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#19/151 exile. P.2

The Europeans have turned against America in the War On Terror. They believe that Americans don't understand a thing about the world. That Americans are ignorant, shallow and drunk with military might. In such a people's hands, all that weaponry and the willingness to use it poses a

greater danger to the world, or more specifically to Europe, than even Osama bin Laden. America's handling of Iraq is a perfect example. "We Europeans have a profound understanding of the local people," they say. "You Americans don't even know where Iraq is located on a map."

Thus think the Europeans. Should America, and the rest of the world, listen? What is

Europe's lesson to humanity? What example have they set for the rest of us?

To answer this question, we at the eXile have decided to let ze Europeans speak for themselves. A sort of "Europe on Europe" primer. Nothing could better test the European sense of profound inter-ethnic understanding than studying

how Europeans view their very own European neighbors.

And when you do that, you something incredible: Bigotry and hatred are the bread and water of European life. This isn't a vague, impersonal hatred; rather, it's a profoundly evolved, carefully tailored hatred, a SMART Hatred if you will, tailored as tightly as a Swiss banker's shirt towards the village over the hill, where your bosom enemies live.

Through hard and thorough research (ie., by pouring beer into the throats of selected Europeans and letting them rant), the eXile has managed to isolate and map the 18 fundamental hatred genomes that Europeans carry towards their neighbors—the RNA strand of Euro-hatred, if you like. So put away your Lonely Planet guides, and pick up your Euro-Bigotry primer. It's because of European hatred that the biggest massacres in human history have taken place. And the wonderful thing is, in spite of all the post-war European talk of peace and understanding, all the bigotries still live on, waiting for the day when they can transform Europeans back from harmless disco-dancing buffoons into the murderous village brawlers they once were, and may someday be again.

So here it is, the eXile European Hatred Genome map. Our gift to you. Europe's gift to mankind.

**Key Acronyms to the European Hate Graph** 

\*CHTL = Can't Hold Their Liquor \*SDD = Short, Dark & Dirty \*NRE = Not Really European

France

Belgium

Portugal

Switzerland

Holland

deadly center are unshaken in their village hatreds. All they ask is

that the world turn its stern, moralistic gaze away for a year or so.

Italy

his

hat



Always respected as the deep, rich, thick heart of European ethnic strife, Central Europe has been in a rebuilding phase for the past half-century. A couple of four-year blood-binges took some of the fire out of the Heartlanders. These two world wars, which killed 70 million people, should be a lesson to us fans that there can indeed be too much of a good thing like ethnic hatred. Next time, Meine Herren, party hard but party safe!

\* And as the genome-map below shows, you guys haven't forgotten how to hate-or how to party hard. Yes, the old intact. The many colorful tribes of Europe's

They'll do the rest!

When you check out Europe's shooting percentages over the last century, you can see that this is a very streaky performer who may have seen better days. Only a tantalizing little spike in the casualty rate for the 90s, provided by the ever-reliable Balkans, gives hope that Europe has some carnage left to give the

world. But before giving up on the old continent, let's remember that Europe also started the 20th century in a slump, mired in a long, boring period of balance-of-power peace which was making red-blooded Europeans cranky. They missed the chance to indulge in their ancestral sport: village to village axe fights every Saturday night.

Everybody was glad when the Balkan Wars got the teams off to a bloody beginning, but not even the most wild-eyed optimists dreamed of the gore-orgy that kicked off in

.....About this European Tribe France Belgium

Germany Germany

shitty food

bad beer

repressed

bloodthirsty

cheap tippers

repressed

bloodthirsty

shitty food

bloodthirsty

repressed

bloodthirsty

1914. By the time the

last weary celebrant

trudged home five

vears later, there'd

been enough splatter

to satisfy

stupid

CHTL

thieves

stupid

backstabbers collaborators cheap tippers repressed bloodthirsty

X

bad beer

pederasts

cheap tippers

cheap tippers

collaborators

cheap tippers

thieves

smelly

lazy

stupid SDD pederasts

X

servants

smelly

pederasts

Neanderthal

bad beer make good

good beer see France

bloodthirsty bloodthirsty thieves pederasts poor stupid collaborators

Spain SDD thieves

lazy thieves stupid

shitty food

cheap tippers smelly SDD stupid

thieves make good servants

bloodthirsty

Portugal see Spain

see Spain

bad beer make good servants lazy smelly stupid monkeys

see Spain

bloodthirsty thieves

see Spain

Italy SDD thieves pederasts

thieves cowards

bad beer

cowards cheap tippers

cheap tippers X

> bloodthirsty thieves

thieves SDD

FROM VERDUN TO SREBRENICA:

YOU'VE COME A LONG WAY, BABY!

Switzerland

failed Germans collaborators

repressed collaborators backstabbers shitty food cheap tippers

bad beer

Germans in disguise cheap tippers

cheap tippers

repressed cheap tippers collaborators

repressed cheap tippers collaborators

Holland

failed Germans shitty food

backstabbers pederasts shitty food

bad beer CHTL

cheap tippers

offensively tall

pederasts shitty food offensively tall

bloodthirsty thieves

War Deaths in Europe by decade 1900 – 1910: 5,000 1911 – 1920: 20,000,000 1921 – 1930: 3,000,000 1931 - Sept. 1939: 500,000 1940 - 1949: 49,000,000 1951 - 1960: 100,000 1961 - 1970: 2,000 1971 – 1980: 2,500 1981 – 1990: 3,000

1991 - 2000: 260,000

Kreuger. And for the few who couldn't get enough, there was the Russian Civil War, a sort of afterhours club for trench junkies

Freddy

When peace of a sort broke out over Russia, there wasn't much in the way of alternative entertainment until the Spanish Civil War of the mid-30s. And even this wasn't so much a real war as a diary competition with casualties. It gave pencil-necked leftist geeks enough war stories to last several lifetimes, and provided the Luftwaffe and Red Army with excellent test conditions for their new weapons lines.

And what a wow they were, when the

1939 models hit the market. For the first time. Europeans could realize their ancient dream: not just chopping up a few of their neighbors, but annihilating every man,

woman and child of them, once and for all. The new tools found willing hands, and by 1945, Europe had managed a stunning and impressive kill record which will probably remain unchallenged in our lifetime.

But that one great decade seemed to take a lot of punch out of the aging Europeans. The 50s were a near shut-out. Sure, Europeans were dying, in places like Vietnam, Malaysia and Algeria, but we're not counting them. We're measuring blood shed on the good old continent itself. And by that measure, the 50s were a drought, with nothing but the odd Greek

commie or Hungarian anti-commie to pile on the bonfire

The 60s were no better. Europeans still hated each other as warmly as ever, but no longer had the birth rate or team spirit to go out and kill for their convictions. Nothing but the odd bomb in Belfast, assassination in Bilbao, or tank-pedestrian match in Prague livened up a

shame for Europe.

The 70s and 80s offered little improvement. A few scores in supporating ethnic margins were all the newly-wealthy, selfish Europeans could manage. So-called "wars" like the over-publicized scuffles in Northern Ireland, generated fewer casualties than a holiday weekend in Chicago. While the rest of the world bubbled over with gore, Europe just

dull and hedonistic decade-a decade of

couldn't seem to get the old groove back. And then, in the early 90s, when all hope seemed lost, the old troopers came through The Balkans, stifled by decades of Tito-peace. broke out in a brilliant improv. They were short of personnel, fuel and equipment, but they made up for it with sheer blood-lust. It was a deeply touching reminder that the true European spirit can flourish even after years of pacifist repression.

So the old continent begins a new millennium, looking with pride at the small but encouraging statistical spike provided by a quarter million dead in a new and welcome round of Balkan wars

Europe began the 20th century up to its axles in peace and then the Balkans show the way. Have the Balkans done it again a century

later, and will Europe follow their shining path? Only time will tell. But as new hate fills European hearts across the continent, the cry goes forth: "That village spoils the view!"

# .....About this European Tribe Finland European Tribe Sweden monkeys NRE Norway Neanderthals

NRE pederasts white Gods

Latvia white Gods Lithuania white Gods

Denmark

Estonia

This

backstabbers stupid CHTL CHTL

pederasts stupid

backstabbers X collaborators CHTL CHTL

white Gods white Gods

white Gods

than Swedes white Gods white Gods

white Gods

Denmark cheap booze cowards pederasts

cheap booze cheap booze

cheap booze pederasts

white Gods

white Gods

white Gods

cheap booze cheap booze poor X smelly backstabbers

white Gods white Gods smelly

From the Vikings to Abba in a mere milleniumwhat a Waterloo it's been for these Dancing Queens! Looking back at Scandinavia's slip in the ratings could make you feel as rotten as a Swede on Christmas morning!

The sad fate of Scandinavia should be a lesson to us all in how dull and stagnant life gets when Europeans try to bottle up their genetic heritage of sheer, crazy, eternal ethnic hatred. It's not that the Skannies have lost their taste for inter-ethnic bigotry. Hell, no! Pour a beer down a Dane, say "Swede" or "Norwegian" and sit back for a spittle-punctuated rant that won't stop till the

But a long course of rancid Lutheranism has made the Norse so shy of letting their wilder village hatreds run free. Only the recent entry of the three lost Baltic tribes has livened things up. And what a find the plucky Baltics were! Any European neighborhood would kill (and kill and kill) for new ethnic targets like the subhuman Latts or downright weird Lithuanians, the Unicorns of European ethnic groups.

Let's hope the new players loosen up the once-wild Baltic

Conference. C'mon, Blondykes, let's see that old form back! Just hack, Baby! Just hack-nslash...and let the Finns fall where they may! And now, to get you deepfreeze cases defrosted, is a map of the repressed hatreds you know you want to indulge!



# Europe's Lesson To The World

.....About this European Tribe European Tribe Thinks. Irish Scottish English bloodthirsty smelly stupid cheap tippers drunk bloodthirsty poor monkeys Welsh bloodthirstv smelly drunk X perverted drunk bloodthirsty all men homosexuals bloodthirsty untrustworthy Irish SDD bloodthirsty collaborators This] X perverted cheap tippers untrustworthy Scottish SDD bloodthirsty smelly untrustworthy stupid drunk

A typically lazy, drunken Irish poet said it best: "Much hatred, little room." Land is scarce but bigotry is thick as congealed porridge in the "luvverly" British Isles—a little corner of the world that taught us all that fear, terror and genocide can be the building-blocks of a great Empire. The four tribes of this tiny archipelago have managed to colonize the whole world without departing even once from their assigned roles in an ancient abusive-family drama. England does her star turn as the quietly sadistic mum, with Scotland as the overachieving, half-mad "good son" with an

expand endlessly, dissipating into the vapors of these wretched tracts of fog.

Lithuania

cheap booze

cheap booze

cheap booze

cheap booze

hot-tempered

poor smelly

poor smelly

cheap booze

cheap booze

cheap booze

unhealthy crush on mum. Ireland can be counted on to steal a few scenes as the comic-relief whipping boy, and Wales is...let's see...Wales is, er, the slut of a daughter who wandered off to...where did she go, anyway?

Try as we might, we can hardly remember a stereotype to apply to the poor old Welsh—and in the British Isles, that's a sure sign of extinction. Without your neighbor's hatred to remind you who you are, you'd

\* Note: the "shitty food" genome should be considered to apply to every square of this graph.

# EUROPEA

By Dr. Dan Higgins



The main thing about all the fucking Europeans hating each other is that it just doesn't make any fucking sense. I mean, its not like there's any real fucking differ-

ence anyways-they all dig Mickey D's and Planet Hollywood, they all drive those faggy minicars unless they can afford an SUV, there're soccer fags everywhere, and pretty much everybody that counts speaks English with a shitty accent. It's all just a fucking act.

It reminds me of how all the Phi Delts said they hated the other frats even though really we'd all party together. Everyone knew it was bullshit but you still had to keep up appearances.

What it really fucking comes down to, is that they hate each other because they aren't

ing hard to be more and more like us. Look at it like this: all the frats would stop talking shit about whichever one was throwing a big fucking party with free beer. Europe's interested in America just like the frats were interested in the beer. It fucking unifies them. Only, whereas the frats would alternate who threw the keggers, no European country can be America. Like there's only one Sigma Chi, and then a whole bunch of Alpha Delt dorks.

poor

So the fucking differences aren't even that different. Europe is just a shittier, second rate version of America. There's nothing you can find there that you can't find at a mall in the US, but there's all sorts of shit in the US you can't find in Europe. All the cities have that European look to them, all the toilets can't clean the shit off of the sides when you flush, everybody lives in a little fucking apartment with no elevator and spends tons of fucking money on shitty little cups of cofExcept in price.

