

## Zombie Hut

273 Smith St. (Degraw & Sackett Sts.)  
Carroll Gardens 718.875.3433



Don't be misled by the spooky name: The only monsters you'll find at Zombie Hut are the huge, potent cocktails in front of you and the evil hangover they're likely to give you later. The name refers to the signature fruity rum cocktails, like the slushy Frozen Zombie (\$5), and the tiki-bar motif that runs shamelessly throughout the place (think bamboo décor, little umbrellas, tribal masks, even a large fish tank). Late at night, the beach hangout vibe turns loungey with loud music, and the bar and couches fill up quickly with young, well-dressed patrons seeking a brief tropical escape, or perhaps looking to form alliances with fellow islanders. Go ahead and join them—if you're voted off, there are always free Goldfish crackers on the bar to console you.

## Madiba

195 Dekalb Ave.  
(Carlton Ave. & Adelphi St.)  
Fort Greene 718.855.9190



Madiba, a South African restaurant and "shebeen"—or informal drinking hall—instantly welcomes all with a relaxed, international vibe. Weekend nights, a busy and colorful scene greets you from the sidewalk or in the snug storefront lounge, where weekly musical acts perform near the tiny bar, a circular structure lit by a curious wagon-wheel chandelier. Floor-to-ceiling shelves resemble an impromptu pantry of dried (and purchasable) South African goods, Mandela posters abound, and a tricycle dangles among kinetic-themed sculptures from the rustic ceiling over the lounge's couches and tables. The bar boasts an excellent South African wine and beer list, and delicious cocktails served in Mason jars, like the nectar rum punch (\$10). Have a few of those, and you may think you're in a different hemisphere.

## Amarachi Lounge

325 Franklin Ave.  
(Clifton Pl. & Greene Ave.)  
Clinton Hill 646.641.4510



At times, Amarachi Lounge feels like an intimate, private club, where all the regulars and staff members seem to know each other. What's so impressive, then, is just how quickly unfamiliar faces are welcomed into the bar's inner circle, where Heineken rounds and Patron shots reign supreme. The small bar in the narrow front room is lined with brick walls, cheerfully strung with colored lights and hung with various African and Latin flags—a small representation of the Nigerian owners' mission to celebrate diverse world cultures in a familiar, vibrant environment. And vibrant it is, with the red-curtained, table-lined back room playing host to frequent DJs and regular events like karaoke, movie nights, fashion shows, and frisky Afro-Caribbean dance parties. By night's end, you might be a regular, too.

## Gowanus Yacht Club

323 Smith St. (@ President St.)  
Carroll Gardens 718.246.1321



There is a popular school of thought, especially in NYC's outer boroughs, that all you really need to have a good time in summer is a picnic table, a cold beer, and a hot dog. That's exactly what you'll find at this tiny, nautically themed beer garden (which everyone knows really means "pavement") with the ironic name—that and a lot of bodies, as the theory certainly holds true here. The festive atmosphere of ten borders on collegiate as the young and hip of the neighborhood (and beyond, as the bar is right on the F line) down cheap pitchers of watery beer, pausing only to stumble downstairs to the dark unisex toilet. The good old days are just a \$2 can of PBR away.

## Lobo

218 Court St. (Warren & Baltic Sts.)  
Cobble Hill 718.858.7739



The snug driftwood bar is the first thing you notice about this popular Tex-Mex restaurant—most of the dining room is upstairs and in the backyard—and it lives up to its good looks with over 50 kinds of tequila, including several infused varieties like strawberry and cinnamon. On most nights, the margaritas are fantastic, though their \$8-and-up price tags add up *may rapido*. Lest you forget the theme here, the bar is decked out in Southwestern rancho décor—sombrosos, colorful Mexican serapes, a huge pair of horns, faux cow pelts, and a few "Hey, Gringos" signs for good measure. To feel less gringo-like, shoot back some of the spicy ancho-chili-infused tequila—and then brag about it to the kitchen staff.