

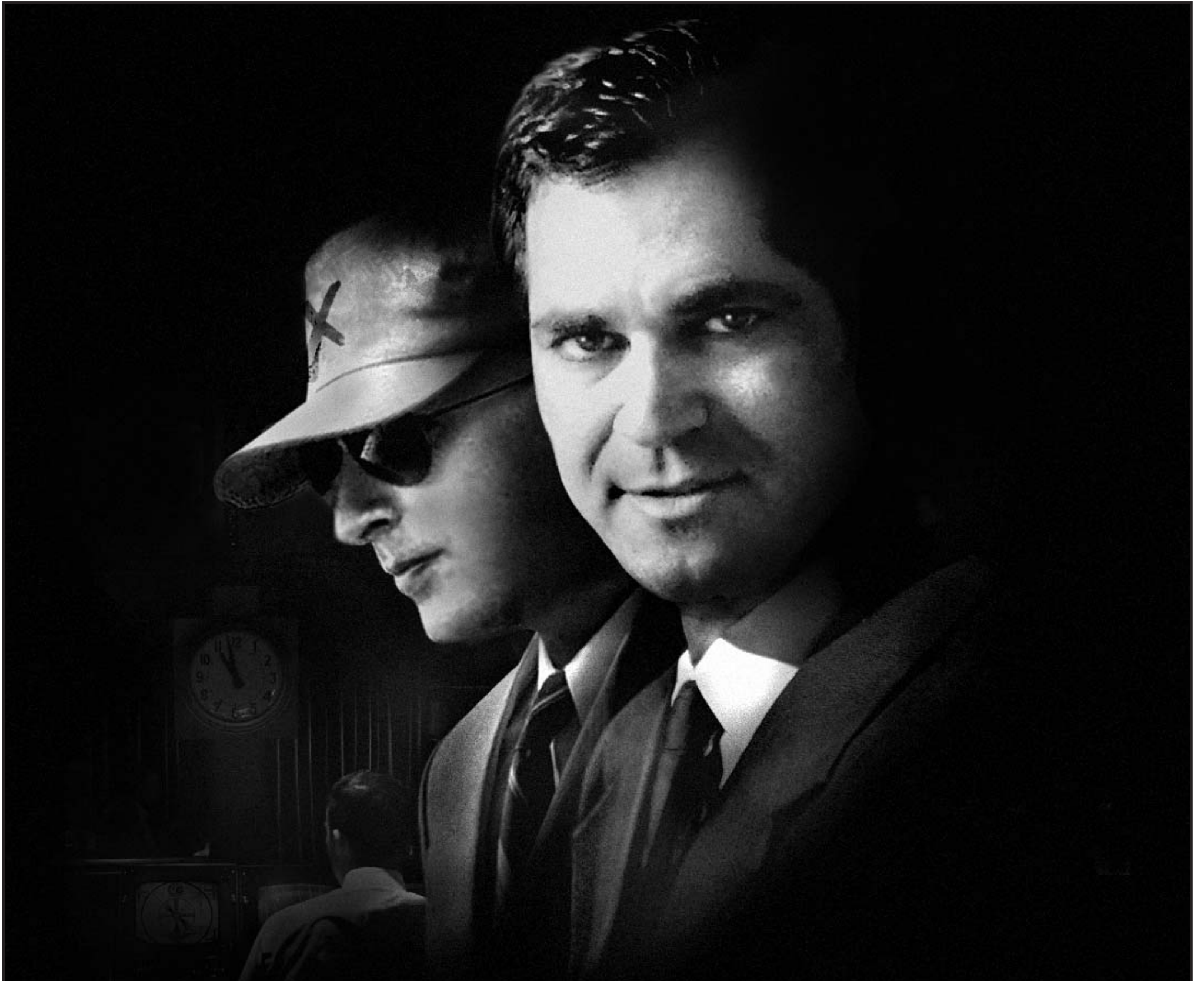
THE EXILE



ISSUE #11/290

MAY 29 - JUNE 12, 2008

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LETTER OF THE WEEK

OPERATION INCESTEROSSA

hi there Jared!

the thing is this: me and some friends are going to moscow for a week from the 28th of may. so you needn't care about that but since we are from vienna/austria nobody here knows which clubs to go in moscow. as you write the nightlife column (which i checked) i wonderd if you can tell me some spots to go. we are into free (illegal) tekkno soundsystem scene here but i never heard of it existing in russia or even to be known. but i guess there must be some sort of underground punk clubs or gothic or new wave, stuff like that. and what about electronic music? which clubs play dark electro, hardtek, acid tekno etc.? it would be very kind of you to give us some hints, away from the usual scene, which i guess we can't enter at least because of our looks and this damn strict face control you have there.

for the last: your newspaper rocks, didn't know that this sort if style is possible in fascist russia!

so long, greetz from vienna

rodi

Dear rodi, Actually the reason you won't be able to enter any clubs here is because everyone's afraid that you Austrian clubbers are going to kidnap someone's daughter and lock her up in your basement. We tried telling the Russians, "Hey, not all Austrians are pedophile Eurofags. Some of them are Nazis. Really, it's not fair to stereotype an entire nation as just one thing. You have all types there - pedophile Eurofags, incest Eurofags, Nazi Eurofags, and even, in the case of lower-case-rodi, Eurofag-Eurofags. Austria, after all, is a rich culture with a proud history. If you skip about 10 or 15 years of that history, then it's really, really proud.

e-mail: editor@exile.ru

companion at the club. He'll get around fine in this town, it's so wheelchair-friendly he'll think he's died and gone to heaven (when in fact, he's just died and nothing else!).

ONE BORN EVERY DAY

War Nerd,

While I am quite certain you are rather busy promoting your new book and all (copped it from amazon, should be here next week) but I would definitely like a bit of info or a post regarding North Korea's special forces and the raid against the South Korean Parliament that you've alluded to in a few of your posts. I've searched around and aside from a rather extreme :) video showing Kim's bodyguards training and generic listings of the break down (numbers etc) of the North Korean SF, I havent found much... Much obliged, and I hope your book blows up!

Karl

Dear Mr. Karl, Since you already bought the War Nerd's book, we really don't see any point in obliging you. You see, out here in Russia, we do things our own way, and we don't need any lectures from you Westerners on what "customer service" really means. We have our own traditions and history, and our history tells us, "If someone gave you money before you provided the service, then fuck 'im."

"T" FOR TENNESS[SIC]

War Nerd,

I've been receiving emails from the Stratfor dudes for about 2 years, (I don't pay for the 'premium' content). Supposedly, they are known as the shadow CIA, if this is true, then these truly are the desperate of times. I just finished your latest article and when I received this 'bonus' excerpt, I knew I had to pass it along I had intended on making a smart remark about you needing to include more or at least one Starbucks spy, but that would stretch the level of credulity, and I just couldn't have done it with a straight face. Keep up the excellent work, your foresight on the Lebanon situation has proven terrifyingly accurate, but made perfect sense.

As we say in Tennessee, if you ain't Muslim, you ain't Shi'ite...

Thanks for keeping it real...

Ron

Dear Mr. Ron, Daniel Allen replies, "I don't quite understand your Tennessee high-falutin' sayings, but out here in Oklahoma, we have a saying as well: If you ain't getting fucked in the ass by your uncle Jethro, you ain't Daniel Allen."

FACESOFDEATHBOOK.COM

Dear GaryGary:

Just came across your stuff and I am enjoying it very much. I have asked this question on the strategypage boards and no one seemed to know the answer or just guessed. Is there a general or admiral who achieved that rank during WW2 still alive? Davy Jones of the USAir Corp and a veteran of the Doolittle raid is still alive in his 90s and I believe that he made full bird in WW2 and a General subsequently. I don't even know how to find an answer to this question. I think it would make an interesting article if there are a couple left alive. Maybe some Russian? Who knows.

We are surely in the last few years of the life of the last WW1 veteran. I am surprised that there isn't a count down somewhere of these folks.

Anyway, something to think about. Thanks for your hard work.

Regards,

Larry Dickerson

Dear Mr. Dickerson, We have some good news and some bad news. Good news: about 10 years ago, in anticipation of your letter, we found the last surviving general, Maj. General Ralph Corbett Smith, described by the New York Times as a "rugged Nebraskan"; bad news is that Daniel Allen got in his pickup truck, headed over from Oklahoma to pay tribute to Gen. Smith's service to the United States...but, well, once Daniel Allen saw an old man who reminded him of his grandpa, he just control his peanut-licking urge, and the next thing you know, he's buried in a military cemetery with full honors. His last words, apparently, were, "I fought... for the wrong... side..."

CON[sic]PATED

OK, Mark,

I cannot take it no longer. I am a long-time Exile fan, and keep a stack of Exiles

on top of my toilet bowl (shitting is the time when I do 90% of my reading)... Here is what pisses me off - first, you have removed my favorite WhoRe Stories section.. It has been months since I could find anything even close to that ingenious article of yours on fucking a whore every hour through the night to celebrate the Exile anniversary... nothing like that! Did you guys turn into old fags no longer interested in money-for-sex??

Well, ok, I thought, at least I still have my Face Control section... but this one has gone rotten as well... you know what is the ratio of uncensored boobs per Face Control in the last 10 Exiles? 0.2 boob per section!! Aren't you ashamed?? And now - this ridiculous new Scanning Traffic Cops section... "Olga 865 Ulyanka Khoriton 96 063 Second Third" - what in the hell is that?? Jesus Christ - why dont you hire a fucking monkey as an editor and just let her hammer on the keyboard - that article would make much more sense!

In short, Mark, something must be done. Otherwise, expect to get the bill from my practitioner, after I get a psychoneurotic constipation the next time I try to shit reading your newspaper!!!

Best,

Petos

Dear Mr. Petos, Mikhail Khodorkovsky replies, "Wow, gosh, I really get to answer a [sic] letter? I guess what they're saying about Medvedev is true—he really is a liberal! You know, I've had a lot of time to sit here and think about things, look back at my life, achievements done, tasks accomplished. But answering [sic] was always one of those things I dreamed of one day doing, but never though would be possible. So, I've had a lot of time to think about this letter, go over the proper mix of insulting language and light-hearted humor, while at the same time taking into consideration may other factors, and here's the response I've come up with. Ready? Here goes. Petos, you—" [Note to readers: due to a "proverka," Mr. Khodorkovsky could not finish his answer. There is nothing to be alarmed about. He will most surely be back next week to answer more [sic] letters. There is nothing unusual about such a "proverka"—these kinds of things happen all the time in all Western countries. So, go back to what you're doing.—Ed.]

HANDI-CULPABLE

Dear Yasha,

In anticipation of a Wheelchair-bound friend coming to visit, I searched "wheelchair moscow". Your article for the eXile was great. What made you think of doing 24 hours as an invalid? Coincidentally, last night, I attended an auction from which the proceeds go to Diema's Dream, a charity that helps Moscow's handicapped, founded by American Mary Dudley. Your second article answered the question of why one doesn't see handicapped people in the city. One of the aims of Diema's Dream is to "break the cycle of automatic institutionalization of the disabled by encouraging families to keep their disable children within the family, ...by providing support, out patient therapy and counseling".

I am writing you to see if you have suggestions and advice for me as the host of a wheelchair-bound person for a week in Moscow. I would appreciate it greatly if you have time to write, even to suggest other web sites that have advise.

Keep up the interesting journalism.

Sincerely,

CC Kent

Dear Mr. Kent, Our advice is simple: take your wheelchair bound companion clubbing to Papa John's, McCoy's, Krysha, you name it—because if Yasha learned one thing in his article, it's that wheelchairs are the snapper magnets of the Medvedev Era. As we say around here in our offices, "Have wheelchair, will bone." Oh, and once you score, don't worry about leaving your wheelchair-bound

SEPARATED TURTLENECK

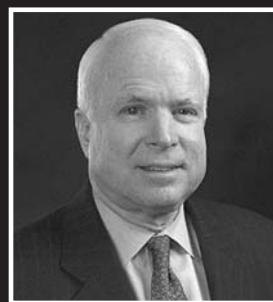


Brutal ruler of Dune Rabban...



...and boyish president of Russia Medvedev

SEPARATED AT SKULL



Bundle of nerves senator McCain...



...and bundle of sticks singer Moiseyev?

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Snapper Watching Tip #37: Bleached short-tail snappers, so named because of their highly distinctive white tubular snapper flap used to spread snapper spores to unwitting mates, are best observed in late Spring.



In case you thought that the Russian dude in the movie *Happiness* was some kind of artistic invention.



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ADVERTISING

ELEVEN YEARS OF THREATS: THE EXILE'S INCREDIBLE JOURNEY

From its very inception, The eXile has been under constant siege, always pushed to the brink of collapse by a nefarious alliance of Russian bureaucrats, aggrieved small-business owners, thick-ankled American women, thin-skinned Russian celebrities, seething Western journalists and politicians, and even members of our own staff, people whom we thought we could trust. Everyone, it seems, learns to hate us at one time or another, leaving only a small rump core to keep the flame of hatred burning. Is there a lesson to be learned in that? Yes there is: everyone but us is a worthless piece of shit. But if you've been reading our newspaper, you already knew that, didn't you—you worthless piece of shit.

Our survival for the past 11 years is a testament not just to what Nietzsche might call "The Will To Failure" (if Nietzsche was an eXile editor, that is), but more importantly, it speaks volumes about the human will to survive and endure against all odds—either that, or it means that The eXile is some kind of printed herpes virus that you can treat, but never cure.

Welp, those days are behind us folks. Now that the liberal Medvedev Era has arrived, we can all breathe a sigh of relief. At last, after all of the assaults, lawsuits, threats, thefts, bad drug deals, false pregnancies and petty betrayals, after the terrifying presidencies of Boris Yeltsin and Vladimir Putin, the light of liberal freedom is shining into our basement offices. We can already taste the fresh gusts of liberal-air blowing in from that little fella with the big floppy head and the stumpy arms—damn, he's cute, ain't he? Don't you just want to pick Medvedev up and hug him and squeeze him? Or zip

him up in a squirrel costume and put him in a habitrail, then just watch him run around, gnawing on a salt lick or rolling around in wood chips? We do. And we're not afraid to say it either.

See, we can say those things now, because Medvedev's a liberal. And as far as we at The eXile are concerned, liberal means: "Freed from the shackles of oppressively responsible journalism, we now have full license to urinate into the president's mouth without any fear of consequences, and there ain't a darned thing he can do about it."

So, that's settled. Good times ahead, folks! We're eating our asparagus stalks as you read this, drinking a triple venti Dark Italian Roast, hooking up our catheter tubes, and preparing for the best next-8-years of our entire media lives!

But before we celebrate the good times yet to come, now is an appropriate time to respectfully bow our heads, and look back at the impossible journey we took to get here.

Yes, they said it was impossible—they said no newspaper could possibly survive 11 years only to reach that milestone of making the president's mouth our personal urinal—but thanks to you, the ungrateful reader who never gave us any money and who was too cowardly to let your peers even see that you were reading The eXile, furtively slipping this paper between the pages of *The Moscow Times* or stuffing it into your briefcase for safe toilet reading later—thanks to your total unwillingness to sacrifice a single hair on your ass, we made it. It's a joint effort, and it's time we congratulated ourselves.

And now...get out your hankies, cuz we're taking a look back at the impossible crises we overcame:

THREAT TIMELINE

FEBRUARY, 1997: THREATS OF VIOLENCE

After the first issue, editor Ames is told that his former publisher threatened to "break his legs" for jumping ship; scary owners of the old Rosie O'Grady's Bar threaten Ames with unspecified consequences for the nasty "Jeers" review.

MAY, 1997: DEATH THREAT

Editor Matt Taibbi seeks FBI assistance then flees Moscow after receiving a veiled phone threat from fellow American expat Michael Bass, a movie producer/petty conman whom Corey Haim once chased off his property with a BB gun.

SEPTEMBER 1997: AMERICAN EMBEZZLEMENT #1

Original American partners Kara and Marcus Deyerin dump The eXile and slip away without leaving an address; \$25,000 goes missing; new American sales manager Nicole Mollo starts.

FEBRUARY 1998: BACTERIAL THREAT

Ames prescribed Sumamed antibiotic following a doctor's visit following a two-week affair with a freshly-paroled *devushka*.

MARCH 1998: AMERICAN EMBEZZLEMENT #2: BOYCOTT THREAT

Nicole Mollo abandons The eXile with a note telling the editors how much she hates them, takes refuge in the US Embassy before fleeing to an undisclosed Dutch location; \$14,000 in cash missing; Baltimore Sun correspondent Kathy Lally calls for a boycott of The eXile.

APRIL 1998: PRESS MINISTRY THREAT

The eXile publishes a fake issue of *The Moscow Times* which causes an outcry; a couple of days later, Ames receives a phone call at his apartment from someone at the Russian Press Ministry; Ames calls Independent Media publisher Derk Sauer, and after a discussion, the dogs are called off.

