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PROUD WIFE AND MOTHER

Dear Mr. Zaitchik,

I recently read your interesting commentary regarding Senator John McCain. As a Republican, I am deeply disheartened with the choice of Senator McCain for president. Senator McCain's animosity towards Russia is dangerous to say the least. My husband flew F4-s in Vietnam. He was also the Senior US Air Attache in Moscow from 1979 to 1981. While there, we traveled from deep Siberia to central Asia with the KGB right behind us. My son, Jim Jatras, is representing Bishop Artemije of Kosovo with regard to trying to reverse President Bush's recognition of an independent Kosovo that bequeaths Serbia's Jerusalem to jihadist war criminals such as Hashim Thaci and Agim Ceku.

Best regards,

Stella

Dear Ms. Stella, Lief the Minnesota Liberal replies, "I don't know why you're writing a letter about Bishops and Vietnam and so on. Don't you know there's a war on in Iraq? Right now, lady! Not yesterday, not 30 years ago, but RIGHT NOW. There are people dying, lady, and you're sitting here talking about some Bishop who flew an F-4 in Kosovo. Wake up, before it's too late!"

BY THE NUMBERS

Hi, the Exile,

A bit of a late note, but sorry, I am slow...Your headline article for Issue #284 goes "20 Reasons why we're embarrassed to be Americans", and then in the body of the text you shamelessly give 25 reasons! Which brings me to #26 - you Americans suck at math!!

Cheers,

Petos

Dear Mr. Petos, Leif the Minnesota Liberal replies, "How can you sit there and worry about math when there's a war going on, man? Don't you get it? People are dying, Petos! How, I ask, can I reach these readers?"

RUG MUNCHER

Hi Mark,

Thanks for the encomium to the wall carpet! I first became acquainted with them when I was a university exchange student in Ukraine in 1992. We exchange students lived in a former dormitory for visiting Communist Party officials. We hosted a big party at a restaurant for our Ukrainian friends on our last night in the country. We covered all of

the food and drink so everyone became massively, ragingly drunk. I vaguely remember people barfing on the floor, in the bushes outside, everywhere. Anyhow, one of the exchange students threw up while he was passed out on his bed. The sheets, the floor and the wall carpet were covered in puke. He didn't know the customary way to deal with such a situation so he stuffed the sheets and the wall carpet in a big bag for the convenience of the babushkas who maintained the dorm. I hope the carpet was cleanable.

Regards,

Mark

Dear Mr. Mark, Leif the Liberal replies, "How can you sit here and talk about wall carpets and drinking seems to me like he is looking for an excuse. Read this article by the New York Times. It might prove enlightening.

http://www.nytimes.com/2008/03/04/w orld/middleeast/04youth.html?ex=1362 546000&en=acab5b5867bb89bf&ei=51 24&partner=permalink&exprod=permalink

JS Dear Mr. JS, Leif the Liberal replies,

"Why is it that you right-wing nut cases always want people to read articles that support YOUR view of things, but never want to read opposing views? For example, JS, you should try reading Deena Fernandes's excellent article, "Toxic Trailers Redux: When Did FEMA Know?" in Mother Jones. Sure, it lacks the blood and guts and foul language that you people seem to like, but it has substance. Don't you see? I mean, how can you sit there and argue about Al Sadr when there are so many toxins in the air?"

TACO KISSES

Dear Gary

I seem to recall your statement, in a previous article of the War Nerd, that what makes insurgencies so difficult, is the fact that the population lies to the occupying army like a cheap (Persian) rug. My question to you is how badly an insurgency can be damaged when the occupying army has technology that can accurately tell a lie from the truth? The current Gulf War might be lost either way or perhaps not, and wild like to answer that question too, the larger issue is how the invention of a reliable portable lie detector would change counterinsurgency warfare in favor of the occupying army?

I only ask this because reports have filtered through the media that seem to indicate United States is equipping its soldiers with portable lie detectors. As a both know the early polygraphs were extraordinarily unreliable and they were eventually discarded but most police departments. However I have seen and read about technology that is able to analyze the stress level many human beings voice and come to a decent conclusion regarding that person sincerity when they make a statement. Unfortunately I am having a hard time, finding many details about this new technology, in particular how reliable it is. As far as I know these little portable lie detectors given the troops are no better than the old polygraphs in terms of accuracy or they may be the great new thing in technology, that will put all but the most pathological liars out of business. It seems likely that reality is somewhere between these two extremes.

e-mail: editor@exile.ru

impact would depend upon just how reliable it was in its ability to be used with languages that share few structural commonalities with English.

Hopefully following up on this possible lead, will provide you the good article right for your regular readers like myself.

Gordon Angelino

Dear Senor Angelino,

Leif the Liberal replies, "I am so pleased to be answering a letter sent by a person of color. And I should add, Senorrrr Ankhhelino, that I speak espanol, thanks to the summer I spent with the campesinos in Benezuela, to participate in the Bolivarrr rrrrevolution. You know how to tell a vulgar gringo from a multicultural progressive American such as myself? Because we use 'B' for 'V' in 'Benezuela,' and we roll our 'rrr's for a minimum of three seconds. That's how we bonded with the campesinos and the people living in the barrrrrrios in Carrrrracas. Anyway, hope that answers your question! Viva la revolucion! Arrriba arrriba! Oops, that's Speedy Gonzalez. Sorry, I apologize for the racial insensitivity. I was brainwashed as a child, and I promise, Senor Angelino, that I will spend another summer in Carrrracas, Benezuela, in order to rid myself of this poisonous Speedy Gonzalez reference in my head. Andale andale! Hija hija! Oops, there it is again. Stop me, please!"

FLOTSAM AND TRAN-SOM

Hello Mr Kalashnikov

Your column rocks better than a US woman who needs gas money. With you and War Nerd, I am surprised the Exile is not more popular.

Regards

Geoffrey Transom

France

(I'm an Australian though – not one of those garlic-chomping beret-wearing Frogs who surrender any time 6 drunk Germans cross the border... we Aussies turned up in 1914 and 1939 when the Frogs gave up... but they still kicked me out last year!! Ungrateful arseholes)

Dear Mr. Transom, Leif the Concerned Minnesota Liberal replies, "Oh no, you people want me to answer another letter? How can I possibly sit here and answer [sic] letters when there's a WAR going on, man?! People are dying! Hello? Does anyone care out there about the Iraqi people, or am I the only one?"

TIBET OR NOT TIBET

Dear Mr. Brecher,

I'd really like to say I knew a thing or two about politics, but that would be lying - being lazy, I have to resort to the stories and (even more dangerous) opinions of people (and other information sources) I trust to some degree.

Over the past months, I became

WHO ARE THESE PEOPLE? Reality Television Produces Fake Celebrities

By Kitty McFarlan

here is something wrong in CelebrityLand. More and more often, the glossy rags, the tabloids, the blogs and entertainment TV shows I thrive upon have been featur-

ing people I have never heard of. Protest if you will, but this has absolutely nothing to do with my ripe old age of thirty-something. It has to do with the American public being bombarded with shitty reality television. I don't know who these people are, and I want them out of my infotainment. And it is all MTV's fault.

Many, many years ago, back in the days when MTV still played the occasional music video and wasn't completely unwatchable, the station turned heads with a new, cutting-edge show called The Real World. It was such a hit that MTV couldn't resist doing a second season. But MTV just couldn't stop at five gazillion seasons of The Real World. It also spun it off as the tedious Road Rules, and then held a contest called Wanna Be a VJ. The While the former is trying to get into fashion by "designing" T-shirts and jeans, impressing absolutely no one, the latter actually did recently manage to get herself something akin to fifteen minutes of fame. But that was mostly because everyone was making fun of her super-lame music video.

In addition to dedicating countless hours to attempts to resurrect the careers of Z-list former celebrities who faded from the scene 20 years ago, Americans seem to have a passion for giving air time to repulsive human beings who hopefully have been sterilized as a part of their television deals. These shows don't hold a candle to the Jerry Springer of yore. A woman who goes by the name of New York has had her own show because she was rejected by Flava Flav. I cannot fathom how Flava Flav can even afford to pick and choose, but apparently he can. Then there is Tila Tequila, Internet slut extraordinaire and walking Petri dish. She had her own show because she is bisexual, will fuck anyone, and she's only three apples high.

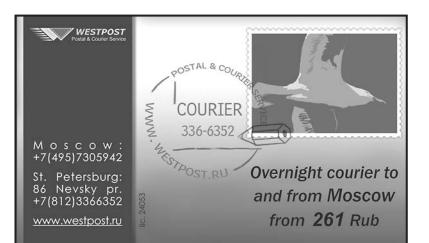
Happily, not all faux-celebs get their

CELEB-RETARD

first-ever Wanna Be a VJ was wrought with scandal. The bland preppy candidate that MTV wanted to win lost out to a crusty hippy who pretended to be homeless. According to Wikipedia, Jesse Camp's victory was the result of a hack in which someone illegitimately voted for him 3,000 times. I take issue with that allegation. I remember voting for Jesse Camp, and I remember several other people gleefully and maliciously voting for him just to see what MTV would do if the public was crazy enough to choose the bong boy with the giant pupils. It is what the public wanted. Disappointingly, Jesse didn't last too long and was soon replaced by David Holmes, a Carson Daly clone who came in second place. After that, the only remotely interesting reality TV moment came 10 years later, when Ozzy took out the garbage.

It is probably the Jesse Incident that explains MTV's more recent choice to retain more control by broadcasting a fake reality show. On The Hills, real conversations are allegedly loosely scripted, and viewers are meant to watch the cast attend their fake jobs and experience awkward social situations with one another when they can't remember the plot line midshoot. This is popular. People watch it. I don't get it. Two of the main "characters" are Lauren Conrad and Heidi Montag. own shows. Take Kate Beckinsale, for instance. Kate is an actress. She has been in movies — probably even movies you've watched. But you probably haven't ever noticed Kate, because her role seems to consistently be either "that one chick" or "chick number 2," and they don't give out Oscars for that. Kate recently tried to get a little more attention by announcing in an interview that her best feature is her vagina. It's probably true, too. I bet if her vagina was in a movie, we'd actually know who she was.

I'm next in line — I have a great idea for my own reality show. For one hour a week, my show will reveal my fascinating life to viewers across America. First I'll have my PR people accidentally leak that cell phone video I took when I was really drunk. It's really blurry and shaky, but I'm pretty sure there's a penis in there at 0:47. (A sex tape is a guaranteed way to get your own show.) Then I'll share the quirky details of my daily life: slouching for hours in front of the computer, watching Golden Girls on Lifetime Television for Women, ordering cat food online and heating up canned soup. Based on what I've seen on the tube the past year, I'm pretty confident my show will be picked up for a second - nay, a third! - season. It worked for Kim Kardashian, and it can work for me, too. X



and – ew!—puke!—when the world faces so many serious problems today? Don't you know there's a war going on? Huh, man? Has it ever occurred to you that maybe, just maybe, there are some things more important to mankind than your little barfing stories? People are dying, man! Think about that for a minute, if you can handle it."

SADR 'N' LONELY

Gary,

Perhaps you should leave the rabid Anti-Americanism to Vlad? The Moqtada AI Sadr and the Iranians aren't half the brilliant masterminds you think they are. AI Sadr is in an dramatically worse situation than he was a couple years ago. If he was so strong, and the government so weak, why are they exerting pressure on him to disband his militia or else not be allowed in the elections? Furthermore, AI Sadr has said he would disband it if Ayatollah Sistani told him to. That

I know you don't really like the role of technology are you seem to minimize it, as it applies to modern war. Indeed I think your thinking on this matter is sound at least for the present time. To reiterate the old question, just how bad is it for the insurgents, to have their lives and the lives of the population that's trying to shield them, accurately unmasked even as little as.... say 70% of the time? Much of this technology's intrigued by your articles on exile.ru, and now count your column as an information source I trust to quite some degree.

Recently, with all the media coverage the whole China/Tibet thing got here in Germany (leveraged by Olympic Games protests) I found myself asking "What would Mr. Brecher say?"

If you are considering to write about current time Tibet, count me in as yet another regular reader who would embrace such an article.

Regards,

Bernhard Weitzhofer

Dear Herr Weitzhofer,

Leif the Minnesota Liberal replies, "How can you sit there and ask about Tibet when there are people dying in Tibet, man. Do you hear me? Tibetans are dying, Bernhard, and all you care about is Tibet! How can I reach these people? Be strong, Leif, be strong!"



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FACE CONTROL

SOAK UP THE SAVAGE LUST OF MOTHER RUSSIA!



We don't need to travel to far off continents to observe exotic animals in their natural habitat. With the snapper season coming on early this year, unspoiled Dyevscovory Channel scenes just like this one can now be found a mere 10km outside the MKAD.



The dollar is so worthless here that fanning out stacks of Benjamins has become Russia's newest ironic photograph pose, joining the likes of the lesbian kiss and kukla-mukla lip pucker.



Why does this woman wear her shiner like a badge of honor? Well, because according to a Russian proverb, "he beats you because he loves you."



Two different club snapper mating techniques: indie-grump and coke-skank.

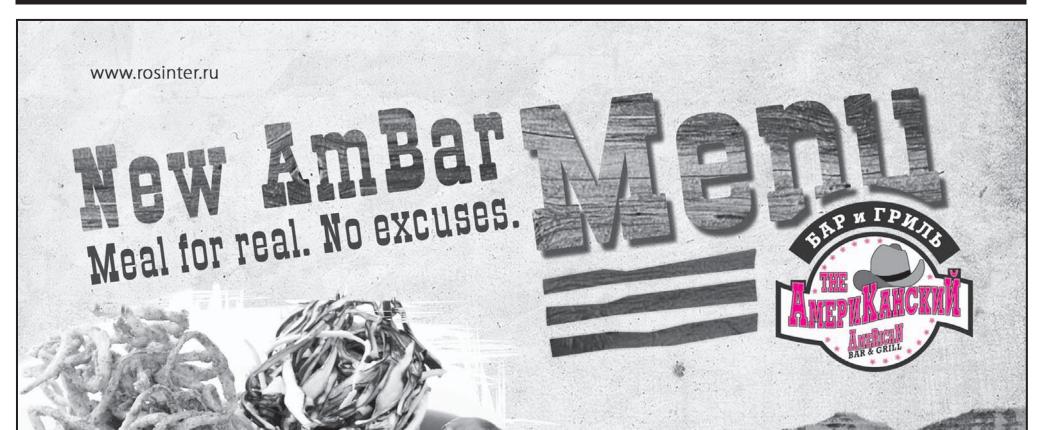


With the help of its increasingly wealthy Russian hosts, the churka squat is now migrating to the farthest reaches of the planet. Here it can be seen at a photo-op in some far-off desert.



Yet another riddle left unanswered by science: Why do pasttheir-prime snappers develop an affinity for cheap transparent nylon garments?

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





NASHI: IS IT REALLY THE END?

By Sean Guillory

his year, there has been much speculation in the Russian print media about the demise of the Kremlin youth organization "Nashi," which has been as much a darling of the Russian state as it has been the bane of the Russian opposition and the Western media. But the situation is not so simple as

merely shutting down Nashi. As a new president comes to power in Russia, some are speculating that Nashi's task is done and they're no longer needed. This is perhaps wishful thinking for a host of reasons. In order to understand where Nashi is going in the post-Putin era, it is necessary to understand where they came from, and what role they have played.

* * *

"Do you want to realize your plan? Do you want to change the world around you? Do you want to influence your country's future? Do you want the world to remember you? Are you searching for your place in life? If you answered 'yes' to any of these questions, don't despair, there is an answer."