Another way you know it's an act is, if they fucking can't stand each other so much, why the fucking euro? I mean, do you think Americans are impressed? Quit pretending and just use the fucking dollar, don't go making some new stupid looking bills with fags whose names I can't pronounce on them.

I know there's a whole shitload of reasons for the envy. Think about it-imagine if you had to admit that Hard Rock blows away every restaurant in your city. Wouldn't you want to live in the fucking US of A, where you can let it all hang out?

The worst thing though is that the European women all wear scarves around their fucking necks and they don't fucking put out. I mean, they make American bitches seem like target practice.

My only point is that Europeans need to fucking quit pretending like each country is unique. It's not like it's fooling any fucking body. So why the fuck do they bother? I guess that's another reason they're fucking inferior.

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This was it: site of the Eastern Front, the unchallenged Superbowl of European ethno-violence, where the big boys had it out not once, but twice, to see whether the concentration camps of the future would be decorated in black or

red. Yessir: from the long hot summer of 1914 to the Spring of '45, the trains rolled across these endless plains, carrying the crosscurrents of a thousand village feuds with them. The big question mark here was what would happen when the Soviet oppressors repressed Easties' natural longing to kill their neighbors-or at least poison their dog while nobody was watching.

Welp, when the Evil Empire was rolled back, and its repressive peace overthrown, it turned out that the Easties' deep genetic hatreds had survived intact! One of the first dividends of the new era of freedom was the sight of ordinary folks from Bratislava to Gdansk expressing themselves, demanding the renewal of ancient, revered blood-feuds. Viewers thrilled to hear minor tax disputes enlivened by old village war-cries like, "These Slovaks are drinking our blood!" or "Where a Ukrainian has passed, not even a Yid can find a crumb!"

Today ethnic hatred flourishes on the air, in the streets and along all the complicated borders of this colorful old madhouse we know as "the Big, Bad East."

#### .....About this European Tribe Poland Czech Rep.

Czech Rep.

Poland

Slovakia

Hungary

Ukraine

Moldova

Russia

Tribe

European

What

Monkeys thieves

thieves

thieves\_

Johns

thieves

CHTL

backstabbers

backstabbers

hard-currency

backstabbers

collaborators

cowards repressed

collaborators

repressed cowards collaborators

backstabbers collaborators cowards

repressed collaborators repressed

hard-currency Johns

backstabbers collaborators

Hungary

monkeys X

make good servants

white Gods

hard-currency Johns

Consider us European SDD\_NRE

monkeys

NRE thieves backstabbers

Clean!

hard-currency

Johns witches Ukraine **NRE** 

poor CHTL

monkeys

NRE lazy

> make good make good servants servants

hard-currency Johns

thieves poor stupid lazy smelly

CHTĹ

monkeys

Moldova

monkeys

monkeys

monkeys

poor SDD

thieves

poor Smell like garlic

bloodthirsty poor CHTL

Russia

**NRE** 

poor CHTL

NRE CHTL

monkeys

bloodthirsty NRE CHTL shitty food

hard-currency Johns

No worse than real Europeans

"Have village, will burn." That's the ancient motto of the Balkans, where old habits die hard, and so do neighboring ethnic groups.

While the actual tally of dead in the innumerable Balkan wars pales in comparison to the rest of Europe, the per capita slaughter is unparalleled. The Serbs, for example, lost a quarter of their population in both world wars. The sheer savagery of the massacres, which tend to be "hand-made" rather than "factory-made" as in the rest of Europe, charm and delight with their primeval European

Thanks to the Balkans, the rest of Europe feels itself to be pretty damned civilized, no matter how many tens of millions it's slaughtered.

The Balkan people, on the other hand, can take pride in the fact that they're the last Europeans to put their Kalashnikovs where their mouths are. While the rest of Europe's hatreds rarely result in anything more than drunken shouting matches, the Balkans still kill, rape and burn each other's villages every time a "lazy, stupid Bosnian" or a "thieving Albanina monkey" dares to accuse a Slav of being a "bloodthirsty Neanderthal." The only thing that has ever worked in the Balkans is stationing outside forces—once the Turks, today NATO. But that's like putting a band-aid on a severed artery.

With conflicts still smoldering in Macedonia, Albania and Southern Serbia, we're willing to bet that there'll be village bonfires a-burnin in the Balkans until extermination do them part.

.....About this European Tribe Croatia Albania Serbia

Slovenia Rumania

Bulgaria

Macedonia Bosnia/

Muslims

monkeys KILLI

KILL! collaborators cowards NRE

pretty shoes pretty shoes make good make good masters masters

bloodthirsty collaborators

bloodthirsty backstabbers

**NRE** 

Greece Albania NRE NRE thieves

backstabbers

monkeys backstabbers SDD smelly tattletales

thieves NRE thieves

thieves monkeys poor pederasts

thieves NRE

Serbia NRE Neanderthals monkeys

KILL! Peace-loving too trusting

bloodthirsty

pretty shoes

make good masters

bloodthirsty

Slovenia cheap tippers

monkeys in suits KILL!

collaborators

pretty shoes

make good masters repressed

repressed cheap tippers Rumania NRE

Gypsy monkeys KILL!

SDD poor thieves

NRE

make good

masters poor smelly SDD

poor SDD

Bulgaria Macedonia NRE

not really Macedonian

KILL!

lazy

smelly stupid SDD

NRE

SDD

poor stupid not really Macedonian

KILL!

NRE

NRE pretty shoes

make good masters

make good servants

Bosnia/Muslim NRE

KILL!

not really Bosnian

NRE

pretty shoes

make good masters

stupid big heads

# he Evolution of the Eurofag

It's easy to recoil in disgust at the sight of Eurofags (EF's) drifting like discarded restaurant coupons through the vulture and the liver fluke, the Eurofag has a place in Nature's great scheme. As a wise philosophe once said, "To under-

stand is to forgive, within reason." The next time you see a EF wavering along, remember that his strange habits and markings are only an attempt to mimic the vanished European upper class. Above all it is the slow, bored gait of the EF which ape the motions of the lost aristocracy. Aristocrats could afford to dawdle; peasants spurred by starvation and the knout, moved at a shambling trot. Thus the EF moves like a sloth through molasses and does his best to hide all emotions except a faked ennui-unless the topic of beer and the merits of various national brands comes up, in whichcase the proletarian gene-base of the EF can become startlingly, even dangerously, clear. Observers are advised to leave the area if EF males begin discussing beer.

The faux ennui also vanishes when the EF reaches his preferred habitat, the cheesy disco, which according to some anthropologists summons racial memories: peasant ancestors gazing in awe at the bright, candle-filled ballrooms of their betters.

The odd wardrobe favored by EFs also evokes the vanished elite. Before plastic was invented, shiny objects such as gold streets of once-great cities. But like the sunglasses, polished shoes and silk shirts were the exclusive privilege of the wealthy. The peasant's garb came in only one shade: mud. Thus the EF feels an instinctive link between gleaming objects and high status and will often "hoard" flotsam such as kruggerands, dacron and hair mousse.

The white cocaine-moustache often

seen on EFs at their mating rituals is also

an attempt to mimic the vanished

Lordlings. The most irksome traits of the

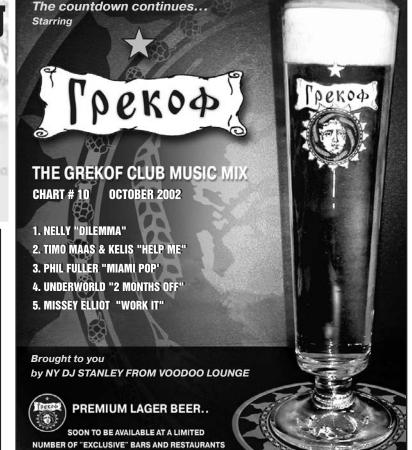
drug-its absurdly high price per dose and short duration—is a form of tribal display, or Potlatch. Often the EF will choose to forego food, shelter or Evian to maintain the precious moustache.

So although it's easy to dismiss the EF's gaudy displays, remember that they are only a sincere and perhaps rather sad attempt to evoke a grandeur the EF never really possessed and only dimly imagines. So rather than swerving into the next EF who drifts across your path, let the creature live out its time in a hostile, bewildering world.



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Last name, first name, middle name
Social security number Passport number
Credit card number (Visa/American Express/Master Card)  Expiration Date
Billing Address
Door code
1. Type of krysha  Sports mafia Caucasian gang Local Militsia Precinct  My Russian Friend I don't need it, I'm a Westerner
2. Type of sex solicited  ☐ Night Flight ☐ Boar House ☐ eXile classifieds ☐ Open-air whore markets ☐ Locally hired receptionist ☐ Provincial runs
3. Masturbation material  Memory of 1987 Phi Delt Luau kegger Men's Health Vne Zakona Anshlock host Regina Dubovitskaya Uborshitsa who cleans your office every morning Uborshitsa and her daughter
4. Amount of income declared 4.1 In home country:
4.3.1 Under which mattress is this money kept hidden
4.4 Amount of money in offshore banks
5. How many abortions (excluding use of the Morning After pill) have you financed while in Russia?  1-2 3-4 On first name basis with doctors at local polyklinik Can't keep up  5.1 In how many did you spring for anesthesia?  5.1.2 Did she express proper appreciation for the extra money spent on anesthesia?
5.1.3 If she did not express gratitude, how did you punish her?
6. Degree of competency in Russian  Able to navigate Moscow Metro Able to order Jack's  Able to use gypsy cabs Enough to know Ira really loves you  Enough to know Ira doesn't love you
7. Bribes 7.1 Reason for paying: DUI Ran over a pedestrian Ran over 2 pedestrians Didn't shave Caught on Red Square without passport Really thought she was 16 7.2 What is the largest bribe you have ever paid? 7.3 What is the largest bribe you would be willing to pay?
8. Starlite Oktyabrskaya Mayakovskaya 8.1 When you go to the Starlite, do you read the menu every time, even though you go there 3-5 times a week?
9. Percent of your salary your firm pays an equally qualified Russian  16%-25% 5%-15% They should be honored to gain Western skills
10. When abroad, how do you describe Russia?  No worse than Europe Cesspool Whorehouse Great investment
11. Why you don't leave Russia  Loser back home INTERPOL Herpes Go where CIA sends you  Grown fond of Tomato-Cucumber-Mayonnaise salads

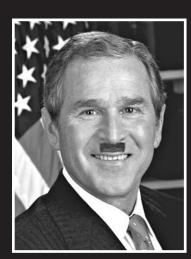
12. What do you think of president V.V. Putin?

☐ Very sexy ☐ Like Washington, Jefferson and Lincoln in one Man

Press too tough on him Might deserve occasional criticism

Days before the close of the recent German parliamentary elections, Herta Daeubler-Gmelin, the Justice Minister serving in Minister Gerhard Prime Schroeder's Social Democrat-led government, compared United States President George Bush to Nazi tyrant Adolf Hitler.

At a speech she gave to a labor union, Ms. Daeubler-Gmelin reportedly said, "Bush wants to distract attention from his domestic problems. That's a popular method. Even Hitler did that."



We find this comparison not only outrageous, but worse, grossly unjust. It is absolutely unconscionable to equate Adolf Hitler to George W. Bush—and no one should be more aware of this than a German government official.

Let's just compare. When Adolf Hitler took office in early 1933, there were over 6 million Germans out of work; in 1935, that number was already well under 3 million, dropping to under 1 million by the end of 1936. German industrial production soared in Hitler's early years; after steep declines from 1930-1932, Hitler's state-interventionist policies, combined with tax incentives, reversed that trend, so that by 1935, German production roared past its previous record peak in 1929.

tion, reversing a decade of ecomoney away from both capital

investment and state spending, both of which are sorely needed. In short, under Bush, America's economy has entered a free-fall.

The differences don't stop there. Hitler built the autobahns, transforming Germany's and the world's transportation. He ushered in an era of exciting new uniforms. Closet homosexuals found gainful employment in the highest rungs of government, and an outlet to vent their frustrations with the world. It is also thanks to Hitler that the briefly fashionable square-shaped mustache will never, ever come into vogue again.