JULY 1998: RUSSIAN GOVERNMENT THREAT

Members of prime minister Sergei Kiriyenko's government query two *Moscow Times* editors about the reaction that shutting down The eXile would cause in the expat community; naively, the MT editors tell the Russian White House officials that the outcry would be serious, thereby defending The eXile; days later, The eXile arranges the theft of editor-in-chief Geoff Winestock's pen from his desk, then publishes a photo of the stolen pen in The eXile.

AUGUST 1998: FINANCIAL CRISIS

The eXile's bank, Rossiiskii Kredit, collapses. So does every business in town.

SEPTEMBER 1998: DEFECTION

With the paper teetering, editor Matt Taibbi abandons The eXile to live at his father's Manhattan high-rise.

OCTOBER 1998: TAX RAID

Tax officials threaten to shut The eXile down; Michael Bass threatens to pour acid on Ames' face.

NOVEMBER 1998: KREMLIN MEDIA ATTACK

The Russia Journal, believed to be a Kremlin-backed project to blunt The eXile's nefarious influence, is launched.

APRIL 1999: SNIPER THREAT

The eXile leads an "Americans Against NATO Bombing Of Serbia" protest near the Russian White House; some 100 Russian cops guard the march, including rooftop snipers; 10 Americans join them.

JUNE 1999: GIARDIA THREAT

Ames catches first case of giardia, believed to be linked to a bad batch of Persian Gray. Excessive abuse of metabolism-altering substances begin to take their toll.

AUGUST 1999: LOSS OF MANHOOD

Vladimir Putin is named the new Prime Minister by Boris Yeltsin; Ames suffers first instance of impotence, an affliction which would eventually consume every eXile editor.

DECEMBER 1999: CELEBRITY THREAT

Ames and Taibbi sign a movie deal with Good Machine productions, blow the check on a three-day binge at Night Flight and Metelitsa.

APRIL 2000: CELEBRITY THREAT #2

Ames and Taibbi's book "The eXile" released by Grove Press; 2 month book tour ensues, ending with hitting a deer with their car; first IKEA opens in Moscow; returning to Putin's Russia and its 13-percent-flat-tax-rate mentality plunges them into depression.

AUGUST 2000: SUICIDE THREAT

Ames moves to an apartment in Serbian-controlled northern Kosovo; locals immediately accuse him of being a NATO spy; Jake Rudnitsky hired as new editor.

JANUARY 2001: MEDIA THREAT

Russia Journal publisher Ajay Goyal and his bodyguard storm into The eXile office and threaten the cleaning lady, after an eXile mole in the *Russia Journal* writes an article announcing upcoming RJ articles before they go to print.

MARCH 2001: HORSE SPERM PIE

The eXile bakes a horse sperm pie and throws it into the face of the *New York Times'* bureau chief, Michael Wines.

APRIL 2001: JAIL THREAT

eXile columnist Edward Limonov jailed and charged with attempting to raise an army in order to invade Kazakhstan and create a National-Boshevik republic; Ames moves to Kentucky for reasons which neither he nor anyone else ever understood.

JUNE 2001: STOMPING THREAT

Taibbi stomped by six men in suits outside the Boar House at 4am; Crazy Kevin McElwee falls from a third floor balcony and breaks both legs while trying to escape angry Russians whose car he vandalized. Taibbi starts talking of quitting.

SEPTEMBER 2001: BANKRUPTCY THREAT

Following a cover mocking the 9/11 terror attack, American-owned advertisers dump The eXile, and American-run businesses refuse to allow The eXile to be distributed.

DECEMBER 2001: EGO-CLASH THREAT

Ames returns to Moscow from Kentucky; Taibbi begins publishing in the Kremlin-backed *Russia Journal*. The eXile is \$15,000 in debt to employees and others.

JANUARY 2002: CELEBRITY THREAT

Lawyers alleging to represent hockey star Pavel Bure serve The eXile with a 500,000 ruble lawsuit for libel.

FEBRUARY 2002: DEFECTION

Taibbi quits again, moves back to his father's Manhattan high-rise, continues to write for *The Russia Journal*; eXile moves offices for 6th time, this time into the Rasputin Strip Club.

MAY 2002: CELEBRITY THREAT RISES

Snap surprise decision in lawsuit against The eXile for what was then one of the largest judgments in post-Soviet history; Ames receives strange phone call on his cellphone from a Russian woman telling Ames, "You should call your mother and tell her you love her"; The eXile drops lawsuit appeal and settles.

SEPTEMBER 2002: PERMAFROST THREAT

Rudnitsky leaves for horrific 6-month retreat to a small Siberian city, nearly gets killed by heroin addicts and drunks; John

Dolan arrives from New Zealand as new editor.

SEPTEMBER 2002: HURT FEELINGS THREAT

Dolan is insulted for first time by Sovok grocery-store clerk; devastated, threatens to leave Moscow. When reminded his reviews viciously insult one and all, comments, "That's different!" After fellow editor shows Dolan the more Western-service-friendly Sedmoi Kontinent, he agrees to stay.

NOVEMBER 2002: STAFF STOMPING

Exile intern-turned-banker Flounder stomped and hospitalized.

JANUARY 2003: PRISON THREAT

Exile columnist Edward Limonov sentenced to 4 years in prison on weapons charges. Strange phone calls to Ames, suggestions that he should "back away from Limonov."

FEBRUARY 2003: OMON THREAT

OMON troops break down door of nextdoor office, seal it; OMON threatens to seal off eXile's office as one of the rooms is under dispute, allegedly belonging to a mentally-retarded woman.

MARCH 2003: COP THREAT

Two unnamed eXile editors stopped late at night by cops, with a hard illegal substance on their person; long negotiation leads to bribe and freedom.

JULY 2003: POLICE STATE THREAT

Putin takes down Yukos and Khodorkovsky; several close friends of Ames forced to flee, not all get out.

OCTOBER 2003: CELEBRITY THREAT #2

Lawyers for a certain famous male-ish Russian pop star threaten a lawsuit over a satirical article; celebrity lawyer Pavel Astakhov tells one Russian magazine that Ames' days in Russia are numbered.

JULY 2004: KREMLIN THREAT

Ames, in a prank, takes responsibility for the "Kiriyenko letter" scandal; strange goons call asking Ames how he managed

to blacken the ex-Prime Minister-turned-Putin plenipotentiary's name; Kiriyenko's lawyer calls eXile office congratulating them on the prank; Paul Khlebnikov assassinated; Dolan leaves Russia, continues to write for The eXile.

AUGUST 2004: UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT THREAT

Republican Congressman Henry Bonilla of Texas officially petitions the US State Department to lobby the Russian authorities to arrest Ames; Bonilla tells the San Antonio Express-News that "The U.S. and Russian governments should work together to investigate, prosecute and punish the perpetrators..." By taking tough action against the culprits we can prompt future pranksters to think twice."

OCTOBER 2004: CULT OF PERSONALITY THREAT

The eXile publishes "101 Reasons Why Putin Is A Fascist," including cover depicting Putin as a Hitlerjunge midget; dozens of restaurants and bars refuse to carry The eXile, clients refuse to advertise anymore.

JANUARY 2005: HITLER'S BUNKER THREAT

Rudnitsky leaves eXile, Ames only editor left.

JULY 2005: BANKRUPTCY THREAT #2

As revenues dry up, Ames takes on second job in television.

APRIL 2006: YOUTH THREAT

Yasha Levine joins as new co-editor, Rudnitsky leaves again.

AUGUST 2006: STING THREAT

An acquaintance of The eXile is busted at Leningradsky Vokzal muling 2 kilos of crack, and she's jailed for up to 10 years; subsequently her friends call eXile editors repeatedly asking them to "meet" to "discuss business" or to "make a deal"; Ames and Levine join Planeta Fitness, begin new lives.

SEPTEMBER 2006: BANKRUPTCY THREAT #3

Exile bankrupt and in debt and arrears;

staff defects.

JANUARY 2007: REORGANIZATIONAL THREAT

Alexander Zaitchik joins The eXile as co-editor, attempts to implement basic organizational professionalism such as a white board; eventually runs into a wall of resistance, adopts bad habits of eXile staff, and gets into habit of finishing story at 4am on production day; Levine contracts food poisoning while riding platzkart train to Izhevsk, nearly dies.

FEBRUARY 2007: SEXUAL HARASSMENT

Levine experience sexual harassment from most of The eXile's female staff. Human resources department seemingly encourage the practice.

JULY 2007: HACK THREAT

Luke Harding, correspondent for the *Guardian* newspaper, busted plagiarizing an eXile article by Ames and Levine; *Guardian* issues a rare apology and correction.

SEPTEMBER 2007: CELEBRITY THREAT

Adam Levine's attorney threatens to sue The eXile over a satirical article about his bad sex with Maria Sharapova; eXile dares Levine to sue in an open letter; new eXile 2.0 website launches.

OCTOBER 2007: SEALED DOOR THREAT

Exile office door welded shut in an unexplained property dispute; eXile moves to a tiny basement office which reportedly has a radiation Geiger count that would make Chernobyl's neighbors wince.

DECEMBER 2007: GIARDIA THREAT

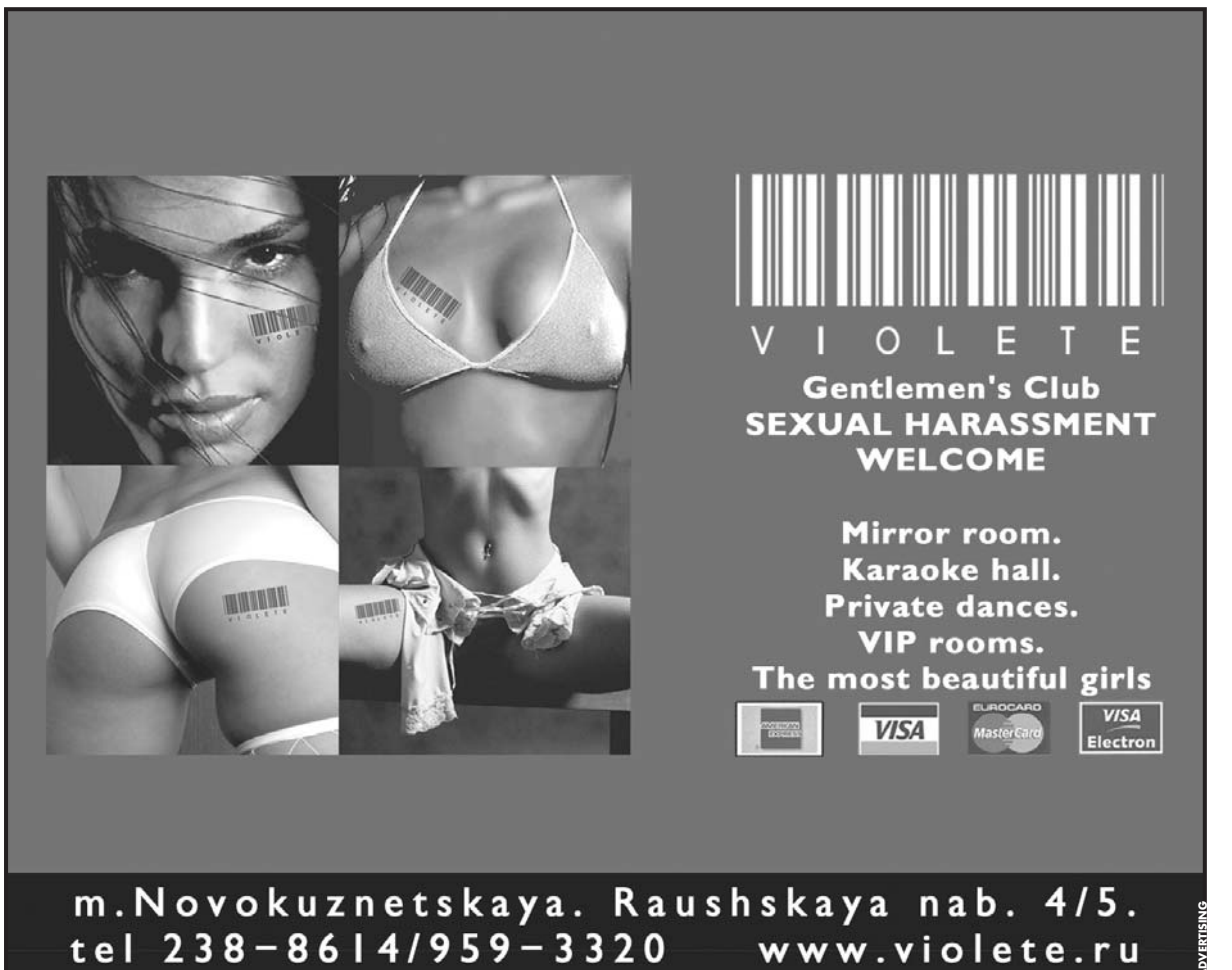
Levine contracts his first case of giardia; Ames congratulates him.

MARCH 2008: UNPAID SALARY THREAT

Zaitchik leaves Moscow for Miami.


MAY 2008: LIBERAL ERA BEGINS; THREATS VANISH



Dmitry Medvedev sworn into office as the new president of Russia; the era of threats ends, and the era of liberalism and free speech begins.



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ADVERTISING

WAR NERD SUMMER READING GUIDE

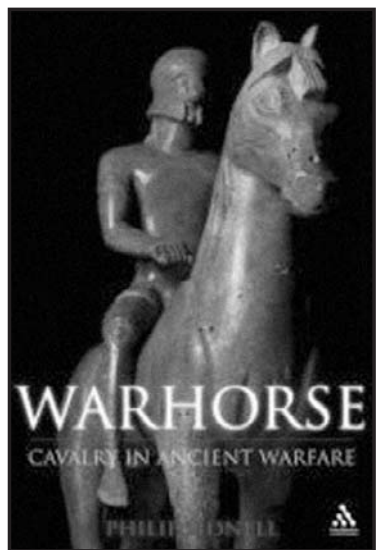
By Gary Brecher

FRESNO, CA — It's summer, you've got a little more time off, so you can read up on war instead of trying to live in whatever boring suburb you live in. Lawns, neighbors, dogs, kids—it all sucks and the best thing you can do is get as far out of it as you can. A lot of war fans do it by logging into the game world, where we're all seven feet tall and bulletproof. But I'm old school. I still actually read those book things, about actual wars where people die and stay dead, magic amulets

THE WAR NERD

just get you killed, and elf princesses are few and far between. The only way to stay on top of this game is to keep inhaling a lot of info, so after a while you get a taste for B.S. That means you have to study up. You know when the Bible says, "They shall study war no more"? Well, I'm not one of the they's they were talking about. Here are some of the war books I've been chowing down on lately. Hopefully they'll help you get through your hot dull summer too:

Warhorse: Cavalry in Ancient Warfare by Philip Sidnell



First the bad news: this book promises more than it delivers. "Ancient Warfare" happened in a lot of places, but this British writer Philip Sidnell just takes it for granted that "Ancient" means Greece and Rome. I was hoping for something about the Scythians, the coolest irregular cavalry in ancient history, but they're in here only when they encounter Alexander's army.

Now the good news: what this Sidnell guy does, he does pretty well. Take that little story about Alexander's encounter with Scythian cavalry, which used bows from horseback. To me, the most pressing question about Western armies in ancient warfare is how they coped with mounted archers using compound bows, the basic method of the Scythians, Huns, and Mongols—the steppe armies that terrified and usually routed Mediterranean forces. Sidnell does a good job of explaining how Alexander's genius allowed him to figure out a perfect response to steppe tactics on the spot, in the middle of a godforsaken Central Asian wasteland. What he did, basically, was let them do a classic Little-Big-Horn move, designed to draw his forces into a trap, feinting an advance while holding his own heavy cavalry in reserve and sending it right down on the lightly-armed Scythians' backs as soon as they committed to an attack on his infantry. They never messed with Alexander again, it was all, "How y'all Hellenes doin'?" Nippy, ain't it? Guess I'll be moseying," from those leather-pants stoner freaks from then on. (It's true, the Scythians were total heavy-metal stoners, wore leather pants and smoked pot all the time. Only difference is they could fight. Nobody ever meet a metalhead who could fight? Sell him to the circus.)

Beats me why these Brits think

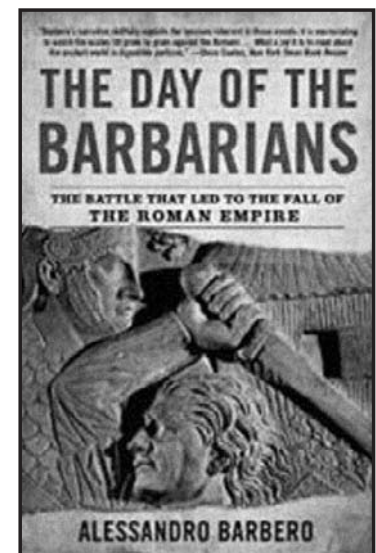
"Ancient World" stops where people stop speaking Greek or Latin. Actually just writing that down I can guess why: because that's all they study at Oxford, so they just fill in the non-Classical regions of the map with "Orcs, Buncha Orcs, not worth discussing." Which is barely OK if you're talking infantry, but cavalry? Hell no. One of Sidnell's points is that Greek and Roman cavalry is underrated, and he may be right, but it's hard to tell when he won't take the non-Greek/Roman cavalry forces seriously enough to talk about them in their own right. And for that matter, if time machines were available, I would gladly make a bet with Mister Sidnell

in case you think that's a totally modern invention, you're wrong. The Eastern Romans in 378 AD were rich and dumb enough not to massacre every stranger who crossed their borders. They were in the market for cheap labor and mercenaries, so they usually tried to do a deal when some terrified tribe came knocking on the wall looking for escape from some even scarier tribe back east.