In America, a pitch like that would signal a "Tony Robbins" alert, but in Russia, a far more sinister organization offers the answers to your prayers: the Antifascist Democratic Youth Movement "Nashi," waiting for you with open arms.

All you have to do is, first, click onto their site and fill out your online application. A few days after you fill it out, Nashi promises to invite you to a "get-toknow-you" pow-wow. If accepted, Nashi promises to give you "a chance to change your life, influence world politics, and become a member of the intellectual elite."

Given the demanding, competitive environment in Putin's Russia, it's easy to see how Nashi's offer would look attractive. Its flashy website, spectacular rallies, and lock-step marches produce images of power and success. Through spectacle, it projects an image of unity and devotion to a cause. Nashi considers itself the vanguard for protecting the moral, political, and cultural fiber of Russia. For most people around the world, an organization like this evokes the worse aspects of totalitarianismwhere youth are mobilized to blindly fulfill the whims of a repressive regime.

But Nashi is much more than that. It is emblematic of a new kind of youth movement that is neither a grass roots organization, nor one that is linked officially to a political party. Instead, Nashi is a creation of the Russian state, specifically of the office of the President, to serve as a counterrevolutionary force hell-bent on protecting Putin's "national idea." Through its activism, ideology, and political and professional training, members learn that Putin's Plan is indivisible from Nashi's plan. Put simply, Nashi is an attempt to fulfill Martin Luther's maxim: "Who has the youth, has the future!"

OUR ORIGINS

Nashi was formed out of an earlier pro-Putin youth group, "Walking Together," in February 2005 by Putin's own Karl Rove in the Kremlin, Vladislav Surkov. A few months earlier, the last in a wave of "colored revolutions" had brought Ukraine to a standstill. Youth in Ukraine, along with the youth in Kyrgyzstan and Georgia, were on the front lines against those nations' entrenched regimes. Russia was damned if it would be next in line. So Surkov and Vasilii Yakemenko carried out a preempKommersant reported last July that its summer camp Seliger 2007 cost over \$20 million. Even its smaller campaigns are expensive. Its "Christmas Father Frost" action was estimated cost around \$1.5 million to stage. Nashi officials call these numbers exaggerations, and they probably are, but I don't think by much. Where the bulk of Nashi's money

comes from is also shrouded in mystery. Most of it is assumed to flow from Surkov's office, probably laundered through a few state agencies. Corporations like Gazprom and foundations like the Civic Club are also sponsors. The latter is a fund set up by United Russia that has already granted Nashi \$400,000 for Camp Seliger 2008. Nashi's financial future appears secure as well. It has well placed allies in two state agencies that fund youth groups. Boris Yakemenko—Nashi's ideologist and the brother of Nashi leader Vasily Yakemenko-- and Irina Pleshvheva, a Nashi commissar, are members of Russia's Public Chamber, which controls \$62 million in grants to develop Russian "civil society." Nashi also has direct access to the over \$6 million allotted to the Committee for Youth Affairs. The Committee's leadership is lead by former Nashisti Vasilii Yakemenko, Pavel Tarakanov (chairman), and Sergei Belokonev (deputy chairman). Given these sweet ties and access to state funds and power, Nashi's fortunes look bright indeed.

OUR MUSCLE

Nashi may be a creature of the state, but it's on the ground, it's got genuine street muscle. It commands a cadre of asked if he would use football hooligans against protesters, he responded, "If a group of a few thousand people with physical strength [had been] brought in from Moscow to counter the demonstrations in Kiev [during the Orange Revolution], there would be no trace left of the demonstrators. . . . If we need [football hooligans] for some reason, I do not see any problem in this." Though Yakemenko claims he's against violence, he has no problem reaching out to those who aren't. For this "antifascist," skinheads are "simply socially maladjusted guys," with whom one can and should work."

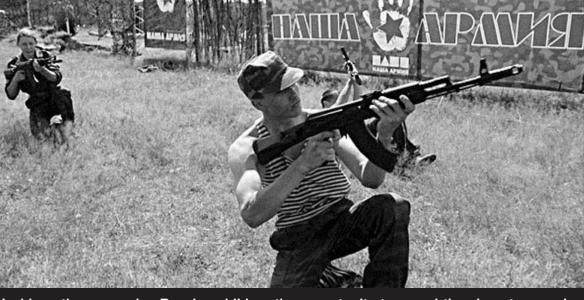
Last fall, Nashi organized some of their "socially maladjusted guys" into the Voluntary Youth Militia (DMD). DMD's official purpose is to patrol the streets with the police, keep public order, and organize sport events (rugby appears to be a favorite). The DMD serves as the de facto security during Nashi events and rallies. Its unofficial purpose is to act as Nashi's muscle. As a disgruntled Nashi member named "Ivan" explained in an interview with Kommersant last summer:

[The] Voluntary youth militia, well, [are] sort of "cleaners." There have already been cases when they've beaten people who have spread information against Nashi. They can probably catch you anywhere. They are football fanatics, athletes, and ordinary thugs. They enforce the ideology and they fulfill their duties with pleasure. [Their duties include] keeping order in

[Their duties include] keeping order in the movement and its borders, creating chaos in those meetings and marches which haven't been approved by the Kremlin. In the spring DMD arranged turns hyped up boys into mini media stars. Nashi's actions are often staged as carnivalesque spectacles, combining elements of humor and the whiff of violence with high-stakes politics. But political comedy doesn't come easy. Comedians are needed. And Nashi is just the place to train Russia's future masters in the arts of black PR.

Ironically, these tactics are taken directly from the playbook of Nashi's "fascist" opponents, the color revolutionaries. In Belgrade, Tblisi and Kiev, youth movements employed carnivalesque spectacle to discredit the entrenched regimes; here in Russia, Nashi has turned this on its head, using youths and comedic spectacle to discredit the opposition.

Nothing shows Nashi increasing use of the black PR arts more than its recent action against Kommersant. Over the past year, the popular business daily has published a number of articles exposing Nashi's darker side. After Kommersant published an article titled, "Nashi has become alien," in late January, Nashi decided it was time for some payback. What offended them most about the *Kommersant* article was its suggestion that Kremlin officials had grown weary of Nashi's antics and were ready to abandon them. For Russia's political elite, Medvedev's victory signaled a change in the political winds. "Colored revolution" was no longer a threat, making Nashi's in the "jubilant thugs unnecessary," words of one anonymous Kremlin official. As a result, word of Nashi's impending doom spread throughout the Russian press. The organization's very future was at stake, at least in the public's eye.



Nashi youth camps give Russian children the opportunity to spend time in nature, make new friends and learn how to infiltrate political organizations

street fighters who've been implicated in a number of violent attacks against its "fascist" youth rivals—the National Bolsheviks, Red Youth Vanguard, and even the Communist Youth League. The most infamous incident occurred in August 2005, when 40 club-wielding Nashisti in masks raided a joint gathering of the National Bolsheviks, the Young Communist League, and Red Youth Vanguard at a Communist Party office in Moscow. The attacks left scores of young left-wing activists hospitalized with concussions and broken bones.

As the Nashisti left the scene on a hired bus, local police, clearly not informed in-advance of the attack, arrested 24 of the attackers, only to let them go a few hours later. "A call came from above ordering us to release the detainees," a policeman told *Kommersant.* "They told us when we were questioning them that it wasn't worth the effort, that they would soon be released." provocations in practically every anti-Kremlin "Dissenters' March." They provoked the police and threw smoke bombs and planted [the bombs] in the bags of the marchers.

There is no reason to doubt the authenticity of "Ivan's" testimony, especially considering that DMD's Federal Coordinator is Roman Verbitsky. According to witnesses, Verbitsky was involved in the violent August 2005 attack on the Communist youth gathering. At that time, Verbitsky led the Gladiators, a football hooligan gang that follows Spartak.

The Voluntary Youth Militia (DMD) has grown steadily over the last six months. It claims to have nineteen chapters with an estimated 5,000 to 6,000 members. Documents provided by "Ivan" show that the DMD was heavily funded in the run up to the Duma elections. The budget for the DMD's Moscow branch for August 2007 was around \$30,000 per month. Funding of its regional branches was about ten times smaller.

Nashi wanted to avenge this "slander." According to an internal letter from Nashi's press secretary, Kristina Potupchik, they decided to wage a campaign that would "create intolerable conditions for *Kommersant*. To block their work. To psychologically and physically ruin them. Revenge is necessary." The aim was to soil the paper's highly regarded reputation.

On March 4th, a thousand Nashi activists hit the Moscow streets posing as Kommersant employees. passing out tens of thousands of rolls of toilet paper stamped with Kommersant's logo, a fake letter from its editor. Andrei Vasiliev announcing the new toilet-paper format, and the mobile number of Yulia Taratuta, a co-author of the offending article. Nashi activists told passersby that the rolls were part of a campaign to market the daily's new multipurpose format. Activists even planted them in the bathrooms of the State Duma. I'm sure there were more than a few deputies happy to christen the new product. The action also came with a well coordinated media campaign. Twelve Kommersant billboards were placed on Moscow's major avenues reading, "Don't fear the new. Now on toilet paper!"; "Everything for our money"; "Everything is in our power"; and "We don't hide secret companies." Nashi's scatological assault didn't stop there. Its hackers launched a "Denial of Service" attack on Kommersant's website, shutting it down for five hours, bombarded Vasiliev with spam, and perhaps in a display of Nashi comedic genius, dropped a link bomb. A search on Google or Yandex for the word zasrantsy (assholes) lists the Kommersant website first. The cyber attack cost the business daily about \$155,000.

rather ambitious careerists. One such Nashist is Maksim Novikov, 18, a student at Moscow State Institute for International Relations. In an interview with Nezavisimaya Gazeta, Novikov, appears as a model student and a model Nashist, carries a copy of Vladislav Surkov's *Russian Political Culture: A Utopian View*, which he marks up with a pen.Though he agrees with the basic principles of Survkov's so-called "sovereign democracy," he displays no emotional attachment to it. He hopes to someday study abroad, but when asked if he will remain abroad once he gets out of Russia, he says he would like to serve his country. "I am after all a patriot."

But Nashi wasn't his first choice or really on his radar for youth groups. Novikov explained that at first he thought about joining the Communists, but was turned off by their hostility to the free market. He found Nashi "almost by chance." He found Vasilii Yakemenko's email on the net, who promptly arranged a meeting between Novikov and one of Nashi's Moscow commissars. After some discussion, he joined. Now Novikov speaks about Nashi in terms of "we."

For careerist-oriented youths like Novikov, joining Nashi is a no-brainer. The organization has already proved its powerful connections with The Man. But now it's moving a step further into the realm of career-advancementopportunity. Just like its Komsomol predecessor, Nashi is beginning to develop programs for training elites. Some of its new "projects" include developing a business school, a political institute, and programs to recruit recent graduates for business ventures. One example of the latter is a project called "Our Builders," where students and young professionals are employed to work in construction projects for the 2014 Olympics in Sochi. Other Nashi projects focus on promoting Orthodox Christianity, patriotism, paramilitary training, tourism, and even a brand of Nashi clothing lines developed by designer and commissar Antonia Shapavolova.

But young Nashisti like Novikov are not the only types signing up for the organization. He belongs to the "ones who get it," according to Andrei Dmitrievsky, a Natsbol who went undercover in Nashi in 2006. Dmitrievsky discovered three types of Nashi members: The "ones who get it" are youth who join Nashi in order to get an education and build a career. but also buy into its politics. Next are the "careerists." They are similar to the first group except they don't buy any of the political bullshit. For them Nashi is purely a means to an end. Lastly there are the "scenesters." They agree with the politics, but mostly see Nashi as a social club for hooking up, hanging out, and taking advantage of all the perks.

Given its expanding infrastructure, it's clear that Nashi isn't going to fade away in the foreseeable future, as some media had speculated over the past couple of months. It's casting its net wide enough to include all types, whether they're Putin fanatics, careerdriven go-getters, warriors for sovereign democracy, the "socially maladjusted" street thugs, or the horny teenager looking to get laid. (They need these too. One of Nashi's slogans is "I want three," as in three kids.) Like with every youth movement, in order to stay in business it needs to evolve. This means creating new methods, new wars and new enemies to fight. Especially enemies. Without internal enemies, Nashi has no raison d'etre.

In this sense, articles like Kommersant's are a blessing in disguise. They allow Nashi to spin a negative article into a war, rallying the faithful to battle, launching a full fledged "media campaign" to inflict "blows" on the "political system of Russia," as one of the *Novaya Gazeta* documents read. Since the elections. Nashi's new enemy has an even more ominous whiff than before. In an eerie revival of the Stalinist concept of "enemies with a party card," Nashi's new enemies are from the "intellectual elements of the political elite" who participated in the presidential campaign, but want to reverse Putin's course. Nashi is defining a new mission for itself in a post-Putin world. The struggle now is for a new kind of purity or orthodoxy: Hold true to Putin's Plan, build a new elite, and continue the fight against Russia's internal and external enemies. The purpose of all this is to send Presidentelect Medvedev a clear message. "Without Nashi, nothing is possible."

tive strike. They formed their own anticolored revolution movement from above.

Once formed, Nashi immediately branded itself as a fighter against "fascism." But its "fascists" are not the ones their grandparents fought. Its fascist evildoers are the harbingers of colored revolution: exiled oligarchs, liberals, oppositionists, foreign states, Western NGOs, and anyone else willing to challenge Putin's hegemony. As Nashi's manifesto reads, "The struggle against fascism today is integral to the struggle for Russia's integrity and sovereignty." Nashi's formula for identifying its enemies is beautiful in its simplicity, genetically imprinted into its very name. There are "ours," or nashi, and there are "theirs," or ne nashi.

Nashi has grown modestly over the last three years. Its membership is estimated between 60,000 to 100,000. It has at least 3,000 to 5,000 full and part-time activists. Its rank and file is centered in Russia's two capitals, and the provincial centers Tula, Ivanovo, Vladimir, Voronezh, and Yaroslavl. Nashi's total budget is unknown, but it must be a nice paper stack considering its spending. This attack was followed by another in January 2006, when thirty suspected Nashisti attacked a National-Bolshevik rally with clubs and pellet guns. The Russian media have cataloged scores of other attacks. To date, not a single Nashist has been charged.

Its rivals, however, haven't fared so well. A few weeks ago seven of anti-Kremlin youths—Roman Popkov, Nazir Magomedov, Vladimir Titov, Elena Parovskaya, Aleksei Makarov, Dmitri Elezarov, and Sergei Medvedev—were sentenced to 18 to 36 months for defending themselves against Nashi attackers in April 2007.

¹Unlike the Komsomol's Civil War generation, who were cut down, tortured, and imprisoned by real enemies, Nashi fights its adversaries via proxy. It's suspected when Nashi wants to stomp its rivals, it hires soccer hooligans eager to lend their bone-breaking services. Vasilii Yakemenko admitted as much in an interview with Novaya Gazeta in 2005. When

BLACK PR 101

Nashi's actions of choice are protest and "campaign." It has launched several of these "campaigns" over the last three years. Nashi's actions can be irritating, as with their constant hounding of British Ambassador Anthony Brenton; or downright embarrassing, like the Bronze Solider campaign against "Estonian state fascism"; and even witty, like their presentation of the cookbook "1000 Recipes for Cabbage Soup" to the American embassy. The thrust of most of Nashi actions is to become a gnat in their enemy's ear.

