I wanna Michaew Scott owofice, waaahhh!!!"*

### THE GLOATING PLANET

Mr. Kalashnikov,

Dude, oh my god, your post "Americans Suck Dick For Gas Money" was like the most virulently anti-American thing I have read. It was so brilliant, thank you for writing that. Anyway, I am American and I understand your frustration. This is how I feel, and I live here. So imagine what that's like.

Jasper

*Dear Mr. Jasper, You think it's hard being an American in declining America? Just imagine how hard it is being Vlad in ascending Russia? Seriously, it's getting lonely at the top. Success isn't all it's cracked up to be. You Americans, all declining and failing and stuff, you don't realize how authentic you seem to a successful modern Russian. Whatever you do, try not to change. When Russians travel to America, they want to get a taste of the authentic, extreme life you Americans live. It's so boring in Russia, every day getting richer and richer. What you Americans are doing by getting poorer and declining, it's so real, man. If only you could appreciate it as much as Vlad does!*

### ZIMPLETON

War Nerd,

I bought your book. Keep up the good work...

Zim from Belgium

*Dear Mr. Zim, We posted your letter. Keep up the good buying.*

### ME AND MRS. JONES

Dear Mrs. Jones,

I loved your book review of Robert McCrum's Wodehouse bio. Your review, unlike McCrum's brick, is real and raw. Somebody needs to rip into these phonies. And nobody does it like the exile. I'm an aspiring freelancer/writer (collector of rejection letters) and look to people like you, Dolan, and Ames for inspiration. Keep on fighting--

Brandon

*Dear Mr. Brandon, Thank you for sending us this letter. Unfortunately at this time, we cannot accept your*

*submission. While we usually include words of encouragement in our rejection letters to aspiring free-lancers like yourself, sadly, your case is so hopeless that we can't even fake it. You have two choices open to you: Kelly Services, or the guns 'n ammo section at Sam's Club.*

### DICK AT WORK

Dear Mr. Zaitchik,

Just a quick note to tell you that I enjoyed your article on Azerbaijan in eXile. (If "enjoyed" is an appropriate word for the depiction of such squalid misery.) I click on eXile mainly for the humour of Vlad's gloats. (I'm an American who emigrated to Australia because I was morally revulsed at President Cheney's genocide in Iraq, and because I saw that an economic

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# PRESIDENTIAL CONVERSION TABLE

The election of president-elect Dmitry Medvedev means a whole new era awaits us, a more liberal, more technological, and more professional era. It also means that we'll all be adapting to new Medvedevian metaphors, new Medvedevian ways of doing business, and yes, new Medvedev-relevant measurements.

A team of highly qualified, certifiably liberal eXile mathematicians recently developed an easy-to-understand conversion guide to help our readers get a heads-up and prepare for the new Medvedev era. This Medvedev Measurement System represents the first great advance since the development of the metric system, except that the Medvedev System is superior precisely because it's more liberal and more technologically proficient. And it's "nash."

### WEIGHT

1 dam (acronym for Dmitry Anatolyvich Medvedev) = 48 kilograms

### DISTANCE

1 medvedev = 1.62 meters  
 1 mega-medvedev = 9,977 kilometers (the distance across Russia)  
 1 nautical medvedev = 12.25 kilometers (distance it takes to sail along the Moscow River from the Kremlin to Prime Minister Putin's office in the White House)  
 1 nano-medvedev = 0.02 m (the



average size of a piece of herring)

Kremlin.)

### VOLUME

1 cubic medvedev = 0.073 cubic meters or 73 liters  
 1 medvedev barrel = 0.450 barrels (1 barrel = 158.987 liters)

**Technical Notes:** To arrive at 1 cubic medvedev, we calculated the estimated surface area of the top of President-elect Medvedev's cranium and multiplied it by his height. The surface area was established by multiplying the estimated radius of his head (12cm) squared times pi. The volume was calculated by multiplying the resulting figure by his height (1.62m).

### SOUND

1 medvedibel = 120 decibels (President Medvedev's preferred volume at which he listens to Deep Purple while air-jamming in his presidential limousine while heading down Kutuzovskiy Prospekt to the

### FUN PRESIDENTIAL FACTS

Here are some real-world applications of the new Medvedev Measurement System:

- \* In 2007, Russia pumped an average of 21.1 million mbpd (medvedev-barrels per day).
- \* In 2008, Russia expects to produce roughly 50 trillion cubic medvedevs of natural gas.
- \* The distance from coast-to-coast of the continental United States of America is 0.548 mega-medvedevs.
- \* The nautical distance between the coast of Chukotka and coastal Alaska is 7.18 nautical medvedevs.
- \* The sound of a vacuum cleaner is 0.67 medvedibels; the sound of a military jet taking off is 1.16 medvedibels.
- \* Kate Moss weighs exactly 1.00 dam.
- \* The Artist Formerly Known as Prince is exactly 1.00 medvedev tall. X

# CELEBRETARDS: THE BEAUTY OF BOTCHED PLASTIC SURGERY

By Kitty McFarlan

The eternal pursuit of beauty is certainly not a new phenomenon among the rich and famous. Vanity isn't so much a sin in La-La Land as it is a prerequisite, a marketing tool, an element of survival. Unfortunately, sometimes stars go a little too far in their search for the fountain of youth. We all know about the extremes of plastic surgery addiction, such as kid-diddler Michael Jackson and cat woman Jocelyn Wildenstein. But even celebs who are less zealous about rearranging their body parts can end up with disappointing results, often resulting in the much-feared Butter Faced Syndrome.

### MATERIAL GIRL

Madonna is now about five million years old, but she only looks about 50 from the neck up. With the help of various spare parts and meat waste, she has successfully managed time and again to reinvent herself and come up

with new and interesting ways to get her dusty old twat on camera. While good ol' Madge has managed to keep her face shiny and new (well, one outta two ain't bad) the rest of her body betrays her ever-advancing age. Maybe all of that yoga, kaballah and excessive working out isn't doing her body good after all. Unfortunately for Madonna, there are no botox treatments for zombie hand flesh. Or for scary, droopy-skinned arms with weird, creepy muscles...



"No don't look at my arms, look at my perfectly botoxed face!" Whoops, too late.

### MS. ICE-T

Coco whatever-her-last-name-is, aka Ice-T's slut-alicious wife, already had Butter Face Syndrome, so she decided to have some work done on her gazongas. It's an easy choice for porn stars, and anyway she probably wanted to even things out with all that junk inside her trunk. But somehow, this boob job went awry. Did she have too many boob jobs, or was it just one really big, bumpy implant? I'm not sure exactly how one gets the dented boob effect, or why one would want to retain the breast dimples, but Coco rocks it anyway. Careful, baby, you'll shoot your eye out. Rowr.

### DO YOUR JOWLS HANG LOW

Lara Flynn Boyle hit the online rags last week after being caught on camera, apparently preparing for a role as Droopy Dog. Unlike some of the other celebs, this is probably the result of refusing to live the knifestyles of the rich and famous, or perhaps she just missed her biannual botox appointment. Twice. Recent articles printed six-year-old quotes from the once-taut thespian talking about how she feared getting older and entering the not-so-

sought-after realm of the Older Actress. Lara, honey, you have arrived! With your resume, surely you have a coupla thou' you can invest in a little nip-n-tuck? A little less jowl-flap, a little more work, that's what I always say.

### JIFFY LUBE

Priscilla Presley has been in the tabloids recently, and not because of her enthralling performances on Dancing with the Stars, one of the now ten zillion dancing shows you can catch on prime time these days. Thank you, striking writers. But no, Presley was in the retroactive spotlight the past week in connection with the 2004 arrest of a shady doc who injected his patients with auto lube.. Instead of having the same effect as botox, as promised, the lube job resulted in one bumpity, gelatinous mess, giving Elvis's wife (am I just really young, or shouldn't she have died eons ago?) with a weird "textured" look. Remember kids, just say no to "injection parties" and drive-through botox! X



This job is known in industry jargon as the "double decker."

**Saturday, April 12th**  
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# AND THE WALL CARPETS COME TUMBLING DOWN

By Mark Ames

**L**ast summer, The eXile took a safari journey in search of the legendary Gopniki, Russia's underworld answer to the OGs of South Central, Long Beach, and the Bronx. Those notorious shaven-headed toughs in their kepki-tabletki and track suits, with their badass "cho blya!" faces and their greasy-haired sluts, were our heroes. In our journey through the podmoskovie ghetto of Lubertsy, we discovered tragedy rather than adventure: the Gopniki, those proletarian toughs and kings of the petty crime margins, had all but gone extinct in the Putin Era. They'd survived Stalin's Terror and flourished under Brezhnev's Stagnation, but in the end, they were no match against the soul-sucking effects of capitalism and bourgeois Evroremont. Today, the nearly-extinct Gopniki are little more than irony fodder for urban Russian hipsters in Moscow and St.

Petersburg. Word has it that this summer, the "Gop-Stop" look is the Cool New Thing.