That's what happened at Adrianople: the Goths, an updated Scythian gang straight outta Ukraine, fled west to escape the Huns. See, the Goths were great riders but they didn't use the compound bow from horseback. Mistake! You've got to incorporate both pony and compound bow if you want to win on the steppes. The Goths, who fought with swords and spears, were so terrified of the Huns that, as this book explains, they made up a story that the Huns were born when Goth witch women who'd been cast out of the tribe mated with demons in the wasteland. It wasn't far from the truth.

The Goths showed up at the Danube, the frontier of the Empire, begging the Romans to take them in. The Danube is a serious river by Euro-standards, and the Goths were no sailors, so they just piled up there in huge refugee camps while the local bureaucrats waited for word from Constantinople on what to do.

The situation is so familiar to anybody who watches the news these days that you just know no writer can help making cheap cracks about some current event. And there are a lot of good parallels you might make. Unfortunately this Alessandro Barbero is an Italian leftie and the only one he can think of is Iraq. Dumb. This has got nothing to do with Iraq. Iraq is plenty bad enough on its own, and I've said so till the death threats rained down like...uh, rain, I guess...but you've got to be smart about it. Dumb anti-American Iraq jokes like the one this guy keeps cracking—well, if there's anything that could turn me into a Cheney fan, that's it.



When he's not being an asshole, Barbero tells a good story. It was cool to hear that for the Romans, the Goths' looks—tall, white skin, red or yellow hair—was just another sign that they were uncivilized and dirty and poor. Of course when a Euro professor says that you have to wonder, is he really channeling the ancient Romans or just showboating to sound PC? I hope the fucker's telling the truth, because it's cool to think of these short thick oily Caesars sneering at the genetic traits that that fool Hitler was going to make into signs of superiority 1600 years later.

The battle developed when the word came from Constantinople, from the hated emperor Valens, that local forces should admit the Goths, ferry them across the river and put them in camps to be resettled somewhere else. They were ferried across by Roman boats and then, after starving in camps for months while the local officials siphoned off all the food relief they were supposed to be getting, they realized that they were dealing with inferior garrison troops and rioted. The Romans tried to deal with it Mafia style, by killing the leaders at a banquet (why did anybody in the ancient world ever go to a banquet? It was like signing your death warrant!)—messed up, killed the bodyguards but not the tribal leaders, and that was that.

I don't have the space to tell the story of the battle itself, and Barbero does a pretty good job of that anyway. I'll just say that no emperor ever deserved to die on the battlefield more than this idiot. They couldn't even identify his body, the Goths had hacked it up so efficiently. He had it coming, every bit of it.

The Translator: A Tribesman's Memoir of Darfur by Daoud Hari

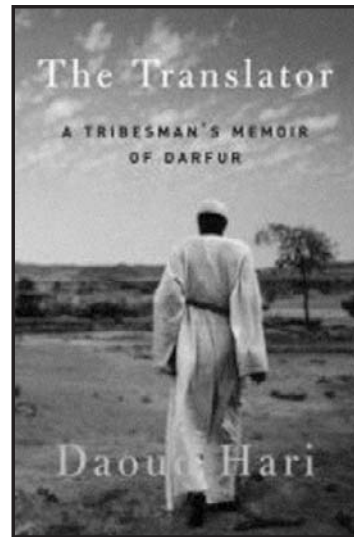
First of all, this is one of those "as told to" books, so I have no idea how much of it is really by this Darfur refugee Daoud Hari. Some of the jokes—and there really are a lot of great jokes—sound African to me, meaning they're brave enough to joke about serious bloody stuff. But then the "co-authors" are these two Irish people and the Irish used to have the

same thing going, like the line, "A man can get used to anything, even being hanged." That joke would fit right in in this book. At one point Hari laughs when the correspondent he's escorting through Darfur falls on a 500-pound bomb. Hari laughs, and later explains over a beer that, "If I had fallen on it, you would have laughed." The correspondent, a Brit and therefore not all dull and serious, says, "If YOU had fallen on the bomb it WOULD have been funny!" It's that kind of book, way funnier and cheerfuller than you'd ever expect. See, Africans live with so much misery and blood that it's boring to them. They want to laugh, they want a little variety.

Hari had plenty of the boring stuff, the blood and tears, because he's a Zaghawa, from Northern Darfur. He left home early to go to school, learning English and Arabic, then migrating to Libya, Egypt and Israel to find work. He was only in Israel for one night; they found him after he snuck in and deported him to Egypt where he ended up in one of those prisons you hope you'll never see except in Midnight Express type movies.

He gets out by pure luck—or so he says. I have the feeling there are a few details he left out of his big adventure. Africans are great with stories and they try to spare you the painful bits, so I kind of think of Hari as fudging just a little bit about what went on in his youth. Like his father says in that great, dry African way when he comes home, "We have learned much of the world's prisons from following your travels." By the time he gets back to Darfur, he's 30 years old and he's just in time for the Sudanese Army attack helicopters to start strafing his village, by way of warm-up act for the Janjaweed militia to follow.

There's a great chapter describing the exact sequence of a Sudanese attack on a Darfur village, starting



with the attack choppers flushing out the defenders, who run to prearranged ambush sites, then the Land Rovers stopping to fire their heavy Soviet machine guns at extreme range, "...from far enough away that attackers could only spray the area and hope to kill people without seeing them." What amazed me was the traditional Zaghawa defense system, organized in a simple top-down structure: Sultan, Omda, Shiekh, Elders. They actually seem like decent people, but they just don't have the heavy weaponry to fight the army. (Although they do have the good ol' RPG, and Hari describes an RPG attack on an army jeep he and other local kids were forced to guide. When the locals hit the convoy with RPGs, body-pieces fly through the air and he goes deaf for a week.)

When Hari's village is sacked, he flees to Chad, starts hiring himself out as translator to correspondents heading into Darfur, and meets my old pal Nicholas Kristof, the man who stole my line about Cheney being an Iranian agent. Watch out, Daoud! That fucker'll steal all your best material and leave you to the Arab militias!

Well, Hari survives his Nicking only to guide a National Geographic reporter into Sudan and get captured by a rebel group that's sold out. It's back to prison, torture and mock executions for Hari, the Hawalya (white) reporter, and their driver Ali.

I have to say, Ali is the best character in the book. He's hilarious: a cowardly, sullen, totally un-heroic chauffeur who got into this mess Gilligan's Island style, convinced he'd make two days' pay for taking the crazy foreigners into Sudan for a three hour tour. Ali only cheers up when the Sudanese helicopter carrying them to prison comes under rebel fire. Seriously, Ali is delighted that they're all going to die—but they live, and he's totally bummed out. Hari describes Ali's time in prison in his usual great deadpan style: "Ali was very certain that we would be taken away and hung or shot at every minute, and he looked at each new day as an opportunity for this." Even when Bill Richardson finally flies in to get them released, Ali is convinced that Richardson's Learjet will only take them back to prison for more interrogation sessions with the whips, jumper cables and such. I love the way Hari describes Ali's reaction: "He threw up several times near Governor Richardson, who was fine with it."

OK, I'm running out of space, so that should do it. I've been reading this Herodotus guy also, and he's way better than I thought he'd be, but I'll save it. Vacation time's too short anyway. So many wars, so few billionaires willing to pay me to sit around reading about them all day. ✕

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NEMTSOV'S WHITE PAPER: BOMBSHELL OR DUD?

A review of "Putin - The Results: An Independent Expert Report"

By Sean Guillory

Lilia Shevtsova, a fellow at Moscow's Carnegie Center, called it a "bomb, which anywhere but in Russia would cause the country to collapse." Writing in the New York Review of Books, Amy Knight called it "a devastating picture of Putin's eight years in the Kremlin." In the *Daily Mail*, Jonathan Dimpleby declared that if such information was released about Britain, it "would certainly have provoked mass outrage, urgent official inquiries and a major police investigation - if not the downfall of the government."

What, pray tell, is this devastating toppler of governments? Why, it's Boris Nemtsov and Vladimir Milov's *Putin - The Results: An Independent Expert Report* (2008).

Russia watchers might have already heard about the liberal dynamic duo's breakdown of Russia after eight years of Putin. If you've never heard of them, Boris Nemtsov is the one-time "young reformer" deputy prime minister who used to make Western journalists and IMF officials swoon, while Milov is a former deputy oil and gas minister during Putin's first term; both Nemtsov and Milov served Putin early on, and both eventually fell out of favor.

Their book's back story involved political infighting, intrigue, and apparently produced a "hysterical reaction" in the Kremlin. Nemtsov and Milov's account was said to be such a political bomb that Nemtsov was compelled to suspend his membership in the liberal Union of Right Forces party. "I didn't want people who are in our party to suffer in any way from what is written in it," Nemtsov recently told Ivanovo Novosti. The authors even claim that we are lucky that *Putin - The Results* ever saw the light. "Strong pressure from the Kremlin" made finding a distributor difficult and dashed their hopes to shower the masses with 100,000 copies. When all was said and done, only 5,000 were printed and the only place willing to sell it was the publisher, *Novaya Gazeta*, at its kiosk in Moscow. (Thanks to the internet a copy can be downloaded at nemtsov.ru and a rather rushed and poorly edited English translation is available on the anti-Putin windbag blog *La Russophobe*.)

With all the radiant praise, political intrigue, and apparent efforts to squash its publication, I was really expecting this book to blow me away. I was prepared for a complete conversion to Nemtsovism. After all, here are two Russian political insiders who probably have enough dirt to really tar and feather Putin for good. Indeed, *Putin - The Results* tries to be that kind of brutal screed, but sadly, it

falls way short. Though Nemtsov and Milov promise that the information they divulge is shocking, what you get instead is just a well-worn flip-flop of the official Putin line. All of the information they provide is an inversion of the Russian state's propaganda.

The problem however isn't what the book says. Explaining what they're against is easy. The problem is when Nemtsov and Milov try to explain what they actually and concretely stand for, and more importantly, how they plan to achieve it. On this crucial point, *Putin - The Results* has little to say. Except, that is, to suggest turning back the clock and "breath[ing] new life into the reforms started in 1997." Yes, 1997 was a very good year for Nemtsov, the year he went national and Boris Yeltsin hinted that Nemtsov might be his successor. 1997 was good for Nemtsov, but bad for about 145 million Russians not able to feed at the privatization trough. Given the trauma the 1990s has left on the Russia body politic, I doubt Nemtsov and Milov will find many takers.

Nevertheless, Nemtsov and Milov look to shock the politically concerned citizen out of "Putin's winter sleep." The biggest of these shocks is the fact that in the last eight years "friends of President Putin" have acquired de facto ownership of Russia's commanding heights. The best example is Gazprom, the cream of Russia's economic crop. Over the last three years, Nemtsov and Milov argue, "three important assets servicing the company's cash flow have been transferred to third-party ownership." From 2005 to 2006, Gazprom transferred \$1 billion in assets from its insurance subsidy Sogaz, its \$6 billion pension fund in Gazfond, and unloaded Gazprom Media Group for a rock bottom price of \$166 million to Rossiia Bank (by 2007, Gazprom Media worth was estimated at \$7.5 billion). Rossiia Bank is run by a Putin "acquaintance," Yuri Kovalchuk. Nemtsov and Milov list other fire sales which have lined the pockets of those who have personal connections to Putin. This "velvet re-privatization," as Oleg Shvartsman called it, shows that Putin is "even more cunning than the oligarchs and other disciples of corruption who parasitised off the reforms of the 1990s." Oligarchs, that is, whom Nemtsov once served.

The ubiquity of corruption in the Russian system is only one of the many consequences of Putin's rule. To demonstrate this, Nemtsov and Milov arm themselves with a litany of statistics, examples, and facts to show that the Russian military, the social welfare system, demographics, infrastructure, judiciary, foreign policy, modernization, and economy have pushed Russia to the brink of collapse. There is no need to retell

their presentation. Needless to say, the 12 chapters that make up this report shouldn't shock anyone who pays attention to Russian politics. You can read about it almost every-day in the Russian press. All Nemtsov and Milov have done is provide a handy primer.

While I don't dispute Nemtsov and Milov's facts, the only thing I found shocking about *Putin - The Results* was that I was able to slog through its seventy odd pages. Nemtsov and Milov's text is no literary gem. Nor is it a masterpiece of social analysis. The main argument is so redundant, repetitive, and predictable that the reader gets the point around page two. Ultimately, the text fails to do what it sets out to do: to mobilize the reader into action. On the one hand, the tedious prose anesthetizes the reader to its political shock value. On the other, the authors' effort to paint themselves as members of the collective "we," who are hell bent on exposing Putin's "authoritarian-criminal regime" comes across strained, even at times hollow. After all, Nemtsov's party SPS backed Putin's rise to power in 2000, while Milov helped draft Putin's energy policies; moreover, Nemtsov already had a chance in government, and in that capacity he oversaw the total collapse of the Russian economy. Now he's saying that Putin is bad because...he might trigger the same thing that Nemtsov triggered?

Make no mistake, Nemstov and Milov may strive to connect with the average Russian with statements like "Russia is witnessing the rapid enrichment of a new and more powerful Putin oligarch—at your expense and mine," but their class allegiances come out loud and clear throughout. They are partisans of the Russian middle class, specifically the urban, semi-intellectual, semi-politically engaged class. This ephemeral Russian middle class are the heroes of the story. The poor "drink more" and the wealthy live the "high life." In contrast, the middle class is the archetype of healthy and productive living. "Moderate use of alcohol and a healthy lifestyle in general," they write, "is the way of the middle class."

The best example of their classism comes through in their views on pronatalism. They knock Putin's policy to increase child birth as only enticing the poor to procreate. "Who is going to be encouraged to have a child because of a 'maternal grant' of 250,000 rubles?" they ask. "Obviously the very poor, lumpenized section of society." Indeed, for them "Russia does not need to

increase the numbers of its lumpen-proletarians. It needs to stimulate births in the active sections of society, in the middle class" (emphasis mine).

What it boils down to is this: Nemtsov and Milov are elitist liberals through and through. Forget their idolization of market Bolshevism. Forget their anti-Putinism. Forget their fetishism of democracy. Their true character comes through in language which paints "writing down mortgage debt" for the middle class as a "clever means" to stimulate childbirth, while measures for the "lumpen-proletariat" are merely "handouts." Luckily for them, Russia's middle class is growing rapidly. Some analysts say that the middle class is around 25 percent of the population. This is up from a mere 7 percent in 2001. Unfortunately for them, this new middle class of Russians owes nothing to Nemtsov and Milov and everything to Putin.

This is not to suggest that Putin and his ilk are anymore sincere in their populism. The bodies and minds of the lumpen have always been the object of elite class power struggles; the only difference between Putin and his liberal opponents is that Putin is more successful in playing the populist card. Nemtsov just can't shake his "reformist" baggage, making his peacans to demokratia, no matter how sincere, always ring (and smell) like demokratia, or shitocracy.

In fact, the analysis in *Putin - The Results* reminds me of American liberal rants which use the destitution of the poor as a platform from which to cast demons and moral indignity on Bush. Like their American counterparts who see Bush as the all-encompassing Evil, Nemtsov and Milov's story is based in a similar reduction of all Russia's ills to one man: Putin. The reason for Russia's widespread corruption? Putin. Russia's poor health and demographic crisis? Putin. The potholes in Russia's roads? Putin. Putin. Putin. It all sounds strangely Oedipal when you think of it. Nemtsov and Milov must slay the Father (Putin) in order to lay with the Mother (the middle class or Russia writ large).

So Oedipal in fact that Nemtsov and Milov's Putin obsession makes me wonder if they actually swallow the Kremlin's own bullshit about itself, albeit in an inverted form. The bullshit being that Putin is a National Leader, an omnipotent force, the Russian alpha and omega, whose touch can turn shit into gold and vice

versa. Because if Nemtsov and Milov can hold Putin responsible for all of Russia's ills, then surely they think he has the power to heal them. How else do you explain a statement like "Under Putin, authoritarianism triumphed without any modernization." The implication here is that since Putin possesses the former, he certainly can accomplish the latter. All he has to do is point his bony little finger and watch his sycophants run in hysterical circles, eagerly fulfilling his every whim.

Yet, anyone who knows anything about Russia, recognizes all too well that Putin's "vertical power" is a myth. The Kremlin is riddled with infighting. The security organs are rife with graft, theft, and gangsterism. The bureaucracy remains an immovable force. Provincial Russia is littered with fiefdoms run by local notables. Just because Putin uses authoritarian measures doesn't mean he has control nor does it signify their effectiveness. Usually it indicates just the opposite.