George W. Bush built a single baseball stadium in Arglington, Texas. Amtrak and America's airlines are bankrupt, putting transportation into its worst crisis in history. The days of casual wear are out the door, while America's homosexuals are pouring out of the closet and into the open at coalition, causing annoying arguamong ments

trekkers at youth

hostels the world over. Hitler was a captivating speaker, inspiring throngs of Germans to lift their right arms at a 45-degree angle; Bush has difficulty remembering each and every tiny little syllable, causing American intellectuals to curl the right sides of their mouths into what is known as a "sneer."

2.10.02

16.10.02

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In war, their differences are even sharper. When no one attacked Germany, Germany would attack and destroy them. When Saudi Arabia attacked the United States and slaughtered 3,000 people in the worst defeat in US history, Bush helped to shuttle the bin Laden family out of America while deferentially referring to the Saudis as "our friends." Hitler introduced the blitzkrieg; Bush introduced the

# JSH-HIII COMPARISON UNIUST

Under President Bush, the American unemployment rate has rocketed more than 50%, and layoffs continue to mount. The US economy entered a recession within months after Bush's inauguranomic boom. Industrial production is falling, and skewed tax breaks that favored the wealthy have opened a gaping deficit, siphoning

record rates, threatening to over-whelm our large cities. Moreover, goatees are still all the rage, in spite of the fact that the gritty poverty the goatee represents is no longer so ironic.

Probably the most fundamental difference between them was that Hitler was a completely selfmade man. He came out of poverty and rose to the top with no help from his father. It's a classic rags-to-death-camps story, the stuff legends are made of. Bush, on the other hand, bumbled and boozed his way into riches and power purely through the guid-ing hand of his father and his father's oil friends, a hand he's only dimly aware of. George Bush Jr. suffers from the sort of genetic degeneration that eventually doomed the aristocrats of Europe, such as the Hapsburgs and the Romanovs; in the Bush family, W clearly has the droopy eyes and blank expression of an inbred son with recessive genes.

There's more. Hitler was the first to unify Europe under a common currency and single foreign policy, inspiring the European Union of today; Bush's unilateralism has split the international

strongly-worded UN resolution. Hitler believed in astrology; Bush believes in Southern Baptism. Hitler liked to plan invasions; Bush likes golf.

Hitler was scary. Bush is silly. Hitler scowled. Bush smirks. Hitler started out as a painter. Bush began as a partier. Hitler preferred to rest in a picturesque mountain retreat. Bush prefers the arid wasteland of Crawford. Hitler's unit was uncut; Bush's is cut. Hitler spoke German. Bush speaks English. Hitler's wife was named "Eva." Bush's wife is named "Laura." Hitler's last name began with an "H." Bush's last name begins with a "B."

In spite of these innumerable differences, both Bush and Hitler do share one thing in common: when the enemy attacks, both seek the maternal, womb-like comfort of deep underground bunkers, from which they issue their historic proclamations to their people-Hitler's call to fight to the last German, Bush's call to get back into the shopping malls. This one similarity, however, does not justify Ms. Daeubler-Gmelin's comparison.

Or does it? Only time will tell.

#### **CORRECTION**

The Remedial Slander column that appeared on page 20 in Issue #18/150 and targeted Czechs was not nearly harsh enough. The author failed to note the uncanny desire of the Czechs to identify themselves as members of a bland pan-European race pitched by corporations so as to reduce market fluctuations. As such, the Czechs have committed genacide against themselves and are the spiritual decendants of the Nazis, particularly in their efforts to cleanse Europe of Slavs. The editors appologize for the author's inablitity to see this.







# The Horse Fountain



#### By Edward Limonov

When the sun was hot, I used to go watch the changing of the guard at Manezh. There's this one place there. You need to stand on the promenade over the fountain with the horses and look down. Moscow girls wander around there, from teens on up. They gather, the daring ones shout, or drink the fountain's spray. If they're in a group they carry themselves more boldly: they'll poke each other, splash water, laugh, squeal. If the wind is blowing, it always scatters water on them, and their nipples show clearly through their shirts. Young animals—they are very fine.

In Moscow there are so few distractions and chances to show off your body, its borders, passion, tenderness. Nine months a year everyone walks around wrapped up to the throat in winter coats. The shorter it is the more valuable— that phantasmagoric summer time. And there's this corner where a man of my age can observe those frisky young figures unnoticed. Incidentally, I wasn't the only one going there; I haven't gone anywhere alone since September 18, 1996. My Party surrounded me. As the boys' general, I oversaw their changing of the guard. Lokotkov was the oldest. He died in May, 1999. We burnt him at a crematorium. He was 28.

At the end of March 1998, when I arrived from Novosibirsk, I knew that I had lost Liza. Her trust-shattering lies had become unbearable. I didn't want to share

Manez her with anybody. And she wanted to share charming girl, twelve years old. On June 20 herself. She specifically liked that. We broke

up over the telephone on March 26. Under her multilayered voice bubbled a man's voice. She was with somebody, and let her be! I told myself, calling a girl, Vasilisa from Vologda. She helped me recover from the loss and then left for Vologda. Spring began and I went to Manezh

during Kostya's watch. It was unclear if Kostya approved of his leader's behavior or not— he didn't say. Kostya was a migrant worker from Ukraine, from outside of Zaporozhya, a city called Energodar. In the past, he had been a builder, butcher, actor and Soviet soldier serving in Germany. He had slept in the barracks of the old SS tank division, the Death's Head. His appearance wasn't welcoming: a shaved head, the face of one of Gering's Hitler Youth. Kostya was utterly impassive, never revealing whether or not he approved of his leader's lustful outings; I laughed myself, saying that I had come "in search of young sluts."

When Limbus Press publishing house backed out on me, their representative invited me to write a new book for them. I asked for a \$10,000 advance and, laughing, told him that I had a plan and a title. The representative was interested. I told him the book would be called In Search of Young Sluts. The phone was silent for some time. I think I had surpassed their wildest hopes.

Continuing in an affected manner, I carefully diagrammed my current mood, explaining that I specifically wanted an open young slut. Irritable and accessible, happy and adroit, like a monkey, depraved and limber. I wasn't lying! That project with Limbus Press didn't work out. Kostya and I kept hanging around Manezh. My eyes roamed around. The choice was huge. An entire market of youthful creatures. I think they went there with the secret purpose of finding themselves a buyer.

I had one difficult relationship with a

a charming girl was supposed to bring some things to me. In the evening. But it just so happened that that day, that morning, in fact, I came across Nastya's party card, with her photo and age. And that was that. There was no reason to go hunting young sluts anymore. Why bother, when a perfect child had appeared among my own followers? A child has everything. A young slut. Light.

Damn, how she worried me...how I lusted after her! We didn't do it until August. We did everything but. I know people usually think I, the libertine, seduced her. But who seduced whom? I don't know what prison will make of me, what I'll be when I leave it, but in 1998 I was an attractive middle-aged guy with well-defined features, hollow cheeks, bangs that fell on my forehead, echoing in the ears of young girls. The editor of an edgy youth newspaper, the leader of a revolutionary party. Who else should a young talented girl— a girl who chose a book of Bosch reproductions when I invited her to select a present—fall in love with? Who else? We fit each other perfectly. And, of course she was wild. But she was already showing signs of autism, she didn't love people. She declared her love for Chikatilo, but that was all a pose, or the prelulde to a pose. She was too eager to come off as extreme.

We walked around a lot that summer. I broke the Party rules. I went with her to Manezh and she led me to the horse fountain herself. In front of the horses there is this fine circular reservoir with jets. She and I would spend hours there, on the edge: sun and water around us, in the center of the roar. Everyone around us smiled. A touching scene: a teenage girl— white knees in ripped jeans, rosy cheeks, light bangs...and her attractive, fit father. A musician, perhaps. As people say: like a pianist... Papa strolling with his daughter. The daughter hugs papa around his neck, trying to push him under the spray, and falls in herself. Everyone's happy. What a frisky girl... she stands up wet. She laughs.

"Edward, I... want ice cream..."

That summer she was 16, and she looked about 11, maybe 13. She had tried speed a couple of years before and, as she said, she "almost lost her roof forever."

God, how many of her poses remain with me: head down, sideways, hair in the water, cheeks blowing, releasing little bubbles. She wore a rose vial with a spray of bubbles on her neck. I remember when we went to meet with some Party members from out of town at Kropotkinskaya metro: she brought a monkey on a leash! Lokotkov was disturbed only for a moment. The Party members looked on in horror. I confess that I did not go out of my way to clarify the situation. Maybe she was my daughter— the daughter who is methodically teasing her monkey while the Party members and I, drinking around a table at a bar, discuss the Party's problems. Finally she got angry; she was so small, the high table was as tall as she was. She couldn't sit with us as equals. That's why she got mad.

We spent a whole season there by the fountain. The spray glazed all those idiotic fairytale characters: the fisherman and the fish, along all that bronze foolery rashly erected at the walls of the Kremlin. She and I were grateful for that place...I won't write any more...I'm stopping. I'm hurting...It's such a hot July.

Edward Limonov, former eXile columnist, author of over 20 books and leader of the extremist National-Bolsheviks Party, is currently on trial in Saratov. He has been charged by the FSB with terrorism, attempting to raise an army to invade Kazakhstan and pocession of illegal weapons and faces more than 20 years in prison convicted. PEN International has condemned his trial.

# Remedial Slander: Ecuador

much: how come you got the Galapagos Islands? Darwin leave them to you in his

Liars, you swamped them, shuffled into them when the clippers blushed. Get away from those islands. You'll just get them dirty.

You Dickensian mulch. Map-gap filler. Broodpen for illegal Brooklyn sous-chefscheaper than Mexicans, you'll scrovel closer to el piso moiado. Cower under a grill at the sight of a Migra suit, then pop up to shave more underdone tuna slices to skinny loud art-sows. Who will deny to the end

that they tape Sex & the City.

Mate them, Mestizo. Mate y ma-te them: fiddle their stringy throats with that pricey Deutsch parer.

Sing an Ecuador anthem, bang through the kitchen door, a mariachi promenade up to her, kick her chair down and mate the sad art-sow fast.

Be doing her a favor. Wants to get it over with, the "wit" she's just smart enough to be ashamed of. Probably thank you while your cousin wipes the Gucci tiles.

The man with her? There is no. There are no. Men. Maybe in Ecuador. But that's cause you're slow.

Better go to a cell upstateprison than what you do now: go home to your growing family. Your aspirations. Their aspirations. Dickensian details.

Been done. Needs cutting.

Viva nothing. Viva a stray piece of map, sub-slave annex to Peru.

Miserable to think you have some Liberator and a history.

God, there's probably a parliament building where the air conditioning stopped working when the last German war criminal died. With fake-native murals. Vistas of the people: Eisenstein peasants in greasepaint, called to battle.

El battle of something to decide who gets to inseminate the silent Quechua girls. And be profiled on the centavos.

The local Liberador in high collar or the Viceroy in Spanish black. Each with a hundred thousand badly-painted peasants in greasy white.

A hundred years of mural fodder. Then another hundred.

Right now, in pointless Ecuador, the horde children of your termite birthrate are busy memorizing the story of that battle. Eager sweethearts, such perfect teeth. The better to chew the last of the Amazon, the sacred macaw clay cliffs of the Manu. The better to skin the last giant otter, pawn the last Jaguar liver to impotent chip billionaires

Then the silence and thinking: I have to be an Ecuadoran, I have to be in Ecuador all

All day? The whole day?

Unbearable. You'd have to be Han or Eskimo, anything but Ecuadoran, for an hour or so. How though-without cable?

Books? Passports, like the librarian

But they'd have to be translated. Bah, into that gracias patois where everything sounds warm, a little stupid.