Attention-grabbing public campaigns are the ace in the hole for any youth organization. Among other things, they can be damn good fun for the youths involved. You get to march around the big city, shout, hang out, meet people, and, most importantly, feel like you're making a difference. Fawning media attention

OUR PRESENT, OUR FUTURE

Why would anyone join Nashi? What is its future in a post-Putin Russia? Most Nashi members aren't violent thugs, but Special thanks to Lyndon Allin for what turned out to be some invaluable sources. \checkmark

DARK AS FUCK A Review of The Heroin Diares by Nikki Sixx

By John Dolan

ikki Sixx used to be the bass player for Motley Crue, a hair metal band most people old enough to remember have tried hard to forget. Motley was huge in the mid-1980s. I didn't realize how big until I read the diary entry in which Nikki whines that his manager sent his latest paycheck to his home while he was on tour. The check is for \$650,000. That's probably more than really talented American bands of the 1980s like Husker Du made in their entire career. The Motley Crue era, then, was not a shining moment in pop history. In that sense, Nikki makes a fitting narrator. This is literally a tale told by an idiot. Everything about it is stale, forced and second-hand. Even the title is an echo of Jim Carroll's much better addiction memoir, The Basketball Diaries, which derived from Burroughs's Junkie, which came out of Genet, whose dramatized selfimmolation stories derive ultimately from Byron.

So, awful as it is, this illiterate jumble actually represents a remarkable

cultural moment: two hundred years of

Byronic narrative have finally trickled

down to the base of the demographic

pyramid. Nikki accidentally tells the

key truth when, in a moment of styl-

ized self-pity, he calls himself "a

dreg." I've never heard that word used

in the singular before, but it fits. This

guy is the ultimate dreg. He does deca-

dence strictly by the numbers. He even

considers killing his girlfriend,

because after all, Sid Vicious killed his

girlfriend. And there's no pleasure in

it. Part of that is probably the big lie in

American culture that celebrity deca-

dence is always about "pain." But

Nikki really doesn't seem to like sex

that much. The only part that he really

seems to enjoy is the drugs, and since

he's incapable of effective description,

you have to infer his pleasure from the

sheer doggedness with which he gets

high.

and often does kill, because the user doesn't know the purity of the dose until it's already in the bloodstream. But why do people inject heroin at all, rather than consuming pills like the stars do? Because only stars can get those pills. The rest of us have to take our chances. Under black-market conditions, dealers will always import the most potent opiate, heroin, in the tiniest quantities—quantities so tiny that the drug must be injected to be effective. Only then does the user find out whether, and how much, the drug has been cut. If people were still free to smoke opium in legal dens, or buy Bayer heroin at the corner pharmacy as they could a hundred years ago, accidental overdoses would be very rare

Alas, even educated Americans are too intimidated to point this out-so heroin is still "evil" in that disingenuous way that helps books like this one sell big. And if Nikki's betters won't speak out honestly on the topic, we can hardly expect him and his idiot hessian friends to get it. So naturally, they're all eager to blame heroin, "the worst drug in the world," while all too obviously in love with its notoriety.

A roadie explains that at first

Nikki describes how a couple of Chicago cops come into Motley Crue's dressing room and see the band snorting lines off a mirror. Not only do the cops not arrest them--they actually give the boys their cards, then tiptoe urging the band to call if any other cops give them trouble. Try that with a couple of Chicago's finest, you noncelebrities, and you'll be able to do your own memoir, Three to Five in Joliet: Not as Fun as You'd Think.

So nothing much happens in these pages until Nikki finally manages to have his overdose. For the 383 pages preceding that inevitable o.d., Nikki sits in his mansion sulking in the dark. Nikki's repetitive entries of snorting up mounds of coke alone in his mansion are duller than Samuel Pepys on a wet Sunday.

I'm not using "dull" in the disingenuous way a lot of prudish reviewers do, using that word when they mean "offensive." Nikki's decadence isn't offensive, it's just plain dull. His prose style, yes--that's offensive. To paraphrase Tommy Lee, it's bad as fuck. This book was supposedly co-written by a British rock journalist, but this fool, one Ian Gittins, can't write any better than Nikki. Let's play countthe-cliches in this passage from Ian's Introduction explaining his work on the book:

...[W]e were able to fill in the black holes and piece together the story of a man who, at the beating heart of an over-the-top rock band, was profoundly falling apart at the seams.

Well, everybody knows that black holes are tough on seams, even if you're wearing leather pants. Ian is so clueless he can't tell the difference between the idiom of 1990s Britain and1980s L.A. Here's a quick tip, Ian: 1980s L.A. cokeheads didn't use "gear" to mean drugs.

Ah, drugs; these stories of "pain" and redemption do keep circling around the "black hole" of drugs, And no one, except Mark Ames, will say the simple truth that people do drugs because drugs are fun. Whenever I hear about another celebrity's "battle with drugs," I have to laugh. What's the battleprice dispute over an eight-ball?

If somebody like Nikki could come out and say, "I did a lot of drugs and had a wonderful time!" he could redeem himself. That wouldn't take much talent or brains, just a little honesty. But there's no honesty here. Byron, the original and still the best bad-boy celebrity, left "the moral North" to die fighting in Greece because he dared to talk honestly about that era's great taboo, sex. He died still writing funny, modest verses on his sacrifice, like this bit of self-mocking doggerel written just before his death:

When a man hath no freedom to fight for at home,

- neighbors; Let him think of the glory of Greece
- and of Rome, And get knock'd on the head for his



Nikki was a baby-faced rock star (right) before evil heroin changed him into a character out of Dawn of the Dead (left)

for a medical problem in my life: "Kill him! Spread through those veins! Do vour stuff, smack!

Alas, he makes it. And naturally, God comes in as Nikki's eyes roll up. Before he can even turn blue properly, Nikki is visited by Grace-Grace the religious epiphany, not the groupie of the same name. His unintentionally hilarious reaction to the fact that he's been literally, physically saved is, 'Maybe there is a God."

Many an observer would have come to the opposite conclusion: Cobain kills himself and Nikki lives? There is no god.

Nikki survives simply because he's famous; he's surrounded by adoring, masochistic women, one of whom revives him. Without the fame and fortune, not only would he have died but his "pain" would interest no one at all. Suffering served up without these condiments is available all around you. Just look into the cars stopped beside you at the next red light; you can see all the suffering you want any time, for free-if you want to. But how many bestsellers do you see about the suffering of, say, a single mom working at WalMart in Houston with chronic back pain and a broken air conditioner? That's true suffering. That's Hell on earth. But nobody wants to know about it. Nikki's suffering, by contrast, has spent a long time on Amazon's top thousand sellers.

The appeal of rock-star suffering is simple: it's not suffering at all. Here's an example of what Nikki calls suffering. Keep in mind that the ostensible point of this anecdote is to show how lonely our star is, deep inside:

"I've been thinking about last

Christmas Eve when I picked up that girl in a strip club, brought her back here [to his mansion] on my bike, took her home the next day, then had Christmas dinner all by myself at McDonald's. I haven't made much progress I see."

If that's suffering, then there are millions of horny selfish guys who would love to suffer like that.

The only really radical, interesting thing a rock star could say would be what people dread hearing: "Ha ha, I'm famous and you're nobody! I drink your adulation like blood! You send me all your love and money and I give you nothing! And I'm the happiest man in the world!" Somebody needs to say it. Sonic Youth did an ironic version with "Kill your idols," but they kept on playing live shows and are all still alive and kicking, so they must have known their fans would take it with an art-school wink.

Somebody needs to say it and mean it. If I'd been running Mark David Chapman's defense, I would have made that the basis of my defense: this guy killed Dracula! He deserves a medal!

But the only star who had the bloodyminded courage to say anything like this was Leonard Cohen, who gloated:

The 15-year-old girls I wanted when I was 15 I have them now it is very pleasant it is never too late I advise you all To become rich and famous

There's more "dark" truth in those 32 words than you'll find in these 400 pages. X

And of course his drug narrative is full of lies and bathos. The most interesting lie is the deflection of blame to heroin, when it's clear that Nikki was never a junkie. He's a cokehead, a classic L.A. white-trash cokehead. So why is this called The Heroin Diaries? Because Nikki's publisher realized cocaine is too sleazy and too 1970s to interest anybody. Heroin, which only entered the middle-class California druggie's repertoire in the 1980s, still retains some of its exotic, forbidden

appeal. Occasionally he slips up, admitting that he does much more coke than smack: "I'm not having [my dealer] bring smack very often but my coke intake is up 1,000%." And since Nikki's typical binge ends in paranoia, with our hero locked in the walk-in closet of his mansion hearing voices outside, it's clear that it's the coke, not the smack, messing with him. Pretending to be a junkie rather than a cokehead moves Nikki up in class. Opiates have been the drug of choice for an astonishing number of the really talented people of the last few centuries: Coleridge, de Quincy, Poe, Novalis, Mary Shelley and her husband, Donald Goines, Jean Cocteau, William Burroughs and Jimi Hendrix. Prescription opiates are still the choice of L.A.'s upper class, which is why when one of the stars is arrested, her purse is always full of perfectly legal Percodan or Demerol. (If you're a star, you see, you can get special prescriptions which are issued after your arrest but dated weeks before.) Why, then, has heroin kept its bad boy image? It comes down to prohibition. Injected black-market heroin can

nobody worried about Nikki because everyone thought that, like his hair twin Tommy Lee, he "...was just snorting coke and drinking." And after all, mixing cocaine with a fifth of Jack Daniels never hurt anybody. It's hilarious how self-righteous these scum get on the topic of opiates, as when a friend of Nikki's protests, "I used to do loads of pot and coke with Nikki, but I'd never do heroin"-a wonderful instance of the snobbery of churls, as parodied in "Sammy Hagar Weekend" by Thelonius Monster:

We're	sittin'	in	the	parking	lot	at
Anaheim	Stadiu	ım.				
We're	gonna	dri	nk so	ome beer		

Smoke some pot

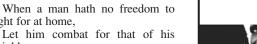
BOOK REVIEW

snort some coke

And then we'll drive, we'll drive over 55....

No smack in that list, you'll notice! Just good, wholesome coke! Perhaps the worst thing about cocaine, aside from its repellent demographic profile, is the fact that it encourages the cult of celebrity; on coke, everybody's famous, and they all play the doomed celebrity as Nikki does here, narrating themselves in the third person and imagining themselves as the protagonists of a tragic, heroic narrative.

The trouble is that Motley Crue is not the stuff of tragedy. It's the stuff of Spinal Tap. Indeed, this book reads like Hunter Thompson rewritten by Nigel Tufnel. Every rock cliche you ever heard can be found in its pages, even "Welcome to my nightmare." But Nikki and the friends interviewed for their recollections of his crisis are hopeless at depicting the nightmare, taking refuge in cliches like "dark" and "pain." Tommy Lee explains that drugs "led us to this really dark fucking place," then, realizing he's onto a good adjectival thing, amplifies his remarks, stating that said place was, in fact, "dark as fuck." This darkness amounts to shameless plagiarism of the works of Hunter Thompson, right down to the imitation-Ralph Steadman graphics splattered across this book's 400 glossy magazine-style pages. Except that Thompson was one of the funniest and least boastful druggies who ever wrote, recounting his ubermensch adventures as slapstick comedy. Nikki's just not smart enough to do anything like that. There isn't even any suspense or risk involved in all his drugging, because Motley Crue are stars, and stars are not subject to the drug laws. This is illustrated by an entry in which



labors.

Byron never surrendered, never found God or AA's "higher power" or groveled to the sanctimonious majority back home. In our time, perhaps only Hunter Thompson showed that sort of lifelong heretical courage. It certainly can't be found in Nikki's reconstructed scribbles, which doggedly follow the Protestant tale of the Saved Sinner.

The elements of the story are simple. First, of course, the hero has to dive deep into sin, otherwise nobody'd be interested at all. This part of the story is always bragging disguised as confession: "My sins are bigger and gaudier than yours." Nikki and Ian have done their best to check this item off the list; they serve up quantity, if not quality, in the sin course. The sinner must then crash and burn, hitting bottom. Nikki fulfils this requirement on page 384and my God, what a relief it is when it comes. I've never cheered so heartily



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TIBET: FIVE TO ONE AGAINST

By Gary Brecher

RESNO, CA — Writing a column on the military history of Tibet seemed like a good idea in the good old days, a week ago, before I started actually trying to research it. I've never, ever had a harder time finding decent info on a topic. One reason is sheer shame; the Brits, for instance, don't want any-body to know they invaded Tibet in 1904 and slaughtered a whole bunch of Tibetans for no reason except they were bored.

But some of the stuff on Tibetan military history is just so damn weird it made me feel like that scene in *Ghostbusters* where Rick Moranis edly as the British defeated the Tibetans in their 1904. That's right, by the way, the Brits invaded Tibet just a hundred-odd years ago, though nobody seems to remember. I'll get to that later. My point here is that after I read the "Secret History of the Mongols" I knew less than I did before. Or maybe I just knew once and for all that much as I admire the Mongol warriors, I'll never really understand how they thought.

The Tibetans are even harder to figure out, because on top of that Central Asian weirdness is all this Richard-Gere do-gooder nonsense about the peace-loving Tibetans assaulted by the ruthless Red Chinese. Both parts of that story are wrong, wrong, wrong. The Tibetans were never peaceful people at all. They were one

THE WAR NERD

gets possessed by some ancient demon and starts ranting: "During the rectification of the Vuldronaii the Traveller came as a very large and moving Torb. Then of course in the third reconciliation of the last of the Meketrex supplicants they chose a new form for him, that of a Sloar. Many Shubs and Zuuls knew what it was to be roasted in the depths of the Sloar that day I can tell you." I always liked that last bit, "...I can

I always liked that last bit, "...I can tell you." Gives that human touch, especially from a five-foot-nothing little dweeb like Moranis. But let me tell you, that story about the Torb and the Shubs was light reading compared to what I've been digging through to research medieval Tibetan military history. Here's an example from Karl-Heinz Everding's lively little article, "The Mongol States and their Struggle for Dominance over Tibet in the 13th century":

"...The troops of approximately ten myriarchies of Central Tibet (Tib. dbus gtsang) marched toward the [Stod Hor-the Mongol army, I think—GB]. They met on the dpal mo dpal thang. [Oh, that thang!-GB Sorry, couldn't resist.] The ten myriarchies of Tibetan troops defeated the many hundreds of thousands of Stod Hor troops. As proof of having killed many thousand Hor, they cut off only the right ears [of the dead] and put them into many donkey loads (Tib. 'drel khal). Having made Gad du Rin chen and the Dgon pa dbon prisoner and having taking [sic] them along, the ears started stinking. After they had exposed them to the sun on a cool plain, the stone enclosure where the [smell] disappeared, is today known as 'stone enclosure of the ears' (Tib. Rna ba'i lhas)."

And that's one of the lighter bits. If life has been too easy and fun for you lately, you're welcome to read the whole article in a volume with the catchy, original title of "Tibet: Past and Present."

It's a funny thing about writing columns on war: some pretty insignificant conflicts have tons of stuff written about them, and others, big and important wars, get no press at all. Like when I had to write about the Algerian civil wars, there was nothing any good about them anywhere. Sometimes it's a language problem, like with Algeria, where anything that might be any use was in French or Arabic. That was part of the problem reading up on Tibet, because I don't read Chinese and there's no translation program for Chinese that seems to work. (If anybody knows of one, let me know.) But there's a much bigger problem: Tibetans are steppe people, inland Asian people, which makes them alien to us Western sea-oriented cultures, just like Mongols are alien to us. I found that out back when I was a huge fan of the Mongols-well, I still am, but I'm content to worship the Khans from afar now; back then I wanted to learn everything about them. So I checked out a book called "The Secret History of the Mongols." supposedly written by a tame scribe taking dictation from the Khans' family genealogist himself.