At some level you have to feel sorry for ol' VVP. He's just as much a victim of the system as he is its axis (Once Medvedev gets his sea legs he'll find out the same thing). He has no omnipotent power; in fact the power he does possess is on virtual loan from the political elites that prop him up. Who's the master and who is the puppet is always contingent and conditional. What Nemtsov and Milov ultimately miss is that the problem isn't just Putin and his immediate circle; it's the class of power elites with their entrenched capillary system of patron-client networks that is the bigger issue.

It is this reality that makes Nemtsov and Milov's cries for democratization, while commendable, feel so hollow. True, Russians need and deserve many of the things they advocate. But calls for the "rule of law, freedom of speech, and the genuine right to elect and be elected" are pretty obvious to the point of being trite. Once again, the nagging question is: What is to be done? How will Russians realize these? Will it take a mass political movement or political party? A revolution? Or simply voting for Nemtsov and Milov and their liberal idea? On these questions *Putin - The Results* is silent. It is this silence that makes Viktor Tsoi's lyrics, "we will move forward," evoke bewilderment rather than hope. For, the question is not about the need or even the desire to move forward. The question is "How?" X

LITERARY REACH-AROUND

"Matt Taibbi is the best American journalism has to offer. As *The Great Derangement* shows, he has absolutely no shred of fear in confronting the corruption that plagues our government and exploring the desperation that is rising in America. And somehow, he pulls it off while making us simultaneously weep in sorrow and laugh our asses off."

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By Jared Lindquist
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Rumor has it that Apelsin is closing on June 1. Either the concert hall, or the whole place, or something. For good or for remort, I have no idea. Supposedly the rumored last concert will be a rehash of last year's Stop the Silence fest: Sweden's **SOUNDS LIKE VIOLENCE** and Germany's **THE ROBOCOP KRAUS** (May 31, Apelsin, 21:00). The indie kids dug it last summer, and this gig is set to start around the time Avant Fest ends, so expect to see a whole ton of taxis driving from the industrial wasteland at Baumanskaya over to Apelsin's giant phallic bowling pin.

Russia's answer to MTV is **MUZ-TV**, which somehow manages to combine the stupidity of the American network with a level of Russian idiocy that makes the channel painful to watch (on a side note, one of the channel's most popular VJs was spotted rubbing shoulders with the peons at the Mayakovskaya Starlite). It also makes for a surprisingly odd line-up for their **MUZ-TV AWARDS** (June 6, Olimpisky, 19:00) ceremony. Nominally headlining (meaning playing two songs) will be **JENNIFER LOPEZ**, probably making less money than she would by playing at an oligarch's wedding. Actor **JARED LETO**'s foray into musical ineptitude, the horrible **30 SECONDS TO MARS**, will also play a couple of the ear-torturing jams. Likewise, a dozen Russian "artists" will also be on hand to insult anyone with taste.

I get the feeling that somehow I should be familiar with at least one of soul singer **MACY GRAY**'s (June 7, B1 Maximum, 21:00) songs, but nothing rings a bell. In any case, she's won a Grammy, sold some records, and is apparently one of the most innovative chicks in R&B today.

Along with **STEVE VAI** and **YNGWIE MALMSTEEN**, **JOE SATRIANI** (June 8, B1 Maximum, 20:00) is at the forefront of the douchebag guitar wanker movement. I think it is fair to say that I hate anyone who is going to this gig.

Much more interesting – and tons more weird – is that American rapper **XZIBIT** (June 8, Tushino, 21:00) is supposed to be playing at the aerodrome. This is kind of unconfirmed, but I saw it online, and the net doesn't lie. There is apparently a car show going on all week, so I guess it would make sense for the man behind "Pimp My Ride" to perform.

Those of you into weird electro experiments would do well to check

out the **ADVANCED MUSIC** festival (June 11, GazGallery, 23:00), featuring a whole bunch of wacky people whose music I don't quite get. All of them seem to hail from down under, where they're big names in electro, mash-ups, and the like: **BUMBLE-BEEZ**, **LADYHAWKE**, **AJAX**, **SINDEN** and **BANG GANG DJS**. Should be good if you can get past feis kontrol.

When Britpop made a comeback in the US in the mid-90s, I never really got into **THE CHARLATANS** (June 12, B1 Maximum, 19:00), but as this city eats up anything Britpop, this gig should be huge, if not boring. They're supported by fellow Brits **DIRTY PRETTY THINGS**, which are ex-**LIBERTINES**, only not featuring **PETE DOHERTY**. Locals **MANICURE** and **THE WHITE TRAINERS COMMUNITY** open.

Conversely, you could head over to see **URIAH HEEP** (June 12, Luzhniki, 19:00) play a stadium. Dinosaur rock acts like this could barely fill Apelsin a few months back, but now under the new "president," looks like we'll be seeing their likes in stadiums for the next few years.

Something a bit more interesting is Portuguese electro band **BURAKA SOM SISTEMA** (June 12, 16 Tons, 23:00). They take Angolan Kuduro music and electro it up. Unusual, at least.

Assuming summer ever arrives, and you want to chill out in the wilderness, feel free to get stuck in traffic driving out to the **USADBA JAZZ** festival (June 13-14, Arkhangelskoe, 16:00). Day one features **Z-STAR**, **KARL DENSON**, **RED ELVIES** and many more, while day two gravitates around **THE BRAND NEW HEAVIES** and **BILLY COBHAM**.

What a sad childhood Israeli via South Africa singer **YOAV** (June 13, B2, 23:00) must have had: he had to sneak into neighbours' houses in order to listen to fucking **WHAM** records. Now he's kind of a light pop singer. His parents must be proud.

Those of you that enjoy seeing dudes press play on CD players will be happy to know that famous DJ **CARL COX** (June 13, Gaudi Arena, 23:00) is returning to town. This time he brings with him **NIGEL DAWSON** and **DANIELE DAVOLI**. A host of Russian DJs will also be spinning. Fun?

Although Radio Maximum tries to present itself at the forefront of cutting-edge modern rock, it's annual **MAXIDROM** festival (June 14, Olimpisky, 19:00) tells a different story. This year's headliner is lame-o American "rocker" **LENNY KRAVITZ**, with support coming from Latvians **BRAINSTORM** and locals **DELFIN** and **BI-2**. Yawn.

Back at the auto show on the outskirts of town, super-DJ **PAUL VAN DYK** (June 14, Tushino, 20:00) and a host of others whose names don't ring any bells with me will be spinning records. I guess it could be fun if the weather is ok.

However, I think that weird minimal techno guy **MATZAK** (June 14, 16 Tons, 23:00) will be much more interesting. Plus, it's indoors in case the weather blows.

Also, apparently in advance of her stadium show a couple days later, **KYLIE MINOGUE** (June 14, Rai, 23:00) will be making a "secret" appearance at Moscow's elitny-est club. X

TOP PICKS



NEPHEW

Ikra
June 4, 20:00
While most Moscow promoters are content with bringing you what they already know you'll eat up, Ikra tends to be the one club that is willing to take the occasional risk. The thing is, the club has such a cult following at this point, that all they need to do is say, basically, "look, we know more about music than you do, and have an idea of what you'll like before you even know yourself." Fair enough, then, that their next experiment is Denmark's Nephew, who are apparently huge in their homeland. They play melodic rock with a bit of a synth here and there, for a very pleasant indie rock sound that Ikra tries to describe as somewhere between Depeche Mode, Interpol and Muse. Give it a chance. Like, it may just become the most talked about gig of the summer. Seriously, dude.



PJ HARVEY

MKhAT im. Gorkogo
June 5, 19:00
Sometime in the mid-90s, chick singers seemed inescapable. Tori Amos. Liz Phair. Alanis fucking Morissette. Some of them had a decent song, but rarely anything to keep us caring ten years later. Britain's PJ Harvey has managed to create compelling music for over a decade, though, perhaps by making sure to continue associating with musicians and producers who are forward-thinking: Steve Albini, Flood, Nick Cave, and others. In any case, Polly Jane's latest record tons down the alt-rock fuzz that graced some of her earlier work and goes for an all-piano basis. One of Moscow's smallest and most intimate venues should certainly be the right place to see her, if you can get a ticket. Los Angeles shoegazers Autolux open.



DILLINGER ESCAPE PLAN

Tochka
June 14, 19:00
Sometime around the turn of the century, technical metal crossed with hardcore to become the oddly named mathcore. Basically this meant that pummeling music was very complex, not the simple three chords and a distortion pedal. At the forefront of the scene was New Jersey's Dillinger Escape Plan. Now, over ten years and numerous personnel changes, they're making their first visit to Moscow. Expect brutal music, tons of screaming, and who knows what else in the way of antics – at times the band has brought along light shows and fire breathers on tour. Sadly, one-time replacement vocalist Mike Patton will not be joining them, so it looks unlikely they will be playing their classic Aphex Twin "Come to Daddy" cover.

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INDIANA JONES AND THE KINGDOM OF THE CRYSTAL SKULL

by Eileen Jones

The first couple of scenes in *Indiana Jones and the Kingdom of the Crystal Skull* are good. I mean, really good. I was never more shocked than when I was sitting there in the theater having to revise all my expectations at a moment's notice: "Oh my gosh, Spielberg might've actually made a good film again! It's happening, right here, right now, after all these years...!"

It was too wonderful to be true, of course, and the movie soon turned into just what you'd expect, a big-budget, corny, by-the-numbers sequel designed to please legions of nostalgic fans. But those first scenes, I'm telling you, presuming I wasn't hav-

many complicated chords you can't be sure. David Lynch himself wouldn't be ashamed to claim a few of those chords.

But wait, there's more. Soon after that, there's a sequence I won't ruin for you that involves Area 51 and Indiana Jones (Harrison Ford) surviving a nuclear blast, mushroom cloud and all. Hot damn, here we go, I thought. I've had the basic training in American film noir, and when the post-war hero survives a version of his own death, look out. You're in for something. For one brief shining moment I really believed that Spielberg had finally decided to damn all commercial certainties to hell and realize his vast talents in one risky late-career enterprise.

Wrong again. What happens instead is that Indiana Jones gets embroiled in the

star, I'm told. You'd never know it to look at him. Every mall in America could disgorge a hundred guys just as unexciting as he is. But then, the boring star—an oxymoron, but a flourishing species nevertheless—is something of a Hollywood specialty these days.

The nostalgic capper of *Indy IV* is the return of Karen Allen as Marion Ravenwood. Not seen in the franchise since the first and best Indiana Jones movie, *Raiders of the Lost Ark* (1981), Allen still has the knack of looking like a real human being. It's a testimony to her refreshing qualities that *Indy's* replacement love interest in the sequel, *Indy II: The Temple of Doom* (1984), was bound to be regarded as a hated interloper, even if she'd been a lot better than the highly untalented Kate Capshaw (now Mrs. Spielberg). Dumping Karen Allen amounted to an early warning sign that Spielberg was losing it. Because Allen, idiosyncratically lovely and oddly tough for such a slender, big-eyed girl, was proof of Spielberg's sure hand in those early years when it came to casting. Back then he could really pick 'em. Unknown or obscure actors were given their first important film roles (Karen Allen, Roy Scheider, Drew Barrymore); well-known actors were given some of their greatest roles (Richard Dreyfuss, Robert Shaw, Dennis Weaver); and small or bit-part actors, or even extras, did the most consistently memorable work since Frank Capra used to direct crowd scenes like a maestro.

Just think about *Jaws*. (As a general rule, when you're depressed about movies, or America, or life, just think about *Jaws*. It really helps.) Every actor in that film is perfectly cast, from Roy Scheider as Martin Brody down to the fat man on the beach. Remember the mother of the boy killed by the shark, wearing her black mourning veil that flutters in the breeze as she walks up to Brody and slaps him in the face? Of course you do. It's a great performance, in a



great film. *Jaws* is a masterpiece that can stand up to cinephile scrutiny, every frame of it.

Which leads us to the burning question: what happened to Steven Spielberg?

Nobody ever had a surer sense of camera movement, a more extensive arsenal of shots, better control over the editing process, fiercer dedication to Hollywood filmmaking practices. He was born to make great genre films. He's enjoyed total creative control for decades. And he can still knock out a scene or a sequence that'll rock you, usually at the beginning of his films, only to dash your hopes and break your heart when the whole thing runs aground. He'll power up the supersonic engine of the D-Day sequence in *Saving Private Ryan*, then hitch it to the creaking, lumbering, ten-ton wagonload of lugubrious clichés that make up the rest of the film. He'll take on a fabulous project like *A.I.* or *Minority Report*, and make it seem as if this time he's really, really going to go for it...and then we're back to the stultifying sell-out triteness, fake emotionalism, and CGI bloat that have come to characterize all Spielberg movies, as well

as all Spielbergish movies by directors who've been imitating him for a generation. The monstrously synthetic Tom Cruise is now the perfect star for every Spielberg or Spielbergish film, and it's impossible to make a more damning statement than that.

At the very end of *Indy IV*, Spielberg pays tribute to the 1963 Roger Corman sci-fi thriller, *The Man With the X-ray Eyes*. (In general, Spielberg seems to be in a tribute-paying mood in *Indy IV*. Lots of showy film references throughout.) It's a painful comparison, because that film was made on a tiny budget and is a powerhouse of Cold War terror, whereas Spielberg's re-creation of the *X-ray Eyes* sequence has no impact at all, other than providing the idle amusement of watching a river of money flow by in celluloid form. In general, that is the one consistent quality that Spielberg maintains in his films over the decades. Even when all his inventiveness fails, which it generally does a half-hour into each film, he's still got zillion-dollar budgets to coast on.

And I guess we can assume that's what happened to Steven Spielberg. He's too rich and famous to be good. X

MOVIE REVIEW

ing some sort of fantastic dream, were reminiscent of those long-ago Steven Spielberg genre films that made him famous in the first place.

This fourth *Indiana Jones* film, let's call it *Indy IV*, opens with a flat-out exhilarating drag-race scene in the harsh American desert between a carload of 1950s teenagers and the lead vehicle in a long, formidable US Army caravan. So beautifully and unerringly shot, lit, cast, and edited, that it looks like a collective American fever dream of our insane post-World War II past, this bizarre race makes your heart thump with uncertainty. Is it going to end in comedy or tragedy, or split the difference? Will the soldiers and teenagers have one of those populist joyrides together and then amicably go their separate ways, or will the speeding teens wind up dead in a ditch, or will the soldiers open fire for sinister reasons yet to be revealed, or...? Spielberg plays so

whipsawing global forces of the Cold War 1950s and winds up having a typical Indiana Jones adventure as a result. He leaves his teaching job (booted out by anti-Communist witch-hunters), and goes questing for a treasure (the ancient crystal skull, one of thirteen that supposedly have supernatural powers), while chased by bad guys (humorless Boris-and-Natasha type Russian Reds led by Cate Blanchett, who's very fetching in her blue uniform and evil-woman black bob). Along the way he interacts with cronies who may or not be on his side, all played by the best actors money can buy (Jim Broadbent, John Hurt, Ray Winstone). The young sidekick, considered a necessity now that Ford is an old actor, is motorcycle-riding '50s greaser Mutt Williams, played by Shia LeBeouf. LeBeouf is in loads of movies lately (*Disturbia*, *Transformers*) and is some sort of

CALENDAR

FRIDAY May 30

ROCK
Sunsay (5Nizza)
21.00: Ikra
B-2
20.00: Apelsin
Moonspell
20.30: Tochka
Crystal Castles (US/Canada)
22.00: 16 Tonn

JAZZ & BLUES
Jazz Piano, Olga Aref'eva
20.00: B-2
Vadim Ivaschenko & Boneshakers,
Mishuris
21.00: Roadhouse

CLUBBIN'
Javybz DJs, Epik Soundsystem: Gatek,
Old Dog Nikolaev, Komotsky
21.00: Propaganda
DJs Arshanitsa, Anrilov
23.59: Ikra
DJs Ariel, Tuzov
00.30: B-2
DJs Carlos, Tico, Amie, Michelangelo,
Pilot
21.00: Karma Bar

SATURDAY May 31

ROCK
Hui Zabey
20.00: Ikra
Auktston
23.00: B-2
7 Rasa
21.00: 16 Tonn
Sound Like Violence (Sweden) & The
Robocop Kraus (Germany)
21.00: Apelsin
Tokio
20.00: Tochka

JAZZ & BLUES
Old Fashion Blues & Soul Project
21.00: Roadhouse
Jazz Piano, Sergey Manukyan
20.00: B-2

CLUBBIN'
Steppin' Session: Nookie&MC Five Alive
(UK), Icicle (NL), Mark OD (UK) and
others
21.00: Ikra
DJs Soulmate, Pushkarev, Da Vinci,
Izhevskiy
21.00: Propaganda
DJs Johnny, Tuzov
00.30: B-2
DJs Ada, Amie, Artem Shevchenko,
Slava Shelest
21.00: Karma Bar