This issue, we once again find ourselves sounding the funeral bell for another great Russian tradition: the Wall Carpet. Those foreigners who visited Russia in the 1990s would remember the ubiquitous, ornate wall-carpet, with their oriental octagons and polygons and rusty red dyed colors, nailed up proudly in the living room behind the Polish sofa, or in the bedroom pinned up on the wall above the Finnish headboard. Wall Carpets were so common and so "foreign" that you stopped noticing them as soon as you saw a few—the Wall Carpet became just another item in the long "What The Fuck?" list of things-Russian, blending into a world that overwhelmed our Western senses (or in my case, made me feel oddly warm and cozy in those cluttered, pre-remonted, boiling-hot apartments I lived in). In retrospect, looking back from our degraded Evroremonted present-tense, what the Wall Carpet really represented was the magical "F" in the WTF equation, the reckless in-between fucking binges in a time when urban Russians still ric-

ocheted wildly between crude material ambition and abject post-Soviet want.

Then came money, and with it, overexposure to the West. As the Moscow and Petersburg elite got rich and started wising up to European tastes, those Wall Carpets were the first thing to come down, vanishing like a bad memory that they'd rather not talk about.

Today, at the end of the Putin Era, the Russian Wall Carpet has been effectively Evroremonted into extinction. Like the Gopnik, the Wall Carpet has traveled full circle: from a sign of Soviet wealth and taste, to a source of embarrassment and a symbol of provincial backwardness...to today's final circus act: co-opted by Russia's emerging Indie hipsters, whose cool kitsch and bourgeois nihilism dealt the final death blow, defusing everything shameful about the Wall Carpet, while simultaneously draining away all that was sensual and feral.

This issue, we at The eXile bid farewell to another uniquely Russian tradition in this increasingly Evroremonted nation.

Goodnight, Sweet Wall Carpet. X



Exhibit A: Provincial slut in her natural habitat. Note how her funbags blend harmoniously into the Wall Carpet's oriental design.



Exhibit B: Professed Deep Purple fan Medvedev probably saw a lot of this coming of age in 1980s Leningrad.



Exhibit C: The Wall Carpet came in handy when you wanted to decorate the separating wall in your komunalka. Young dyevs were particularly impressed.



Exhibit D: Traditionalists still believe in old values like family, a hard day's pay for a hard day's work, and a nice comfy Wall Carpet to come home to.



Exhibit E: Indie hipster poses ironically in front of a wall carpet like a hunter displaying her stuffed trophy.



Exhibit F: The generational clash caught on film as an underage babe is stranded living with her Wall-Carpet-Era babushka.



Exhibit G: Even eXile editor Yasha Levine once lived with a Wall Carpet. Here he's shown as a child in Leningrad, posing with his family and some chinaman.



Exhibit H: Posing grimly in front of his first wall carpet. Years from now, when he is able to buy a higher-quality wall carpet, he'll look at this and laugh.



Exhibit I: To attract a good suitor, mothers will dress their daughters up in their finest outfits and have them pose in front of their dowry.



# WHO WON IRAQ'S "DECISIVE" BATTLE?

## Clue: He's chubby, towel-headed, and doesn't play golf

By Gary Brecher

**W**hat happened in Iraq this week was a beautiful lesson in the weird laws of guerrilla warfare. Unfortunately, it was the Americans who got schooled. Even now, people at my office are saying, "We won, right? Sadr told his men to give up, right?"

Wrong. Sadr won big. Iran won even bigger. Maliki, Petraeus and Cheney lost.

For people raised on stories of conventional war, where both sides fight all-out until one side loses and gives up, what happened in Iraq this past week makes no sense at all. Sadr's

thing ever said or imagined by Cheney or Bush. Our Commander in Chief declared a week ago, when the Iraqi Army first marched into Basra, "I would say this is a defining moment in the history of a free Iraq." But when the Iraqi Army fled a few days later, he suddenly got very quiet. But anybody could see how deluded the poor fucker is just by all the nonsense he managed to cram into that 15-word sentence. I mean, "the history of a free Iraq"? That's like that *Mad Magazine* joke about the "World's Shortest Books." But that's nothing compared to Bush's fundamentally wrong notion that there's even such a thing as a "defining moment" in an urban guerrilla war. Guerrilla wars are slow, crock-pot wars. To win this kind of war, the long

more, turning them into Sean John Combs-alikes. And that's not going to happen any time soon for the two or three million people crammed into places like Sadr City. Until then, the Mahdi Army is their team and they're sticking by it.

By attacking Sadr's neighborhoods this week, Maliki's troops pushed the Shia masses closer to Sadr; and by losing, they made the slum people prouder than ever of their home team. That's what you get when you go for a "defining moment" in guerrilla war.

To understand what happened this week, you need to zoom out to the big picture, see what Petraeus and Maliki thought would happen, and then forward it to what actually did happen. Iraq right now has four real zones of influence: Kurdistan, which is withdrawing and fortifying itself as fast as it can; the Sunni Triangle, bloodied by four years of fighting the US and ready to be bribed for a while; Baghdad, which is turning into a Shia-dominated city fast; and Basra, solidly Shia. The major action now is Shia vs. Shia.

The Shia are divided into two major factions: Maliki is our guy, but his real loyalty is to a middle-class Shia group that has military and political wings. The political wing is the Dawa Party; the military group used to be called the Badr Brigade, but these days it calls itself the Iraqi Army.

The Badr Brigade has an interesting history. During the Iran-Iraq War, it fought for the Iranians against Saddam, as a big (50,000-man) auxiliary unit. When we disbanded Saddam's army and the Sunni went insurgent, the Badr Brigade stepped smoothly into the power vacuum and became the core of the new Iraqi Army. So don't think of this as a real Western-style national army, drawn from all of Iraq's various groups or any of that crap. The current Iraqi Army is a particular Shia militia that just happens to be willing to wear the uniforms we bought them. They're not really in it for "the nation," much less their American paymasters. They're there to use their new fancy weapons and big money to push the Dawa Party's agenda down everybody else's throats.

And like I have to keep saying over and over, the purely military hardware aspect of this sort of war is the least important factor of all. The Iraqi Army had the weaponry on their side, and they got their asses kicked by the Sadrists, because the Sadrists were defending their home neighborhoods, those stinking slums that mean the whole world to people who live there. Victory in insurgency is a matter of morale, and you build it slowly, the way Mao said, by helping the locals in their dull little civvie lives. Then, when the army comes to try to take you down, they don't have a chance, because you've prepped the neighborhood well, the locals are your eyes and ears, and it just plain doesn't mean as much to the government troops as it does to your cadre who were raised there. That's why Hezbollah's part-time amateurs were able to beat the Israeli professionals in 2006, and that's why Sadr was ahead of the game when he called the fight off this week. It's like what Suvorov said: train hard, fight easy.

Truth is, if any group comes out of this looking good, militarily or morally, it's the Mahdi Army and their leader, the fat man himself, "Mookie" as they call him on Free Republic: Moqtada al-Sadr. He's the Dawa Party's big target in this failed crack-down. The quickest way to understand Sadr's group is to think of Hezbollah in Lebanon and their leader, Nasrullah. (They even look alike—that sedentary mullah lifestyle, I guess.) Hezbollah built its power by providing social services to the poorest slum Shia communities, and the Mahdi Army works the same way, following the old Maoist line that a guerrilla army should work with the civilians, doing the dull peacetime stuff like public health, building projects, food distribution.

Like Hezbollah, the Sadrists cooperate with Iran, but no way in the



Eco-friendly Sadr terrorists carpool their way to victory.

world are they Iranian puppets. In fact, it's "our" Shia group, the Badr Brigades—the core of the Iraqi Army—that has an embarrassing history of fighting for the Iranians against their own country, Iraq. But that doesn't mean they're Iraqi puppets either.

When Iraqi Shi'ites want to insult each other, they accuse each other of being pro-Iranian, and it is an accusation. They buy the idea of an "Iraqi nation," as long as it's their gang running it. One thing you can absolutely count on in the Middle East is that every clan, every sect, is going to look out for itself. The middle-class Shia are using us; Sadr's using Iran; but they're both out for themselves. Sadr would probably have been willing to cooperate with us, if Bremer hadn't pushed him into rebellion in 2004. So it's a mistake to think of any of these groups as having permanent alliances. They're practical people.

So are the Iranians. They really know how to play this kind of long, slow war. They can control exactly the level of chaos inside Iraq by feeding weapons and money in when they want to heat the place up, then withholding supplies when they want to cool it down. They're embedded with every militia, even the Sunni groups, and they use them like control rods in a nuke reactor. The way the ceasefire this week was arranged says it all: a bunch of big Shia politicians flew to Qom, Khomeini's hometown in Iran, and begged the Iranians to stop the shooting. They talked to Sadr, and Sadr agreed—for his own reasons, not just because the Iranians told him to.

And that brings us back to today's story problem in "How to Think Like A Guerrilla." The question, kiddies, was, "If Moqtada S. is kicking ass all over Iraq, why does he call off his militia before they can win total 'Western-style' victory?"

If you've learned your lesson here,

you should be able to answer that question now. Sadr called off his boys for lots of good reasons:

1. The first job of a guerrilla army is to stay alive. That's much more important than winning a Western-style victory. The Mahdi Army is intact, ready for the next round.