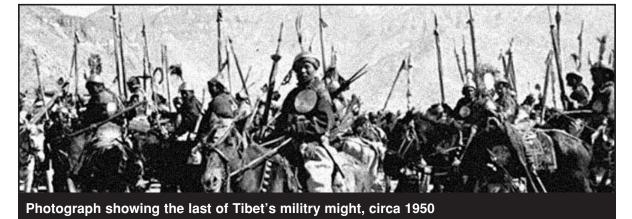
of the most warlike peoples in Central Asia and even conquered the Chinese capital, Chang'An, in their heyday. And the Red Chinese—who could be brutal when the situation called for it, sure—were actually very decent when they took over Tibet in 1950. They felt bad about it at the time, a weird mixture of professional military embarrassment and sheer pity, taking the nic. I'm sorry but it's hard to feel much sympathy with a country like that.

When the Chinese crossed the border, the Tibetans fought as well as they could, which was pretty damn badly. Their army was mostly cavalry, a lot of it still armed with swords. There were about 200 artillery pieces and about that many machine guns to defend the whole country. The Chinese veteran soldiers, who'd marched thousands of miles and fought every kind of enemy, couldn't believe it when they saw Tibetans charging them with swords raised. They didn't so much defeat the Tibetans as restrain them, the way you would an escaped lunatic. "Whoa, take it easy there fella, c'mon, put down the sword before somebody gets hurt...." They could have wiped out the entire Tibetan force like the British did in similar circumstances in 1904, but whatever else you can say about the ChiComs, they were a lot harder on their own people than on foreigners, and they just flat-out pitied the Tibetans. They got the captured Tibetan soldiers together and lectured them on socialism-they were big believers in motivational seminars, those Maoists, talk your ear off-then gave the Tibetans money and noodles and a pat on the back and told them to go home and not play with swords any more.

If there were any Tibetan war nerds

self invisible for the next few years, because it's not going to be pretty. Younghusband marched into Tibet

in December 1903 with a force of Sikhs and Gurkhas-pretty scary mix, like rottweiler plus pit bull. And the Gurkhas were definitely the pit bulls in that pair. Sikhs are very tough but not blood-crazy. The Gurkhas were not only devoted lovers of knifework, especially on POWs, but ancient enemies of the Tibetans. It didn't take much to push them to a massacre. The Tibetans knew the British were dangerous and tried not to resist at all. But as the British force pushed farther and farther into Tibet, the local commanders decided to resist. That was a mistake. This wasn't Tony Blair's cool Britannia they were dealing with. On March 31, 1904, Younghusband encountered a Tibetan militia force of about 2000 guarding a pass near Gyantse. He must have had a hard time keeping a straight face or wiping the drool from his lips, thinking about the medals he'd get for this one, because the Tibetans were armed either with spears and swords or at best with matchlock muskets. That's right: the kind of 17th-century firearm that won't fire unless you apply the smouldering wick to the firing pan. Younghusband decided to play with the poor fuckers he was facing. He said, "My friends, my friends, what's all this hostility? Why dees paranoia?



PLA, battle-hardened from twenty years of fighting the Kuomintang and the Imperial Japanese, into battle against the "Tibetan Army," such as it was.

The military history of Tibet divides pretty clearly into two parts: the glory days of the 7th-9th century, when Tibet actually challenged China for dominance in south-central Asia, and the sad, slow decline ever since, where the slogan would be: "Tibet, where old meets new and loses." The Chinese takeover in 1950 was just the latest in a series of one-sided defeats for Tibet.

The invasion was organized by one of Mao's best generals, a short little dude with a knack for one-liners and a can-do attitude. You may have heard of him: Deng Hsiao-Peng. The guy who brought down the Gang of Four, coined the anti-Cultural Revolution line. "It doesn't matter if a cat is black or white as long as it catches mice"? Yeah, him. He had one of his classic lines about how organizing the attack on poor ol' Tibet made him feel: ...like a tiger trying to catch a fly. They love those animal sayings, the Chinese. Don't like actual animals much, but they love to make them into proverbs-or soup, depending on whether it's quip-time or lunchtime. Deng only requested 80,000 troops for the invasion-not much for the PLA and its alleged addiction to human-wave tactics. The plan was always to do an Invasion Lite, with lots of talk about the ancient friendship of Tibet and China—which was also a lie, of course. Against the Chinese the Tibetans had not so much an army as a mobile family campground-the Tibetan soldiers took their whole families with them on maneuvers. The governor of Tibet's eastern province called the Lamas back in Lhasa to say, "Umm, I've got Chinese massing on the border, Your Holiness Sir!" He was told that it was very impertinent of him to bother the Holy Administrators because they were on their annual picaround in 1950, which is kind of hard to imagine, then it must have been a hard day for them. But they should have seen it coming, because the Brits had invaded Tibet just a half-century before—and they weren't nearly as nice to the Tibetans. I keep telling you guys, you've got the completely wrong idea about the Brits. You've been watching too many of those BBC comedies where everybody's cute and harmless. The Brits, up to the mid-20th-century, were stone killers, the most ruthless conquerors of the past thousand years.

They invaded Tibet in 1904 basically because they were bored. I'm serious. They owned everything on the planet worth having, so they were always having to invent new "menaces" to get funding for more invasions, grabbing the places they hadn't considered worth taking in their earlier waves of conquest. So in the late 1800s they started talking up the Russian "threat" to swarm over the Himalayas and take away India. That was such utter crap that even the Brits talking up the threat must have had a laugh about it over their port, back at the officers' club. Russia was weak, so weak that the Japanese crushed it on land and sea in 1905. The British knew Russia was in no position to threaten India. What they wanted was an easy conquest that would produce lots of medals, honors, stuff to wear on their chests in the London social season so they could snag an heiress and never have to work. So they invaded Tibet. The guy who ran that invasion, Francis Younghusband, was quite a piece of work himself. One of those Îndia-born Brits, who were generally fiercer and crazier even than the homegrown English. And he had that other feature that makes for a really ruthless conqueror: he was, like his biographers say, "deeply religious." If vou hear that about a guy who's about to invade your country, go down to the basement, hoard lots of water and canned goods, and try to make yourHere, I'll tell MY soldiers to take the bullets out of their rifles, and you tell YOUR soldiers to put out the flame of their matchlocks." The Tibetans, who had no idea that Younghusband's troops had modern repeating rifles, put out their matchlocks. Younghusband then ordered his troops to open fire. 1300 Tibetans were killed, with almost no British casualties.

Younghusband thought it was a great triumph. But this was already late in the Imperial era and the people back home had had enough of this kind of triumph; in fact, it sort of made them sick. The whole thing was hushed up, and remains hushed up to this day—ask any Brit you know if they ever heard of their invasion of Tibet and I guarantee they'll plead ignorance. It's probably better that way, makes it easy to put one of those "Free Tibet" rising-sun stickers on your Land Rover without feeling like a hypocrite.

It's much easier to be a do-goode

wouldn't set the tone for a happy war of conquest, the local monk getting his head blown off at the start.

The Tibetans in their conquering days-which means roughly in Charlemagne's time—were followers of something called Bon, or Bun, which sounds either like the department store in Seattle or part of a hamburger, but apparently was some sort of mix of Taoist magic and Mongol shamanism. Sounds pretty fun. And it worked as a military religion, almost as good as Mithras or Anglicanism. The Tibetans had a fearsome reputation as warriors who were honored to die in battle, thought they were headed for their version of Valhalla, which would probably involve big vats of tea with yak-butter and maybe central heating if they were especially worthy.

The little I've been able to find out about medieval Tibetan armies came mostly from a great site I found where Chinese military buffs get together and talk about really cool stuff, like why the Tibetans had a reputation for particularly tough, impenetrable body armor.

According to these Chinese war nerds, who really seem to know their stuff, the Tibetans' main weapon was something like the Persian/Byzantine cataphract or heavily armored cavalryman, and they used mail to cover the horse as well as the rider. According to their enemies, the Tangdynasty Chinese warriors, the Tibetans were excellent with the sword and spear but weak on missile weapons, i.e. archery. One of the cool details I read on this China History Forum site and can't help mentioning even though it's kind of off-topic is how the Tang armies dealt with barbarian enemies who wore lacquered armor: they fired burning arrows into the breastplates! Whoa! "One claypot barbarian roasted in shellac, coming up! Rice or noodles with that?"

The Tibetan Empire these warriors protected stretched from the Silk Road to the Bay of Bengal. Tibetans ruling Bangladeshis—wish I could've seen that. Sitting there in the felt boots they never took off from one year to the next, pouring sweat like the Abominable Snowman in Bugs Bunny: "Gosh it's hot!"

Seriously though, heat was a real danger to steppe armies. The Mongols actually abandoned part of what's now Pakistan because they just said fuck it, it's too hot. Not that they couldn't handle heat, but they expected the occasional nice refreshing blizzard out of Siberia to cool themselves and their beloved ponies off. Uninterrupted heat, year-round, they considered disgusting and unnatural. And speaking as a fat man, I have to say I agree. (There were fat Mongols. by the way. Subotai was so fat no pony would carry him. You skinny people think you own everything.)

Climate seems crucial to the whole idea of a Tibetan empire. I mean, have you seen a map of Asia? Tibet is one big flat mountaintop. Only place in the world as high and dry as Tibet is the Andean highlands in South America. Now there they grew potatoes; what did the Tibetans grow to feed their armies? I haven't been able find out yet, but one thing occurred to me is that the era when the Tibetan empire was going strong was the same time the Vikings pushed into the far north and even set up a colony in Greenland. It was one of those warm phases you get every few centuries, when some Dark-Ages Al Gore starts shrieking, "Global warming! 'Tis Satan's work! We're doomed!" But more enterprising conquerors see opportunity, like the sales seminars say, where doomsayers see only crisis. Warm weather meant the Norsemen could pop out enough kids to send the long ships into every creek in Eurasia. And I'm thinking maybe it meant the Tibetans could have their day in the sun too-before those ears started to stink. So if the planet really does warm up again, who knows? Watch out, all you tropical products: the Norse might ride again! The Tibetans might grow enough barley or whatever to march on Beijing! Yeah. Those are about equally likely. Makes a nice fantasy though. X

That book defeated me as one-sid-

about Tibet if you're totally ignorant of Central Asian history, like the days when Tibetan conquerors filled up whole carts with the ears of guys they'd killed. Even this idea that Tibet is the homeland of Buddhism, the most Buddhist place on the planet, is crap; Tibet got Buddhism very late, trying it on a couple of times before it took.

The glory days of Tibet were before Buddhism, which is probably not a coincidence. If I had to respect any religion it'd be the Buddhists because they're quiet and they seem pretty well-behaved, but it's not the kind of creed you'd want to conquer with. Before you got your army out the door, some annoying Zen type would be saying in that quiet serious voice they put on, "Is not the greatest conquest that of peace?" To which you'd have to say, "No, it's a tossup between Alexander and the Mongols and would you please put your neck a little farther out the door? It's at a bad angle for me from there." And that

THE FORTNIGHT SPIN

TOP PICKS



By Jared Lindquist exileradio@gmail.com

he good thing about spring's arrival and the slog to summer – besides, of course, the start of snapper season – is the fact

that so much more interesting shit happens, so I don't have to waste my space writing about some awful Finnish metal band or a Dutch gothic industrial act that nobody cares about.

That said, I will still write about gigs of perhaps limited interest, such as Los Angeles hardcore band **TERROR** (April 21, Tochka, 19:00). Formed in the early part of this century, Terror sounds a lot more like the thrash bands of your childhood than the metalcore of today. Local old-school kids **RAY** open.

Although Finland is relatively close to us geographically, I can't say I know much about the music scene, which is why the popularity of **POETS OF THE FALL** (April 23, Ikra, 20:00) comes as somewhat of a surprise to me. Not only have the won best band awards in their homeland, but the altrockers also recorded some songs for the Max Payne video game, which I guess is big with the kids.

I'm only writing about Swedish melodic death metal band **DARK TRANQUILITY** (April 24, Tochka, 20:00) to point out that their original name was the rather hilarious **SEPTIC BROILER**.

I didn't know that **PAUL ANKA** (April 25, B1 Maximum, 21:00) played outside of Vegas casinos anymore. Now that I know, I can't say that I care though. Anka's latest aural assault is covering alt-rock songs by bands like **SOUNDGARDEN** and **NIRVANA**. Yawn!

Although I am getting somewhat sick of bands taking inspiration from French house – or maybe I would rather just that **DAFT PUNK** came here instead of bands biting them – sometimes it's not all bad. New Yorkers **THIEVES LIKE US** (April 25, 16 Tons, 22:00) rock a style somewhere between **HOT CHIP** and krautrock, which isn't so bad, really.

I am amazed that rather generic melodic punk bands like **NO USE FOR A NAME** (April 26, Apelsin, 20:00) still exist, but I guess that there will always be teenagers who like a small dose of anger and a clean guitar sound. A dozen years ago that might have even been me.

.

The first day of washed-up Germans trying to reclaim their former glory features the **SCORPIONS** (April 26, Kremlin Palace, 20:00), the hilariously-old guys who you probably best remember for singing about the "winds of change." Expect to see Medvedev in attendance.

Day two features 80s synth pop group **ALPHAVILLE** (April 27, Kremlin Palace, 18:00), who apparently had a couple of hits I am thankfully too young to remember.

I have to admit that when I saw GOD IS AN ASTRONAUT (April 27, B1 Maximum, 19:00) at last year's Avant Fest, I wasn't very moved (MUDHONEY – that was another story!). To me, they seem like just another in a long line of instrumental post-rock bands, but I guess that goes a long way here. Locals MOONCAKE open.

Another thing I don't understand here is the enduring popularity of **DIRE STRAITS**. Strangely, their singer **MARK KNOPFLER** (April 27, Olimpisky, 19:00) can still sell out stadiums when he comes here.

The Berlin scene strikes me as odd and – oftentimes – more interesting in concept than in practice. However, you never really know until you check it out, so I'm willing to give grime-dubelectro-whatever combo **JAHCOOZI** (April 27, 16 Tons, 22:00) a chance.

Speaking of being willing to give things a chance, British post-hardcore band **SECONDSMILE** (April 29, Gogol, 20:00) have a silly name, and claim to "write original passionate music that is true to us as people." But I won't hold it against them.

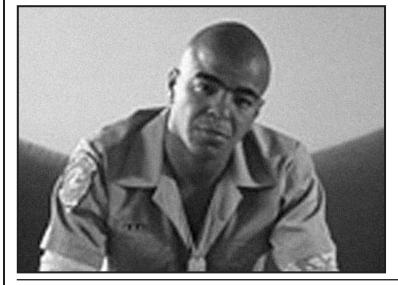
What do you get when you put a bunch of strippers on stage and have them lip synch pop songs? The **PUSSYCAT DOLLS** (April 29, Olimpisky, 19:00), of course! Family-friendly stadium entertainment for all ages.

I finally got around to seeing MAN-ICURE (May 1, Gogol, 20:00), and am quite glad to have finally done so. Their sound is very reminiscent of JOY DIVISION, although they probably find more reference in a newer band like THE HORRORS. But they're all good, so it's alright by me. They'll be playing with local indie leaders LOST WEEKEND and Samara's BAJINDA BEHIND THE ENEMY LINES, who at least have an original name going for them.