SUNDAY June 1

ROCK
Unite Music Party: Private Radio, Kola
Kid
19.00: Tochka
Nike Borzov & Korney
21.00: Ikra

Argument 5.45, Changes, Loa Loa,
Optimus Prime, Ray
19.00: Tabula Rasa

JAZZ & BLUES
Anastasia Glazkova
20.00: B-2
Open Blues Jam
18.00: Roadhouse

CLUBBIN'
DJ Shum
20.00: Ikra
DJsMarcus, Lyube, Shved
21.00: Karma Bar

MONDAY June 2

ROCK
Nasha Liniya, Kaffein
18.30: Tochka

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

CLUBBIN'
DJ Scientifique
21.00: Ex-Crisis Zhanra
DJ Partyphone
21.00: Propaganda

TUESDAY June 3

ROCK
Tarantul, Spetsialisti, Novaya Era
18.30: Tochka

JAZZ & BLUES
Jumping Cats
21.00: Roadhouse

CLUBBIN'
DJs ZigZag,Philla
21.00: Propaganda
DJ Cross
21.00: Ex-Crisis Zhanra
DJs Goatika Creative Lab
20.00: B-2

WEDNESDAY June 4

ROCK
Nephew (Denmark)
21.00: Ikra
AC/DC Forever Festival
19.30: B-2
Vis Vitalis
21.00: 16 Tonn

JAZZ & BLUES
Edelveis
21.00: B-2
Hard Day's Nigh Parties
19.00: Roadhouse

CLUBBIN'
Old Dog Nikolaev, DJs Ladjak & MC Big
Bad Ragga Man
21.00: Propaganda
Home Listening DJs

21.00: Ex-Crisis Zhanra
DJ Spirin@Rock'n'Roll Radio
21.30: Ikra

THURSDAY June 5

ROCK
The Amatul
21.00: B-2
Stvoli
21.00: 16 Tonn
Lazy Bitches
21.00: Ikra
Modul
19.00: Tabula Rasa

JAZZ & BLUES
Sabina Vartanova
21.00: B-2
Off Beat
21.00: Roadhouse

CLUBBIN'
DJs Studinskiy, Sanches, Zorkin,
Kompass-Vrubell
21.00: Propaganda
DJ Ivan Tchizevsky
21.00: Ex-Crisis Zhanra
DJ Shum
20.00: Ikra
Home Listening DJs
21.00: B-2
DJs Carlos Tico, Amie, Marcus, Andy
21.00: Karma Bar

FRIDAY June 6

ROCK
Leningrad
21.00: B1 Maximum
Lavanda
21.00: Ikra
Mechtat
21.00: 16 Tonn
GDR
21.00: B-2
Kukriniksi
22.30: 16 Tonn

JAZZ & BLUES
Belleville, Anatoly Schast'ev & Los
Machos
21.00: B-2
Blackmailers Blues Band
21.00: Roadhouse

CLUBBIN'
Javybz DJs, DJs Philla, Studinskiy
21.00: Propaganda
DJs Saltikov, Shevtsov, Tehnik, Koreets,
Saltikov
23.00: Fabrique
DJs Budnyak, Ksuha LW
21.00: Ex-Crisis Zhanra
DJs Carlos, Tico, Amie, Michelangelo,
Pilot
21.00: Karma Bar

SATURDAY June 7

ROCK
Krematoriy
22.30: Tochka

Types, French Whore NAMED Babette,
Blast
23.00: Ex-Crisis Zhanra
Gorod 312
23.00: B-2
Macy Gray (US)
21.00: B1 Maximum
Edipov Komplex, Peter Freudenthaler
from Foll's Garden (Germany)
21.00: 16 Tonn
Delfin
20.00: Ikra

JAZZ & BLUES
Jazz Piano, Armen Petrosyan
20.00: B-2
Jazz Sisters, Mishuris
21.00: Roadhouse

CLUBBIN'
DJs Kovalev, Karina
20.00: Ikra
DJs Philla, Da Vinci, Dolshik
21.00: Propaganda
DJs Valio, Volodya
21.00: Ex-Crisis Zhanra
DJs Jonny, Tuzov
00.30: B-2
DJs Saltikov, Fashion, Fenix, Losev
23.00: Fabrique
DJs Ada, Amie, Artem Shevchenko,
Slava Shelest
21.00: Karma Bar

SUNDAY June 8

ROCK
White Trainers Community, The
Absolutes, Pozitiva, New Superstitutions
19.00: Fabrique
Blondinka Ksyu
19.00: Tochka
Joe Satriani (US)
20.00: B1 Maximum

JAZZ & BLUES
Anastasia Glazkova
21.00: B-2

Open Blues Jam
18.00: Roadhouse

CLUBBIN'
DJs Anatoly Ice, Miami, Tony Key
20.00: Propaganda
Sunday R'N'R Lounge
21.00: Ex-Crisis Zhanra
DJ Shum
20.00: Ikra
DJsMarcus, Lyube, Shved
21.00: Karma Bar

MONDAY June 9

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

CLUBBIN'
DJ Partyphone
21.00: Propaganda
DJ Scientifique
21.00: Ex-Crisis Zhanra
Latino Non Stop

20.00: B-2

TUESDAY June 10

ROCK
Saint Metal Fest
19.00: Tabula Rasa

JAZZ & BLUES
Haleo
21.00: B-2
Dumping Cats
21.00: Roadhouse

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

WEDNESDAY June 11

ROCK
Dans Ramblers, Monsieur Sanbeyovich,
Lost Weekend
23.00: Ex-Crisis Zhanra
Okean Elzi (Ukraine)
21.00: B1 Maximum

JAZZ & BLUES
Jazz Piano, Irina Bogushevskaya
20.00: B-2
Blues sittin'-in
21.00: Roadhouse

CLUBBIN'
DJ Philla, Studinskiy, Old Dog Nikolaev
21.00: Propaganda
DJs Valio, Volodya
21.00: Ex-Crisis
DJs Saltikov, Borisov, Ivanov, Fenix,
Stronitsy
23.00: Fabrique

THURSDAY June 12

JAZZ & BLUES
Charlatans, The Dirty Pretty Things
(UK)
19.00: B1 Maximum
East End, The White Trainers
Community, The Types
23.00: Ex-Crisis Zhanra
Masha i Medvedi & Nike Borzov
22.00: Tochka
Kirpichi
21.00: Ikra
Buraka Som Sistema
21.00: 16 Tonn

JAZZ & BLUES
Jazz Piano, Paporotnik, Sergey
Manukyan
20.00: B-2

CLUBBIN'
DJs Valio, Volodya
21.00: Ex-Crisis
DJs Turbomax, Fashion, Fenix, Skvaer
23.00: Fabrique
DJ Shum
20.00: Fabrique

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

BARSDAK CLUBS

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

1171

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

Mt: Sportivnaya
 Address: Sawinskaya Nab. 21
 Phone: 740-5583
 Hours: As many as you can handle

Aktovy Zal

** *
Cheers:
 We caught a recent Saturday night gig packed full of bearded types and intelligent-looking chicks. Moscow's premiere indie spot! Aktovy Zal packs in non-stop local and international indie acts every week from Thursday to Sunday. There ain't no other place you're gonna anything closer to indie than here.
Jeers:
 Way out in the boondocks by the third ring means you really have to plan to go here.
Cover: cheap, depends on the concert
 Mt: Baumanskaya
 Phone: 265-3935
 Address: Perevedenny per., 18
 Hours: 8 to late, depends on shows

Apelsin

** * *
Cheers:
 eXile alert! Rumored to be closing June 1, so get your gig on while you still can. Concert hall has great sound, and gets some of the best shows in town, from indie faves like Mogwai all the way up to dinosaur rockers like Nazareth. Easily one of the best live venues in town. Has bowling and other things to keep you busy before or after a show. Concert hall has in's and out's so you can easily slip out to take in the courtyard of a neighboring gothic cathedral.
Jeers:
 About a year ago it was pulling the best—by Moscow standards—bands and packing a crowd. Now it's so empty, the bartenders started bringing reading material to work. Sovok bartender alert! Bartender poured us a beer then refused to serve us because he didn't have change. Pack your 100R notes, cuz they can't break anything higher. Guards force everyone to leave 10 minutes after a show ends. Seems far from the solar system, even if it isn't. VIP seating insanely far from the stage, and one of the few places that has blocked views. Small entrance means you may be stuck in line to enter or exit.
Cover: depends on the concert
 Mt: Bankadnaya
 Phone: 253-0253
 Address: Ul. Malaya Gruzinskaya 15
 Hours: 12:00 - 05:00

B1 Maximum

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

B2

** * *
Cheers:
 It took B1 Maximum to make B2 seem like a cool indie club. One of the only places to attract any sort of crowd on Sundays. Good place if U like 'em young and impressionable. Cheap, giant venue that kicks butt when it's full. Good live acts. Three different restaurants, including reasonably priced sushi, under one roof. Music doesn't impede conversation in the restaurants, but is loud enough to not have to make the effort to think of anything to say.
Jeers:
 Easily some of the most sovok and least service-oriented staff in town. Prices may seem bizarre considering that this is supposed to be a dive rock club. Suffering from multiple-personality disorder. Empties out early even on weekends.
Cover: depends
 Mt: Mjajkovskaya
 Phone: 209-9918
 Address: Bolshaya Sadovaya ul. 8

Barfly

** *
Cheers:
 Recent 4AM visit saw off-duty Help bartenders gettin' down, so U know they mix the drinks well here! After a long night of drinking

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

Jeers:
 eXile alert! Barfly is apparently so popular now that you have to book a table to get in. Yes, U heard us right: U have to book a table at a fucking dive bar. Service and noodles not at the level we remembered. Crowd can be Prague-like in that faux-boho sort of way. The best ad yet for NY's anti-smoking laws; an evening here is the equivalent of a three-pack a day habit for a year. Crowded, but little in the way of babes on recent weekend visit.
Mt: Chkhovskaya
Address: Strastnoi blv. 6 str. 2
Phone: 209-2779
Hours: 24 hours

Bourbon Street

* * **
Cheers:
 A good place to chill with one whiskey, one scotch, and one beer at the bar, or sit at a table with a friend or two, but don't come expecting to make friends or lift out of your depression. Lately it's been feeling even more dead than usual, but whatever, it's August. The management had a come-to-Jesus talk with staff after we busted them playing techno, making this one of the most customer-friendly bars this side of the NATO divide. This little still-undiscovered 'neighborhood dive' offers some unusually wild entertainment when you least expect it. Deceptively humble veneer hides all sorts of sexual shenanigans which Ames and his chick both witnessed and participated in ... We were about to complain that the music's too loud, but then we remembered that's how dives oughta be!
Jeers:
 Often has a "feised at Propka" vibe. Gets uncomfortably packed on weekends. eXpat galore. Kitchen could use a little "umph."
Mt: Kitai Gorod
Phone: 980-1058
Address: Bol. Zlatoustinsky Per. 7/1 (next to Propaganda)
Hours: nearly all of 'em

Booze Bub

* * *
Cheers:
 Gets TOTALLY packed on weekends, making this an ideal pre-party venue for those hitting Tema next door. Pissed off that there's not a single Thurs. night go-to bar that actually has chicks? Then Bub's your answer. Recent Thursday night visit revealed a place packed with easy, desperate student and secretary dyevs. Recently opened by the Help/Tema crew, which is a 'already a good sign. Located next door to Tema, if you need a break from the Duck-esque atmosphere there. Spacious bar and good cocktails. Combines the intimacy of an Irish pub with the spaciousness of a German Bierhall. Their beer really does taste better.
Jeers:
 Sovok vest-wearing grampa tried facing eXile editors Zaitchik and Yasha during a recent visit. We're used to getting feised by goons, but this was something different, and somehow more humiliating. Recent Saturday evening visit found BB totally empty, but we were told that in order to sit down we would need to make a reservation a week in advance. WTF? Needless to say, we went somewhere that actually wanted our money. A tad bit phallicentric on a recent visit. May need some time to get packed full of the reasons we like to visit Help and Tema.
Mt: Chisty Prudy
Address: Potapovsky Per. 5, bld. 2
Phone: 621-4717
Hours: Round the clock

Cafe Royal

* *
Cheers:
 Man, oh man! This was Katz's last review. Brings a tear to our eyes

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

Jeers:
 ...and we're not sure that's a good thing.
Cover: Depends on who's playing
Mt: Chisty Prudy
Phone: 607-0969, 607-9172
Address: Ashcheulov per., 9
Hours: 12PM to 6AM
Website: www.caferoyal.ru

Club XIII

** * **
Cheers:
 You can go home again! Girls will sometimes hit on you just for being a foreigner! XIII's got a good thing goin', with raunchy caberet shows, teetering ladies, and just enough face control to make you feel like you achieved something by getting in! Last Saturday XIII was on, catching a good niche somewhere between Fabrique and Leto, though closer to Fabrique (thank god). Selection of E'd out and liquored up chicks spotted here. Ames got corralled into a rather suggestive freakin' bout with a hot off-duty bargin' from a certain Swedish nightclub. The club that set the standard and opened the era of eltrynny giant nightclubs is back after a several-year hiatus. Top notch DJs, friendly girls, not quite as grossedly eltrynny 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 pricey drinks. We kind of miss, in retrospect, the dark opium dens, where anything could and did happen.
Mt: Chisty Prudy
Address: Myasnikitskaya 13
Hours: Wed-Sun, 10pm - 6am

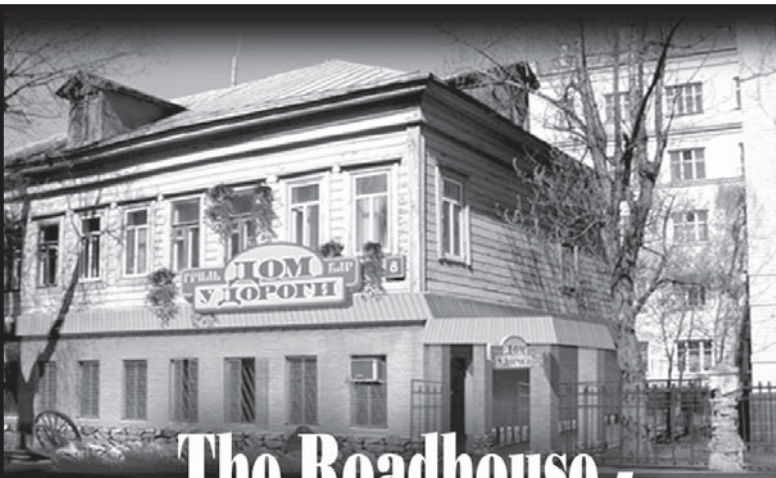
Crazy Milk


** * **
Cheers:
 It's one of those places, you know, the kind that's like a good film. If we told you why it's so good, we'd be spoiling all the fun you'd have if you actually went there. And you have to go. But we'll give you a hint: there are captive birds in the bathrooms that sing songs of freedom.
Jeer:
 Milk should not be crazy, but rather pasturized. You might think you've died and gone to middle manager heaven.
Mt: Dobryninskaya
Phone: 230-7333
Address: Bolshaya Polyanka ul., 54/1
Website: www.crazymilk.ru

Denis Simachev Bar

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

Mt: Teatralnaya
Phone: 629-9085
Address: Stolitsnikov Per. 12
Hours: 12:00-06:00



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CLUBBING ADVENTURES THROUGH TIME

The gay, the indie and the romantic

By Dmitriy Babooshka pflanze@yandex.ru



As in all science fiction time-travel stories, my adventures began unexpectedly. I was stuck in traffic somewhere around Serpukhovskaya when I saw an unremarkable building with the name Moscow Physiological Theater on it. Another advertisement in a small font on the entrance promised the joys of "Introduction of club Incognito". There were a few masks decorating the ad to make it look more secret.

As you may know that some newspapers like *The Moscow Times* make their living by running "introduction" sections where they usually feature pictures of famous actors or models with "call anytime, massage" messages. I have no idea how these call girls look in reality (better ask Ames) but I'm sure they have nothing in common with Christina Aguilera or Terra Patrick (unless you're willing to dish out the big bucks).

Even though I never used these call services, I realized that "incognito" could have some journalistic value, it could be a real swing club.

The reality of it was beyond my expectations. After paying 400 rubles for

scene. There was nothing strange in Anya's desire for my young and hairy flesh. She worked as a confectioner making cakes at "U Palycha" factory and saw very few men at work. As I understood from her mumbling, her husband was serving in jail for "burglary and wearing police uniform." She liked Incognito because it was "a fun place where she can easily get men's attention." But after she invited me to continue the party at nearby obschezitiye with other "girls" I understood I couldn't stand this craziness any longer. I excused to leave to the loo and one minute later I was free in shawerma shuttle and heading to see **LEBEDINOYE OZERO**, a new outdoor summer club and chill out zone opened by the people behind Solyanka.