2. The next most important job of a guerrilla army is to maintain and grow its support in the neighborhood. Sadr has his own constituency—and I mean that literally, since all the Shia groups are positioning themselves for elections this Fall. By calling off the fight, he spares his people further gore and destruction and comes off as the compassionate defender of the poor. Just in time for campaign season.

3. A guerrilla army facing occupiers with a monopoly on air power is committing suicide by going for total victory on the ground, seizing an entire city or district. Just ask the Sunni, who bunkered up in Fallujah and got slaughtered. By melting back into the civilian population, the Sadrists are now invulnerable to air attack.

4. After four straight days of failure by the Badr Brigade/Iraqi Army, the US was frustrated enough to start committing American ground troops to the assault on Sadr. That would have meant serious casualties for the Mahdi Army, as it did when they took on US forces in 2004. Not that they're afraid to die for their neighborhood—Shias? You kidding me?—but because it would be stupid to die fighting the Americans when everyone in Iraq knows the US just doesn't figure much in the long term.

Sadr's not afraid of us, he and his commanders just see us as a dangerous nuisance, like a chained pit bull they have to step around. Ten years from now, every player in the current game will still be playing this slow, shady game, except one: the Americans. X

### THE WAR NERD

Mahdi Army was humiliating the Iraq Army on all fronts. In Basra, the Army's grand offensive, code-named "The Charge of the Knights," got turned into "The Total Humiliation of the Knights," like something out of an old Monty Python skit.

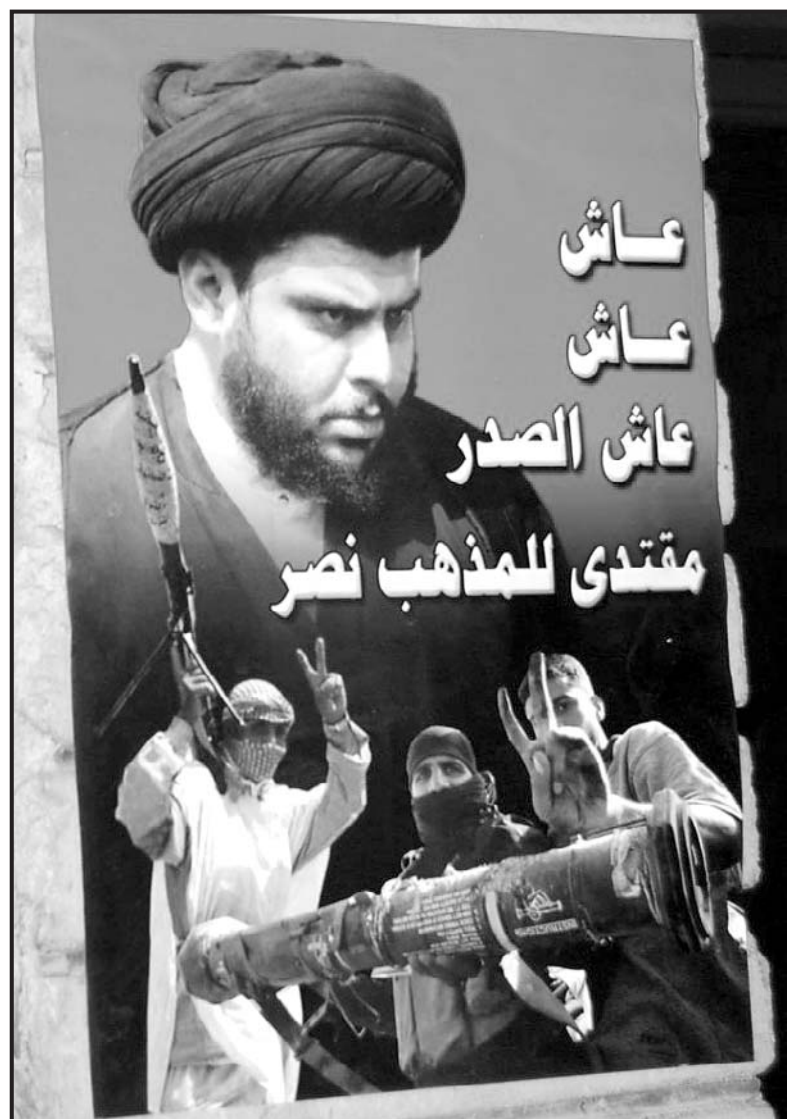
Thousands of police who were supposed to be backing up the Iraqi Army either refused to fight or defected to Sadr's Mahdi Army. In Basra, the Iraqi Army was stopped dead and clearly in danger of being crushed or forced to retreat from the city. In Baghdad, Sadr's militia was rocketing the Green Zone non-stop—not a good look for the "Surge is working" PR drive—and driving the Iraqi Army clean out of the 2-million-man Shia slum, Sadr City. And in every poor Shia neighborhood in cities and towns all over Iraq, new branches of the Mahdi Army were forming up and attacking the government forces.

Then, after four days of uninterrupted kicking Iraqi Army ass, Sadr graciously announces that he's telling his men to end their "armed appearances" on the streets. Makes no sense, right? Nah, it makes a ton of sense, but you have to stop thinking of Gettysburg and Stalingrad and think long and slow, like a guerrilla.

If you want to know how NOT to think about Iraq, just start with any-

war, takes patience. Trying to force a "defining moment" by military action is not just ignorant and idiotic, but risks further demoralizing your side when that moment doesn't happen, as it inevitably won't. What happens when you launch premature strikes on a neighborhood-based group like the Mahdi Army is that you just end up convincing their neighborhoods that the occupiers are the enemy, and the Mahdi boys—all local kids you've known all your life—are heroes, defending your glorious slum from the foreigners and their lackeys.

By the time a homegrown group like Sadr's is ready to "announce itself" on the streets, it's put in years of serious grassroots work winning over the locals block by block. The Mahdi Army runs its own little world in the neighborhoods it controls. It distributes food to the poor, deals out rough justice to the local crims, and runs the checkpoints that keep Sunni suicide bombers off the block. It's the home team, the Oakland Raiders times one million, for people in places like Sadr City. You can't eradicate it without eradicating the whole neighborhood—or making it so rich that people don't need a gang. That's probably the only sure way to end guerrilla wars: make the locals so rich they're not interested in gang life any



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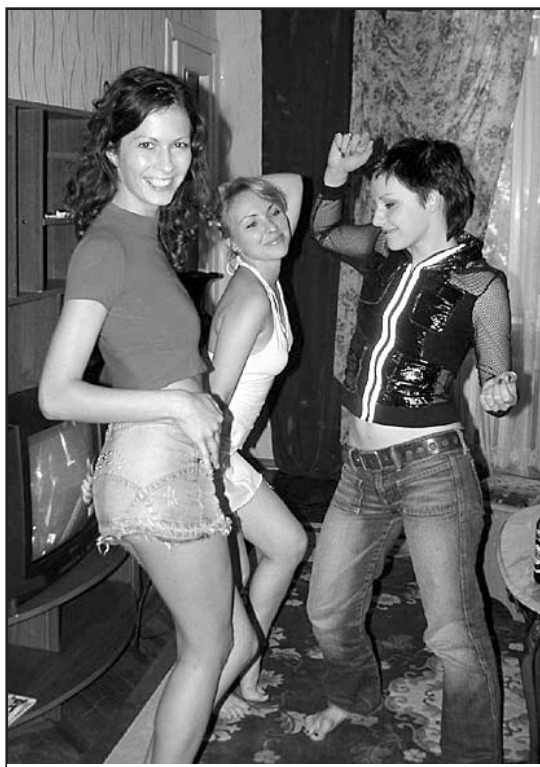




# SOAK UP THE SAVAGE LUST OF MOTHER RUSSIA!



If you want to distract a potential mate from your martian hairdo and your slightly off-kilter eyes, then Tanya offers a simple, surefire alternative.



Tonight these dyevs are partying like it's 1991. Which reminds us... Who the fuck thought that these girls needed a hard dose of shock therapy to cure them? They were so happy! And we coulda been too...Agh!



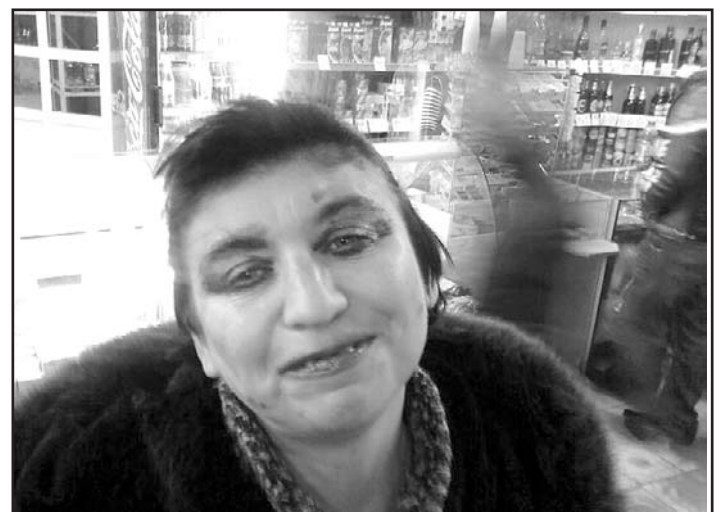
It's hard to tell if this guy's a genuine high-class post-gopnik, or a fashion victim co-opting the post-gopnik look. Perhaps our powers are fading?...