Back when I was in college, I oh-sowanted to get into all the weird shit coming out on Canada's Alien8 label. But I never could. So I will probably avoid Montreal producer **TIM HECK-ER** (May 3, Aktovy Zal, 20:00) when he comes to town to ply his ambient wares.

Strangely, I'll be more likely to see New Orleans ambient duo TELEFON TEL AVIV (May 3, Ikra, 21:00), although I seem to remember them as being somewhat boring when I saw them open for GODSPEED YOU BLACK EMPEROR years ago. I gues there's only so much interest you can have in a couple of guys and their PowerBooks After the ambient bliss-out, a real party is in order, something that only Chicago DJ duo FLOSSTRADAMUS (May 3, Solyanka, 23:00) can bring. They're very close to the Hollertronix guys, so you know this'll be fun. Explicit Polish electro act DICK4DICK opens. Finally, although I much prefer the melodic hardcore of AVAIL, they're not coming anytime soon, and A WIL-HELM SCREAM (May 4, Plan B, 18:00) was pretty good that one time I saw them at a festival in Europe a couple years ago. So, um, yeah. X







Adult entertainment at the following address: Pevchesky per. 4 tel. 917-45-45

Gentlemen's Club Japanese restaurant

EINSTURZENDE NEUBATEN B1 Maximum April 22, 20:00

Over nearly thirty years, Germany's Einsturzende Neubaten have taken avant-Germany's garde industrial music to new frontiers with pretty much every record. You can be almost certain that everyone who listens to underground music has heard a record, or at least knows someone who has, and will hold that intangible piece of cred above you like a life preserver to a drowning victim. The band has outgrown the blasO "industrial" tag applied to them initially, and are much more into exper-imenting with whatever the fuck they can get their hands on. The only thing one can expect for certain from this gig is a bunch of dudes in ratty sweaters and beards, who have saved up two months' pay to buy a ticket. And, for them at least, it will probably be worth it.

ERICK MORILLO

Rai April 26, 23:00

What is the world coming to when press bios now proudly state that a musician's work has been featured in ringtones? To be fair, Morillo isn't a musician, but a DJ, so the distinction is probably moot. Anyway, the bald American tends towards Latin rhythms, which would probably make for a good scene in the opening weeks of Snapper Season. The fact that it's at Rai, though, suggests that the snapper will be unattainable by readers of this paper anyway. Plus, most of the attendees probably wouldn't be able to tell Morillo's mixing from DJ Grad, Vlad, Blad, or Krad. But hey, maybe we just don't get it.

LIARS B2

May 2, 22:00

Without a doubt, the gig of the fortnight. After coming to everyone's attention earlier this century among the New York dance-punk craze, Liars have moved so far away from that, that it really makes you want to secondauess the critics who lumped them in. Although their first album did have the rhythmic elements of a great Gang of Four record, their experimental bent really came out on their second (and much-hated) album. Jared claims that this album is his favorite, but he might just be trying to seem cooler than thou (not hard). In any case, the band has shifted directions on each album, with the only real consistency the urgency of the almost-primordial rhythms. Most recently, the band has been exploring 60s/70s garage rock, again to critical praise.



How much cred do I lose for admitting I never got into the experimental performance art of **LAURIE ANDER-SON** (April 26, Dom Muziky, 20:00)? I guess you have to have had a psychedelic phase to really get into her poetic musings set to spooky ambient and tripped-out sets. I know people who think she's a genius, and maybe she is. I'll leave it at that.

Probably the best band to be brought over for the London Calling festival, **THE RAKES** (April 26, B2, 22:00) have only been around for three years, but have caught enough buzz for a lifetime. While easily lumped in with indie "stars" like **BLOC PARTY** or **MAXI-MO PARK**, these guys stand on their own two feet quite well. Anyone who enjoyed visits from **ART BRUT**, **THE YOUNG KNIVES** or **THE FUTURE-HEADS** in the past would do well to check this out. Private rooms Beautiful girls Everything included

Daily From 19:00 to 6:00

FORGET VIRTUAL DATING!

FRIDAY **April 18**

ROCK Neschastniy Sluchay 23.00: B-2 Megapolis 21.00: 16 Tonn Safety Magic 22.00: Proekt OGI Jay-Jay Johanson (Sweden) 21.00: lkra Lake of Tears 20.00: Apelsin Aleksandr Laertskiy&Dub TV 23.00: Tabula Rasa

JAZZ & BLUES **Mishuris Band** 23:30: Roadhouse Jazz Piano, Anna Buturlina, Jazz Sisters 20.00: B-2

CLUBBIN' DJs Jonny, Tuzov 00.30: B-2 DJ Carlos Tico, Umbela 21.00: Karma Bar The White Trainers Community, East End, DJ Mobkid 23.00: 16 Tonn DJ Seregin, Stone Shades, Feedback, Angila 21.00: Ex-Krisis Zhanra

SATURDAY April 19

ROCK Delfin 21.00: Ikra Erykah Badu, New Amerykah (USA) 21.00: B 1 Maximum Bahit Kompot 23.00: Tabula Rasa Vezhliviy Otkaz 23.00: B-2 Fleur (Ukraine) 20.00: Apelsin Blast, Milana, Dans Ramblers 23.00: Ex-Krisis Zhanra Compatriotes International Orkestra 22.00: Proekt Ogi Bublle Grog 22.00:16 Tonn

JAZZ & BLUES Jazz Piano 20.00: B-2 Carlos Del Junco 16.00: Roadhouse

CLUBBIN' DJs Budnyak 21.00: Ex-Krisis Zhanra DJs Jonny, Tuzov 00.30: B-2 DJs Ada, Ahmed 21.00: Karma Bar Lemon Slide (Finland), Okta (Finland) 23.59: Ikra

SUNDAY April 20

ROCK Gosha Kutsenko 21.00: Ikra Karri

> 3

22.00: Proekt OGI Van Der Graaf Generator (UK) 21.00: B 1 Maximum

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

CLUBBIN' Sunday R'N'R Lounge 21.00: Ex-Krisis Zhanra DJ Shum 20.00: Ikra R'N'B&Hip-Hop. Mighty Party. DJs Marcus. Lyube 23.00[.] Karma Bar

MONDAY April 21

ROCK **Terror (USA), Ray** 19.00: Tabula Rasa

CALENDAR

Heart Break Fest'08 19.00: Tabula Rasa **Einsturzende Neubauten (Germany)** 20.00: B 1 Maximum

JAZZ & BLUES The Jumping Thuesdays with

Jumping Cats 21.00: Roadhouse **CLUBBIN'**

DJs ZigZag, Anatoliy Gerasimov, Philla 21.00: Propaganda DJ Cross 21.00: Ex-Crisis Zhanra

WEDNESDAY April 23

ROCK **Poets of the Fall (Finland)** 20.00: lkra

SHWARMA SHUTTLE OF THE WEEK



This week's SS award goes to this Zhiguli "Semvorka" from Omsk. Where others saw a pile of garbage dumped by the roadside, this owner saw the latest in hi-tech shwarma shuttle modifications. One would never guess that the massive powerboosting air scoop was fashioned out of a rusted air duct or that the VIP window drapes in the back were salvaged from old Soviet curtains.

JAZZ & BLUES

Latino non Stop

ROCK Haleo 21.00: B-2 Sax Mafia 22.00: Proekt OGI

20.00: Tochka **JAZZ & BLUES**

Barneo 21.00: B-2 Blues sittin'-in 21.00: Roadhouse

CLUBBIN' DJ Soulmate, Black Dirton&compa-

21.00: Propaganda Rob Dirton 21.00: Kult Home Listening DJs 21.00: Ex-Crisis Zhanra **DJ Spirin** 21.00: Ikra

THURSDAY April 24

ROCK

Galun, 2H Company, Elochnie Igrushki 21.00: Ikra Tintal 20.00: B-2 Itakdalee 21.00: 16Tonn

JAZZ & BLUES Dirty Dozen

21.00: Roadhouse Jazz Hall 20.00: B 1 Maximum

CLUBBIN' **DJs Studinskiy, Sanches**

21.00: Propaganda DJ Ivan Tchizhevsky 21.00: Ex-Krisis Zhanra JaVybz dj sessions 21.00: Kult Dj Shum 20 00 lkra DJs Carlos Tico, Ahmed, Marcus 21.00: Karma Bar FRIDAY

April 25

ROCK

Thieves Like Us (France/US) 22.00: 16 Tonn Vopli Vidoplyasova 21.00: Ikra Kvartal 22.00: B-2 Kolibri 22.00: Proekt OGI Paul Anka (Canada) 21.00: B 1 Maximum Krematoriy 20.00: Apelsin

JAZZ & BLUES Jazz Piano 20.00: B-2

Mishuris Band 21.00: Roadhouse

CLUBBIN' **DJs Carlos Tico, Umbels** 21.00: Karma Bar Javybz DJs, Epik Sounsystem 21.00: Propaganda DJs Jonny, Tuzov 00.30: B-2 DJ Zig Zag 21.00: Kult

SATURDAY **April 26**

ROCK The Rakes 22.00: B-2 Miusha 21.00: 16 Tonn Nogu Svelo 21.00: B 1 Maximum No Use for a Name 20.00: Apelsin

JAZZ & BLUES Jazz Piano 20.00: B-2 **Big Blues revival** 21.00: Roadhouse

CLUBBIN' DJs Philla, Onlee, Pushkarev 21.00: Propaganda Headphones, French Whore NAmed Babette, My Silver Revolver 23.00: Ex-Crisis Zhanra DJs Ada, Ahmed 21.00: Karma Bar



APR 17 - APR 23

SUNDAY April 27

ROCK Salvador

21.00: Ikra Mesh (England), One Two (England) 19.00: Tochka Komnata 20.00: Tabula Rasa God is an Astronaut 19.00: B 1 Maximum

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

CLUBBIN' DJs Anatoly Ice, Kuka, Tony Key 20.00: Propaganda DJ Valio 21.00: Ex-Crisis Zhanra R'N'B&Hip-Hop. Mighty Party. DJs Marcus. Lyube 23.00: Karma Bar

MONDAY April 28

ROCK Popast v Tochku Festival 18.30: Tochka

JAZZ & BLUES Dr. Nick&Harmonica 21.00: Roadhouse

CLUBBIN'

DJ Partyphone 21.00: Propaganda **DJ Scientifique** 21.00: Ex-Crisis Zhanra

TUESDAY April 29

ROCK Vesna Na Ulitse Karla Yuhana 21.00: 16 Tonn Kedi 19.00: Tabula Rasa

JAZZ & BLUES Professor Blue&Jackknife **Rockabilly Orchestra** 21.00: Roadhouse

CLUBBIN' DJs ZigZag, Anatoliy Gerasimov, DJ Philla 21.00: Propaganda DJ Cross 21.00: Ex-Crisis Zhanra

WEDNESDAY **April 30**

ROCK Theodor Bastard 21.00: Ikra **Bumboks (Ukraine)** 20.00: Apelsin

CLUBBIN' DJs Studinskiy, Old Dog Nikolaev 21.00: Propaganda Home Listening DJs 21.00: Ex-Crisis Zhanra



Professional Football Tables for bars & entertainement complexes BO

Jazz Piano 21.00: B-2 Blues Doctors 21.00: Roadhouse **CLUBBIN'**

20.00: B-2 DJ Scientifique 21.00: Ex-Crisis Zhanra **DJ Partyphone** 21.00: Propaganda

TUESDAY April 22

- IMBE





Ke Slitch, Margaret Noise, Incognito

electroni

Party starts at midnight

Buffet for ladies with special club cards!



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



Things That Do & Don't Suck The eXile decoding KEY

	an Br			Theoreman (
= Fakhie Factor! will you do	= Feis Kontrol Factor! will U	= Foam Factor! Will cheap-	= Starvin' Silovik! This isn't a	= Remont Factor! Russia

8

Still has no soul and can ruin many gigs with its vast cold vibe,

Suin has no solut and can full many guys with its vasi cold vide, but service is improving. You no longer have to stand 30 min. in line for an overpriced drink. Image of Gogol Bordello front-man 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

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 Vokcal. Has absolutely no atmosphere whatsoever.

8

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 any

WIFI

"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

DG

8

Ginormous new bar-club in the up-and-coming Savvinskaya Nab. Row, opened up by Kostya of Dacha fame, and the pub-lisher 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 won-der: since when is this the fucking US?! Taxi predators ream you here. Coat check too small to handle the large crowds-

6

We caught a recent Saturday night gig packed full of bearded types and intelligent-looking chicks. Moscow's premiere indie spot! Aktovy Zal packs in non-stop local and international indie

acts every week from Thursday to Sunday. There ain't no other

Way out in the boondocks by the thrid ring means you really

place you're gonna anything closer to indie than here

hopefully they have that worked out by now.

M: Sportivnaya Address: Savvinskaya Nab. 21

Aktovy Zal

Hours: As many as you can handle

Phone: 740-5583

Ste

Cheers:

Jeers:

have to plan to go here.

M: Baumanskaya Phone: 265-3935

Cover: cheap, depends on the concert

Address: Perevedenovsky per., 18

**

1171

ST:

Cheers:

**

get past the thug manning the door? * = even fat embassy employees can get in ★★ = if you read FHM or Elle, you're fine $\star \star \star =$ if you can't have the art director killed, you're not gettin' in

WiFi

0 eXile readers be able to afford the beer? * = Up to 150R per beer ★★ = 150-300R per beer *** = 300-3000R per beer

Hours: 8 to late, depends on shows

B1 Maximum

show we've seen in a while

Cover: depends on the concert M: Leninsky Prospekt / Shabolovskaya

Phone: 648-6777 Address: UI. Ordzhonikidze 11 Hours: 18:00 - 06:00

B2

S.

Cheers

**

ST:

Cheers

**

rating factor, folks. It means that under the new regime, there is no room for this establishment. The place is closed, gone, kaput. Siyonara.

ia is constantly improving and restructuring itself under Putin, and this place is currently striving to maintain a socially responsible and modern interior

Jeers: Easily some of the most sovok and least service-oriented staff in town Prices may seem bizarre considering that this is sunposed to be a dive rock club. Suffering from multiple-personal-ity disorder. Empties out early even on weekends. Cover: depends M: Mavakovskava



Recent 4AM visit saw off-duty Help bartenders gettin' down, so U know they mix the drinks well here! After a long n ight of drinking and not getting drunk, the whiskey-colas really starte hitting us here! Drunken dyev factor on the rise, and you know if a girl's partying here she's ready fo' anything! Asking the barman to get creative can have serious consequences... Killer underground dive run by the same folks who brought you den of debackery McCoys. From the looks of it, folks II 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 aux-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 vicit

M: Chekhovskava Address: Strastnoi blvr. 6 str. 2 Phone: 209-2779

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 whatev Latery it's been resimple even more beau than used, but which er, 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 participat-ed 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 M: Kitai Gorod

Phone: 980-1058 Address: Bol. Zlatoustinsky Per. 7/1 (next to Propaganda) Hours: nearly all of 'em

8

Booze Bub



Cheers: Gets TOTALLY packed on weekends, making this an ideal preparty venue for those hitting Tema next door. Pissed off that bery order of 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 sec-retary dyevs. Recently opened by the Help/Tema crew, which is a already a good sign. Located next door to Terna, if you need a break from the Duck-esque atmosphere there. Spacious bar and good cocktails. Combines the intimacy of an linsh pub with the spaciousness of a German bierhall. Their beer really does

Sovok vest-wearing grampa tried facing eXile editors Zaitchik and Yasha during a recent visit. We're used to getting faisting and Yasha during a recent visit. We're used to getting faisting point, but this was something different, and somehow more humiliating. Recent Saturday evening visit found BB totally empty, but we were told that in order to sit down, we would need to make a reservation a week in advance. WTF? Needless to say, we went somewhere that actually wanted our money. A tad bit phallocentric on a recent visit. May need some time to get packed full of the reasons we like to visit Help and Tema. M: Chistye Prudy Address: Potapovsky Per. 5, bld. 2 Phone: 621-4717 Hours: Round the clock



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 jazzblues 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

Jeers:

and we're not sure that's a good thing. Cover: Depends on who's playing M: Chistye Prudy 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 offduty bargirl from a certain Swedish nightclub. The club that set the standard and opened the era of elitny giant night-clubs is back after a several-year hiatus. Top notch DJs, friend-ly girls, not quite as grotesquely elitny as Leto, makes this a good alternative to Fabrique, esp if you're tired of the latter's crowds and petty thieves. Jeers:

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



** * ** Cheers/Jeers: Don't touch that dial! eXile's Bar-Dak team is hard at work updating this listing... M: Dobryninskava

Phone: 230-7333 Address: Bolshaya Polyanka ul., 54/1 Website: www.crazymilk.ru

Denis Simachev Bar



*** Cheers:

eXile alertI DS showed its humane side by waving wheelchair-bound eXile editor Yasha Levine through face control. At first we gave this place two stinkly thumbs down, but now we've recon-sidered. We now proclaim DS the best elithy dive in town! If Subject, we now plotain DS the best early dive in town: in 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 perma-nently 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 bou-tione. tique.