Recently I have read on the internet that when world sea level rises by 100 meters Moscow becomes a real tropical resort. Lebedinoye Ozero catches these future trends well. The place looks as if it is taken from jungles of Vietnam with dark wooden terraces around the pond surrounded by lianas. Since we don't yet have a tropical climate and not even

CLUB REVIEW

the entrance, I found myself standing in the middle of a dark room filled with people. Judging by their outfits and behavior, they were from the working class or grotesque specimens of the low-paid office plankton species. There were considerably more men in the club and they were enjoying their vodka from plastic cups and relaxing in plastic chairs.

A few middle aged ladies were dancing next to a stage that featured a live performance of some gay singers with bad voices. They were bands with names like "Nancy" or "Byeliy Orel" (Queer Eagle). These poor saps were semi-celebrities, and had one or two cheesy hits during their short and lousy careers and their lo-fi videos were very popular at the start of Yeltsin era. We didn't have any music scene at the time, as you can imagine. Everyone was being charmed by Brazilian soap operas, eating humanitarian food from the US and dreaming about big about living in Brighton Beach. The time when Russians considered America as a cool country is gone. Today our stars like Dima Bilan win singing contests and we kick Canadians in ice-hockey and Brits in soccer, just like in the USSR. I guess we need to arrange a spectacular explosion on some remote island with a nuclear bomb so everyone understands we deserve to be feared again. Anyway, I was stunned to know these music-mammoths still exist and perform. Most of them got fat and lost their voice along with their hair, but were still jumping on the stage.

Incognito featured a long list of these forgotten bands to entertain their working class visitors as well as some parody shows like "krivoye zerkalo" or "spoiled mirror" where they place mirrors on the stage and invite people from the crowd to laugh on themselves. I was a bit frightened when a heavy-weight lady with bad breath invited me for a "white dance." I was doing my work for the eXile, I had to investigate her motives. After a dance, which seemed to last an eternity, she offered me a drink. Her name was Anya and she had a bottle of champagne at her table and a flask of cognac in her purse under the table. A couple of other "girls" completed the

warm weather, the place was half empty. The other half of the club was filled with people who were tending to sit next to each other as close as possible to get warm. Although, the spacious stage, swimming pool, exotic tiki bar and Thai masseurs make this club a perfect spot to chill during the hot summer nights. I have no idea about the selection concerts here but I'm sure it won't be similar to Incognito. The colonial style of the club made it very dark, in terms of lighting, making it hard to see your female prey very well. But that might not be so bad, less light can bring more surprises (and less disappointments).

I was sipping my whisky (250 rubles for Jameson) when I suddenly felt something under my feet. When I saw it was an expensive Prada wallet my heart started beating hard. Unfortunately it had only 420 rubles, cheap VISA Electron card and a lot of discount

Club: Lebedinoye Ozero
Address: 9, Krymskiy Val, bld. 22,
Phone: 782 5813
M: Okyabrskaya
Hours: 12:00 - 06:00, daily (this week open till 00:00 due to bad weather)

coupons. Also, it had many business cards with the title as a "make-up specialist" of one of the leading TV channels. Luckily the card had her mobile phone so I was just five minutes away from free whiskey and endless "thank you" pleasing my ears.

We spent an hour talking to each other about the indie music scene, the TV and film industry and I felt like I had a real introduction with a nice-looking girl (can you imagine an ugly make-up specialist?). Then I decided to go with my favorite "romantic stranger" strategy and proposed to take a night walk in the park.

It is not a long walk to cross Gorky Park, may be about 20 minutes. But when the park is completely empty, the full moon out and you're walking hand-in-hand with your new lady friend along the Moscow river listening to birds singing and observing the sunrise, you realize you had one hell of a lucky night. Especially when your apartment is right across the park.

Help



Cheers: eXile alert! Ignore previous comments about weekends being hit or miss: every Friday and Saturday (and an increasing number of weeknights) is packed full of drunk sluts dancing on the floor, on the tables, and on the bar. While the rest of Moscow's bars and clubs are turning gay, thank God there's one place still keeping it real for the homophobes. Non-dyke lesbo activity has been steadily on the rise. One time, upon sitting down, a girl from a neighboring table came over and said: "I'm sorry, I lost a bet" and then proceeded to get up on her table and do a striptease! Later we saw two babes practically fucking on the dancefloor, and the night ended with a flat-chested chick flashing us repeatedly. Great place to start or end a bender. The director is a serious cocktail aficionado (and award-winning barman) who has come up with a variety of unusual and at times frightening cocktails, all reasonably priced. Casual woody interior, relaxed crowd, decent service. Long Island load tea for 150r. Try the "red hot slammer." Bartenders often seen at tables whipping up fresh concoctions, slamming glasses on tables, and lighting things on fire.

Jeers: During our last visits, the place was half-alive. But then, it was 6pm... But that shouldn't be an excuse. Unmixed White Russians almost caused an unplanned puking session. Directors 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 5
Hours: always

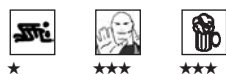
Ikra



Cheers: Finally an indie/hipster bar hits town that's more or less tasteful to boot. Gets everyone from today's new kids on the block to ageing giants still worth checking in on—bottom line: tons of interesting acts, every month, without fail. And there's no better place to watch/heckle a small gig than in Ikra's small hall, more intimate than NYC's Knitting Factory but gets the same caliber or bigger gigs. Food surprisingly edible.

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

Kalina Bar



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

Jeers: Very expensive. Techno music so loud you'd think you were in a provincial Azeri restaurant. This is a bar, folks! People are supposed to be able to at least hear what the person next to him is screaming.
Club: Kalina Bar
Address: 8, Novinskiy Boulevard (Lotte Plaza, 21 floor).
Phone: 229-55-19
M: Molenkaya
Hours: 11:00 - 06:00, daily

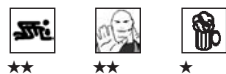
KARMA BAR



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

Cheers/Jeers: The cover charge. Damn, what's up with dat. What time iz we livin' in? To get to the overflor gardiob, you have to walk about two kilometers through a dark and winding underground tunnel. You might never find your way back!
Cover: 200R for chicks, 300R for dudes on weekends (liberal face control)
M: Kuznetskiy Most
Phone: 624-5633
Address: Ul. Pushchonnaya 3 (just down from Hola Mexico)
Hours: Thurs.-Sun.: 21:00 - 6:00

Krizis Zhanra



Cheers: eXile alert! Well, we be gosh darned! We hadn't been here for anything other than peaceful lunch since last spring. We're happy to report that place hadn't changed a bit. KZ still packs in the young and available babes that say "yes" almost as if we had paid for it. eXile editors no longer embarrassingly halted at the door by Krizis' notoriously Nazi face control. Nash seemed to have finally solved the problem. This place continuously packs in babe-o-licious dyes almost any day of the week and they love rock'n'roll! No joke, folks: we had to see it ourselves to believe. Some eXile insiders claim it's the best place in town to meet a wife. THE place to meet a girl you can spoon with... plenty of approachable babes, but they require a little wooing. Very impressive crowd, including lots of single hipsters and one chick in a Kajagoogoo outfit. They've done a surprisingly good job recreating the atmosphere of the ol' KZ, creating a pafus-free zone for all you bo-hos, without the dirt and grime of Lyotchik. Combines student-y types with intelligensia, upwardly mobile yuppies and a smattering of expats. Less pressure to get wasted than at Bourbon St.

Jeers: If you're not as well-connected as an eXile editor, you will still experience face control at a Nazi Level from Thurs. to Sun. Techno music gets progressively louder as the weekdays approach Friday. Because it's a non-pafusny kinda place, there're

plenty of cows mixed in with the talent. Reminds us of our Golden Days of love and youth and springtime, which then reminds us of the fact that we're old. Long Islands, although cheap, rank somewhere between "bizarre" and "non-alcoholic fruity ass" on the scale of things. Can be a bit boring if no concert is happening.
Queers: Every Thursday
M: Chistyev Prudy / Kitai Gorod
Phone: 623-2594, 778-2234
Address: Pokrovka 16/16, str. 1
Hours: 24/7

Krishna



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

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

Lebedinoye Ozero



Cheers/Jeers: Look to your right for a review, stupid.
Address: 9, Krymskiy Val, bld. 22,
Phone: 782 5813
M: Okyabrskaya
Hours: 12:00 - 06:00, daily (this week open till 00:00 due to bad weather)

MOTORHOME



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

Jeers: The place just opened. Developing...
M: Novoslobodskaya
Address: Novoslobodskaya 20
Hours: till 1 a.m.
Phone: 789-8854
Web: www.motordom.ru

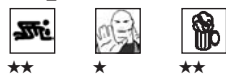
MOST



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

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

Papa's Place



Cheers: Doug's in and they just celebrated their tenth bday, marking 9,999,980 years that we've been going there, but we still have a tough time convincing the *okhranik* to let us in for free! Still redefining the meaning of "packed with drunken sluts." Someone forgot to tell them that it's not the 90s anymore. No-holds-barred wet T contest shows more skin than most strip clubs! Proof that there's still a place in Moscow where the dyes are plenty and not afraid to drink. We haven't had this much fun since Putin came to power! Papa's four-day ninth birthday bash took so much out of us, our livers are on vacation til next year. Absolutely friggin' packed full of sluts and drunk eXholes, with everyone drinking. This is it, folks, no unsurmountable face control, no eXtreme prices, tons of approachable offerings and now they even have America's finest brew available: Bud. Thursday "Office Night" rawqs: free food offerings, like the awesome pizza, and an advantageous chick-to-unit ratio. We also saw one of the drunkest Neanderthals of our lives here, devouring his pizza while his dyev girlfriend slapped him and pulled his ear to leave. Latin dancing nights are the ONLY game in town on Tuesday! Our last visit saw a mix of sluts and balding guys, and if they can score surely U can too!

Jeers: The "special" green St. Patrick's beer was just plain-o bottles of cheap Holsten in green bottles. The crew of creepy drunk midgebits pretending to be leprechauns they had running around did not consist of any midget dyevs.
Cover: 150R on weekends, free-ish during the week
M: Chistyev Prudy
Phone: 755-9554
Address: Myasnitskaya Ul. 22 (inside Johnny's)
Hours: Always

Rai



Cheers: Members of KISS prepared here ahead of their Moscow gig. Doesn't this just reaffirm how happening this place is? We think so. If we didn't always get comped drinks here, we'd probably have a much better understanding of how a place that's open a total 12 hours a week can afford to stay open in Moscow. Once saw Yeltsin's grandson harassing a defenseless DJ here! Second rate NHL star Eric Cole went on record saying this is the best club ever. Good place to show guests that there's a fundamental difference between going out in the US and going out in Moscow.

Jeers: Don't bother unless you're going with a regular or want to shell out a few G for a table. Girls here won't even look at us if we're beneath them.
M: If you're even asking, you won't get in
Address: Bolotnaya Nab.
Hours: 00:00-06:00 Fridays and Saturdays

The Real McCoy



Cheers: eXile alert! McCoy's has entered the 22nd century by installing the eXile's toilet-stall newspaper stands! Folks, now you can read the eXile while vomiting out your Long Island load Tea...all 8 of 'em! Buns McGillicuddy recently spotted doing shots with mullet-master Dima Bilan! Pay your respects...and pay the price for all that fun 'n shame 'n shitfaced inebriation. We'd been staying away out of concern for our livers, but one Friday night was enough to realize why livers are overrated! This place has so many hot and drunk sluts that you don't have time to focus on one before the next demands your attention. Newbies in Moscow have been known to go into catatonia when they enter this place. THE most dangerous place to go for 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! McCoy's is the closest thing to a guarantee this side of Night Flight. Always some table of desperate sluts here, even when it's otherwise empty. Often features the kind of drunken madness that was banned by the Geneva Convention. They let you pass out at the tables!

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

Road House



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

Jeers: The whole "real people" suburban blues thing is not for everyone. While we saw a great Norwegian act playing (and the crowd loved it), we would expect some acts to sing "blues" with heavy Russian accents. Gets crowded so it can be hard to get a table.
Cover: only during shows, depends on act
M: Sportivnaya
Phone: 245-4183
Address: Ul. Dovatora 8 (close to metro)
Hours: noon-midnight

Sakhar



Cheers/Jeers: This is another one of those elitry-indie hybrid clubs. eXile's official club aficionado Dmitriy 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 Sretenska St.
Hours: Thu - Fri: 12:00 - 09:00

Silver's



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

Jeers: You might get accosted by Russian students looking to practice their angliksiyazyk. Word's gotten out, and it's tough to find a seat for lunch. Don't come here to hunt for chicks—there ain't any.
M: Okhotny Ryad

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

Sixteen Tons

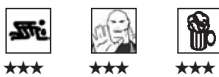


★★ ★ ★★

Cheers:
eXile alert! If you think of passing this place up next weekend, don't. Rumor has it, eXile's gonna have their 11th anniversary party here. Stay tuned. Even if the concert upstairs sucks, the first floor fills up with so much indie babeage, it's kinda hard to believe that you're in an Irish bar. Indie's in! They're there for the music, even if you're there just for them... Maybe the eXile's 10th anniversary party that took place here caused all this? Without a freakin' doubt about it folks. Last summer, the place handled the mad crowd rush, and the mad drunken mob of eXholes, like professionals. No one could have done it half as well as Sixteen Tons did, with its superb bar staff, excellent sound system, great stage, and eXhole-friendly management. Thanks to Pasha, Andrei & crew for pulling it off. Shockingly high babe factor at the disco following gigs. Not that we got laid or anything...or even that we would want to. Upstairs has some of the top shows and a good mix of dyes and serious music aficionados. Downstairs, a range of scalliwags ranging from oligarchs to xPats to divorced mammas to starving journalists. Management not averse to fights outside.

Jeers:
Not much to do upstairs when there isn't live music...
Cover: Dvs: R100 weekdays, R150 weekends; Guys: R150 weekdays, R200 weekends
M: Ul. 1905
Phone: 253-5300
Address: Presnenskii Val 6
Hours: 18.00 - 6.00

Soho Rooms



★★★★ ★★ ★★

Cheers:
At last a club we can't get into that looks like something more than a circus tent. Everything about this place feels expensive, like the investors said to hell with the whole Leto-Zima-Osen-Dyagilev business model and built a club for the ages.
Jeers:
That sense of permanence doesn't make the tusovka any different. The food has that expensive Novikov-blond sort of flavor. Kinda feels like it was designed as a Hollywood set.
M: Kievskaya
Address: Savinskaya Nab.

Solyanka



★★★★ ★★ ★★

Cheers:
eXile alert! Solyanka's newly-minted restaurant just might be the best new place to eat since we discovered Dantes way back in 2007. The 270r biz lunch offers a tasty 3-course euro fusion meal (menu changes daily) that's a damn bargain for Moscow these days. Especially when you've got the eXile VIP discount card! Hosts a strange dyev mix, ranging from semi-bydlo to full on hyper-elliny. 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 dyes. And that's just fine by us. If you now the type, then you know that they are willing to take it anytime, anywhere. All you have to do is notice them. Case in point: Last weekend Levine and Rudnitsky had to beat off three 30-year-old chicks that wouldn't leave them alone until they surrendered their phone numbers. And all this because L & R were speaking English! Mental note: must start coming here more often. A shining example of the latest club trend: The indie-pafosny hybrid. If you're tired of the same ol' Krizis, but can't stand the Fag Nation Propka scene, then Solyanka is the answer to your prayers. Semi-intelligent dance music, fairly priced drinks and a bunch of barely legal linged-out indie chicks that can't afford them.

Jeers:
Hi tech picture id club card has already broken down, which makes us feel less elite. Windows PC users given hostile looks by MacBook/iPhone-toting hipsters. On club nights, place is harder to get into than Dyagelev. Oh, wait, Dyagelev burnt down. We need to update our metaphores! Closes at midnight on all weeknights other than Thursdays. Went back to the 90s practice of charging for entrance. Some chicks have a "I'm one year away from becoming a Rai groupie" feel to them. So snatch 'em up before they hit seventeen and become way out of your league.
M: Kitay Gorod
Phone: 221-7557
Cover: 300 rubles, or something
Address: Solyanka 11/6
Hipster Blog: s-11.ru

Sorry Babushka



★★ ★ ★★

Cheers:
eXile alert! Sunday nights at Babushka are the place to see your favorite club waitresses get liquored up... that's right, this is the place they go to unwind after a tough weekend of work! Just confirmed: Sorry Bab's 3am Fri/Sat night drunk dyev index is way off the charts. From the looks of things, they've also given tons of hot girls the cards, turning Sorry B into a pre-party magnet for gals looking to quench their thirst at the right price. Packs a good crowd on weekends and offers plenty of macking ops. Girls friendlier than most, and by that we don't mean they're ugly.