The guy taking this photo must be pretty high up to get this angle. We'd wager he's balancing on his painfully erect unit for this particular shot.



We have seen the future of oil-rich Russia, and here it is: a dystopia totally indistinguishable from what you'd see in a suburban Denver Chevy's restaurant on a Friday night. Oh, joy.



Okay, our powers are returning. It's obvious that this photo is just one of those cool Moscow indie chicks wearing her mom's shitty old clothes, putting on her mom's shitty make-up, knocking out her two front teeth, drinking like her mom... and shopping at the same 24-hour liquor store as her mom. Wow, this chick is totally cool, dude!



Far away from the taint of Moscow's hipsters comes this photo of a classic dyev in Magnitogorsk. Note the leopard skin fur tops on the knee-high white boots. Note it, and get a frickin one-way ticket before the Indie plague eradicates her kind.



First date, Russian style.



Indie on the outside; totally unself-conscious on the inside. Result: same ol' cheesy Vogue poses as always.

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

**F** Spring is here, which means something else besides Snapper Season: open-air festivals. I am happy to report that 2008 will see festival performances from **STEREOLAB**, **THE GO! TEAM**, **EXPLOSIONS IN THE SKY**, **THE PAPER CHASE** and **ENON**, among others. Rumors are flying that **CHROMEO** or **GLASS CANDY** will finally make a visit to Moscow, but at this point nothing is confirmed. For now, we have to spend our nights indoors, in increasingly stuffy clubs. In addition to its annual festival, this year Avant Productions is bringing a trio of British bands over on various nights in April for its "London Calling" festival (nevermind the fact that not one of the bands sounds like it's ever listened to the **CLASH**). First to visit is Manchester's **I AM KLOOT** (April 9, B2, 22:00), who differ from other Britpop/indie bands by having twisted and witty lyrics.

The Golden Mask theater festival continues, this time delving into Swedish indie with **DIVISION OF LAURA LEE** (April 10, Gogol, 21:00). I remember back in the late 90s, after **REFUSED** blew up and then imploded, everyone was getting psyched about the (**INTERNATIONAL**) **NOISE CONSPIRACY** and later **THE HIVES**, and I seem to remember these guys getting thrown around in that context as well. They're Swedish, they listen to post-punk and post-hardcore, so they must be decent. Right?

The last Golden Mask event of any interest is Sweden's **MISS LI** (April 11, Gogol, 21:00), a vocalist who mixes jazz, cabaret and blues. Although her lyrics are naXve, you don't get the annoying twee-ness of so many other indie bands trying to pull this off.

**CURRENT 93** (April 11-12, Ikra, 21:00) are one of those experimental British bands who seem to come here every year that I confess to just not getting. Current was founded in 1982 by **DAVID TIBET**, and initially took influence from early industrial music, using abrasive tape loops, droning synths and the like. In later works, Tibet has cast this aside, going for a more organic "apocalyptic folk" approach. Kindred spirit **RICKY LEE JONES** opens the first night, while **BABY DEE** opens night two.

Those of you who take pleasure in weird German experimentalism should enjoy the **NOVA HUTA** (April 11, Duma, 22:00) gig, as the man-and-his-Casio keyboard introduces you to "dachadelic" music. His countryman **NEOANGIN** - who seems to play here on a bi-monthly basis - also gets down to business, with his 90-second electro-pop gems. Some American dude named **CHRIS IMLER** opens.

Although **LINCOLN BROWN** (April 11-12, Krizis Zhanra, 23:00) hail from ol Blighty, their sound is much more rooted in American Southern rock than the sort of generic Britpop that Krizis usually trades in. Don't get me wrong, you can still tell they're British, as the music is a little too glossy, but not bad overall. On day one, Moscow's **THE TYPES**

and Novosibirsk's excellent **HOT ZEX** open. Day two features locals **BLAST** and **RADIODIM**.

Although Spain's **DELOREAN** (April 12, 16 Tons, 22:00) started off by taking influences from **SEAM** and **NEW ORDER**, little of that softness is present now, as the band is more of a thudding disco punk beast. They describe themselves as dance music made by punks, which sounds about right to me. Their compatriots **THE REQUESTERS** open.

One of the only times I ever bought an import CD in college was to check out France's **DJ CAM** (April 12, Ikra, 23:00). Word on the street was that this dude knew hip-hop, and my \$25 said the word on the street was right. His minimalist, down-beat instrumental hip-hop is most similar to artists like **DJ SHADOW** and **DJ KRUSH**, but any hip-hop head should be into him.

In 2008 does anyone actually care about British punk stalwarts **SHAM 69** (April 13, Tochka, 19:00)? I guess if you write a song as good as "If The Kids Are United," you'll always have fans. Locals **O!BUZZ** open.

I'm on record as being against metalcore, but the kids don't listen to me, and still head out in droves when the genre's leaders come to town. This time it's Australia's **PARKWAY DRIVE** (April 15, Tochka, 19:00), who will be joined by Germany's **WAR FROM A HARLOTS MOUTH**.

Me, I'll be at the next **MICRO-RAVE** (April 15, Vermel, 19:00) party. The last one I went to was great, with dudes on stage making music from Gameboys, and everyone getting down. Only in my mid-20s, I felt that I was the oldest man in the room, so if you're interested in getting to know the kids on the street, here's the place. This time around, the party is hosted by **GIX**, **SNORK25**, **777MINUS111** and **KOLA KID** (not to be confused by **THE KOALA KID**.)

I'm not going to make any claims to understanding melodic death metal, but at least the chick singer of Sweden's **ARCH ENEMY** (April 16, DK Gorbunova, 19:00) is a total fucking babe.

One of these days I'll have to check out **JAY-JAY JOHANSON** (April 18, Ikra, 21:00), who plays here every two or three months and generally gets decent reviews. The Swede started out playing melancholy triphop before switching to electroclash a few years back.

Conversely, Bacardi is sponsoring some party featuring **ACE OF BASE** (April 18, B-Live Place, 23:00), **BOY GEORGE** and other randomness.

I first came in touch with American neo-soul singer **ERYKAH BADU** (April 19, B1 Maximum, 21:00) on her brilliant collaboration with **THE ROOTS**, "You Got Me." Since then, I haven't actually followed her career much, but I know that if I find myself in the mood for some good soul music, I know where to go.

However, if I'm feeling in the mood for some trashy electronic music, I'll check out **WHITEY** (April 19, Solyanka, 23:00). A misanthrope who spends his time skulking in dark corners, he has much in common with eXile staffers.

Ending the fortnight is English progressive rock band **VAN DER GRAAF GENERATOR** (April 20, B1 Maximum, 20:00), who can crawl up **JETHRO TULL**'s ass and die for all I care, but Ames told me that they're **MARK E. SMITH**'s favorite band or something, so I have to mention them. X

## TOP PICKS



### DJ FUN2MASS & RUSLAN RUL

*Kult*  
April 5, 22:00  
Originally from Kharkov, Fun2Mass spins funky shit mixed with old skool hip-hop. Rul was trained playing jazz guitar, sometimes he's a little spacey or veers into president-elect-approved Deep Purple-type sounds. These guys are anti-pafos and always spend their entire gonorar on tequila shots. At least one recovering eXile editor will be in attendance. For those that miss the Kult show, they're moving up the road to Solyanka to play a 4:00 set.



### ISIS

*Ikra*  
April 13, 21:00  
We give short shrift to a lot of metal around here, but that's solely because a lot of metal sucks fucking balls, frankly. We think that secretly most headbangers realize that the music they listen to sucks, they just don't know where to find what they need. Well, you assholes, here it is: Boston's Isis brings the noise, and are one of the few metal bands to receive the coveted eXile Snob Seal of Approval. Their music is somewhat avant-garde and drone-oriented, which is one of the reasons some might call them post-metal. If you like the louder moments on Mogwai records, or if you dug last year's killer Red Sparowes gig, this is the night out for you.



### THE YOUNG KNIVES

*B2*  
April 13, 22:00  
If you've turned on MTV2 over the past year, you've almost certainly heard the Young Knives - for some time now, their catchy "Weekends and Bleak Days (Hot Summer)" was inescapable there. Basically, the Knives are part of the new school of British rock - although they're not as good as compatriots The Futureheads, Franz Ferdinand or even America's We Are Scientists, they do write undeniably catchy post-punk songs for the NME set.