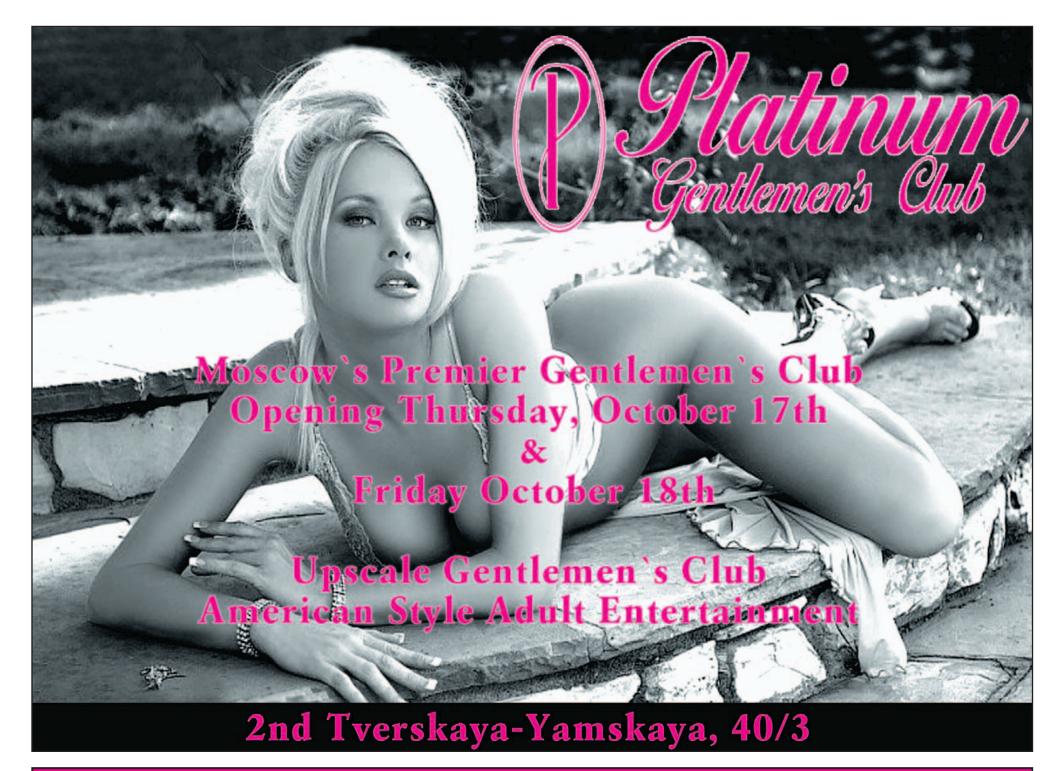
Enough background, pretend sympathy. Just bring the burrito.

And it better not be iguana. Or the wingmeat from one of Darwin's sacred finches. Don't touch those islands, peasant, canecutter, breed-biped.

Better bishops than yours are buried







#### SPECIAL PULL-OUT SECTION I2-PAGE



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

- 1. the eXile's E-Z nightlife pull-out section
- 2. Guest columnist Sergei Kukura on Moscow's happenin'est street!
- 3. Must-see eXile plays the whores photo essay!
- p. 12 4. Special Eurofag-friendly Recommendations, with Nina Hagen and Kid Loco!
- 5. Schwartz replacement Goldberg reviews Liz's latest, Zia!
- 6. What happens when nice girls like bad movies? Find out in Manic Mark!

## **Watering Holes**









Phone: 207-9178

**Hours:** 12.00 - 2.00 weekdays, 'til the last customer on weekends

#### Art Garbage







Cheers: Grrrrreat place to cool off and gawk at the talent. Our 5-Year Plan Party showed those Capitalist aggressors a thing or two. Ames deflowered a virgin: Rudnitsky got his mojo back; Flounder got sold for a whopping R305; someone wendeled a dvey from Babushkinskaya in the bathroom! Our party said to be the best DP show in recent men ory! Cheap-O prices and central location are good reasons to check

this piace out...

Jeers: They kick eveyone out at 6. More rooms than the Tretyakov
Gallery. Not easy to navigate in a wheel-chair. Sure Shot party undermined any remaining respect we had for our readers.

M: Kitai Gorod

Address: Starosadsky ner 5/6 Phone: 928-8745

Hours: 10.00 - 6.00

#### Boar House, Doug + Marty's









Cheers: Still the most dangerous way to spend Weds. Doug's bring-ing back countdown Mondays — you know what that means: lots of booze for not a whole lot of money! The Sex Machine met a dyev here who said, "I'm not wearing any underwear." She was free. \$100 whore dragged home by another eXile staffer a few weeks ago showed up uninvited at his apt several days later looking for a pearl necklace 'cause she was "in the neighborhood." Might be most happenin' club cause site was in the neighourhour. Wight be must happenin dub on Weds, in town, and some of the dyevs are actually only looking for a good time! The legendary Doug (of Hungry Duck fame) holds court every night among a rollicking, drunken, fun-loving, and occasionally smelly group of motley expats, Russians, and those somewhere mysteriously in between. For eXpats, this club is legendary.

Jeers: The Val-U/Cheap alternative to Night Flight for guys who hate dressing up. Marty's gone, yet his name remains...(Or is that a cheer? He is English, after all.) Tuesdays should be called "No-More-Whores" He is English, after all.) Tuesdays should be called "No-More-Whores days. Dirty old whoring ex-pats provide a glimpse into your future. Very eXpat heavy, including eXpatellas.

Cover: 60R ladies, 100R men
M: Kurskaya

Phone: 917-9986/-0150

Addenses: 700Npanel Vol. 36

Address: Zemlyanoi Val 26 Hours: the subject of some debate





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Cheers: eXile alert! Girls, girls, girls seven days a week! Proportions never been better, although it helps to be an African. Earned eXtra fahkie star after recent post-dinner visit by Schwartz revealed a packed dance saar ainer recent pust-unimer wisit by convalue revealed a packed under floor without a single guy on it! Getting laid here is easier than fishing in the frozen food section! Management doesn't seem to care how drunk you are! Even weekends are slut-intensive until closing. The place is boppin-packed with "solidny" clients. Tuesday Ladies' Nights filled with dyevs during the strip show. Strippers and whores like going here on their "night off." Colorful layout with two bars whipping up tropical cock-istils. live music, and a separate super-delibr restaurant. Has couches. tails, live music, and a separate super-delish restaurant. Has couches TV monitors to watch bands. Eclectic crowd includes students, Africans Jeers: Failed gambit by Rudnitsky at 05.30 recent Sat. led to nothing but a handful of ass and a telephone #. Could the girls here be getting

prudish? You may have to dance to have a chance. Chicks can be business class—and \$\$\$. Plastic palm leaves sometimes get in your face. M: Iretyakovskaya Phone: 238-5006/5017 Address: Raushskaya nab. 4

Hours: 18.00 - 6.00



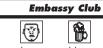




mama. Lots of students who don't study much. If the club is boring, you can always go upstairs and bowl. Organizers get an "A" for effort. Jeers: May be a closet gay club. Pretty fucking expensive considering

Cover: 100B, chicks free before midnight (no cover Thurs & Sun)

Address: Leningradsky shosse 16 (inside Champion)







Cheers: Steve has been nicer than ever, offering us more free drinks. Still sets the standard in cigar bars. Walk-in humidor makes you feel like you are somebody. Enough Scotch to start a civil war. Set the

ince you are someous, Enough scotten to start a own war. Set me standards in nice toilets. If you're rich and you want to feel that way, then this is the place to chill with your rich friends.

Jeers: Carter's trip to Cuba might take the fun out of smoking Cubans.

Ashtrays have an anti-cigarette bias. Fake bookcases could be subject to "Moving Together" action. Ground zero for Moscow's hamsters.

Phone: 229-7185

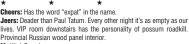
Address: 8/10 Bruyusov per. (follow the signs from Tverskaya)

#### **Expat Club**









M: Kitai-Gorod Cover: Not sure; ask again later Phone: 298-5414; 298-5404 Address: Pevchesky per. 4 (off Solyanka)

Hours: 12.00 - 6.00 





Cheers: We're always so wasted by the time we make it here, we can't even remember what deserves mention! That's gotta be a cheer! Go here after sunrise and you might think yourself transported back to pre-crisis Moscow, when people partied like it was 1999. Packed with talent and girls getting off from their shifts at Nightflight. Plenty of friendly neighborhood Swedes. Also a great place to start the evening for pre-all-nighters, or for after work unwinding with the civilized folk Jeers: Some freak Jew slipped past security and tried to recruit the Jeers: Some treak Jew Slipped past security and tried to recruit the Sex Machine as a Gerbal Life salesman. DPS: Relischmann turned away at door because management didn't want any 'ne nash'. Chicks can be Olde Skewl. Can get tight when crowded; bourgeois. Wildly unpredictable "face control" sometimes leaves you shaking your head in confusion once you get inside and see the other dorks who got in. Cover: None (Third Reich Face Control)

Phone: 209-1848 Address: Ul. Tverskaya 15/2 Hours: 24 hours

<u> The</u> Cheers: Chix not quite as ugly as U remember! We saw one gal get totally nekkid and fingered on the bar last Tues! There is still hope for

**Hungry Duck** 



Phone: 924-5611

Cheers: Said to be happening again. Musical Director Nosh is huge in Australia. You go, girl! Their Georgian food isn't exactly going to solve the long-running Caucasus feuds, but the Georgian-style Solyanka (80R) is fantastic and large, and the khachapuri is fresh and far better

Putin's Russia! Still boasts girls that are illegal even by Russia's lax standards! It's always some dev's birthday at the Duck. As always, the best place to have a chick pass you her phone number while deep throating some guy. And home to the patented Duck Look, whose by

throating some guy. And home to the patented Duck Look, whose hyp-notic powers allow sweaty expired men with unbuttoned shirts to take home over-the-hill Lolitas and shag their brains out.

Jeers: High tumbleweed factor on a recent Tuesday night ladies night. Not a sound was heard coming fromthe bar, and it was already 10:30. Isn't that when the slutz are supposed to be boozing and waiting for statutory rapists? Toxic BO cloud remains even when the club is empty. The strip show is now almost exclusively waxed men-few chicks pulled out of the crowd, none disrobed, and nothing even remotely resembling a wendeling on stage. Most of the shoving and remotery resembling a wendeling on stage. Most of the snowing and pushing isn't girls trying to grab you, but men running to the toilet to expel an alien from their innards. Old bearded men think that they can talk to you just because you share a common language. Short-lived eXile chick columnist Mona Anderson attempted to have a repulsive bisexual experience with some sad Canadian dude.

M: Kuznetsky Most Phone: 923-6158

Address: Pushechnaya ul. 9 (next to Kuznetsky Most Metro) Hours: 12.00 - 6.00

#### Kitaisky Lyotchik







Cheers: Popular among "deep" foreign high school kiddies! Lyotchik has expanded, adding a cozy crepe room with English-style wallpaper nas expanieud, aduning a cozy crepe room wini Eriginis-style wanipaper, and an extra back chill-out equipped with great red ass-pillows. One of the few authentic bohemian tusovki, brought to you by famous god-mother of the Moscow tusovka Irina Papernaya. Imagine Krisis Zhanra, only better: it's open all the time, serves quality cheap food, and shows quality live music. Located in the basement of a pre-Revolutionary building right near the Kitai-Gorod metro station. Try the soups and catton close of various designs of the control of the cont potato dishes. Young waitresses with very few visible sores or bruises. Jeers: High mungy student factor, lots of goatees, greasy hair and people who read Bukowski. Sound quality on par with a Brezhnev-era Elektronika 8-track. Filled with girls who are alternative just to fee Elektronika 8-track. Hiele with gins who are atternative just to reel comfortable about their fat rolls and probably love Peaches. Won't let you sit at a table unless you order food, even if the place is mostly empty. Slight culture clash with the disco, but hey, who's complaining? The occasional androgynous person confuses even Roundeye. Charge entrance on weekdays if bands play.

Cover: 100R for concerts (none before and after) M: Kitai-Gorod

Address: Lyubanksy proyezd 25

Hours: Not quite 24 hours

#### Krisis Zhanra





than Mama Zoya's. Come here and mellow out to some cool, live tunes with the rest of Moscow's Boho-intelli crowd. Good place to sit and act alienated, waiting to be discovered by someone.

Jeers: Higgins dissents types looking for THE too early. Boring, pretenti

ina thina: one concert he g thing: one concert ne singing folksy tunes in e new-age guys talking to dynamic in sex. Alterna-ds attract hordes of stune e. Plenty of Lonely Planet

p. 8 p. 11

p. 17

Cover: None Phone: 241-1928

#### Kult





Cheers: Leave big tips and you can take over 'reserved' seats. Moscow's best tusowka. Ames's drunken date tipped over a table from the elevated VIP area right noto the cheap seats in the center of the club, yet they didn't throw him out. Are these guys democratic or what?! Excellent place to take your young date if you don't want to drop too much money on her but you do want to impress her. No two waitresses are the same! Fashionable Moscow DJs work here regularly, for anyone interested enough to care. Reasonably priced place for horn

anyone interested enough to care. Reasonably priced place for horn-rimmed glasses crowd. DJ spins good music not loud enough to dis-courage conversation. A recent Saturday night featured a ton of young skinny dyevs who wouldn't talk to us. Jeers: You won't get laid here—so come with an arm decoration, or a bottle of Ya Sam. Beanbag rooms in bars showing Euro-fag flicks is not a good direction for Moscow nightlife, Talking up a chick here is as easy as solving Pi. Backgammon board costs R30 to rent.