Jeers:
Recent menu update for 2007 has upset the balance of one of the best Caesar salads in town. Seems like everyone here only converses with each other via ICQ message sent between laptops. Weird hippie/Buddhist contingent mixed in with model level babes threw us off a bit. Portions getting smaller. 50% discount card no longer works. Got a Prada-like vibe. Not quite sure what the name means, and we're not sure they know either. You could easily break an ankle on the unexpected step near the bar. The food, a bargain for card-holders, probably ain't worth your rubles if you aren't as kewl as us.
M: Kitay Gorod
Phone: 784-0615
Address: Slavyanskaya pl. 2

Tema Bar



★★ ★ ★

Cheers:
eXile alert! Folks, Tema Bar's two-year anniversary was a sight to

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

Jeers:
Some of the surliest bartenders in town. One actually refused to light our flaming cocktails on fire. While all the girls are having fun and definitely available, you'll need to knock back a few before your beer goggles start functioning properly. Might run into old flings from McCoy's at inopportune moments. Food not exactly all that.
M: Chisty Prudy
Address: Potapovsky per. 5
Hours: 24

Tiki Bar



★★ ★ ★

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

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

VinoSyR - Wine & Cheese Bar



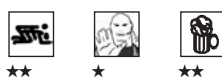
★ ★

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

Jeers:
Make sure you bring some cashola... their CC machine has been known to crap out on occasion.
Address: Malyi Palashevsky pereulok 6
Phone: 739-1045
Metro: Pushkinskaya
Hours: Everyday from 6 p.m to 6 a.m.

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

Voodoo Lounge



★★ ★ ★★

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

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

M: Belorusskaya
Phone: 253-2323
Address: Sredny Tshinsky pereulok 5/7
Hours: 18.00 - 6.00

WALL STREET BAR



★ ★ ★★

Cheers:
New two-level bar for financial types, opened by some local stock brokers. Talk about the trickle down effect! Perfect place to take a client on his way to Night Flight. Not that we have clients. Basement cigar room. Unclear yet if the club will feature the sort of decadence bankers here are known for, but we did overhear someone talking about shorting preferred Gazprom shares, which is pretty freakin' crazy! Real New York financial district atmosphere may make some wet and others dream about pointing a plane into this place. Could develop into a weekend pre/post-party venue for those heading to/from 1171, Soho Rooms, etc.

Jeers:
Prices will only seem reasonable to the type of dudes who buy their girlfriends Porche Cayennes.
Address: 9-1, Volkhonka Str.,
Phone: 916 5731
M: Kropotkinskaya
Hours: 12:00 - till last guest, daily

Zoloto



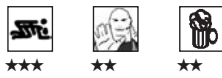
★★★★ ★

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

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

EROTIC

911 Club

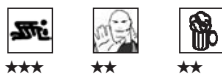


★★★★ ★★ ★★

Cheers:
eXile alert! The OG 911 in the hotel is still open! Which means U don't have far to go if you make friends. Imagine Shandra but in a small, cozy setting the size of some minigarh'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-O expats. Also entrance is for now at least free.

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

Bordo



★★★★ ★★ ★★

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

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

Divas



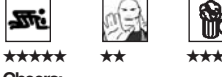
★★ ★ ★★

Cheers:
eXile alert! A former Hungry Duck beau-from-Ames'-past is now a dancer here! Who says dating Ames doesn't pay?!

Conveniently-located ad in this very paper for info on parties and discounts.

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

NIGHT • FLIGHT



★★★★ ★★ ★★

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

Jeers:
Following the Manchester/Chelsea game, NF's escortflation was setting records at 400 euros per palka! Bring back the crisis days! Lots of silicon on display these days, so you might want to try the merchandise before you buy it. If you bump into your boss, just say that you've come for the food [sic].
Cover: 800R, including one drink
M: Tverskaya
Phone: 629-4165
Address: Ul. Tverskaya 17
Hours: Club 21.00 - 5.00; Restaurant 18.00 - 5.00

Safari Lodge



★★★★ ★ ★★

Cheers:
Safari Lodge is back, at a brand new location! Just like before, make sure you get change for those 1000's before you come, as lap dances here only cost R100. But beware the girls who tell you they cost R200. A friend of ours was in town for a night and got ripped off by a string of girls who lied about the price. Positively infested with strippers of all shapes, sizes and even colors. No-holds-barred lap dance had us sollin' our union suits. We made the mistake of payin' 500R for our first one, and then had to use Mace for the rest of the night to keep the ladies at bay. They've opened

a hotel upstairs for when an hour in the trailer isn't enough. U heard us, biznes travelers! Why stay at the Holiday Inn when Safari's got a place for you? Management guarantees a discrete receipt, too. Got jiggy w/ a dyev in an Am. flag outfit as an expression of patriotism. The end all and be all of raunchy lap dances. Hands-on personal strip shows make all the difference. For more intimate encounters, there's a special "dach" out back, with sauna, double beds, and shower.

Jeers:
Watching a fat German tourist make out with a, um, lady of the night caused lasting emotional scars. So many hos, there's no place to sit. Could someone explain why a "privat" dance costs the same as gettin' it on?
Cover: Not sure
M: Park Kultury
Phone: 247-0796
Address: Zubovskiy boulevard , 27/5

Shandra



★★★★ ★ ★★

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

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

Violete



★★★★ ★ ★★

Cheers:
eXile alert! Has no qualms about letting in 2-drunk-2- fuck eXile editors at 3am! Cocktails mixed well, and the stogie menu really hit the spot. Yasha even managed to get one of the babe's digits! The newest addition to the Ho-ing bordello scene, Violete is exactly the place to go if you've already done Ishtar and Safari enough and you're looking for roughly the same thing but in a newer, non-sticky, cool setting. Violete has it all: scores of hot, friendly nekkid chicks, VIP 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: Raushskaya Nab. 4/5
Hours: Evening til morning

Every NIGHT from 8 p.m. to 6 a.m.



Shandra

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

African

Adis Ababa

\$
Cheers:
 The only Ethiopian restaurant in Moscow is also its best. Authentic oils and spices mean legit 'Thopian goodness in every dish. The Ghoulash Adis Ababa just about had us planning a vacation to the Horn. Every dish is spicy and filling; including decent vegetarian selection. Hoegaarten on tap. Friendly staff will occasionally play Ethiopian funk.

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

Address: Zemlyanoi Val, Dom 6

American

Correa's

\$
Cheers:
 eXile alert! New Correa's branch opened up near Mayakovskaya. Recent tasting affirmed a thumbs-up on the brunchfast goods. Also, the babeage factor seems to get higher and pain-ier every weekend. They've added a couple of new slammin-good omelets to their repertoire, including a great spinach and mozzarella baby that we thor-

oughly enjoyed. Great lunch option if you're not too hungry... all three sandwiches our table ate had us in nirvana! 5+ for the smoked turkey and goat cheese 'wich. A most awesomely delicious Buffalo Mozzarella salad (290r). Every item is a delight; in fact it might be the best breakfast offering outside of the US, if you're into the American breakfast thing (and only a barbarian wouldn't be). We tried the goat cheese and black bean omelet, and yes, it's Moscow's best. As for the dinner meals... First, the marinated olives 'n artichoke hearts. Second, the juicy Roasted beet salad with pesto, aged goat cheese and pine nuts. We didn't know beets could be so good! Third, the Terriyaki Chicken Pita with avocado and cilantro—best damn sandwich in Moscow. Fourth, the entrees. The grilled salmon with orange-soy glaze and fresh snow peas is an amazing, juicy, fresh cut that will leave you very pleased, while Strip Steak with berry-glaze and thick cut guacomole salad will satisfy your meat jones. Deli items a hit with oil-windfall Russians.

Jeers:
 For some reason babes with babies make this their favorite weekend brunchfast spot. If like us your idea of a good breakfast does not include looking at some way-too-thin-and-hot chick trying to show off her baby (the new accessory of the Russian elitny class), then like us, you'll be slightly annoyed. When we tried to order an Erdinger beer from the menu, waitress told us "we haven't had that for quite some time." Ordynka location hidden in a business park, of all places. May make you feel a little too delovoy as you search for the entrance. Seating area too small. Place has become so popular that you need to reserve hours in advance.
M: 1: Belorusskaya; 2: Tretyakoskaya, 3: n/a, 4:

Paveletskaya 5: Mayakovskaya
Phone: 1: 933-6157 2: 725-5878, 3: 729-2585, 4: 969-2113, 5: 789-9654
Address: 1: Bolshaya Gruzinskaya 32; 2: Bolshaya Ordynkaya 40/2 (through the shlangbaum); 3: Rublevo-Uspenskoe Shosse 85/1, 4: Ul. Sadovnicheskaya 82 bld. 1 5: Ul. Gasheka 7/1
Hours: 8.00 - 22.00 weekdays, 9.00 - 22.00 weekends

Flat Iron Grill

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

WiFi
\$\$
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

Updated
\$\$
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 a-waterin'! Thumbs up on the Florentine Omelet with spinach and feta. Lotsa other items look good too, like the Kamchatka Crab omelet and the pecan pancakes. Best place in town for a late night pre-bedtime burger. Is it just us, or did the omelets get incredibly tasty again over the past month? The best place to watch issues of international significance unfold. Seriously beefed up the ham&cheese! Two important points: Some of Moscow's best burgers and best breakfasts. eXile staffers agree: late night plate of nachos are vastly preferable to clubbing. The chili may not be world famous but it is yumilicious and Moscow's best. Mongolicious omelets that even tames the violent temper of Morris U. Snideman, Esq. Stomach-expanding breakfast burritos a good alternative. Milkshakes huge again, and orgasmic. Try the coffee-chocolate-oreo mix.
Jeers:
 Have gone completely native: now offers a selection of kalyans. Starlite burger ain't a 100 percent surefire hit. Previous visit revealed an undercooked, soggy patty that had a cooked-in-

microwave feel to it. Kid-filled Sundays remind us why we've forced so many girls to have abortions.
M: #1: Mayakovskaya #2: Oktyabrskaya #3: Universitet
Phone: #1: 290-9638; #2: 959-8919; #3: 783-4037
Address: #1: Sadovaya Bolshaya ul. 16; #2: Ul Korovy val. 9; #3: Pr. Vernadskogo 6
Hours: 24 hours

Arab

Fossil

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

Asian

Aromatnaya Reka

\$
Cheers:
 eXile boku alert! This place serves it up real and tasty every freakin' time. Just tried the fresh spring rolls and they are the best in town. While the pho won't rock your world, it will keep you coming back. Meee sooo huuungry! AR's housed in a now-defunct "Americana" gay/transvestite cabaret, but don't be fooled by its new location. The waiters may be effeminate, but the 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

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Vietnamese could afford to eat here.

Jeers:

If we jeered, we'd only be showing that Americans are sore losers. So we'll go ahead and do that by saying: Don't bother ordering the steamed spring rolls or the grilled eel wrapped in spinach.

M: Baumanskaya

Phone: 267-3190

Address: Takmanov per. 11

Spicy

\$\$-S

Cheers:

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

Jeers:

No! Place should be called ass-y, as the only feeling we were left with was sadness over our utterly bland meal. Not one piece of food had any flavor to it whatsoever, let alone any spice. Couldn't find the Thai portion of the menu and later heard a rumor that it sucked so bad, they dropped it almost immediately. Too bad they didn't do the same for the Chinese part. There's a good chance their kitchen is infected by the assiness of Pourboire up the street.

M: Belorusskya

Phone: 766-2222

Address: Ul. Krasina 27, str. 1

Maki Kafe

\$

Cheers:

One of the top spots in central Moscow for surprisingly delicious food at surprisingly not-ridiculously-expensive prices. Good place to take a dyev-date. The Thai coconut soup, milkshakes, salads and even sushi rolls rank high with us or dveys we've been there with. And oh does Maki have a lotta dveys to maki up! Not that we ever would, but if you're one of those peacocking pickup artist douchebags, then you'll find plenty of girls here to laugh at you. High ceilings, spare wood interior make this unlike most pseudo-mod shitholes. All in all, we likes it.

Jeers:

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

M: Pushkinskaya

Phone: 692-9731

Address: Glinshevskii Pereulok 3

Hours: Mon-Thurs 12:00 - 00:00, Fri-Sat 12:00 - 05:00

Vietcafe

\$

Cheers:

Rockin' Vietnamese food in the very center! Hard to pronounce anything on the menu, but we'd have a hard time complaining about it either. Fo ga (160R) and pho bo (180R) soups were giant-sized and rocked our world. Mains weren't too shabby either. Babe waitresses in elegant Asian gowns gave us chubbies.

Jeers:

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

M: Okhotny Ryad

Phone: 629-1104, 629-0830

Address: Gazetny Per. 3

Yoko

ssss

Cheers:

The fish is of high quality, but...

Jeers:

If Yoko's chefs were true to their craft, they'd give Novikov a karate chop below the belt for breaking with world sushi regulations and miniaturizing Yoko's entire menu selection. Be warned, Yoko's sushi portions are two times smaller than you'd expect.

Address: Soimonovskiy proezd, 5

M: Kropotinskaya

Hours: From 12:00 till last guest

Telephone: (495)506-00-33, 506-55-33

Caucasian

Dioscuria

\$

Cheers:

Stick with the basics—lobio, eggplant roulette and dolma—and you can't go wrong. Ruble prices unaffected by Moscow boom, making Dioscurius one of the greatest bargains around! Almost as cheap as Guriya, but thrice the quality. One taste of their sturgeon shashlyk or Adzharian khachapuri (with a fried egg in the middle) and you'll be hooked. The delicious lavash bread comes piping hot, perfect for sopping up leftover juices.

Jeers:

Wild fluctuations in quality remind us of the Nasdaq. Recent lulya kebab served blackened on the outside, raw on the inside and apparently

deep fried. Still has deafening live music sung on weekend evenings. Menu doesn't quite have all the favorites (meaning dolma); sometimes the backroom mafia feel is a bit too realistic.

M: Arbatskaya

Phone: 291-3759

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

Hours: 11:00 - 23:00

Genatsvale

\$\$

Cheers:

eXile alert! Ames recently visited here, comping a free meal from wealthy retired tourists. The Arbat location is pretty gauche, but it's also pretty tasty. Bill came to \$40 a head, but the food was as good as any Georgian fare. Recent visit reaffirms that Genatsvale is good, but the prices have doubled. Delish veal shashlik. Quick service, excellent hachapuri (100R), decent harcho (120R) and mighty succulent chicken shashlick (180R). Excellent prices, a great Val-U. Also serves a massive variety of lamb and pork dishes, including ribs, knuckle, shashliki, and things we've never heard of.

Jeers:

Prices have shot way up. Hot red lobio tasted like canned Rosarita refritos, only not as good. Lamb chunks in harcho tasted like buffalo chips. Monster PA speakers blast at night; to avoid it, you have to sit at dwarf tables in the back. Expect tables packed with black-clad Georgians giving 10-minute toasts in which all guests have to stand with tired arms holding up shaky glasses of vodka.

M: Kropotinskaya

Phone: 202-0445

Address: Ostozhenka 12/1

Hours: 11:00 - midnight

Metekhi

\$

Cheers:

eXile alert! Reaffirm on food here after recent visit. Tasty shashliki, among the best khachapuri, esp the "Metekhi Khachapuri" with 2bl cheese. Still an eXile favorite. Came here with a Georgian born in Metekhi, and it made him homesick. It's THAT good, folks! Red and green lobio that actually contains fresh ingredients. All the taste of the best Georgian places without the slow service and gloomy decor.

Jeers:

Lamb shashlik a bit too fatty. Not easy to find - it's on a small side street. Cheery decor may make you feel this can't possibly be a Georgian restaurant.

M: Tsvetnoi Bulvar

Phone: 200-0837

Address: 1-i Kolobovskiy Per. 11

Hours: 11:00 - 23:00

Tiflis

\$\$-\$\$\$

Cheers:

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

Jeers:

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

M: Park Kultury

Phone: 8-499-766-9728

Address: Ostozhenka 32

Hours: 12:00 - 00:00

Eclectic

City Grill

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Cheers:

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

Jeers:

They pack you in a bit too close, meaning you

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

M: Mayakovskaya

Phone: 299-5519

Address: Ul. Sadovaya Triumfalnaya d. 2/30 Str. 1 (across from the Am Bar&Grill)

Hours: 11:00 - 02:00

Prado

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Cheers:

eXile alert! Newbie Zaitchik snubbed his nose at the only elitny restaurant the eXile recognizes by showing up late at the eXile staff party and leaving early. He preferred warm snapper to the dozen cold seafood salads laid out on the table. Can we blame him? Yes. We used to think saying you come here for the food is like telling someone you read Hustler to protect your First Amendment rights... until we ate here. It's really freakin' good, folksSo elitny they don't even have a sign out front. Unless you count all those stretch Mercs and BMWs with smoked windows a kind of sign. Inside, the place is packed full of the beau monde of Moscow. It's so gauche—including huge lamp covers that look like giant bronze sponge contraceptive—that it works. Amazingly enough, the food is excellent and reasonably priced. If they let you in, that is. Delicious raw tuna salad (400r), and surprisingly good Risotto with Asparagus and Shrimps (450r), a dish almost no one gets right in Moscow.

Jeers:

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

M: Kitai-Gorod

Phone: 784-6969

Address: Slavyanskaya Ploschad 2

European

Aist

ssss

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:

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

M: Pushkinskaya

Phone: 736-91-31/32

Address: M. Bronaya 8/1

Hours: 12:00 - 24:00

Apple Restaurant

sss

Cheers:

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

Jeers:

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

M: Teatralnaya

Phone: 928-7602

Address: 8/10 Neglinnaya Ul.