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**FRIDAY  
April 4**

**ROCK**  
El Toro Bravo  
23.00: B-2  
Capital Bass: Benga  
00.00: 16 Tonn  
Drobinska  
22.00: Proekt OGI  
Z-Star  
20.00: Ikra  
Naik Borzov  
20.00: Apelsin

**JAZZ & BLUES**  
Soul Mate & Mishuris  
21.00: Roadhouse  
Jazz Piano  
20.00: B-2

**CLUBBIN'**  
DJs Basic, Tuzov  
00.30: B-2  
Javybz DJs  
21.00: Propaganda  
DJ Zig Zag  
21.00: Kult  
DJs Seregin, Budnyak  
21.00: Karma Bar

**SATURDAY  
April 5**

**ROCK**  
Triada  
20.00: Ikra  
Gloria Gaynor  
21.00: B 1 Maximum  
Pavel Volya  
21.00: 16 Tonn  
SOK  
22.00: Proekt OGI  
Zdob si Zdub  
23.00: B-2  
N.O.M.  
20.00: Apelsin

**JAZZ & BLUES**  
Jazz Piano  
20.00: B-2  
Omar Itcovici & the Kingsize  
21.00: Roadhouse

**CLUBBIN'**  
DJs Fashion, Fenix, Max, Spark  
23.00: Fabrique  
DJs Ariel, Tuzov  
00.30: B-2  
DJ Fun2Mass & Funky Guitar  
22.00: Kult  
DJs Soulmate, Onlee  
21.00: Propaganda  
DJs Galaher, Valio  
21.00: Karma Bar

**SUNDAY  
April 6**

**ROCK**  
Umka & Bronevik  
20.00: B-2  
Psoy Korolenko  
19.00: Ikra  
Garazh-fest  
22.00: Proekt OGI  
Mikhail Bashakov  
21.00: Zhest  
Torba-na-Kruche  
20.00: Apelsin

**JAZZ & BLUES**  
Open Blues Jam  
18.00: Roadhouse

**CLUBBIN'**  
Syndicate Records  
19.00: Kult  
DJ Shum  
23.00: Ikra  
DJs Anatoly Ice, Tony Key, Miami  
23.00: Propaganda

**MONDAY  
April 7**

**ROCK**  
Enternal Wanderers  
19.00: Tabula Rasa  
Sabotage, Trast, Pulse & Void,  
Damien Torn  
18.30: Tochka

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

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

20.00: B-2  
Zemlyanichnaya polyana  
22.00: Proekt OGI  
Animal Cops  
21.00: Zhest

**JAZZ & BLUES**  
Dr. Aleksey Agranovsky  
21.00: Roadhouse  
Edelveis  
21.00: B-2

**CLUBBIN'**  
Earl Grey Smokers  
21.00: Propaganda  
Rob Dirton  
21.00: Kult

**THURSDAY  
April 10**

**ROCK**  
Zhopa Noviy God  
22.00: Proekt OGI  
Alissi Jazz  
20.00: Ikra  
ExNN  
21.00: B-2

The Blackmailers Blues Band  
21.00: Roadhouse

**CLUBBIN'**  
DJs Saltikov, Technic, Shmel  
23.00: Fabrique  
DJ Komotskiy, Gatek  
21.00: Propaganda  
DJs Jonny, Tuzov  
00.30: B-2  
DJ Zig Zag  
21.00: Kult

**SATURDAY  
April 12**

**ROCK**  
Moralniy Kodeks  
23.00: B-2  
Delorean, The Requesters  
22.00: 16 Tonn  
Akvarium  
21.00: B 1 Maximum  
H-Blockx  
20.00: Apelsin

**JAZZ & BLUES**  
Jazz Piano

23.00: Propaganda  
DJ Shum  
23.00: Ikra  
Syndicate Records  
21.00: Kult

**MONDAY  
April 14**

**ROCK**  
Double Fault  
19.00: Tabula Rasa

**JAZZ & BLUES**  
Jazz Piano  
21.00: B-2

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

**TUESDAY  
April 15**

**ROCK**  
Krokodil Gandi  
19.00: Tabula Rasa  
Haleo  
21.00: B-2  
3 A  
22.00: Proekt OGI  
Parkway drive, War from a harlots  
mouth  
19.00: Tochka

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

**WEDNESDAY  
April 16**

**ROCK**  
Mertvie Delfini, Mate  
19.00: Ikra  
Matagona  
19.00: Tabula Rasa

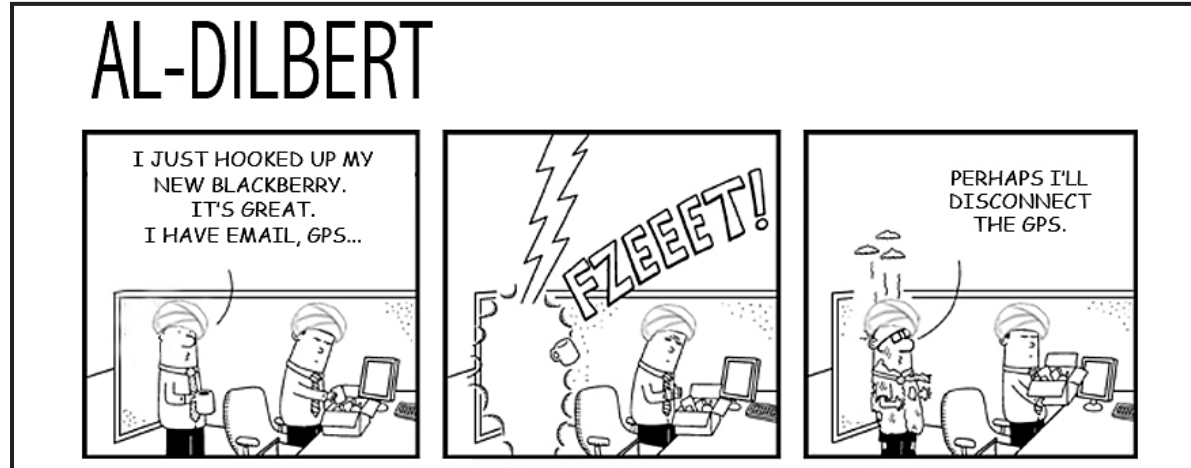
**JAZZ & BLUES**  
Edelveis  
21.00: B-2

**CLUBBIN'**  
DJs Soulmate, Ladjak  
21.00: Propaganda  
Rob Dirton  
21.00: Kult

**THURSDAY  
April 17**

**ROCK**  
Raznei Ludi  
21.00: Ikra  
Skal'pel  
21.00: 16 Tonn  
Page 6, Tintal, The Fingies  
19.00: B-2  
Kontra-Banda  
21.00: Zhest

**CLUBBIN'**  
DJs Studinskiy, Sanches  
21.00: Propaganda  
Ja Vybz dj sessions  
21.00: Kult  
DJ Shum  
23.00: Ikra



21.00: Propaganda

**TUESDAY  
April 8**

**ROCK**  
Haleo  
21.00: B-2  
Minus Ivan  
22.00: Proekt OGI  
Distemper  
19.00: Tabula Rasa

**JAZZ & BLUES**  
Mihail Mishuris & Orchestra  
21.00: Roadhouse

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

**WEDNESDAY  
April 9**

**ROCK**  
Rekevin  
20.00: Ikra  
Am I Kloot

Troynoy Burbon  
20.00: Zhest

**JAZZ & BLUES**  
Blues Cousins  
21.00: Roadhouse

**CLUBBIN'**  
DJs Studinskiy, Sanches  
21.00: Propaganda  
HomeListening DJ's  
21.00: B-2  
Ja Vybz dj sessions  
21.00: Kult  
Dj Shum  
20.00: Ikra

**FRIDAY  
April 11**

**ROCK**  
Matzak, Spell  
22.00: 16 Tonn  
Current 93 & Ricky Lee Jones  
20.00: Ikra  
Naik Borzov  
23.00: B-2  
Pep-si  
22.00: Proekt OGI

**JAZZ & BLUES**  
Jazz Piano  
20.00: B-2

20.00: B-2  
Dirty Dozen  
21.00: Roadhouse

**CLUBBIN'**  
DJs Philla, Onlee  
21.00: Propaganda  
DJ TV Rock & Natalia Bril  
23.00: Fabrique  
DJ Anatoly Ice  
21.00: Kult

**SUNDAY  
April 13**

**ROCK**  
The Young Knives  
22.00: B-2  
ISIS  
21.00: Ikra  
Bashnya Rowan  
22.00: Proekt OGI  
Sakura  
22.00: 16 Tonn

**JAZZ & BLUES**  
Open Blues Jam  
18.00: Roadhouse

**CLUBBIN'**  
DJs Anatoly Ice, Tony Key

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

**1171**  
  
**Cheers:**  
 Ginormous new bar-club in the up-and-coming Savvinskaya Nab. Row, opened up by Kostya of Dacha fame, and the publisher of this newspaper and Ne Spat. Huge bar, with several sub-bars on the first floor and upper deck. Also live bands play on the upper deck, and you can hide out in the VIP there. Prices reasonable, music so far shows impressive range, from Peter Hook (ex-Joy Division/New Order) to DJ Ojo and others.  
**Jeers:**  
 Feis kontrol wouldn't let in under-21 dyevs, leading us to wonder: since when is this the fucking US?! Taxi predators rear you here. Coat check too small to handle the large crowds--hopefully they have that worked out by now.