M: Taganskava/Kitai-Gorod

Address: Yauzskava ul. 5

Hours: noon 'til midnight weekdays; Thurs. - Sat. 'til 06.00

#### The Last Drop







v has new Stary Arbat location with cheap booze, a mean mojito and Moscow's only bartender listed in the Guiness Book of World Records! Unpretentious cellar pub located just a hop, skip, and jump from Garage, without the humiliating door hassles. Come here to relax, sample their fine selection of draft beer (including the rare cherry and raspberry-flavored Bellevue, from Germany-we think), or just chew the fat after work. Hot waitress at Stary Arbat location made us

chew title lat attest work. Not wantees at otally rabbat location made so very thirsty.

Jeers: Our former office slave Dima complains of slow service here on occasion (he actually used the word "disaster" to describe it)—some dishes take as long as 70 minutes, when the waitress promis-

## THE LOW DOWN



#### By Sergei Kukura

Even now, several days after my safe return to LUKoil's cradle. rumors, misinformation and downright lies

continue to circulate about the nature of my abduction. I hope the account I am about to provide will put an end to such absurd gossip. This is my story.

The opening acts of my disappearance have been publicized enough: the drugging of my driver and guard, the black Volga with blue plates, the six million dollar ransom are all facts well known to my countrymen. But who were my captors, how did they treat me, and what mysterious drugs were given to my aides?

The FSB, terrorists, and LUKoil itself have all been tossed around as culprits; the drugs-everything from secret Soviet recipes to experimental chemicals to be used en masse in Iraq... Ah, would that it were so convoluted, so romantic! And less compromising to my image. However, these fictions cannot be allowed to continue uncorrected—the truth must come out, no matter how much it pains me.

Late in the evening of Sept. 11, an eXile staff member reputedly contacted my bodyquards to inform them that they had information about a large bag of pure China White which they believed a certain intermediary wanted to pass to them as a desture of goodwill. They accepted the baggie, promising, according to some, that they would pay the 1000 rubles, and that I, their boss, was "good for it." Thus began this comedy of errors..

I guess my bodyguards didn't cover the 1000 ruble debt, because the next thing I knew, I was getting driven around for a night out on the town, and I gotta tell ya, I've never felt better about life, and felt less pain in my joints, than the night I was supposedly kidnapped. All remember is mumbling to myself, and the occasional nausea. I also spilled my whiskey several times.

It transpired that both of my boys banged a little too much that wild night out, thanks in no small part to the incredibly strong shit that the eXile hooked them up with. One bodyquard. Misha, asked me to take him to the American Medical Center, he was so worried about turning blue. As such, we were forced to flag down the black Volga in order to continue our meanderings. The tape, I'm afraid, was the product of an unfortunate joke suggested by the eXile's newly hired cameraman after I overdrew my ATM limit for the day.

Given our rather distorted view of reality during the subsequent days, I never fully understood the extent that my location was subject to conjecture. In my defense, I never hid myself from public view and even spent several hours clubbing in what is rapidly becoming Moscow's newest hip neighborhood-Kaluzhskaya Ploshad. There, in full view of Moscow's beautiful people, I patronized both MIO and VEGGIE CAFE.

Do not get off-put by the name Veggie Cafe-it isn't what you think. Needless o say, my observations snould be ti ed with a fair amount of skepticism due to my specific state. However, I remember the sleek, bathrooms as being quite pleasant and hippie-free after I made the mistake of trying a fresh carrot and apple cocktail. Nor did anyone disturb my sojourn there, though it lasted over a guarter of an hour. I have less memory of the actual bar, except that it seemed quite intimate.

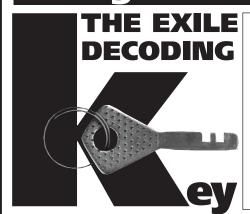
Mio remains more firmly implanted in my mind. The main dance floor was rather grating, with its Propaganda-inspired music and heavy concentration of youth whose pupils did not betray a warm numbness. Thankfully, there is a second room, with chill-out couches lining the walls and low profile waiters, that caters to a more mature audience.

How long I spent there I do not recall.

But perhaps now people will understand my disoriention when I was finally "found" by the authorities and quit talking about a "cover-up."



# Things That Do & Don't Suck



= <u>Fahkie Factor!</u> will you "do it tonight"? ★ = No, not even Roman Abramovich could score here ★★ = Either roll up here in your Mercedes Jeep, or wave a Western passport around; otherwise you might have to do some convincing \*\*\* =Better pack a can of pepper spray. cuz you'll get laid here whether you want to or not

= Flathead Factor! will you walk out alive?  $\star$  = probably  $\star\star$  = compliment this club's gentle men on the Euclidean flatness of their heads, and they won't bother you \*\*\* = Enter here waving a white flag, and you'll probably live

Foam Factor! Will cheap-0 eXile readers be able to afford the beer?  $\star$  = \$2-\$3 per beer 

= Starvin' Ivan Factor! Will you show up to an empty, haunted, mausoleum here? This isn't a rating factor, folks. Every club, bar, politician, and yes, newspaper, remains on the verge of \*  $^\prime$  collapse. When you see this stamped over a bar, it  $\,$  means "game over." Vsyo

Remont Factor! There are a zillion reasons why Russian establishments close "temporarily" in the Putin era. Sometimes they're remodeling the place to keep up with the Ivanovs, other times a management "takeover" is in order or some *chinovnik* didn't get his bribe.

This place once burned down.

shirts that mean something

Address: Pvatnitskava 4

Hours: 21.00 - 2.00 (Thurs. - Sat.)

\*\*\*

Cover: 70R

*\_577*6.

Phone: 253-2323

₩.

\*\*\*

M: Tretyakovskaya

Phone: 951-8734

Cheers: Moscow's only squat-like boho hangout. Occasional decent

live acts, day-glo/artsy interior. You won't believe you're in Moscow. Sometimes has good DJs who play music that impresses techno Brits.

Jeers: Bands grandmothers sometimes come. Jiggling masses of cel-

Jeers: Bands grandmoners sommers come. Juging masses or celluloid dance the polka to punk rock. Proof that progressive politics lead to progressive waistlines. Art on walls has regressed from shitty progressive to just shitty. The Boho-Westerner's answer to Silver's: way too familiar for our tastes. Aggressively unattractive women—hey, are we in Berkeley or Moscow?! Too many guys with pointy beards and T-shifts that mean compthips.

**Voodoo Lounge** 

Cheers: Higgins-approved patio "just like the fucking Phi Delt ragers we used to have!" You put a spell on Moscow, and boy-oh-boy are we all the better for it! Ames recently tried out a Latin dancing lesson here,

and almost got beat up by a chick. Plenty of young sluts lookin' for luv

and almost got beat up by a chick. Plently 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-luvin' teenies. Wednesdays, featuring salsa dance lessons, boast awesome one-hand-clapping slut factor. Stanley spins records here on Thursdays. Los Locos Cubanos that you all remember from the Duck serve up their trademark killer cocktails.

Jeers: Smells 'R' Us! Certified worst door in Putin's Russia. Snideman inpersonators; rumpored to get in without paying cover. Don't fall for

impersonators rumored to get in without paying cover. Don't fall for

that "just going to the bathroom" stunt. Girls think that all you want is

Dorkadence

A priori

Cheers: Plenty of second-rate models relax here after a hard day on the catwalk. Tall chicks are more approachable when they come in

herds! Dorkadent, but it didn't evoke any uncontrollable feelings of

ultra-violence on our first visit. Some of the girls were smiling and

Jeers: Soon entry will be by club card only, meaning we may never

see the inside of this place again. Go-go dancers try hard to be non-chalant. Several readers complained that they couldn't understand a word of guest reviewer E. Kant's review, damaging his brittle ego. Cover: None, but face control reminiscent of Bismarck's geopolitics.

Club XIII

eXile alert! XIII is closed for remont until further notice... they figured

Cheers: You don't even want to know what the DJs cost, but this place

has the most progressive Brits in town. They finally got rid of that

pesky Mick manager! Venue of choice for all the hot British DJs from Leeds. Dorkadence for the masses. Popularity with off-duty whores could translate into some bargain boning for you. Blowjobs not unheard of in the chill-out room. Try as we might, we still can't find matterior that the properties of the properti

opium den are TEXHUYECKUM Shes. Often feature

Could XIII be h date by not lett.

TEPEPIS the club's 0-43/7 to finis awfully cute control that didn't want to let a 21-year-old hottle in to highlight just records here. Dorks in Valentino boutique suits who don't know how foolish they look and still think that smoking cigars is cool. Anti-teen door policy.

Cover: Weekends often \$5 for members, \$15 for non-members; call

Gallereya

Cheers: Now that it's dead and sucks, we actually like it. The way we

like all corpses.

Jeers: You'll have to check your pride in at the door. Weekends hit and

miss; one recent Friday "crowd" was nothing of the sort, with the dancefloor half-empty and available tables in the back room. Touch a

chick and your body probably won't float to the top of the Moskva

River until mid-spring, Drinks mega-expensive, High leathery plastic

Gertsen

Cheers: Cheapo prices for edible sushi. Cool faucet reminds you of your dacha. Face control that anyone can get past. Comfortable

Jeers: More staff than clients. Prices of drinks has edged up when

nobody was looking, which is almost always. Saturday mojo so low

you may think you are in Utah after curfew. So many rooms, you might

Goa

8

M: Pushkinskaya
Address: Corner of Petrovka and Strastnoy Bulvar

couches to sober up on after a long night.

Phone: 229-66-13
Address: Gazyetny pereulok 1 (corner of Nikitskaya)
Hours: 19.00 - 7.00 (Fri - Sat until 8.00)

8

for details. Very strict feis kontrol (except for masked MVD cops)

TEPEPHS

ncing in cages. Great

te the club's b-day?

your ego needed a break to recover from their brutal feis kontrol!

8

their number. Too many men with greasy ponytails

Address: Sredny Tishinsky pereulok 5/7 Hours: 12.00 - 6.00

**(** 

even dancing as only Russian dyevs can.

Address: Bolshaya Molchanovka 12/1

**(3)** 

Hours: 23.30 to 06.00

midgets, which

door policy.

Æ.

surgery factor.

Cover: Strict feis kontrol

get lost. Sex is verboten.

Cover: None

M: Okhotni Rvad

Hours: 18.00 - 6.00

Phone: 927-2391

Cover: 50B for broads 150B for dudes (weekends only)

8

es them in 10 minutes. Not a place to go if you're looking for some

Cover: None M: #1: Pushkinskaya; #2: Arbatskaya Phone: #1: 292-7549. 292-7681: #2: 291-9854

ough the arch); #2: Arbat. 36 (nn Address: #1: Strastnoi bulvar 4 (thr

Hours: 12.00 - 6.00

#### Le Club





Cheers: Mocow's top Jazz/yuppie bar. Has probably the best interior design of any kulturny-middlebrow club in Moscow: long brass bartop with sauna lights, pastel seats, and hidden booths. Great place to take

Jeers: Has live jazz every night. Cover: None

M: Taganskaya Phone: 915-1042

a Radishchevskava 21 Hours: 12.00 - 2.00 (Fri-Sat until 5.00)







Cheers: Newish joint for the intelletual OGI set. Hidden a hit from the streets o as to discourage those not in the know. Reasonable prices appeal cheap-O ex-holes. Forgot to charge us for one of our drinks. Jeers: If you thought having a bookstore in a bar was a bad idea, wait til you get a load of this - MuKHA has an art gallery on the premises. Can't we just drink without some stupid gimmick? Had an improv flute concert during Flounder's recent visit. Closes far too early.