**

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 paros into the space of walk-in closet. It's become Moscow's hippest weekday eiliny hangout and the nevest roost for Opera/Dyagelev/Krishar molis on their of night. Attracts droves of rich Russian dudes doing the *Planet of the* Apes routine around their expensive cars and bikes outside. M: Teatralnava **Phone:** 629-8085 **Address:** Stoleshnikov Per. 12 **Hours:** 12:00-06:00

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 review Baboshari, Witch was built in 10. Exile of both table built 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 for the safe discontinuous and a very expensive set of music equip-methods and a very expensive set of music equip-methods in the safe discontinuous and a very expensive set of music equip-methods in the safe set. ment for live shows.

Jeers:



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







Barfly



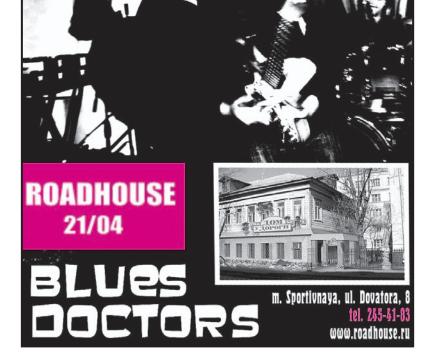
taste better. Jeers:







draws will make American women feel especially comfortable here.





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HANGING WITH THE GOPOTA

By Dmitriy Babooshka pflanze@yandex.ru

Last year, brave eXile staffers took a trip to Lyubertsy, the infamous mafia cradle of 90s, and discovered that gopniks no longer exist in the Putin era. I read it, but I didn't believe it. I still meet them every day. When my friend called, offering a shashlik weekend outing in Lyubertsy, I decided to carroy out my own investigation and put it in the form of club review.

The shashlik party was going to be at one my friend's construction sites. His name is Grisha and he works for an architect bureau that creates all these noveau riche castles and dachas. This makes his invites very desirable for me, as I can always impress my girlfriends with his houses.

The trip to Lyubertsy turned out to be not as scary as I pictured it before. The first thing I saw while entering the city was a Shell gas station with super-quality fuel, which happened to be 20% cheaper than in Moscow. Many of you would not even notice this, but this is something we don't have in Moscow. Our oil mafia is so powerful, it doesn't allow good companies to sell their gas in the city. So we have to enjoy shitty TNK or Rosneft, with occasional visits to overpriced BP on pay day.

When I reached the central square of Lyubertsy, I thought I was in some small American town surrounded bv McDonald's restaurants, shopping malls,



ranking official's voice because I didn't understand a word of the jail jargon he was using. He promised to put "diamond aces on Grisha's shoulders and make him an Armenian queen because he presses his beard with the construction for such a long time." Whatever that means. But everyone was silent and impressed by this fat-face bastard.

After 30 minutes of debate, the conflict was over but we had to leave Grisha with his workers under watch of the security that the chinovnik left to supervise the work

The jail talk that I've heard required some translation for me and also I was desperate for a drink to calm my nerves. The local taxi driver understood my woes and suggested the SPARTAK bar, which is a favorite gathering place for local boxing community.

Since eXile staffers are tough and hairy men, mention of the "Lubertsy boxing community" didn't scare me. Indeed, the restaurant had many boxing pictures on the wall but strangely enough served



cafes and KFC joints. The only difference was that all of buildings were painted in the favorite Russian drab grey hues.

After we bought *svinina* (pork) and beer, we headed to Grisha's site to make our small party. On the way there, I began to doubt myself. Perhaps Ames was right after all and gopniki are now nothing but a myth?

But the next hour proved that I was right. The gopnik does exist, and he is doing very well.

When we started cooking, we heard

shouldered guests with Uzbek shanson songs (I've never heard such mixture of Asian music and vocals along with prison lyrics in Russian). After a few drinks I found myself chatting with Arsen, the friendly owner of the restaurant and former boxer, who generously fed me with his plov and dolmas.

Uzbek cuisine and entertained broad-

He explained me that diamond aces on shoulders were forcefully put on political prisoners or card-debtors, as a symbol of their mis

eXile alert! Ignore previous comments about weekends being hit or miss: every Friday and Saturday (and an increasing num-ber 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 ferra a paidbhiring thick game are nod still. "If work and still a start of the st 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 a biptrease! Later we saw two babes practically fucking on the dancefloor, and the night ended with a flat-chested chick flash-ing us repeatedly. Great place to start or end a bender. The director is a serious cocktail afficionado (and award-winning barroan who has come up with a variety of unusual and at times frightening cocktails, all reasonably priced. Casual woodsy interior, relaxed crowd, decent service. Long Island led tea for 150r. Try the "red hot slammer." Bartenders often seen at tables whipping up fresh concoctions, slamming glass-es 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 bot. 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 lkra's small hall, more intimate than NYC's Knitting Factory but gets the same caliber or bigger gigs. Food surprisingly edible.

Jeers: Finally gave us club cards, but make us wait at the bar for a manager every time we try to use it. WTF!? Added hookah menu just to fuck wid us. Gets unbearably hot and stuffy inside when there's a packed gig like the recent Kid Koala show. Surly bartenders sometimes can't be bothered to pour you a beer. Cover: Up to 600R depending on the event M: Kurskaya Phone: 505-5351 Address: UI. Kazakova 8A

Justo Banya Douche **}** ST:



Cheers: Located on the grounds of an old banya, JBD is the latest addi-tion 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: Lubvanka

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



Cheers: eXile alert! Katz nearly had to beat the dirty sluts piling up onto her man with a stick. And she would have too, if the dude was-

n't such a pussed out wanker and fell back from the action himself. The place is so jam-packet with salivating sluts hungry for male action, you'd think you were in a bad porno horror rip oft. All they got to do is get a whift of your phermones and damn do these girls move! The only way to sate them is buy them round after round of cheap-o booze. Oh veah and there's serious Latin Dance stuff going on.

Cheers/Jeers: The cover charge. Damn, what's up with dat. What time iz we livin' in? To get to the overflow gardirob, you have to walk about

two kilometers through a dark and winding underground tun-nel. You might never find your way back! Cover: 200R for chicks, 300R for dudes on weekends (liber-al face control) al face control) M: Kuznetsky Most

Phone: 624-5633

Address: UI. Pushechnaya 3 (just down from Hola Mexico) Hours: Thurs.-Sun.: 21:00 - 6.00

Krizis Zhanra 5776 Address: Pokrovka 16/16, str. 1 Hours: 24/7

Krisha S. *** ***

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 fail 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 rootpo, 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 plushest in town

8

Jeers: See abov

Cheers:

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



Cheers/Jeers: In the words of Jared's little brother Eric Linguist: "This place was decked out like some sort of futuristic, rated R version of Chuck E. Cheese with a huge bar and rows of racing simulation pods lining the walls. Instead of gay furry mascots, the place was packed full of Russian 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 untart. There are not sport to be a server of the server of th 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 Weh: www.motordom.ru



Cheers:

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



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 vacabinitiday bash book so finuer out of us, our ivers are on vaca-tion til next year. Absolutely friggin packed full of sluts and drunk eXholes, with everyone drinking. This is it folks, no unsur-mountable face control, no eXtreme prices, tons of approach-able offerings and now they even have America's finest brew available: Bud. Thursday "Office Night" rawqs: free food offerlives here, devouring his pizza while his dyev girlfried 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

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 middet dyeys

Hours: Always

Propaganda



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 for all that fun 'n share 'n shiftaced inebration We'd been stay-ing 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 weeknight nightcaps! We defy you to leave after just one drink. Hell, we defy you to leave after two! More 10PM last calls have turned into 3AM "oh fucks" than we can count! McCoys is the closest thing to a guarantee this side of Night Flight. Always some table of desperate sluts here, even when it's otherwise empty. Ofter 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 drunkeness at 4am? Don't go here sober-the human fauna might be startling. Some sluts so ugly, even the jumbo Long Island won't make you want them. Getting a drink on a week-end night requires a half-hour of screaming and waving money at the bartenter

M: Barrikadnava

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

Restovratsaya



Cheers Babooshka was taken here by a slightly older rich chick who laboration with the by a signly during the 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...

No DJs or go-go dancers, only jazz jam sessions, theater perfor Jos of UG-Ug dances, biny Jacz Jan resoluts, hiead in grant formances, dragentinean 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 advi-sors. What kind of 19th century aristoracy 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 ioint in Moscow that sort of reminds us of the kinds of blues bars you'd find in mid-sized cities in America like Fresno or Dayton. And we mean that in a good way. Live blues every night, cozy atmosphere, absolutely no pafos or feis kontrol, citeap drinks and food. 30% discount for journalists, doctors and musicians! Lots of bliny, decent amount of groups of sin-gle 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 neonle" suburban blues thing is not for every one. 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: UI. Dovatora 8 (close to metro) Hours: noon-midnight



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Cheers/Jeers: This is another one of those elitny-indie hybrid clubs, eXile's official club afficianado 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 dyev 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



8 ** ** Cheers: Still redefining the meaning of "packed with drunken sluts."

and balding guys, and if they can score surely U can too! Jeers:

Cover: 150R on weekends, free-ish during the week M: Chistye Prudy Phone: 755-9554 Address: Myasnitskava UI, 22 (inside Johnny's)

some noises on the other side of 5-meter erable fence. It was a bad luck for Grisha because it was the owner of the dacha himself who had unexpectedly came to check the status of construction. Not alone, of course. He had an official militsia patrol car at the front and three black SUVs of his own security in the back. Just in case.

Let me point out here that the client who asked for this very special 5-storey dacha, with numerous additional buildings occupying a total of more than 30 acres of virgin forest, is such a highplaced official that I am not able to give you any details about him just to keep my ass from getting shot.

As you can imagine, the client was very upset that the chief architect threw a party on his private property. I understood all that only by the tone this high-



ers. "Armenian queen" is a phrase that stands for passive homosexual and "pressing someone's beard" means telling

Well, that little explanation was enough for me to understand that Ames was looking for gopniki in the wrong place. Of course they still exist in Lyubertsy. They just no longer walk the streets. Now they drive expensive cars and take important jobs as officials or serious businessmen. They're "standing high," to borrow their phrase. They grew up and hide from the public view behind 5-meter fences and black windows of their Mercs and Audis.



** **

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 heppy or open that place that place that go and the same place the source of the sourc have finally solved the problem. This place continuously packs in babe-o-licious dvevs almost any day of the week and they love rock/nroll! No joke, folks: we had to see it ourselves to believe. Some eXie insiders claim it's the best place in town to meet a wife. THE place to meet a girly our can spoon with..., plen-ty of approachable babes, but they require a little wooing. Very impressive crowd including lots of single hinsters and one industry and the second Lyotchik. Combines student-y types with intellegensia, upwardly mobile yuppies and a smattering of expats. Less pressure to get wasted than at Bourbon St.

Jeers:

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



Cheers:

eXile crazy dyev alert! One eXile editor snagged a chick here that demanded he hit her in the face, and she loved every checkbone-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 Propagnda's somehow man-aged 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 galf via-tis packed on Thursdays. The best place in town to get galf via-its, even if they won't go home with you immediately. The food rawks, and the prices are right. Maybe we'z getting old, but we find ourselves here oogling the biz-lunch crowd much more often than the disco crowd.

Jeers:

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

Queers: Sunday nights are 'gay' nights M: Kitai Gorod Phone: 624-5732 Address: Bolshoi Zlatoustinsky per. 7 Hours: Sun-Thurs 12:00-06:00, Fri-Sat 'til 08:00 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 the O and Foreign and a statement of the original statement of the of the Queen's English here than at Oxford ... Packed on week ends that you might have to listen in from the doorstep. Steve has created the favorite hangout for British castaways in town, with a lively pub feel to it any day of the week. We also hear they're gonna have the occasional curry night, featuring Steve's famous five-alarm curry. Rumored to give beluga caviar away as har snacks. Their newest corned beef sandwhich (140R) packs in beautifully with a few pints of nitrogenerated Kilkenny. The fish & chips are tasty and most under the rule of real-live Irishman Steve, so you're guaranteed real-life Western service with no excuses. Extra note: Food is oddly delish, esp the 150r biz lunch. We were served a heaping of beef stew and mashed potatoes. Serve cheap, cholestorol-heavy breakfasts as well. Always serviced with a smile by a rotating crew of cute barmaids.

Jeers

You might get accosted by Russian students looking to practice their angliisky yazyk. Word's gotten out, and it's tough to find a seat for lunch. Don't come here to hunt for chicks—there ain' any. M: Okhotny Ryad Address: 5/6 Tverskaya Ulitsa (go down Nikitskaya Per.) Hours: 8 till late

Sixteen Tons

APR 17 - APR 23



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 kind 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 med dewued upb and the med dewuen me her 64 below. the mad crowd rush, and the mad drunken mob of eXholes, like professionals. No one could have done it half as well as Skiteen Tons did, with its superb bar staff, excellent sound system, great stage, and eXhole-friendly management. Thanks to Pasha, Andrei & crew for pulling it off. Shockingly high babe factor at the disco following gigs. Not that we got laid or anything...or even that we would want to. Upstairs has some of the top shows and a good mix of dyevs and serious music afficiona-does. Downstairs, a range of scalliwags ranging from oligarchs to eXpats to divorced mammas to starving journalists. Management not averse to fights outside.