**M:** Sportivnaya  
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**Cover:** cheap, depends on the concert  
**M:** Baumanskaya

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**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 Volkzal. 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 start 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:** Chisty Prudy  
**Address:** Potapovskiy Per. 5, bld. 2  
**Phone:** 621-4717  
**Hours:** Round the clock

**Cafe Royal**

**Cheers:**  
 Man, oh man! This was Katz's last review. Brings a tear to our eyes just thinking about it. What did she have to say about it? Well, it's a basement jazz/blues club with constant live acts. If you're into this kind of scene, then you'll probably like it. It's got a wide selection of food, rooms that you can rent out for parties. Royal's informal feel and the large schools of aging snappers it draws will make American women feel especially comfortable here...  
**Jeers:**  
 ...and we're not sure that's a good thing.  
**Cover:** Depends on who's playing  
**M:** Chisty Prudy  
**Phone:** 607-0969, 607-9172  
**Address:** Ashcheulov per., 9  
**Hours:** 12PM to 6AM  
**Website:** www.caferoyal.ru

**Club XIII**

**Cheers:**  
 You can go home again! Girls will sometimes hit on you just for being a foreigner! XIII's got a good thing goin', with raunchy caberet shows, teetering ladies, and just enough face control to make you feel like you achieved something by getting in! Last Saturday XIII was on, catching a good niche somewhere between Fabrique and Leto, though closer to Fabrique (thank god). Selection of E'd out and liquored up chicks spotted here. Ames got coralled into a rather suggestive freaking bout with a hot off-duty bargirl from a certain Swedish nightclub. The club that set the standard and opened the era of elitry giant nightclubs is back after a several-year hiatus. Top notch DJs, friendly girls, not quite as grotesquely elitry 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:** Mynskitskaya 13  
**Hours:** Wed-Sun, 10pm - 6am

**Crazy Milk**


**Cheers/Jeers:**  
 Don't touch that dial! eXile's Bar-Dak team is hard at work updating this listing. Check back next week.  
**M:** Dobrynskaya  
**Phone:** 230-7333  
**Address:** Bolshaya Polyanka ul., 54/1  
**Website:** www.crazymilk.ru


**Denis Simachev Bar**


**Cheers:**  
 eXile alert! DS showed its humane side by waving wheelchair-bound eXile editor Yasha Levine through face control. At first we gave this place two stinky thumbs down, but now we've reconsidered. We now proclaim DS the best elitry dive in town! If you've seen the Sochi Olympics ads running on CNN, then you might recognize the Rice Rocket bike done up in a Russian folk design paint job that was featured in the ad and is now permanently chained to DS's entrance. Even Simachev is doing his part to make Russia's crack pipe Olympic dream a reality! One of Moscow's top designers opened this bar in his designer boutique.  
**Jeers:**  
 Notice we changed the beer factor from one to two stars. DS has finally done what we've been expecting, they've doubled their prices. Manages to cram the most annoying elements of Moscow pafos into the space of walk-in closet. It's become Moscow's hippest weekday elitry hangout and the newest roost for Opera/Dyagelev/Krishna molls on their off night. Attracts droves of rich Russian dudes doing the Planet of the Apes routine around their expensive cars and bikes outside.  
**M:** Teatralnaya  
**Phone:** 629-8085  
**Address:** Stoleshnikov Per. 12  
**Hours:** 12:00-06:00


**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.



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

Help



**Cheers:** 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 dance-floor, 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

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

Justo Banya Douche



**Cheers:** Located on the grounds of an old banya, JBD is the latest addition to the Moscow's indie-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:** Have become a "members only" establishment. Were served foul \$25 "fresh" bloody marys made from fresh squeezed tomatoes. They were the worst bloody marys we've ever had, hands down.  
**Cover:** None  
**M:** Lubyanka  
**Phone:** 625-6836  
**Address:** Teatralny proezd 3  
**Hours:** Daily from 6pm, concerts on weekends at 9 pm.



**Cheers:** eXile alert! Katz nearly had to beat the dirty sluts piling up onto her man with a stick. And she would have too, if the dude wasn't such a pussied 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 garidirob, 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. Puschchnaya 3 (just down from Hola Mexico)  
**Hours:** Thurs.-Sun.: 21:00 - 6:00

Krizis Zhanra



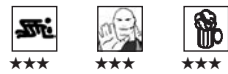
**Cheers:** eXile alert! Well, we be gosh darned! We hadn't been here for anything other than peaceful lunch since last spring. We're happy to report that place hadn't changed a bit. KZ still packs in the young and available babes that say "yes" almost as if we had paid for it. eXile editors no longer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

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

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

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

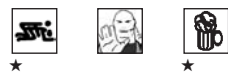
Krishna



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

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

MOTORHOME

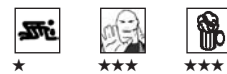


**Cheers/Jeers:** In the words of Jared's little brother Eric Linquist: "This place was decked out like some sort of futuristic, rated R version of Chuck E. Cheese with a huge bar and rows of racing simulation pods lining the walls. Instead of gay furry mascots, the place was packed full of Russian go-go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

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

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

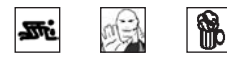
MOST



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

**Jeers:** Jeering Most is like jeering the oligarchs themselves.  
**M:** 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.

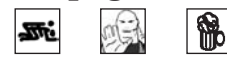
Papa's Place



**Cheers:** Still redefining the meaning of "packed with drunken sluts." Someone forgot to tell them that it's not the 90s anymore. No-holds-barred wet T contest shows more skin than most strip clubs! Proof that there's still a place in Moscow where the dyevs are plenty and not afraid to drink. We haven't had this much fun since Putin came to power! Papa's four-day ninth birthday bash took so much out of us, our livers are on vacation 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' rawvgs: 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:** The "special" green St. Patrick's beer was just plain-o bottles of cheap Holsten in green bottles. The crew of creepy drunk midgets pretending to be leprechauns they had running around did not consist of any midget dyevs.  
**Cover:** 150R on weekends, free-ish during the week  
**M:** Chisty Prudy  
**Phone:** 755-9554  
**Address:** Myasnitskaya Ul. 22 (inside Johnny's)  
**Hours:** Always

Propaganda



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

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

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. THE most dangerous place to go for week-night nightcaps! We defy you to leave after just one drink. Hell, we defy you to leave after two! More 10PM last calls have turned into 3AM "oh fucks" than we can count! McCoy's is the closest thing to a guarantee this side of Night Flight. Always some table of desperate sluts here, even when it's otherwise empty. Often features the kind of drunken madness that was banned by the Geneva Convention. They let you pass out at the tables!

**Jeers:** Are they trying to push a blow habit on us by feising us for drunkenness at 4am? Don't go here sober—the human fauna might be startling. Some sluts so ugly, even the jumbo Long Island won't make you want them. Getting a drink on a weekend night requires a half-hour of screaming and waving money at the bartender.  
**M:** Barrikadnaya  
**Phone:** 255-41-44  
**Address:** Kudrinskaya pl. 1 (in the towering Stalin dom)  
**Hours:** Always



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**live music club #1 (2007)**



**best live/dance club (2006)**




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# April, 13










# ISIS

(USA)





**Restovratsaya**



★★ ★ ★

**Cheers:** Babooshka was taken here by a slightly older rich chick who owned a couple of clothing stores. He'd never been to a place like this, where Russia's aging—and affluent—intelligentsia go to spend their evenings. Wait, this should be going into jeers...

**Jeers:** No DJs or go-go dancers, only jazz jam sessions, theater performances, Argentinean milonga dances, blues nights, French chanson, a cigar room and well you get the freakin' idea. No easy sluts here, only aging trophy wives and modestly-dressed daughters of Conservatory teachers or Tretyakov gallery advisors. What kind of 19th century aristocratic bullshit is this?

**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 patos 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

**Royal Bar**



★ ★★★★★ ★★★★★

**Cheers/Jeers:** See club review on pg 13...

**Address:** 39, Leningradskoye shosse  
**Phone:** 979-9090  
**M:** better to sail here on your yacht  
**Hours:** 12:00 – 02:00, daily

**Sakhar**



★★ ★★ ★★

**Cheers/Jeers:** This is another one of those elitist-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 get to screw a young dyve in a telephone booth? So far, that's the best argument we've heard for getting an iPhone.