M: Arbatskaya/Biblioteka Im. Lenina Phone: 202-3663

Address: Bolshoi Kislovsky Per. 4/2

#### Hours:12.00 - 23.30







Cheers: Our Jewish staff swears there is no cheaper place to get a student date drunk! This may be the only place in Moscow that is packed at four in the morning on a Tuesday. Members of our staff have alfontsed here. Neat-O neighborhood art-tag hangout. If you're one of those student types who likes to talk about how something that's "in" now is actually already "old" in your oh-so-cool eyes, then this might be the place where you might want to try your new stances out. Lots of ratty knit sweaters, horn-rimmed glasses, and yes, t-shirts that mean something. Cheap drinks and food, no tech-

Jeers: This place gets more notice in the Western press than genocide in Chechnyal NY Times uber-villian Thomas Freidman used the OGI chain as proof that the WASP work ethic is overpowering the oli-garchs in a battle for new Russial Andrew Aack of the FT called the OGI chain a place for the intellectual members of the emerging middle class, meaning it's a shoe-in for next season's Lonely Planet-toting, cargopant-clad crowd. Closeted fags in Alphaville shirts try to hit on you. A beachhead for lesbian chic invading Moscow! S The only people who get tables on weekends are losers who always show up at parties too early. High beard factor. Hard to breathe. Trety Put'

Cover: 50-80R on weekends

Phone: 927-5609

Address: 8/12 Potapovsky pereulok, str. 2 (walk through the arch, turn right at end and look for black door to basement)

Hours: Always







Cheers: Happy hour deals make us stiff — basically the countdown formula that worked so well at the Duck years ago, only EVERY NIGHT! Folks, the fact of the matter is that there just ain't no better place to get hot, sweety and stinky while standing in place and having sluts give you the kind of boner-inducing dance that costs \$20 elsewhere! One of the best slutdude ratios in town. P.l., you have brought much mirth—and a few communicable parasites—into the lives of budding and seasoned alcoholics alike. Booths for respectable or crippled peo ple. Dyevs get easily suckered into doing things they'll regret the next morning; boyfriends try their best to pretend they're not getting angry Jeers: Recently closed at 11 on a Friday night - what the fuck!? Bartenders forget to tell you that countdown deals aren't good on all Barenners forget to tell you mat countdown deals arent good on plands until you get your cheek. Roaming midglest dressed in will diwest costumes gave Shrek nightmares for 4 days. Mid-week mojo lacking; sometimes packed with girls even Higgins has turned down. Expensive drinks. Too many submerging middle class Russkys and bloated lechenous (mostly European) expats. Brick paneling looks fake, even if it's real.

Cover: 150R on weekends, free-ish during the week M: Chistye Prudy Phone: 755-9554

Address: Myasnitskava Ul. 22 (inside Johnny's)

#### Proiect O.G.I. Club







Cheers: eXile alert! Has become hugely popular. Studenty hangout neers: CAIIe alert: Has Decume mugery pupurar. Jausemy manged ought to you by the literary types threatening to start an entire chain such places city-wide. Ignore the spotty service and enjoy the scent selection uckers always seem to be hanging are TEXHUYECKUM JOK, it's only pot,

d an idea as open-Jeers: Having a ПЕРЕРЫЗ ing Tom Brokaw eal in this time of plenty, the form, and all mins time of plenty, the form, and all mins time of the more upscale haunts. As noted above, the service sucks shift. High prole-puke factor in the toilets... your shoes may not be safe. In a word, Sovok.

M: Tetylakovskaya

Phone: 927-5609

Address: Pyatnitskaya ulitsa 29/8 (around the corner from Pizza Hut)
Hours: round-the-slock preferations from

#### Hours: round-the-clock pretentious fun Propaganda









Cheers: Designer babe Dasha sez: Thurs. night music sounds like it's played on fresh vinyl! We think that's probably a cheer. Killer Dirty DJ Sanchez anniversary party just like the good of days: drunken dyeys aplenty lookin' fo' nub! Good place to pick up Mexican dwarfs. Rottom dwellers—it don't get no better than this on a Thurs, around 5 Devs too drunk to even pretend to resist; the entire club appears to be Devs too drunk to even pretend to resist; the entire club appears to be dosed with GbH. We hate to admit it, but this is still the best place in Moscow to take home girls who are out of your league. Extras from Amazon Women on the Moon often seen here. A good place to go when you're feeling nostaligic for old Moscov

Jeers: Now open 'til late every day, meaning shitty dj music might get cranked in the middle of your dinner! The whole "Thurs. Night" thing has escalated way the fuck out of control, with crowds stretching all the way to McD's. Saturday night gown factor markedly higher, resembling a Tula disco without the provincial slutz. Guards might tell you there's a Private party if they don't like your looks. Some dyevs think it's OK to talk about their affinity for Japan after you've bought them a drink. Nights more often end with phone numbers than with wendels. They have started charging cover at all hours of the night, even after 3. Queers: Sunday nights are 'gay' nights.

Phone: 924-5732

Address: Bolshoi Zlatoustinsky per. 7 (just off Maroseika) Hours: Sun-Thurs 12.00 'til 06:00; Fri-Sat. 'til 08.00

# The Real McCoy







Cheers: Babe factor much higher than previously thought! If you hang out here often enough, Flounder will inevitably buy you a drink! They let you pass out at the tables! Chances are if you wake up in Yugo Zapadnaya with a bunch of Mexicans in a hail storm, you were at McCoys the night before. You never know when things will go off at McCoy's, which is why we go so damn often. Flounder actually dragger an unconscious slut from here into a car and back to his place! Waytago! Better than the Manchurian Candidate technique to insure memory loss Sluts and intelligent, attractive chicks co-exist peacefully here. If there's a way to get kicked out, we haven't found it! Packed 'til late.

Jeers: Has become a place for 30ish chix to get wasted on ladies' night Jeers. nas become a place for solar initial to get waster of nature injuried out. Occasionally packed with people we would really rather never run into again. A 6am cup of coffee here forced Weinberg to fornicate when he just wanted to sleep. That's why we stick with vodks tonics, folks. May be acting as a medium for the spirit of the Duck. 2fer1 drinks are now doubles, making them harder on your stomach than giardia. After a solid start, Schrek's vomit-to-visit ratio settled at 1:2.

M: Barakadnava Phone: 255-41-44

Address: Koudrinskaya pl. 1 (where Zoo was, in the towering Hours: Alwa

### Respublika-Beefeater







Cheers: For you suckers out there who actually work for a living, this is a great place to stop by for a drink after your daily corporate purgatory. Nazis will enjoy the Franziskaner on tap, even if they don't get the glass right. Still packs a crowd of cute and approachable student slutz, lotz of whom are really A1+1 Waitresses no longer wrapped in the Union Jack. Aggressively breasted waitstaff adds to your dining pleasure. Continues to reject the citywide trend of giving up on mojo. This is a place where folks are at ease doing everything from macking shamelessly on the dancefloor to ignorantly arguing over the transendentental I.

Jeers: More babes in Peshera in the perekhod around the corner than here on a Thurs, night! Ought to lose the live music acts and go-go dancers with furry animals pinned to their legs. Okhraniki don't have any respect for slightly tipsy rock stars. The use of meat hooks and other large grappling devices is frowned upon by management. Only the ugly slutz make eye contact. Topless show can create bottle necks We don't know anyone who has ever gotten laid here. Some chicks here think that passing notes is an acceptable way to meet guys. Waitresses are convinced that you are the reason that their life is spi ralling uncontrolably downwards into a black pit of ultimate despair.

M: Lubyanka/Ploshchad Revolyutsiya

Address: Nikolskaya ul. 17 Hours: 18.00 - 6.00

#### Revolutionary Vodka Bar







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\*\*Cheers: eXile alert! Finally got their priorities right and now serve free booze (beer, champagne, vodka) to chicks from 19.00-05.00 on Thurs. nights! THATS RIGHT, WE SAID FIVE A.M.! No cheaper way than free to get your "date" wasted! We hear there's lots of bathroom sex late Thursday nights. Flounder tried salo here. Bar features 80 types of vodka... and they all taste the same! If you sample them all. you get a free round. Destined for greatness as a late nite dive once it gets 'discovered'. Back room Latin dancing, front room heavy drinking

yers discovered scale from Early and admining, from from meavy difficulty shows they've got their priorities straight.

Jeers: Got rid of inventive cocktail menu in favor of old standards and refuse to make any of the old cocktails. Has a tendency to be closed late at night/early in the morning. Good place to hear crickets in the center of Moscow! Manager seemed cute 'til we found out she's got a kid. Commie kitsch inspires shitty articles by Clem Cecil.

Address: Bolshaya Dmitrovka 30/1 Hours: 'round the clock

#### Sax on the Beach





Cheers: Flounder can't remember his last two visits to Sax on the Beach. Dreap chinks that get even dreaper whenever they're on special! Jeers: Could be problems here-Neil seems to be avoiding our calls lately. Downstairs sunset lighting may not sit well if you're drinking

Address: Bolotnaya ploshad 16/5 (facing the park across Hours: 12.00 - 06.00

#### Territoriya







Cheers: Has entered some unknown wormhole inhabited by one part bodacious student babes and one part gay guys in ribbed mu shirts. Weird! Mix of at least 90% of the guys surveyed claimed to be bi, and we all know what that means.

Jeers: No real mojo even when packed. Bouncers have trouble

responding to simple commands like sit and roll over. They think up lame excuses to keep out our lovely designer Dasha. An Afisha review er admitted that the old Territoriya was her "favorite" club, meaning that the place is poisoned by her dorkadent-anthray-spores for 1 000 years. Dancefloor the size of a large jacuzzi.

Cover: R50

M: Okhotny Ryad

Phone: 737-8865

Address: Tverskava ul. 5 (around the back in an allev) Hours: 13.00 - 06.00

Trety Put







Charge 50 bucks to reserve a table-and you can't get in without reserving a table. Finally a place where models can relax and have a few drinks! The ultra-modern eurotrash interior struck us as a bit suspect back when Goa was just another over priced ethnic restau rant... then they done gone turned it into a club and it all fell into place.

Dorkadent with a twist: Indian DJs spin ethno-techno for Moscow's progressive clubbers. Just ignore the X-files cyber-bouncers outside

progressive distillers, such signion in Exhibits cycler-bounders obusines and they won't bother you.

Jeers: Surprisingly high amount of untouchable sluts, as in they should be tanning leather in Kanpoor and not polluting Moscow clubs. An Indian transvestite on stage is still just a transvestite on stage. Queers: Tons of guys in tight ribbed shirts and unholy thoughts.

Cover: no, just face control M: Lubyanka Phone: 504-40-31

Address: Mvasnitskava Ul. 8/2 Hours: 23.00 - 06.00 Thurs - Sur



1 east speaking English still helps get past some face con trol points. Latest "In" club everyone's talking about. Top level devs who might even let you talk 'em up... not that we tried. Decadent baroque interior a slap in the face of recent hi-tech corporate German-

inspired design fad. You'll never bump into Christopher Reeves here! Jeers: People in the know don't refer to it as "Jet Set" but "that place on Ordynka\*, as if that makes up for the stupid-ass name. Late night inomark traffic jams probably rigged by the management.

M: Dobryninskaya Address: ul. Malaya Ordynka 37

Hours: 23.00 - dawn





\*\*\* Cheers: Would have won top spot on our "Bathrooms to do coke in" list had we known it reopened! Babe central, and some of them actually drink! At least some of Moscow's old guard dorkadents still know how to party, and this is where they do it. So pafosni, they've got a breakfast item called 'sukharik c pafusom'! The only thing missing on a recent visit was a group of marginalized eXpats trying futilely to get past face control. **Jeers:** Admission by club card. Dyevs here are TOYL (Totally Out of

Your League) so don't even try. Proportion of new dorkadent clubs to new everything else affirms Putin's Europeanization strategy. Site of the Schwartz chutning. M: Pushkinskava/Kuznetsky Most

Phone: 924-0358 Addrage: Patrouka 21/1

#### Hours: 23.00 - 06.00 Thurs. - Sun Ministerstvo





Cheers: Reliable sources report that some guy pissed off the balcony onto the unsuspecting coiffeurs of Moscow's most dorkadent devsl Another source claims that in the one-way mirrored bathrooms, a chick got gang-banged while her face was powdered with Colombian snow! And she's not the only one! This is probably the top serious disco in town, with tough face control and humorless techno dancing

A Titanik for the Putin era. Jeers: Have been known to deny Fleischman for reasons that make us suspicious. Had dancers on stage doing robot dances. Does Eurotrashever tire of techno and black/strobe lights? Guess not.

Æ.