Jeers:

Ciub named after the average weight of the dyevs. Not much to do upstairs when there isn't live music. Cover: Devs: R100 weekdays, R150 weekends; Guys: R150 weekdays, R200 weekends

M: UI, 1905 Phone: 253-5300 Address: Presnenskii Val 6 Hours: 18.00 - 6.00



Cheers

eXile alert! Solyanka's newly-minted restaurant just might be the best new place to eat since we discovered Dantes way back in 2007. The 270r biz lunch offers a tasty 3-course evro fusion meal (menu changes daily) that's a damn bargain for Moscow these day. Hosts a strange dye mix, ranging from semi-bydlo to full on hyper-elitry. They arrive when doors open and don't leave 'til closing time. Ever since Mix went the way of the Dodo, Solyanka's hipster crowd has been getting infused with late 20s/early 30s secretary/office worker type dyevs. And that's just Fine by us. If you now the type, then you know that they are will-ing to take it anytime, anywhere. All you have to do is notice them. Case in point: Last weekend Levine and Rudnitsky had to beat off three 30-year-old chicks that wouldn't leave them. bear on three objection draws that working the account fearly end of the surrendered their phone numbers. And all this because L & R were speaking English! Mental note: must start coming here more often. A shining example of the latest club trend: The indie-pafosny hybrid. If you're tired of the same of Krizis, but can't stand the Fag Nation Propka scene, then Scharkle in the account for your program. Coming the coming the same of the account of your program. 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:

Hi tech picture id club card verification system means you can't swap em with your friends, it also makes you feel like you're at the gym. Windows PC users given hostile looks by MacBook/Phone-toting hipsters. On club nights, place is hard-MacBook/iPhone-toting hipsters. Un club nights, place is hard-er to get into then Dyagelev. An eXile editor got feised over the telephone last weekend, even after Tofer gave Solyanka a heart-felt 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 "Im 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 M: Kitay Gorod

Phone: 221-7557 Cover: 300 rubles, or something Address: Solyanka 11/6 Hipster Blog: s-11.ru





Cheers: eXile alert! Just confirmed. Sory Bab's 3am Fri/Sat night drunk dyev index is way off the charts. This place is set to become one of our favorites, especially now that they gave us a 50% disone or our rayonice, sepecially now that they gave us a 50% offs-count 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 offser plenty of macking ops. Girls friendlier than most, and by that we don't mean they're ualy.

Jeers

Recent menu update for 2007 has upset the balance of one of the best Caeser salads in town. Seems like everyone here only converses win 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% dis-count card might be more of a curse—we're getting a little sick of this place. Got a Prada-lite vibe. Not quite sure what the name means, and we're not sure they know either. You could easily break an ankle on the unexpected step near the bar. The food, a bargein for eard holders, enabled with undth our ubles if a bargain for card-holders, probably ain't worth your rubles if you aren't as kewl as us. M: Kitai Gorod Phone: 784-0615

Address: Slavyanskava pl. 2

Tema Bar a Ba STE

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tusovka...along with fun-luvin' babes, many of whom took it upon themselves to dance on the ginormous bar. Congrats, guys! If you love Help but wish it had more of a party scene, Terma is THE place to check out! One of a very, very few places, in town where everyone's having a good time. Dyevs become unbelievably approachable around 1 am 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 don-ning a Soviet Army helmet and getting whacked over the head with a skil Dirar of Hulf strop have hear operation dreptor. Direce cock with a ski! Dima of Help fame has opened another, bigger cock-tail bar, this time smack dab in the center of Moscow! Great central drinking option, especially if you're sick of OGI. Mammoth cocktail menu impresses chicks. Nice value and prices.

Jeers: Some of the surliest bartenders in town. One actually refused to light our flaming cocktails on fire. While all the girls are having fun and definitely available, you'll need to knock back a few before your beer googles start 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



8 ** Cheers The legendery team from Tema Bar & Help are behind this The regenerative term norm terms bar of heip are bening time place: Moscow's first and only tiki bar. If you know them, then you know about their magical ability to pack in their clubs with podmoskovie student dyevs, as well as a slightly more aged, but yet so easily bangable secretery contingent. Music is loud, so you won't have talk to them. Tiki's extensive menu of tancy

polynesian drinks is packed with copious amounts of booze will get the job done and leave enough money in your wallel 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.



Cheers

Jeers:

Tofer was blown away by this Italian/Spanish wine bar when he first revewed it. With an ok bottle of Spanish red starting at 600r, Itast terevered it. Wind and Kobuet of Spanish test stanting a Good, tasty tapas-style cheese ad cold cut platites 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: We'd never

> Address: Malyi Palashevsky pereulok 6 Phone: 739-1045 Metro: Pushkinskava Hours: Everyday from 6 p.m to 6 a.m.

Web: www.vinosyr.ru Hours: 18.00 - 6.00



911 Club 8 Sti *** **

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, Irmagine Shandra but in a small, cozy setting the size of some minigarch's living room. Lots of girls all eager to pay attention to you. Strip stage right in front of your face, couches, and rooms upstairs (one has karaoke) where you can take your favorite dancer. Drinks aren't overpriced, and the kabinety are free on Sundays, which is good news for cheap-0 expats. Also entrance is for now at least free

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

Bordo



tilated and all-together less seedy than just about any other full-service establishment in town. Karaoke in VIP rooms means that you can tell the girl you take that you own a talent agency and think she's got potential.

Jeers: The veneer of civilization is something that our Editorial Board has consistantly come out against in the past. Could this place be haunted by the ghost of the Expat Club? M: Kitai Gorod Phone: 917-4545 Address: Pivchesky 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



***** *** Cheers:

eXile alert! Happy 16th, NF! A Sweet Sixteen party never looked so freakin' hot. NF should recieve a medal for the amount of for-eign investment it's brought to Moscow. Still the best place to remember what keeps you in Moscow. Vodka bar in the back offers about 30 types of vodka, ranging from affordable Stoli to Kauffman Luxury (at R1000+ a shot!). What can we say that hauminal LLudy (at house a slot), what can we say inta-hasn't been said... even on slow nights your jaw will be drag-ging 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 Flighter way to speel you have samed. 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 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!"

Girls start at at least \$300 these days, and drive a tougher bargain. Bring back the crisis days Lots of silicon on display these days, so you might want to try the merchandise before you buy it. If you bump into your boss, just say that you've come for the food [sic].

Cover: 800R, including one drink M: Tverskaya Phone: 629-4165 Address: UI. 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

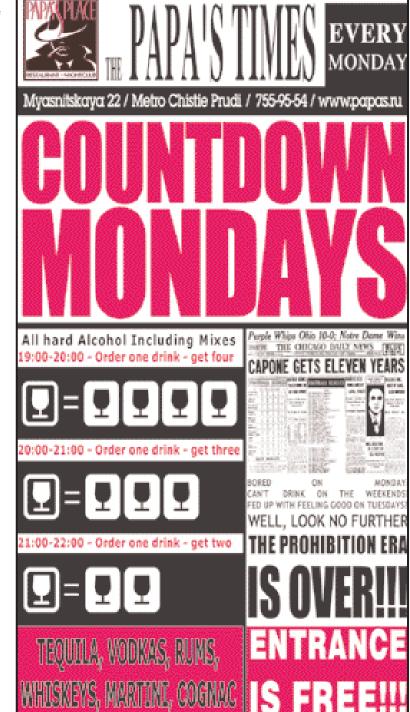
very ethnicity imaginable: Russians, Asians, Aricans, even one that looked a little Mexican. Our last visit showed them to be so thoroughly quality-controlled that even our intern was impressed. Pretty good food and the ability to order the emergency (Im-out-of-money-light for your table which alerts strip-pers to stay clear of your area. Yes folks, Shandra *does* care about your dignity. An eXile operative met a stripper who spoke perfect English and even read The eXile. Now that's quality.

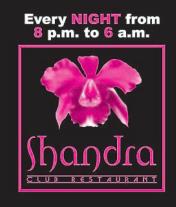
Jeers: Look, just because we can't afford it doesn't mean we have to knock it, or does it? M: Sukharevskaya Phone: 208-0982 Address: Prosvirin per. 7 Hours: 20:00-6:00

Violete



*** * ** Cheers: eXile alert! Has no gualms about letting in 2-drunk-2- fuck eXile editors at 3am! Cocktails mixed well, and the stopie menu real billion at our vest addition to the Ho-ing bordello scene, Violete is exactly the place to go if you've already done Ishtar and Safari





What happens here, stays here...

Cheers: eXile alert! Folks, Tema Bar's two-year anniversary was a sight to behold, reaffirming, once again, that on weekends this place transforms into what the Boar House used to be... but more wholesome. And to prove it, one of The eXile's editorial team picked picked up a chick that night just by standing at the bar and nodding yes. Previously, Yasha demonstrated by getting the digits of a nice Jewish girl, while at the same time success fuly wooing a blond shiksa to bed with him... Recent anniversay par-tay was a who's-who of the anti-pafos, pro-alcohol'n'fur

**

Cheers:

Holy shit! Bordo done went and added a sauna, so you can get so fresh and so clean while you're gettin dirtyl Might contain the highest concentration of perfumed flesh per square inch on this planet! Deviates from the single-mindedness of Safari and Ishtar... meaning that the owners didn't skimp on details like air conditioning. That's right folks, you can actually come and enjoy yourself here before you go about your business. Oh, and did we mention, the ladiez are slammin'! It's comfortable, well-venenough and you're looking for roughly the same thing but in a newer non-sticky cool setting Violete has it all: scores of hot friendly nekkid chicks, VIP kabinety with Karaoke offerings, and a highly libidinous purple hue.

Jeers:

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



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M. Sukharevskaya Prosvirin per.

WwW.Shandra.SU +7 495 608 09 82

P. 12 THE EXILE

BAR-DAK CLUB GUIDE





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 reportoire, including a great spinach and mozzarella baby that we thoroughly enjoyed. Great lunch option if you're not too hungry ... all three sandwiches our table ate had us in nirvana! 5+ for the smoked turkey and goat cheese 'wich. A most awesomely delicious Buffalo Mozzarella salad (290r). 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 ves, it's Moscow's best. As for the dinner meals... First, the marinated olives 'n artichoke hearts. Second, the juicy Roasted beet salid with pesto, aged goat cheese and pine nuts. We didn't know beets could be so good! Third, the Terriyaki Chicken Pita with avocado and cilantro-best damn sandwich in Moscow. Fourth, the entrees. The grilled salmon with orange-soy glaze and fresh snow peas is an amazing, juicy, fresh cut that will leave you very pleased, while Strip Steak with berry-glaze and thick cut guacomole salad will satisfy your meat jones. Deli items a hit with oil-windfall Russians.

Every item is a delight; in fact it might be the best

Jeers:

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

reserve hours in advance. M: 1: Belorusskya; 2: Tretyakoskaya, 3: n/a, 4: Paveletskaya 5: Mayakovskaya

Phone: 1: 933-6157 2: 725-5878, 3: 729-2585, 4: 969-2113, 5: 789-9654

Address: 1: Bolshaya Gruzinskaya 32; 2: Bolshaya Ordynkaya 40/2 (through the shlangbaum), 3: Rublevo-Uspenskoe Shosse 85/1, 4: UI. Sadovnicheskaya 82 bld. 1 5: Ul. Gasheka 7/1 Hours: 8.00 - 22.00 weekdays, 9.00 - 22.00 week-

Flat Iron Grill

WIFI

\$\$ 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 newspaper 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 awaterin'! Thumbs up on the Florentine Omelet with sninach 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 yummilicious and Moscow's best. Mongolicious omelets that even tames the violent temper of Morris U. Snideman, Esq. Stomach-expanding breakfast burritos a good alternative. Milkshakes huge again, and orgasmic. Try the coffee-chocolate-oreo mix.

Jeers:

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

M: #1: Mayakovskaya #2: Oktyabrskaya #3: Universitet

Phone: #1: 290-9638; #2: 959-8919; #3: 783-4037 Address: #1: Sadovava Bolshava ul. 16: #2: UI 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 huuungry! AR's housed in a now-defunct "Americana" gay/transvestite cabaret, but don't be fooled by its new location. The waiters may be effeminate, but the cousine is straight Viet Cong. Tasty springrolls, good noodles, pho and just about every other Vietnamese dish is as close as you'll get to perfection this side of Laos. Ho Chi Minh would be proud. And the food's so reasonably priced, even the Vietnamese could afford to eat here.

If we jeered, we'd only be showing that Americans

the grilled eel wrapped in spinach. M: Baumanskava Phone: 267-3190 Address: Takmanov per. 11

are sore losers. So we'll go ahead and do that by say-

ing: Don't bother ordering the steamed spring rolls or

Spicy

\$\$-\$ 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: Belorusskva Phone: 766-2222

Address: UI. 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 upi. Not that we ever would, but if you're one of those peacocking pickup artist douchebags, then you'll find plenty of girls here to laugh at you. High ceilings, spare wood interior make this unlike most pseudo-mod shitholes. All in all, we likes it.

Jeers:

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

Phone: 692-9731

Address: Glinschevskii Pereulolk 3 Hourse: 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

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Jeers:



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Jeers:

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

Address: Gazetny Per. 3

Yoko

\$\$\$\$

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

Jeers:

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

M: Pushkinskaya Phone: 291-7503

Address: Bolshaya Nikitskaya 22/2 Hours: 12:00 - 02:00

Eclectic

\$\$-\$ 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 win-dows a kind of sign. Inside, the place is packed full of the beau monde of Moscow. It's so gaucheincluding 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 \$\$\$\$

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: Pushkinskava Phone: 736-91-31/32

Address: M. Bronaya 8/1 Hours: 12:00 - 24:00

Apple Restaurant \$\$\$

Cheers:

The Apple Bar and Restaurant is open to non-guests at the Golden Apple, "Moscow's only boutique hotel," and it's a good thing, too. This sleek space is perfect for a mellow and delicious dinner. An imaginative and tasty take on the European fusion menu, the Apple is strong on seafood and offers more pumpkin themed dishes than any place in town. Great cocktails, attentive staff, good music. Their 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: Teatralnava Phone: 928-7602

Address: 8/10 Neglinnaya UI.

The Apartment \$\$\$

Cheers:

Hip wine-bar downstairs, kewl SoHo-style loft upstairs. Menu's not pretentious, but everything's damn good. A welcome break from Novikov copycats 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 fresh-

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 \$\$

Cheers:

Located in the lobby of a small business center, this place is a good choice for biz lunch or grabbing a nightcap at 5 a.m. It has three big things going for it: location, big buffet, and vibe. Situated next door next to ZhurFak , E&T is constantly filled with cute journalism students. Free wifi, accessible plugs and cen-tral 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

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 converstion, but annoying if you're just trying to eat. M: Tverskaya

Phone: 650-1623

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

Guylian Cafe \$\$

Cheers:

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

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

M: Teatralnaya

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

GQ Bar \$\$\$

Cheers:

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

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: Tretvakovskava Address: Balchug Ul. 5

Los Bandidos \$\$\$

EATS REVIEW

TORRO GRILL: A MEAT LOVERS' PARADISE

By Yasha Levine

I had been hearing about this kickass Argentinean steak house ever since it opened up for biz a year ago. Sadly, I never checked it out. It's first location, at a mall out by the Universitet metro stop, was a hassle to get to. But when Torro opened up a second restaurant closer to my stomping ground, I headed there with Ames to investigate. To be honest, I was shocked. I couldn't believe that I had been cheating myself out of such

supposedly European peasants foraged for this leafy green), the shrimp were smeared in what appeared to be wasabi mayonnaise. It was good, but I thought the sauce could have benefited from a little more kick. I had the Spanish bean soup with sausages (260r), which is actually an amazing Latin-style chilli dish in disguise. Move over Starlite, this is hands down the best chilli you'll find in Moscow.

For the main course, I ordered a bloody 10 oz. hunk of NY Steak (690r) with a side of basil mashed potatoes. Mark had the ribs (410r), which were covered in a sweet teriyaki sauce and sprinkled with sesame seeds. Now I'm not an expert in ribs, but I can taste a good thing. And the ribs were amazing, the meat wasn't dry or flaky. Both dishes came with a selection of four



great food for so freakin' long. Never had I been moved to write such a honest and 100% positive review.