**Jeers:** 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 hang-out 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. Their newest corned beef sandwich (140R) packs in beautifully with a few points 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 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 angliyskiy 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.  
**M:** Okhotny Ryad  
**Phone:** 290-4222

**Address:** 5/6 Tverskaya Ulitsa (go down Nikitskaya Per.)  
**Hours:** 8 till late

**Sixteen Tons**



★★ ★ ★★

**Cheers:** eXile alert! If you think of passing this place up next weekend, don't. Even if the concert upstairs sucks, the first floor fills up with so much indie babeage, it's kinda hard to believe that you're in an Irish bar. Indie's in! They're there for the music, even if you're there just for them... Maybe the eXile's 10th anniversary party that took place here caused all this? Without a freakin' doubt about it folks. Last summer, the place handled the mad crowd rush, and the mad drunken mob of eXholes, like professionals. No one could have done it 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 dyves 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 dyves. Not much to do upstairs when there isn't live music.  
**Cover:** Devs: R100 weekdays, R150 weekends; Guys: R150 weekdays, R200 weekends  
**M:** Ul. 1905  
**Phone:** 253-5300  
**Address:** Presnenskii Val 6  
**Hours:** 18:00 - 6:00

**Solyanka**



★★★★ ★★ ★★

**Cheers:** eXile alert! Solyanka's newly-minted restaurant just might be the best new place to eat since we discovered Dantes way back in 2007. The 270r biz lunch offers a tasty 3-course evro fusion meal (menu changes daily) that's a damn bargain for Moscow these days. Hosts a strange dyve 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 dyves. And that's just fine by us. If you know 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 Rudnitskiy 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-patosny 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 than 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 dyve index is way off the charts. This place is set to become one of our favorites, especially now that they gave us a 50% discount card! From the looks of things, they've also given tons of hot girls the cards, turning Sorry B into a pre-party magnet for gals looking to quench their thirst at the right price. Packs a good crowd on weekends and offers plenty of macking ops. Girls friendlier than most, and by that we don't mean they're ugly.

**Jeers:** Recent menu update for 2007 has upset the balance of one of the best Caesar salads in town. Seems like everyone here only converses with each other via ICQ message sent between laptops. Weird hippie/Buddhist contingent mixed in with model level babes threw us off a bit. Portions getting smaller. 50% discount card might be more of a curse—we're getting a little sick of this place. Got a Pradale 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 keul as us.  
**M:** Kitay Gorod  
**Phone:** 784-0615  
**Address:** Slavanskaya 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-patos, pro-alcohol'n'fun tusovka...along with fun-livin' babes, many of whom took it upon themselves to dance on the ginormous bar. Congrats, guys! If you love Help but wish it had more of a party scene, Tema is THE place to check out! One of a very, very few places in town where everyone's having a good time. Dyves 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 in fire. While all the girls are having fun and definitely available, you'll need to knock back a few before your beer goggles start functioning properly. Might run into old flings from McCoy's at inopportune moments. Food not exactly all that.  
**M:** Chisty Prudy  
**Address:** Potapovsky per. 5  
**Hours:** 24

**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 dyves, as well as a slightly more aged, but yet so easily bangeable 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 dyves 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:** Tofer was blown away by this Italian/Spanish wine bar when he first reviewed it. With an ok bottle of Spanish red starting at 600r, tasty tapas-style cheese ad cold cut platters averaging 300r, a low key setting featuring a live jazz pianist and wine tasting nights every Wed, this place seemed out of place in Moscow. Cheap AND good? Did we die and wake up in the more Western-friendly Medvedev era? Gotta try it to believe it.

**Jeers:** Dangerously high water content in one of the cheaper Chiantis. Recent return visit disturbed us. Waitress got bitchy when we wanted her to cork and pour the wine at the table, not in the kitchen. Staff tried to force us to go to the ATM at 2 am, claiming the credit card machine suddenly broke.

**Address:** Malyi Palashevsky pereulok 6  
**Phone:** 739-1045  
**Metro:** Pushkinskaya  
**Hours:** Everyday from 6 p.m to 6 a.m.  
**Web:** www.vinosyr.ru  
**Hours:** 18:00 - 6:00

**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 ladies are slamin'! It's comfortable, well-ventilated and altogether 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

**Violette**



★★★ ★ ★★

**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, Violette 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. Violette 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

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# EATS

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 (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 Ghoulash Adis Ababa just about had us planning a vacation to the Horn. Every dish is spicy and filling; including decent vegetarian selection. Hoegaarten on tap. Friendly staff will occasionally play Ethiopian funk.

**Jeers:** We're not sure what it is about Ethiopian food, but for some reason you just don't really get the urge to go very often.  
**M:** Kurskaya  
**Phone:** 916-2432

**Address:** Zemlyanoi Val, Dom 6

## American

### Correa's

**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: Belorusskaya; 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. Gasheka 7/1  
**Hours:** 8:00 - 22:00 weekdays, 9:00 - 22:00 weekends

### Flat Iron Grill



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

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

### Hard Rock Cafe



**\$\$**  
**Cheers:** Legendary burger (600r) perhaps the greatest burger this town has ever seen. Giant Angus patty, with bacon, cheez, and onion rings. Mmmmm, we you can taste your arteries clot! Hot damn, folks, that thar's a hell of a breakfast special! For an amazing 100R you get three eggs any style, bacon, sausage and toast, and potatoes! 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

**\$\$**  
**Cheers:** eXile alert! The Starlite burger has been rocking our world for a few weeks in a row. Not sure if it's the looming snapper season or what, but the patty just seems softer, juicier and has just the right thickness. 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 news-

paper racks in their bathroom stalls? 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're 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

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

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

## Spicy

**\$\$-s**  
**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 assiness 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 peacocking pickup artist douchebags, then you'll find plenty of girls here to laugh at you. High ceilings, spare wood interior make this unlike most pseudo-mod shitholes. All in all, we likes it.

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

## Vietcafe

**\$**  
**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

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**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

## 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 cheesecake rocks. Dyevs say that the sushi is good, and they offer free wi-fi and plugs o'plenty.

**Jeers:**

We'd jeer the pretentious photography and design books, except that they're a good way to keep your date entertained without having to talk to her.

**M:** Tsvetnoi Bulvar  
**Phone:** 694-0356  
**Address:** 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 puppies 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

## Eclectic

### City Grill

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**Cheers:**

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

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**Cheers:**

eXile alert! Newbie Zaitchik snubbed his nose at the only elitny restaurant the eXile recognizes by showing up late at the eXile staff party and leaving early. He preferred warm snapper to the dozen cold seafood salads laid out on the table. Can we blame him? Yes. We used to think saying you come here for the food is like telling someone you read Hustler to protect your First Amendment rights... until we ate here. It's really freakin'

good, folksSo elitny they don't even have a sign out front. Unless you count all those stretch Mercs and BMWs with smoked windows a kind of sign. Inside, the place is packed full of the beau monde of Moscow. It's so gauche—including huge lamp covers that look like giant bronze sponge contraceptive—that it works. Amazingly enough, the food is excellent and reasonably priced. If they let you in, that is. Delicious raw tuna salad (400r), and surprisingly good Risotto with Asparagus and Shrimps (450r), a dish almost no one gets right in Moscow.

**Jeers:**

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

**M:** Kitai-Gorod  
**Phone:** 784-6969  
**Address:** Slavyanskaya Ploschad 2

## European

### Aist

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**Cheers:**

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

**Jeers:**

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

**M:** Pushkinskaya  
**Phone:** 736-91-31/32  
**Address:** M. Bronaya 8/1  
**Hours:** 12:00 - 24:00

### Apple Restaurant

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**Cheers:**

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

### The Apartment

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**Cheers:**

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

**Jeers:**

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

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

### Dantes

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**Cheers:**

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

**Jeers:**

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

**M:** Lubyanka  
**Phone:** 621-4688  
**Address:** Myasnitskaya 13-3  
**Hours:** always

### Eat & Talk

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**Cheers:**

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

cap at 5 a.m. It has three big things going for it: location, big buffet, and vibe. Situated next door next to ZhurFak, E&T is constantly filled with cute journalism students. Free wifi, accessible plugs and central location. They just opened a new, nicely designed Irish pub down the hall that is the only place in town to get Guinness Extra Cold.

**Jeers:**

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

**M:** Biblioteka  
**Phone:** 961-3101  
**Address:** Mochovaya 7  
**Hour:** 24/7

### El Parador

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**Cheers:**

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

**Jeers:**

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

**M:** Tverskaya  
**Phone:** 650-1623  
**Address:** Tverskaya ul 12/2 (entrance on Kozitsky)  
**Hour:** Lunch 'til dinner

### Guylian Cafe

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**Cheers:**

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

**Jeers:**

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

**M:** Teatralnaya  
**Phone:** 928-7602  
**Address:** 8/10 Neglinnaya Ul.

### GQ Bar

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**Cheers:**

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

**Jeers:**

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

**M:** Tretyakovskaya  
**Phone:** 956-7775  
**Address:** Balchug Ul. 5  
**Hours:** 24 hours

### Los Bandidos

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**Cheers:**

Excellent hamon (690R+) and more than one great paella (de pollo for 790R, and de cordero for 890R). It's a spinoff of the famous Spanish restaurant of the same name outside of Marbella; the head chef in Moscow is an import from there. Real Andalusian cured hams that hang from hooks from the ceiling, highly professional service without being intrusive. Gazpacho 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 Vstrechi. Here you enter a den of sin, with plush blue velvet and heavy draw-drapes to close your booth. Delicious, simple menu at reasonable prices. Try the soups, the fresh-baked breads and pirozhki, delicious salads, nice choice of mains. So far no complaints, expect it to be a popular place soon.