The Apartment

sss

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 freshness here. Chill, homey mood, even if this is a favorite among the elite. Great leather chairs and a ghetto for cigar smokers.

Jeers:

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

M: Kievskaya

Phone: 518-6060

Address: Savinskaya Nab. 21

Hours: 12:00 - last client

Dantes

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Cheers:

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

Jeers:

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

M: Lubyanka

Phone: 621-4688

Address: Myasnitskaya 13-3

Hours: always

Eat & Talk

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Cheers:

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

Jeers:

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

M: Biblioteka

Phone: 961-3101

Address: Mochovaya 7

Hour: 24/7

El Parador

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Cheers:

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

Jeers:

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

M: Tverskaya

Phone: 650-1623

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

Hour: Lunch 'til dinner

Guylian Cafe

ss

Cheers:

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

Jeers:

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

M: Teatralnaya

Phone: 928-7602

Address: 8/10 Neglinnaya Ul.

GQ Bar

sss

Cheers:

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Zubovsky boulevard, 27/5

NEW LOCATION

ADVERTISING

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

Jeers:

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

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

Los Bandidos

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Cheers:

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

Jeers:

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

M: Tretyakovskaya
Phone: 953-0466
Address: Bol. Ordynka 7
Hours: 12:00 - the last chico

Mulat Tomas

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Cheers:

eXile alert! Great place for quiet late-night dining in style. Get started with the free and tasty bread, then move onto the gigantic soups (c200R), which was more than enough to fill some of us up. For those still hungry, the veal mignon (790R) was divine, and the spaghetti with seafood (490R) got

high marks. The sexiest new restaurant/cafe/tusovka in Moscow, opened up by the good folks who brought us Ketama, Shyolk, and the late Mesto Vstrechi. Here you enter a den of sin, with plush blue velvet and heavy drawdrapes to close your booth. Delicious, simple menu at reasonable prices. Try the soups, the fresh-baked breads and pirozhki, delicious salads, nice choice of mains. So far no complaints, expect it to be a popular place soon.

Jeers:

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

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

Ogni

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Cheers:

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

Jeers:

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

M: Sukharevskaya
Phone: 207-1222
Address: M. Sukharevskaya pl. 8
Hours: Always

Pilsner Urquell

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Cheers:

eXile alert! Recent thumbs-up for the reliably greasy and good-sized portions at fair prices. Zaitchik praised the Cvickova meat 'n dumplings extravaganza (390R), while we found the smoked chicken a bah-gain at 325 rubles, though we didn't feel too hot afterwards. This chain is expanding quicker than Flounder's waistline! Newish Pokrovka location just like the original: good, cheap beer, and lots of greasy beer food. We real-

ly 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: Mayakovskaya, 2: Kitai Gorod
Phone: 1: 251-2023, 2: 624-7003
Address: 1: 1st Tverskaya Yamskaya 1, 2: Pokrovka 15/16
Hours: noon-midnight

The Real McCoy



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Cheers:

eXile alert! We think we saw the famed baguette de Paris sandwich back on the menu...but we left too drunk to remember. Service has been more-or-less prompt on recent weeknight visits. Always surprises us that the food is so good! And you can easily do dinner for two with booze for under 1,000R! Portion gigante-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 of meat (R400-R700) that actually come rare if you want 'em to. Don't try anything too fancy and you'll walk away completely sated. Did we mention it's the best bar in town?

Jeers:

eXile alert! Former fave 3 Amigos sampler plate now total sucks ass. Chicken wings absolutely unedible—we think they may have spent more time on the grill than on the actual chicken. Service so bad on a recent Saturday afternoon visit, we were forced to call the manager from our cell phone in order to get a waiter to stop watching soccer and take our order. We have the feeling that the high quality of the food probably doesn't hold up at drunken 6AM visits. High US embassy spook factor. Spicy the Mexican food is not. The chickpea and lamb soup (R180) needs to meet a blender.

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

Tapa de Comida



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Cheers:

eXile alert! If you're looking for a different summer veranda to dine at, definitely give Tapas a try. Two big thumbs-ups for the Gazpacho (140R) and the Sangria, which 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 sevicehe (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

Adzhanta

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Cheers:

eXile alert! A few certain friends of The eXile not known for their culinary sophistication gave this place two overpriced samosa's up. Rita the Russian date agrees. She says: "I simply love this place! Who knew that Indian food tasted so much like Russian food. I mean, we even have the same national dishes. Indians have Biryani, we have Plov. They have Samosas, we have Xachipuri. Next time, I'm gonna come here with my girlfriends. It's so expensive and has such good remont!" Good bellydancing at a non-obnoxious volume has been reported. They also take American Express so you can blow your companies cash on overpriced meals.

Jeers:

Too freakin' expensive, even if it is situated in a standalone palace. For your money, Maharajh is still the best bet in town. Rita asks: "I like it, but why do all the waiters have to be dark-skinned? Isn't this a high class restaurant."
M: Ulitsa 1905
Phone: 609-3925, 609-3701
Address: M. Gruzinskaya 23
Hours: 12.00 - midnight

Darbar

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Cheers:

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

Jeers:

The music that accompanies the dancers that pop out of the wall every half hour is a little loud. But at least it's over in two minutes.

M: Leninsky Prospekt
Phone: 930-2925, 930-2365
Address: Leninsky Pr. 38 (Top Floor of Hotel Sputnik)
Hours: 12.00 - midnight

Juggernaut



\$

Cheers:

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

Jeers:

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

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

Khajuraho

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Cheers:

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

Jeers:

Food was rather on the bland side on our last visit. Ear-shattering music accompanies a belly dancer who isn't much of a babe. How is it that Moscow's got so many great Indian options when just about every other ethnic joint in town deserves an ass? We resent having to make choices, and they don't bode well for Putin's attempt to restore order in Russia.
M: Ul. 1905 goda
Phone: 256-8136; 256-7202
Address: Shmitovskiy proezd 14
Hours: 12.00 - 'til the last guest

Maharajah

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Cheers:

eXile alert! Folks, if you're jonesing for takeout

and you live in the center, then don't even bother going 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 reigning Rajnish! New dishes like the Chana Palak, spinach with chick peas, ruled, while old fave Chicken Vindaloo had us working up a massive sweat. Service here is impeccable. An Indian friend tells us these are the best curries in Moscow, and we have to agree. Prices may be a little more than U'd like, but the quality can't be beat. Attention lactose intolerant readers: will make the palak paneer (R360) with potatoes (saag aloo) instead of cheese if you ask nicely. Great butter chicken (R510) and black lentil dal (R250). Samosa (R70 each) might not be Darbar-quality, but it's not on Leninsky, either.

Jeers:

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

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 annoying as that was, it's certainly a step up from seeing Sushifags standing in line for Gynotaki and Yuckitoria! Our ideal meal starts with some khachapuri, continues with some falafel, and then ends with some curries. Reaffirm two turbans way up on the hummus and the nan-like pita. Murg valai tikka, marinated chicken tandoor, a great bargain at 200r. Easily the cheapest Indian food in the center, and tasty too! Sex Machine gave good marks to the Murg Masala Curry (180R), and the Palak Paneer (180R). Nan bread a mere 30R, and among the best in town. Middle-Eastern menu has nice hummus (100R) and above-average falafel (30R).

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. Tabouleh 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 Ploshad 3 (Smolensky Passazh, down the pereulok on the right)

Latin

Acapulco

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Cheers:

Thank you Acapulco! There ain't that many places out there that still fit into our image of Russian restaurants: terrible, overpriced sloop that, at its best, reminds you of the concoctions that you'd whip up in 7th grade Home Ec. class. The tacos (R290) come in a star-shaped hard shell reminiscent of Chevy's mini-taco salads! When we asked for a spicy 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: Zubovskiy bul. 27/5
Hours: 12:00 to 24:00

Navarro's

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Cheers:

eXile alert! See our expand-o-update on pg 20. We just sampled Navarro's amazing weekend brunch, and folks, you won't find a better place in Moscow. Everything from succulent oysters to fresh tamales, babaganoush to freshly-sliced pork shoulder, paella, and a huge dessert spread, all for 1200 rubles. Also if you like spicy Bloody Mary, then definitely try the version at Navarro's, and you'll sweat your hangover away. Yuri Navarro, long an eXile fave, now has his own namesake restaurant not far from Santa Fe, and folks, everything here lives up to the name. Wide-ranging menu offering excellent tapas, ceviche, grilled fish and meats, salads, and even huevos rancheros for breakfast. You should start at the bar and try as many tapas, without even bothering to choose. You might come across the succulent Tiraditas de Salmon, marinated in lime, cilantro, and garlic. Fantastic quality, great desserts, all in all a place to go if you're the gourmand type or just looking to relax.

Jeers:

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

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Old Havana

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

Jeers:
Our mains were a bit cold, but the staff was willing to put them in the microwave for us. This isn't a place for quiet conversation. It's more like a people's Cuban restaurant, which is a plus for us, but not for the Salnikovs of this world. We can't really complain about much. Except maybe that the dancers were so caliente that we couldn't look at our dates anymore.
M: Volgogradskaya Prospekt
Phone: 277-0578
Address: Talalikhina Ul. 28
Hours: 24/7/265

Scandinavian

Night Flight

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

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

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

Scandinavia

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

Jeers:
Like we said, not cheap, portions not large, so Old-Europe-phobic Americans might need a little adjustment here. If you thought western I-bankers were a pre-98 phenom, you haven't been to Scandinavia recently. Hummus conspicuously missing from the menu recently, although we've been told it'll be back.
M: Pushkinskaya
Phone: 937-5630
Address: Palashevsky Mal. per. 7
Hours: 12.00 - 24.00

Steaks

El Gaucho

\$\$\$\$
Cheers:
We've been lax on trying this place since we had Doug's, but now that he's gone, we decided to try Argentinean steaks and folks, they wuz good! Forget Goodman's, El Gaucho has the best steaks in town. Sure, they're pricey, but you do get what

you pay for. Coal grill they bring out with each steak keeps your meal warm. We've eaten here twice so far, and both times we felt like we would never have to eat again. Mayakovskaya location THE place to take someone you wish to impress.

Jeers:
The Paveletskaya branch isn't all that swanky. Different branches have different menus. We can't afford to eat here more than once a year.
M: #1: Mayakovskaya, #2: Paveletskaya, #3: Krasnie Vorota
Phone: #1: 699-7474, #2: 953-2876, #3: 623-1098
Address: #1: Sadovaya-Triumfalnaya 4, #2: Zatepsky Val 6, #3: Bolshoi Kozlovsky Per. 3
Hours: 12.00 - 23:00

Goodman

WiFi
SSS
Cheers:
eXile alert! The burger that we're about to mention, yeah the tasty one that's we wanted to rock your world. Well, it's now two times in a row that they've been out of beef patties. Tverskaya has been out of them. Although Goodman's burgers are pricier than Scandinavia's at 450r without toppings, they're damn tasty and quality. The chocolate cake (270r) is better than most of our sexual experiences of the last few years. Ribs shockingly good and slide off the bone so easily you can eat 'em with a fork. Plus, they're a relative bargain at \$24. Our favorite steakhouse. They actually cook the meat as you request it, never overdoing it! Tries to be a local version of the Palms, including weary middle-aged waiters and caricatures of local famous people (including a startling likeness of our boy Sam) on the wall. Ribeye (\$34) is huge and hugely satisfying.

Jeers:
We're still waiting for a better-priced version, with better Palms-like service, of this place, but until it comes, we have to give props to Goodman's. Better make reservations on Tverskaya, as biznes is booming. Barrikadnaya branch feels like it's on the third floor of a mall, and it is.
M: a) Pushkinskaya b) Barrikadnaya
Phone: a) 937-5679 b) 981-4941
Address: a) 23 Tverskaya b) 31 Novinsky bul
Hours: 12.00 - 'til the last customer

Steak's

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

Torro Grill



SS
Cheers:
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 pulled-pork sandwich, and one of the best bowls of bean soup in Eurasia. Definitely have the freshly brewed pale ale. From the good folks who first brought us Goodman's, expect Torro to become a bigtime fave.
Jeers:
You'd jeer if you were a vegetarian.
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 Krutiyskiy per., 11
Hours: noon-midnight

Thai

Thai Thai

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

Tibetan

Tibet Restaurant

SS
Cheers:
eXile alert! This just in from our last visit: "Holy fuck is this place tasty!" With the legendary Doug Steele now at the helm, Tibet has been reincarnated to higher level of consciousness. The drab 90s decor has been replaced with something more befitting of the Putin era. But the change isn't just skin deep, it's spiritual, too, man. In addition to their kick ass Spicy Chicken Wings (eXile's personal favorite), Tibet now offers a Spicy Fried Potato dish that actually really spicy. The Mustard Sesame Chicken, the Pork With Pepper, Chicken Auido, as well as the Chicken Chili Noodles are some of the "must-try" menu modifications. But what's truly blessed is that we have been assured that

Tibet will continue stay within their previously established Val-U range.

Jeers:
That would be like bad karma.
M: Okhotny Ryad
Phone: 692-0267
Address: Kamergersky per. 5/6
Hours: noon - 23.00

Delivery/Sandwich shops

13 Sandwiches

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

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

Johnny's

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

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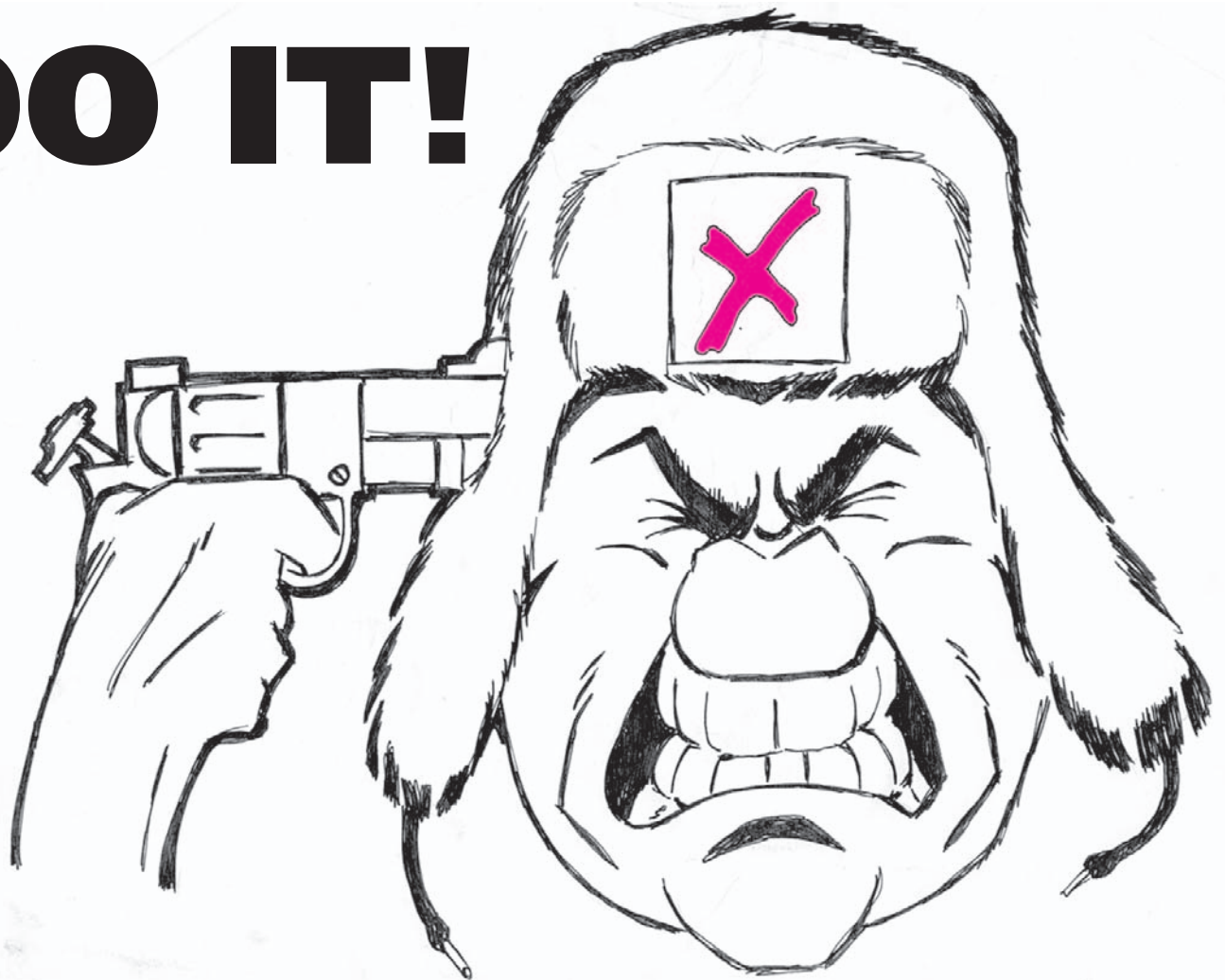
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