TORRO GRILL just set up shop at this location, so some of its finer decor elements haven't arrived yet. But it's not like you'll notice. Because you'll be too busy stuffing your face. It's not cheap. But by Moscow standards, it isn't expensive, either. I'd say Torro's quality to price ratio is in total harmony with the consumer. Where else can you get a huge piece of kickass ribs for 410 rubles?

To kick off my maiden Torro Grill meal, I ordered a crispy mug of their special home-brewed beer (110r for 0.5L). It was served so cold the foam thickened into a cream of Guinnesslike consistency. Ames had the dark house brew, which I wouldn't recommend as much as the white.

For appetizers, we decided to split the "best in Moscow" carpaccio dish (340r). They weren't lying about it being good. The tender, thinly sliced pieces of red meat were crisscrossed with thin streaks of two types of light sauce: some sort of creamy parmesan concoction and a mildly sweet balsamic vinegar mixture. Mark got the shrimp salad (390r). Served on a bed of corn salad (I never had it before but

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 popu-

Although service was more or less great and unob-

trusive, 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.

weird meat sauces: sweet and sour jelly, rosemary and garlic jelly, green salsa and spicy leche-style red pepper spread. They were a nice touch, but I'm happy to report that my steak didn't need any flavor boosts. Its own juices sufficed.

By this time, your distended gut probably won't have much room for

Restaurant: Torro Grill #2
Address: 3 Krutitskiy per., 11
Phone: 671–73–46
M: Proletarskaya
Web: torrogrill.ru

dessert. But if you're a fan of gluttony, I'd suggest you go with their raspberry soup (260r). Their cakes (all around 150r) aren't bad, but this fruity sauce made out fresh berries is Torro's signature dessert dish. I also suggest you add dollop of vanilla ice cream or ricotta cheese (40r rubles extra)

As far as beverages go, Torro has a big selection of affordable wines (600-800r per bottle), as well as a bunch of quality stuff that The eXile can't afford. The homemade lemonade is off the hook, too. Did I mention they serve a huge business lunch (250 or 330r) and have free WiFi?

Phone: 956-7775 Hours: 24 hours

City Grill \$\$-\$\$\$

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

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 hit off. Don't order the milkshakes. They could use a shake up of their crappy Belgian beer list. M: Mavakovskava Phone: 299-5519 Address: UI. Sadovaya Triumfalnaya d. 2/30 Str. 1 (across from the Am Bar&Grill) Hours: 11:00 - 02:00

Prado

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 Cnote.

M: Kievskaya

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

Dantes

\$\$

Cheers:

Yasha's totally neg review a few issues ago was way off. Hands down. Dantes is the best new affordable restaurant in Moscow. It has the best fried noodles this side of the Great Wall and at 300 rubles, cheap by Moscow standards, too. The 170 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

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 delicisio, but at 12 dolares its loco.

Jeers:

Pulled the old "we're out of all the wines cheaper than 3100B, 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: Tretvakovskava Phone: 953-0466 Address: Bol. Ordynka 7 Hours: 12:00 - the last chico

Mulat Tomas

\$\$

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

Cheers:

Ogni comes from the Discreet Charm folks, and it's already drawing a strong crowd of 20-something professionals. Kamchatcka Crab salad (300r) was a hit, as was the fact that they serve you .5I mineral waters for 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: Sukharevskava Phone: 207-1222 Address: M. Sukharevskaya pl. 8 Hours: Always

Pilsner Urquell

\$\$

Cheers:

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

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

Ogni

lar place soon.

Jeers:

\$\$

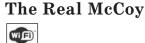
praised the Cvickova meat 'n dumplings extravaganza (390r), while we found the smoked chicken a bahgain at 325 rubles, though we didn't feel too hot afterwards. This chain is expanding quicker than Flounder's waistline! Newish Pokrovka location just like the original: good, cheap beer, and lots of greasy beer food. We really dug the semi-spicy sliced chicken dish (275r), Just about the only place in town where you can say, "Czech, please!" Cheapish new Czech pub at a prominent Mayakovsky location is solidly mediocre... just like you'd expect from the Czechs. Stick to the sausages and beer (0.5l for 75-110R), and you should have a 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: Mavakovskava, 2: Kitai Gorod Phone: 1: 251-2023, 2: 624-7003

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

Hours: noon-midnight





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 giganto-sized, 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 unediblewe think they may have spent more time on the grill than on the actual chicken. Service so bad on a recent Saturday afternoon visit, we were forced to call the manager from our cell phone in order to get

a waiter to stop watching soccer and take our order. We have the feeling that the high quality of the food probably doesn't hold up at drunken 6AM visits. High US embassy spook factor. Spicy the Mexican food is not. The chickpea and lamb soup (R180) needs to meet a blender. M: Barrikadnava

Phone: 255-41-44

Address: Kudrinskaya pl. 1 (in the Stalin skyscraper) Hours: Always

Tapa de Comida



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

Jeers:

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

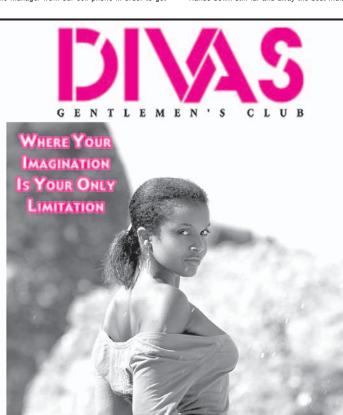
M: Tsvetnoi Bulvar Phone: 208-2007 Address: Trubnaya ul. 20/2 str. 3 Hours: Always

Indian

Darbar

\$\$

Cheers: Hands down still far and away the best Indian restu-



arant in Moscow, despite some new and fainthearted competition. The menu features both southern and northern dishes, and the Keralan owners make sure the Indian chefs get everything right, especially the yummy dosas. Most of Moscow's major embassies gets their Indian catering here (includiing the Indian embassy), so you can be sure it's good enough for you. And the stunning view from the roof of the Sputnik--their new location--takes a night here to the next level. A 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



Cheers:

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

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

Address: Kuznetsky Most 11 Hours: 10.00 - 23.00

Maharajah

\$\$\$

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

Jeers:

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

Tandoor

\$\$-\$\$\$ Cheers:

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

Easily the cheapest Indian food in the center, and tasty too! Sex Machine gave good marks to the Murg Masala Curry (180R), and the Palak Paneer (180R). Nan bread a mere 30R, and among the best in town. Middle-Eastern menu has nice hummus (100R) and above-average falafel (30R). Jeers:

Belly dancer not "all that." Sitting near the bar does not get you quicker drink service. Long Island Ice Tea

mysteriously served sans ice. Brought our appetizer out long after we'd already finished our mains. Tabbouleh was weak. Dishes tend to be spiced for the Russian pallet unless you tell them in advance to spice it up. M: Smolenskaya Phone: 937-8423 Hours: 12.00 - 24.00

Address: Smolensky Ploschad 3 (Smolensky Passazh, down the pereulok on the right)

Italian

Cantinetta Antinori \$\$\$\$

Cheers:

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

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

M: Smolenskava Phone: 241-3771 Hours: 12 00 - 24 00 Address: Denezhny per. 20

Capriccio's

Cheers:

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

Jeers:

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

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

Dorian Gray

\$\$ Cheers:

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

They make the bread every few hours and serve it fresh with a choice of oils and butters, including a tuna butter so good it's hard not to fill up on bread

Pasta Della Mama



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

Jeers:

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

M: Pushkinskaya

Phone: 730-5600 Address: Spiridonovsky Per 12/9 Hours: 12.00 - midnight Address: Pokrovka 1 Hours: 11:30-23:30

Sesto Sensa

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Cheers:

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

Jeers:

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

Phone: 911-3653

Address: Novospassky Per. 3, korp. 1, entrance from UI, Bolshie Kamenshiki Hours: Noon to midnight

Spago

\$\$\$

Cheers

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

Jeers:

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

M: Kitai Gorod

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

Verona

\$-\$\$ Cheers

Only place in town to find a good cannoli. For Italian standards at impossibly low prices, this place can't be beat. The superb \$3 penne arrabiatta alone is worth the trip across town. Massive prosciutto appetizer (almost) always satisfies. Pizzas also damn good-try the cheese-less Marinara with super-spicy garlic tomato sauce.

Jeers:

eXile alert! An eXile executive had her handhan stolen from the back of her chair here. Be careful Can be very crowded, meaning if you even get a seat, you'll be stuck in the smoky, bright front room, rather than the dark, less-miserable dining room. Main dining hall doesn't open until seven on Sundays-they make you wait in the cafe. Limited wine list. Those massive parmesan chunks that come with the prosciutto seem like a big waste to us Dessert selection extremely unpredictable. M: Proletarskava Phone: 912-0632 / 276-4150 Address: Vorontsovskaya ul. 32/36

Cheers:

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Jeers:

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

M: Mayakovskaya Phone: 299-8062

Address: Tverskaya ul. 31 (inside the Chaikovsky concert hall near Deli France) Hour: 12.00 - 23.00

Vostochnaya Komnata

\$-\$\$

Cheers:

eXile alert! Better call for reservations first-recent Friday night visit found the place packed to the rim, with lines of people waiting to get inside. As annoving as that was, it's certainly a step up from seeing Sushifags standing in line for Gyno-taki and Yuckitoria! Our ideal meal starts with some khachapuri, continues with some falafel, and then ends with some curries. Reaffirm two turbans way up on the hummus and the nan-like pita. Murg valai tikka, marinated chicken tandoor, a great bargain at 200r.

before the main. Putin sometimes still seen eating here poorly disguised in Groucho Marx nose-mustache-and-glasses. M: Tretyakovskaya Phone: 238-6401 Address: Kadashevskaya 6/1

Mario

\$\$\$\$

Cheers:

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

Jeers:

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

Hours: 11.00 - 23.00

Acapulco \$\$

Cheers:

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

Jeers:

Who needs Jeers with Cheers like these! M: Park Kultury Phone: Kultury Address: Zubovsky bul. 27/5



the Asparagus creme scallops soup (230r for a

taster howl) made exactly as thick and rich as it

should be. The chicken/noodle/veggie wok dish per-

fectly captured the oily goodness of properly fried chow mein. Our favorite had to be the main course,

a thick juice Reindeer steak cooked rare, served

with foi gras potatot dumpling (750r for the "starter" size). While most game is usually, er,

gamey, this reindeer meat tasted like it came from

Texas, making us wonder how Santa Claus manages

to keep himself from cooking Prancer and Vixen

after having to look at their tasty loins every Christmas Eve. We finished off with a suprisingly

tangy, delicious homemade Cactus Sherbert, which

we highly recommend. As always, the wines were

expertly chosen, making Night Flight still one of

Moscow's very best places for genuine wine lovers

The most surprising wine had to be the Hugel

Riesling from Alsace (2900r for a bottle), while the

Ironstone Reserve California Zinfandel went per-

fectly with the bloody reindeer meat. With superior

wine selections, as well as expert and discreet ser-

vice, and views of the hottest babes who seem

interested in you, this place still ranks as Moscow's

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 beanergas 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-slized pork shoulder, paella, and a huge dessert spread, all for 1200 rubles. Also if you like spicy Bloody Mary, then definitely try the version at Navarro's, and you'll sweat your hangover away. Yuri Navarro, long an eXile fave, now has his own namesake restaurant not far from Santa Fe, and folks, everything here lives up to the name. Wideranging 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: Shmitovsky 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: Scandinavian 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 **Night Flight** menu with some muy delicioso items! Our favorites included the breaded langostines with a mango sauce, \$\$-\$\$\$ the massively tasty chicken stuffed with a pistachio fill-Cheers: ing, scallops, and the yummie duck salad. Now you can eXile alert! There's a new chef in Night Flight's eat more upscale Cubano food or the more simply kitchen, and that means a new reason to "go there Cubano...and still enjoy the rippin' good cocktails and the wild shows. Good place for large parties. Last visit 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 roundly praised all the dishes, as well as the handrolled cigars (1,000-1,500R). Impressive show, full of 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

dark-skinned AfroCuban babes. Bar area packed full of drinkers and dancers, making this a one-stop party joint on weekends. Delicous food at surprisingly cheap prices, enchanting interior, the music and dance show is enthralling (especially on weekends). Two rooms, either the low-key bar area with a live band, or the wild show room, which is good for dates but not for conversation. Avocado Salad (130R), Santiaguera Pork (310R), rice with black beans-all the authentic stuff from real Cuba is there. Already attracting the limber Latino community and Russians who love that whole Latino night thing. Also try the yucca plant and the platinos. Have their own hand-rolled cigars, kick-ass 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 UI. 28 Hours: 24/7/265

A stone's throw from Red Square, this place tries

harder than just about anyone in town in the decor

department. The virtual reality banquet hall is surely

the most futuristic dining room in the city. The bar

list claims to be the longest in town, and we're

inclined to believe it. Excellent mojitos. The food is

solid mid-range fare, a Russian-Evropsky fusion

Russian

Version 1.0

\$\$\$

Cheers:

Jeers:

finest dining.

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

Scandinavia \$\$-\$\$\$\$

Cheers:

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

Jeers:

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

menu recently, although we've been told it'll be back. M: Pushkinskava

Phone: 937-5630 Address: Palashevsky Mal. per. 7 Hours: 12 00 - 24 00

Steaks

El Gaucho \$\$\$\$

Cheers:

We've been lax on trying this place since we had Doug's, but now that he's gone, we decided to try Argentinean steaks and folks, they wuz good! Forget Goodman's, El Gaucho has the best steaks in town. Sure, they're pricey, but you do get what you pay for. Coal grill they bring out with each steak keens 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 Paveletskava 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-

Address: #1: Sadovaya-Triumfalnaya 4, #2: Zatsepsky Val 6, #3: Bolshoi Kozlovsky Per. 3 Hours: 12.00 - 23:00

Goodman



Cheers

eXile alert! The burger that we're about to mention, yeah the tasty one that's we wanted to rock your world. Well, it's now two times in a row that they've been out of beef patties. Tverskava 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 satifying.

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 boom ing. 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

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: UI. Verkhnaya Radischevskaya d. 21 Hours: noon-midnight



eXile alert! Torro just opened up at a new and highly accessible location! Check out the review on page 13... 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 pulledpork 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:

\$\$

Cheers:

You'd jeer if you were a vegatarian. M: 1) Universitet; 2) Proletarskaya Phone: 1)775-4503; 2) 671-7346 Address: 1) Prospekt Vernadskogo d. 6 (in the huge new mall), 2nd floor next to the movie theater; 2) 3 Krutitskiy per., 11 Hours: noon-midnight

Tibetan

Tibet Restaurant \$\$

Cheers:

With the legendary Doug Steele now at the helm, with the tegendary being blees being at the form, sciousness. 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 modifica-tions. But what's truly blessed is that we have been assured that Tibet will continue stay within their previously stablished Val-U range.

Jeers:

That would be like bad karma. M: Okhotny 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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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 middleclass student chicks who desperately want to look like they belong on the pages of Glamour magazine. V 1.0's newly expanded dancefloor/DJ area has increased the place's nite life stats to the point that we're considering moving this listing to the clubs

Jeers:

section ...

After the novelty and the acid wears off, you start to wonder if the virtual reality room isn't a bit retarded and/or creepy. M: Pl. Revolyustii Phone: 647-1303 Address: Varvarka 3 (Gostinny Dvor) Hours: Good ones.

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