**Jeers:**

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

**M:** Chekhovskaya  
**Phone:** 694-6252  
**Address:** Bolshaya Dmitrovka d.17  
**Hours:** Always

## TO HAVE AND TO HAVE YACHT

*By Dmitriy Babooshka  
 pflanze@yandex.ru*



Imagine a city where elite yachting is a part of normal life and every day you meet someone who is a surfer or wakeboarder. If you think I'm imagining Miami or Santa Cruz, you're wrong. This is Moscow, dear reader, where the rich are always looking for entertainment.

With oil prices pumping higher every week Moscow, the masses are getting unexpectedly wealthier, and it's fun to see how these new rich manage their new wealth. Expensive cars are nothing new, helicopters are still restricted, but the joys of water hooligans are getting more and more popular these days.

## CLUB REVIEW

Maybe it's because most of our millionaires just became rich only in the past decade that they don't really understand the culture of spending money. When it comes to status possessions most of these bigwigs remind me of children. If they saw something cool on one of their trips abroad, they immediately want to bring it home. Even if there is no sea to sail around or ocean waves to surf, they just pretend it's all there. Just like we all did with puddles when we were kids.

The Moscow River is still mostly covered with ice, so I was surprised to get a call from my friend Pasha inviting me to attend a "closed opening party for a yacht-restaurant." Well if it was someone else calling, I would have hung up on him because I'm sick of clubs that think they're cool and expensive, but once you get there, they turn out to be typically Soviet inside.

However, Pasha is not the kind of guy who'd offer his friends a shit sandwich. When I first met him in Diaghilev he was just a humble assistant to the club moguls and did all their dirty work—transforming bags of cash into proper packs, weighing them and sometimes kicking the provincial asses of the club's go-go dancers and waitresses. Now he's a reputable manager with many club owners vying for his time and attention.

So I could not refuse his offer to check out the new **ROYAL BAR** and see how a restaurant could be "yacht." First I thought he meant those riverboat-restaurants, but then I realized it could not be that since Moscow's navigation season starts only on April 20th.

The yacht-restaurant's location sounded familiar—a few seasons ago I used to hang out at the Beach Club, which was a wannabe Ibiza on shitty sand full of cigarette butts and discarded beer bottles. Well, the rise in oil prices has all kinds of benefits. One of those is that the Royal Bar managers decided to keep the beach for summer parties, and they imported expensive white sand to make it look as though you are really in Ibiza.

But some things never change. The dark road to the bar and beach is not far away from Leningradka, but you have to watch out for the potholes and puddles. Moscow's potholes are really incredible—even if it looks small don't be fooled. You can sink half of your car in one.

Fortunately I was not driving, but

discuss propeller screws, vanes and hydrometers.

Later Pasha told me these guys were the owners of the restaurant and also the owners of a large yacht distribution company. So now I understood why this place was called a yacht-restaurant.

The good thing about clubs located away from the Garden Ring is that you can breath normally. Since the rent is cheaper they allow more space for the dance floor and dining rooms. Royal Bar is no exception, featuring as well a breathtaking view onto the bay, making it a good place to watch the sunset.

Other advantages include Moscow's largest selection of grappa with over 15 kinds from different provinces (expect to pay from 680 to 1,200 rubles for a shot). As for the *zakuski*, you can order something Italian—the menu is big and much cheaper than the bar.

Before I left I checked out the toilet and was stunned one last time. What happens in the ladies' bathroom in front of their mirrors has always been a mystery for me. I never knew how dyevs look at each other in there. Do they fight? Do they discuss the same dirty things we guys do?

The Royal Bar gives you a royal opportunity to solve this age-old mystery. They have two small toilets but the mirror room with wash-bowls is unisex. I decided to spend extra time washing my hands as I was fascinated by the conversation of these two busi-

**Club:** Royal Bar  
**Address:** 39, Leningradskoye shosse  
**Phone:** 979 9090  
**M:** you don't  
**Hours:** 12:00 – 02:00, daily

ness-like dyevs who discussed having a threesome with some guy whom they left in the dining room; their only concern was whether or not there would be "toys like we had the last time."

As I didn't have any yacht waiting for me outside and not even a Shawarma Shuttle I concentrated on washing my hands pretending I'd heard nothing.

I had something better going on: two tickets to the concert of the legendary Infected Mushroom at B1. Their live performance had no relation neither to a concert nor to trance music. It was a very unique emotional experience where the crowd and the music joined together, with no need to fake happiness or worry about one's status or possessions.



## Ogni

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## Cheers:

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

## Jeers:

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

M: Sukharevskaya

Phone: 207-1222

Address: M. Sukharevskaya pl. 8

Hours: Always

## Pilsner Urquell

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## Cheers:

eXile alert! Recent thumbs-up for the reliably greasy and good-sized portions at fair prices. Zaitchik praised the Cvikova 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! Nevish 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 assholes think we're living in?! Agh! Coming here frequently will turn make your belly look American. Rude hostess nearly tackled us on our way up the stairs because we neglected to tell her that we had friends waiting for us. Our 'medium rare' steak was burnt to a crisp. When was the last time you craved Czech food? Exactly.

M: 1: Mayakovskaya, 2: Kitai Gorod

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

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

Hours: noon-midnight

## The Real McCoy

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

M: Barrikadnaya

Phone: 255-41-44

Address: Kudrinskaya pl. 1 (in the Stalin sky-scraper)

Hours: Always

## Tapa de Comida

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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

## Indian

## Darbar

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## Cheers:

Hands down still far and away the best Indian restaurant in Moscow, despite some new and fainthearted competition. The menu features both southern and northern dishes, and the Kerala 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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**Jeers:**  
Who needs Jeers with Cheers like these!  
**M:** Park Kultury  
**Phone:** Kultury  
**Address:** Zbovsky bul. 27/5  
**Hours:** 12:00 to 24:00

**Hemingway's**

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

**Jeers:**  
British rugby fans. Salsa could still use a bit more umph.  
**M:** Park Kultury  
**Address:** Komsomolsky Prospekt 13 (where La Hacienda used to be)

**Navarro's**

**\$\$**  
**Cheers:**  
eXile alert! See our expand-o-update on pg 20. We just sampled Navarro's amazing weekend brunch, and folks, you won't find a better place in Moscow. Everything from succulent oysters to fresh tamales, babaganoush to freshly-sliced pork shoulder, paella, and a huge dessert spread, all for 1200 rubles. Also if you like spicy Bloody Mary, then definitely try the version at Navarro's, and you'll sweat your hangover away. Yuri Navarro, long an eXile fave, now has his own namesake restaurant not far from Santa Fe, and folks, everything here lives up to the name. Wide-ranging menu offering excellent tapas, ceviche, grilled fish and meats, salads, and even huevos rancheros for breakfast. You should start at the bar and try as many tapas, without even bothering to choose. You might come across the succulent Tiraditas de Salmon, marinated in lime, cilantro, and garlic. Fantastic quality, great desserts, all in all a place to go if you're the gourmand type or just looking to relax.  
**Jeers:**  
So far, no jeers...  
**M:** 1905 Goda  
**Phone:** 259-3791

**Address:** Shmitovskiy proezd 23, bldg. 4  
**Hours:** 8:30AM to 3AM or until the last guest

**Old Havana**

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

**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

**Russian**

**Version 1.0**

**\$\$\$**  
**Cheers:**  
A stone's throw from Red Square, this place tries harder than just about anyone in town in the decor department. The virtual reality banquet hall is surely the most futuristic dining room in the city. The bar list claims to be the longest in town, and we're inclined to believe it. Excellent mojitos. The food is solid mid-range fare, a Russian-Evropsyki fusion served vertically on fancy plates. Bar goes snap, crackle, pop on weekends and turns into a hotbed of semi-pafusness by drawing a multitude of middle-class student chicks who desperately want to look like they belong on the pages of Glamour magazine. V 1.0's newly expanded dance-floor/DJ area has increased the place's nite life stats to the point that we're considering moving this listing to the clubs section...

**Jeers:**  
After the novelty and the acid wears off, you start to wonder if the virtual reality room isn't a bit retarded and/or creepy.  
**M:** Pl. Revolyustii  
**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/vegie wok dish perfectly captured the oily goodness of properly fried chow mein. Our favorite had to be the main course, a thick juice Reindeer steak cooked rare, served with foi gras potatod dumpling (750r for the "starter" size). While most game is usually, er, gamey, this reindeer meat tasted like it came from Texas, making us wonder how Santa Claus manages to keep himself from cooking Prancer and Vixen after having to look at their tasty loins every Christmas Eve. We finished off with a surprisingly tangy, delicious home-made 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-Triumfalnaya 4, #2: Zatepsky 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. Barrikadnaya branch feels like it's on the third floor of a mall, and it is.  
**M:** a) Pushkinskaya b) Barrikadnaya  
**Phone:** a) 937-5679 b) 981-4941  
**Address:** a) 23 Tverskaya b) 31 Novinsky bul  
**Hours:** 12.00 - 'til the last customer

**Steak's**

**\$\$**  
**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

**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  
**Call Lena at 795-3376 fax us at 245-1415 or email us at editor@exile.ru to give or receive some sweet lovin'.**

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