M: Barrakadnaya
Phone: 222-0158
Address: Malaya Nikitskaya ul. 24 Hours: 23.00 - 06.00 (Thursday - Sunday)

#### Most



8

Cheers: Used to be the kewl place for Big Spenders and the beautiful filth they attract. **Jeers:** Living in the past is no excuse. Most is the most dead place in central Moscow

Cover: 1,000R (face control and other shite) M: Kuznetsky Most

Phone: 928-1707

#### Address: Corner of Kamergersky and Petrovka Hours: 23.00-06.00 Muzei



Cheers: Dorkadent done right! Ames had to replace the battery in his

Cineers: Dorkadent cone right. Ames had to replace the battery in his pace-maker after a mere fifty minutes here. Infested with model level babes. They actually let Higgins in.

Jeers: Ppl in the know asy this place is heading the way of Titanik. Ice bitches with stares that could freeze Christopher Reeve's dick. Slaves forced to mop the floor even when it's clean. On an off night you can see what the future badefore the second fellow in the setting the sett

what the future holds for the dorkadent masses, and, folks, it ain't pretty. M: Mayakovskaya Address: Tverskaya-Yamskaya (where Karusel was)

## Sad



Hours: 23.00-06.00



Jeers: Any place calling itself an "art-cafe" needs to be torched. How Cover: None
M: Tretyakovskaya
Phone: 239-9009

Address: P. Tolmoshovskaya Per 2 dorkadent place worth its weight in Gucci have let us in?

#### Address: B. Tolmachevsky Per. 3 Hours: 10.00-late Serdtse



Cheers: New place for model level babes and their dependants. Higgins preyed upon unsuspecting second-tier model here... and got away with it! Everything is way too cheap to convince us that it is really an elite

T T

club. Live music from Nozh dlya Frau Mulher might have been cool ... Jeers: ...two years ago. If you look beyond the avant-garde aspirations of this place, you are left with a Soviet circus. If you look beyond the model level bodies, you are left with a Soviet circus. If you look beyond the model level bodies, you are left with bad teeth. Nothing is as it seems in the world of haute kultura.

Cover: None

\*\*P. Belenstein:\*\*

Phone: 213-62-01; 213-52-60 Address: Leningradsky pr. 24a (take the first left off of ul. Pravdy

Shambala DJ





summer. It's like an outdoor version of Propaganda on Thursdays, with a packed veranda full of quality emerging middle-class snapper. Sure, there's feis kontrol the likes of which doesn't allow filth like us in, but

er Hindu god sneering at you. Lots of rich young ne'er do wells with

Cheers: eXile alert! Was THE place to go on weekend nights this past

Phone: 927-87-27

netsky Most, 3







seem to be really proud of this stupid overpriced door they supposedly got from India or wherever. Inside, typical dark disco with yet anoth 70s hairdoes and kedi since now the thing to do is to wear sports shoes into dorkadent clubs

Cover: Free, feis kontrol (was Nazi, is now merely Stasi)

#### Shizlong







Cheers: An abundance of centrally located oxygen bars could reduce real estate values in Yugo-Zapadnaya and other ekologichesky chisty areas. Jaw-dropping babe-itsky models lounging around. Tanning chambers for claustrophobes, people who can't sit down, various spinal curvatures and other special needs patients. Damn fine menu.

spinal curvatures and other special needs patients. Juahm line menu. Didn't kick Ames out for breaking a glass. Jeers: Sabrene Taverse of the New York Times wrote a vile, worship-ping review of Shizlong. Harbinger of the new beauty salon/cafe phe-nomenon that has finally and unfortunately trickled down to Moscow from Paris, Berlin and Milan - why can't Russians at least think up their own lame trends?

M: Kropotkinskaya

Phone: 241-44-14

Address: Maly Vlasyevsky per 5, str. 8 Hours: 10.00 - the last one heads to Muzei

#### Shu







Cheers: eXile alert! Iggy had his pre-party gig here. But he wasn't hav-ing much fun, if you ask us. Delectable menu much better than before, including reasonable prices. We were invited into the back to watch the chef cook us a 9 dollar plate of Nip Noodles with octopus. If you can get into this club, and you can afford the 60 dollar duck dishes, and if you can make it into the third floor VIP section...then frankly. what are you doing reading this newspaper? You're WAY too kewl for the likes of us. Has probably the neatest interior design of any pafos y club, with the Buddhiest Buddha and nice balcony viewing of the

It clause, with the buddeness budding and ince backing viewing of the dance floor, lotsa places to lounge.

Jeers: Rhymes with "Jew." We weren't let into the VIP section. Lots of babes with dorky guys with 70s hairdoes who wear sneakers because that's, like, the new thing. Cover: Facist face control

M: UI. 1905 Phone: 255-1462

Address: ul. 1905 2a (next to Kafka)

#### Tsepellin







mojo one bit. And the best thing is that they still honor the eXile press card, proving that they have taste with a capital T. The very definition card, proving that they have taste with a capital T. The very definition of dorkadence: a Euro-trash-compactor with equal opportunity go-go dancers catering to fags and flamers alike. Not too expensive considering the pretentionsness of the crowd. Music loud enough to adopt a bad Nazi accent and convince chicks you are from das Vaterland before you fuck them. They still let us in free, even after the infamous October '98 eXile Crisis Party.

Jeers: Shift to sitting around drinking coffee rather than aggressive dancing means those unescale broads are against and putting on the

dancing means these upscale broads are aging and putting on the pounds even more quickly than before. The way-too-bright lighting doesn't help matters. Strong face control doesn't keen all the unity girls out, eXile General Counsel Moe Snideman was recently refused entry his office currently has a claim before the Moscow Arbitration Court to seek appropriate remedies. Has a sauna upstairs, which really excites New Russians.

Mr. Sukharevskaya

Address: Ul. Gilyarovskogo 8 (go through archway of Prospekt Mira d.7, walk right, and look for the 3-story building with the Mercs parked out front)

#### Tsirk (Afisha)







lates the new labor code

that Arzamas clubs are no tired to go home with

n the bathroom

Cheers: Management often rents out the club for free alcohol promotions. Hosted our Zap Rally party, and even let us park there overnight. Guards let Taibbi get a couple shots in before breaking up a fight. Is now called Afisha Kafe (no relation apparently to the pafosny listings mag) on weekdays. We'r

Jeers: Having a clu Several mechanics more kicking. Waitn Ames. Savages pukir Cover: Free (super-d

M: Tsvetnoi Bulvar Phone: 729-4450

Hours: Thu - Sat 23.00 - 6.00 **Veggie Cafe** 











# Zhiguli







Cheers: Parker dug the way they use the OLD to "hi"-light the NEW! Veneda, ranker ung une way uney use une ULD to "in"-light the NEW! It's about time Novikov opened a place that nobody wants to go to.

Jeers: Having a beer dispenser that looks like an old Soviet mineral water avtomat isn't clever or ironic, it's stupid. It's places like this what make eXile staffers want to move to Buffalo.

#### Jock Itch







Cheers: New sports bar in the basement of Santa Fe with excellent burgers — there's not even an egg on top! The gourmet's sports bar. Seriously strong drinks, so you can drown your sorrows if your team sucks. Nobody's gonna sti in front of you.

Jeers: No sports book yet; waitresses not mammaraily endowed like the Hooters girls, though they also don't annoy you like the Hooters girls. Won't let you check out Hippo for half-time scamming, even though its right thru a door. NFL in Russian.

Phone: 291-4144

Address: Novy Arbat 11/1





Cheers: Boy-oh-boy, football season's starting again, meaning you'll see us here more often than at the Diner! Security could teach American see us neer more offenen than at the biner? Secturity could leach American airport guards a thing or two about stopping crime before it happens. Surprise massacre of entire local British community will be made easier thanks to this place—just toss a bag of Sarin down the stairs on the night of some dumb soccer match. Huge screen IV showing top sports events. Virtual golf featuring golf pros who don't have a clue what they're doing is always good for a laugh, as the light above the course gets broden at least once nor weekend food force and home browned non.fil. ken at least once per weekend. Good prices, and home-brewed non-fil-tered beer make it worthwhile to stay for that second NFL game.

8

Jeers: N Sync guy who isn't going to space given better seats than us during football. The hordes of Royal Subjects who linger prior to Sunday NFL games really piss us off. Service takes longer than the jurassic peri od. They don't show the NFL Europe. Waitnesses are always confused about how to charge a party of more than one. A better Caesar salad can be made with a belnedr. Russians who swing oglf clubs should not be allowed within 500 meters of anything with a central nervous system.

M: Arbatskaya

Phone: 745-5839; 291-1130 Address: Novy Arbat 21 (under Metelitsa Casino)

#### Shake It!









student sluts, they wait for hours to enter. Jeers: Krazy Kevin nearly picked up a Miss Piggy, but she turned out to be on the rag. Door thugs should be doing their job and screening for bleeding girls-maybe they need a special sniffer dog to sniff every snapper. You might have to actually dance with the chicks here, so get

Downtown

over: Dudes 200R, Chicks 70R

M: Belorusskaya Address: Gruzinsky val 31 (upstairs in Canadian Bagels) Phone: 250-0482

#### Hours: thursdays, fridays & saturdays 23.00 - 6.00







south end of the Manezh underground shopping mall. Somehow reminds us of the Skate Palaces where we had our junior high school birthday parties. Huge dancefloor with packs of underage aspiring sluts doing all the latest dance moves, plus lots of not guite state-of-the-art ooning air the latest dance moves, buts lost of lod quite state-of-ties-art video games for when the dye-hunting gets old. Dirt-cheap drinks.

Jeers: Smokers are relegated to an unpleasant "chillout" ghetto where lots of teenage boy primitives sit at plastic lawn furniture trying to appear threatening. Much as we hate to say it, the crowd here may be too young even by our extremely liberal standards.

M: Okhotny Ryad Address: Inside Okhotnii Ryad mall, near the Manezh gallery Hours: 18.00 - 6.00

### **Four Rooms**









Cheers: Teen slut chased Flounder down when he tried to leave, askting for a light... but he didn't even try to bone her. He's apparently reached the vaunted 3rd stage of eX-holedom! Ask any slope, and they'll tell you that history is cyclical and hold up Four Rooms as an example. This place is back in, at least among a certain slutty teenage set! Some pretty impressive talent on weekends. Super cheap, so you can afford to hit on chicks.

Jeers: Who knows why they bother with live music — we hate to prescribe Ricky Martin and J-Lo, but if Four Rooms wants to move into scribe rikky Martin and 3-LO, but it Pour Hooms waits to inove into the big leagues, its time to get serious about attracting slutz. Enough dicking around, guys: it's time to learn a lession from Dirty Dancing and Voodoo Lounge. Weekdays can attract middle-age people who drive 5-year-old devyatkas. Low prices appeal to muzhiks looking to drink lots of vodka.

Cover: 50R on weekends

Mt. Trabakowskaya

M: Tretyakovskaya Phone: 959-33-20; 777-39-96

Address: Raushskaya naberezhnaya 4/5 Hours: 19.00 - 7.00 Thurs - Sun.







Cheers: Ames got laid here ... sort of, in a vicarious way. But whatever, she had a fresh snapper! Packed selection of teenie (and pre-tee er, she had a fresh snapper! Packed selection of teenie (and pre-teenie) sluts. Raver retro will really wow all you 90s geezers. Is far enough
away from the center to attract girls with no clue about what a loser
you are, while the guys generally look like they come from Dzerzhinsk.
Cheap enough to afford to fail.
Jeers: Even the youngest eXile staffers feel over the hill at this place.
They lost Rudnitsky's coat in the huge gardirob, and then told him it
was his own damn fault and almost beat him up when he protested.
Sprentinge make works trong with waker kase hubbleaum flavored

Sometimes make vodka tonics with whack-ass bubblegum flavored syrup. Lame techno, kids with white gloves doing the Rerun dance. Cover: 150R (120R for card-carrying students)

M: Ulitsa 1905 goda Phone: 256-5066

Shmitovsky proyezd 16

# Hippopotam







getic fembot spinning stomach-twirling tunes. A favorite of the US Marines during R&R, as well as a weird assortment of off-duty wait-resses, wives, and molls. Music has improved, and somehow the once-depressing interior actually seems lively. Overall, worth a long stop. Jeers: Keep promising to advertise with us—we're starting to feel like stood-up chicks here! Quite a distance from the metro. One of those places that seems really happening when you first walk in, but as your eyes adjust, you sometimes might start to feel creeping disappointment. ME: Illiéra 1905, noda M: Ulitsa 1905 goda

Phone: 256-2327 Cover: None on weekdays: Weekends: 100R for dudes, 50R for dvevs

Address: Ul. Mantulinskaya 5/1, Bldg. 6 (downstairs from Santa Fe)







Cheers: The ONLY place to be on Sundays for out of work eX-holes! Cheers: Ine UNLY place to be on Sundays for our of work ex-noies! WI Tang niggaz mixin' mit'd ac common folk seen guzzling Hennessey straight from the bottle... damn it's good to be a gangsta'l if your feel-in' a little unlucky, there are usually at least a few young British girls here who seem to enjoy being molested on the dance floor. Hip-hop Sundays full of slutz willing to settle for a white boy after several delice. Hung course of shore a good or anythica world in Dutrico. drinks. Huge crowds of babes as good as anything you'll get in Putin's Moscow. Underage slutz sneak by security on occasion. Sat. night Latin dance lessons til midnite packs devs in; don't worry if they're not drinking initially—they just need to concentrate. Decent action here on Thursdays for those who want to let the crowds at Propaganda thin

Thursdays, for those who want to let the crowds at Propaganda thin out before trying to get in. Sergio spotted here occasionally. Changed their name to bar after complaints from offended Buddhists. Actually they were reborn as a newer, higher form of club.

Jeers: Too much Tarkan makes you wish Turkey hadn't abandoned the death penalty. Lots of French chels here. Let cripples on crutches in, but refuse entry to eXile staffers in shorts — what gives!? Home to some of the biggest booties in Moscow—how do those sluts pack it all in?! Some discuss with a New Jersow-esque apethelic. Twa pikli staffers study out with devs with a New Jersey-esque aesthetic. Two eXile staffers stuck out with leftovers from Propaganda, and they weren't even all that. Ames felt up an aging British chick here. They need to do something about the coat check. Cover: 50R for chicks, 150R for dudes on weekends (liberal face control

Address: Ul. Pushechnaya 3 (just down from Hola Mexico)
Hours: Wed. -Sun.: 19.00 - 6.00

### Matchbox





Cheers: The centrally-located crib for the hip-hop crowd. Lots of woozie ho's just getting their first pubes and ready to bust your nut, poi! Tight cozy two-floor layout, a good change from the usual shit. Jeers: High ski cap and baggy clothes factor. Slavs splaying their fingers out with stiff arms as they dance, trying to look negroidal. Too much dancing here. Even we felt a bit old.

Cover: 100R on weekends.

Phone: 923-9660 Address: Krivokolenny Per 10, Str. 5 Hours: find out for yo'self, nigga

STI:



8

Cheers/Jeers: Kukura's back in biznes, see p. 8 for details!

M: Oktyabrskaya

**(** 

Address: Kaluzhskaya pl. 1 Phone: 238-5848

Hours: 00.00 - 06.00, Weds. - Sat.

#### Parizhskaya Zhizn'





Cheers: This place's comeback makes Adam Ant look like the midget Cheers: I his place's comeback makes Adam Ant look like the midget from Willow. All night long packed with aging sluts who never made it, and the occasional babe thrown in the mix. A good place to grab unsuspecting snappers. Brings out the sensitive side of Higgins. Jeers: Lack of air conditioning combined with this summer's record heat has lead to a spike of drownings in the fountain outside. The prices just don't make any sense.

Cover: Up to 150R on weekends

M: Chekhovskava

Phone: 299-1595

Address: Karetny Ryad 3

#### **Park Avenue Disco**







\*\*\* Cheers: Stop the presses! Devs don't get any younger than this! Age of consent be damned. And, man, is Park Ave cheap! Telephone booth sized rooms downstairs big enough for two, and they lock from the inside... they're nice for those who don't want to fuck on stage.

inside... they're nice for those who don't want to fuck on stage. Humungo roof garden THE place to catch some zzz's. Four floors of fun packed every weekend!

Jeers: What do you talk about with a girl just discovered tampax last month? Then again, why bother talking? Still charges cover at 4AM. The later you go, the higher the pork ratio. High 15 year old on ecstasy factor. Cover: 30-190R (depending on the day)

Phone: 911-0498

Address: Taganskava ulitsa, 40-42 (in the park) Hours: 20.00 - 8.00

## Virus 8



Cheers: They may have finally figured out how to make this place work. Former presidential contender Umar Diabrailov has sold the work. Former presidential contender Umar Diabrailov has sold the place to some washed up fashion designer, who is said to be turning the place around. Pretty cool techno layout, now with lots of TVs and sometimes porno. For free. Chicks aren't bad looking, music is stan-dard house. We're keeping an eye on this.

Jeers: As far as we know this place may be closed. Still mostly empty,

so you're not likely to catch a Virus here. Has a lame VIP hall with a thug standing guard, as if there's anything to guard.

M: Smolenskaya Phone: 937-8029

Address: Smolenskava ploshchad 3/5 Hours: 22.00 - 6.00 Thurs - Sun

#### Karaoke







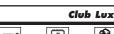


Cheers: This has got to be the best place in Moscow to impress your The state of the s time here. Super hi-tech "professional" quality karaoke machines that

you have to see to believe. Jeers: Pain in the ass to get to. Any visit to the Orlyonok means risking getting hit by a stray bullet.

High Rollin'

ne: 939-88-69/-68





Cheers: For the serious, discreet gambler. No hookers, no unshaven mafiosi, no seedy chelnoki; this place is actually respectable, the clien-

tele consisting mostly of biznesmeny. Jeers: Don't come here looking for sex: security dressed like Giuliani Jeers: Don't come neer looking for sex; security gressed like Guillani cops means you have to check in your fun—and your gun—at the door.

Cover: None
M: Yugo-Zapadnay
Phone: 430-4393
Address: Michurinsky

Hours: 13.00 - 8.00

#### **Golden Palace**



ming past the card tables, awesome New Russian interior, with the most comfortable seats upstairs. Got rid of the Vietnamese restaurant, indist committaties seats upstains. Got into it the vietnamese restaurant, so it's shed a bit of the Deer Hunter feel. Also, great selection of \$500 a pop whores (though they can be talked down). Krazy Kevin once scored some smack on the street outside here.

scored some smack on the street outside here.

Jeers: Nervous Russian security with shotguns pointing at your face.
You have to pay the barman for the whores.

Cover: 8.00 - 18.00: \$20; 18.00 - 8.00: \$50. Free for ladies.

M: Belorusskaya

Phone: 212-3909/-41

Address: 3rd Yamskogo Polya, 15

Marilyn

Cheers: Discreet upstairs casino good place to take a date or client. or just to blow your hard-stolen cash. Feed on fresh fruit, chat up the croupiers. Offers \$5 tables for cheap-O expat gambling addicts

Jeers: Downstairs bar and mini-dance hall still as dead as the film star M: Mavakovskava

Hours: 24 hours

#### Ho-ing





Cheers: At last, a place where you can watch a girl strip to live music! We knew that Moscow would finally catch up to the West. Gets some pretty kickin' groups. Most of the strippers have bruises on their asses

and thighs.

Jeers: VIP/free drink area has only male strippers. Lack of poles in main room force strippers to hump the banisters. Bottle necks in the long entry hallway can give you that not so fresh feeling. Negative mack factor. Too pricey for a place that isn't even near a metro stop. Cover: Up to R350

M: Begovaya Address: Begovaya 22 (at the Hippodrome) Phone: 946-1026

**Bely Medved** 8

Cheers: Post-remont strip joint is flashier than ever. Cool Jabba the Hut central stage, complete with chains and pole, split-level seating, and friendly dyevs who warm up to you the minute you enter. Pro

and rirendry dyevs who warm up to you the minute you enter. Profamily cover policy.

Jeers: Overpriced table dances (\$100 a pop), dyevs leave a little to be desired. Surfy staff and security.

Cover: \$30 dollars

Phone: 287-2551

Address: Prospekt Mira 116A

Hours: 19.00 - 07.00

Hours: 21.00 - 05.00

恶

Caesar's Palace 8

Cheers: Stayed open 'til 07.00 one night just for lil' ol' us! Jewelry for sale by entryway in case you want to impress the strippers; some guy once dropped 37G on a single ring for a workin' gal! Reasonable prices

(if you don't buy the girls drinks) and tasty food Jeers: Strange goings-on at Caesar's Palace. Stay tuned...

Cover: Men: 600; Chix: 300 (Sun.-Thurs. free till 23.00 for diners)

M: Kurskay-Taganskaya

Phone: 916-6781





Cheers: Stripper threw Flounder's R50 back in his face because she felt like her lapdance was better than that. After the Nightlife Awards in the Orlyonok, 911 empty except lone Indian biznismen, which came as quite a relief. Dark and sleazy. Plenty of rooms if you get bored

Multiple floors allow strippers to occasionally fly. Plenty of whores on the surrounding real estate. Jeers: If it's R250 for a vodka-tonic, how's an eX-hole to afford the ladies? A stripper with a weave is still just a stripper with a hunk of polyurethane in her hair. Only offered free wine and champagne at the

polyureunane in ner narr. Only offered free wine and char Penthouse Party. Russia Journal staffers allowed inside. Cover: 500-1,000R M: Leninsky Prospekt Phone: 939-8407 Address: Ul. Kosigina 15 (inside Hotel Orlyonok)

Hours: 21.00 - 8.00

# THE CLUB ESTAURANT

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#### Divas







Cheers: eXile alert! New gyno-chair where "everything goes" is soon to be introduced. Ho-daddy, we don't even wanna know! Sleazy velvet lounge atmosphere. Chicks shake their snappers in your face when you're drinking at the bar. Crazy menu lets you do everything from get ting a private lesbian show to firing a staff member. Bitches give you

Jeers: ...and if you don't tip they get all whiny with you. Don't let strip per order herself a drink—it could cost 30 bucks. Waitresses still hot-ter than strippers, who don't look a whole lot better than the average Boar House whore. Bartenders couldn't make a decent Bloody Mary if their lives depended on it.

Cover: 630F

M: Chekhovskava Phone: 924-8726

Address: Strastnoi bul. 10, str. 2 (thru the alleyway next to

Shakespear) Hours: 21.00 - 6.00

#### Dolls







Cheers: Here's the deal: if you're a semi-oligarch and you've got Grover Clevelands to blow, Dolls has the BEST chicks in town. Tasteful leop-ard-print upholstery. Snideman said to be an "Esteemed Guest" here. Jeers: We're not oligarchs. No longer free for Americans (unless they Jeers: we re into dispatchs, we origine nee for American's (timess niety have a diplomatic passport—good to know that our diplomats are taking a time off from their heavy ABM negotiations!). Raided by the police last year. Supposedly found blow and cash during the raid—hey, whattaya expect! This ain't a bingo parlor, pal!

Cover: Free for Americans with diplomatic passports, \$50 for all other

male nationals M: UI. 1905 goda **Phone:** 252-5761

Address: Krasnaya Presnya ulitsa 23B, str. 1 Hours: 13.00 - 6.00

#### Krasnaya Shapochka









Cover: Weekends 150R for dyevs, 700R for dudes (Nazi face control) M: Tverskaya/Pushkinskaya

/Chekovskaya Phone: 933-7573 Address: Tverskaya 10

Hours: 19.00 - 6.00

## Lexx





Cheers: Hosted the eXile's 100th issue party, and said to never have been hotter. The controversial Kursk Submarine contest in particular got the Russian juices-a-flowin'. Super-hot lapdancing stripper babes mix with kryutiye bandity from area to make Lexx a "Sight got a little bit of charm, be able to pay one of the and a lot of Peter The ( Jeers: Doped-up rav

Cover: 600R (upstairs M: Taganskaya Address: Taganskaya ulitsa 2 (on the side of the Torg-Tsentr pyramid

Phone: 912-9187 Hours: 9.30 - 6.00 (cafe-bar: 24 hours)

#### Metelitsa







Cheers: The hos really are all that. They say three but you can jew 'em down to two. Reminds you that being a New Russian isn't all work. In a word, the place for whores of the chubby-popping variety Moscow's best looking. And priciest, Still, if you ever dreamed of get ing laid by a model-level babe who will later coldly dump you and make you feel depressed about yourself, and you've got a few Ben Franklins to blow, then this is the place. A Moscow legend. Snideman has done the due diligence on this place, and his legal opinion gives the notification of the place in the second of the place in the second of the place is the place.

it two stiff legal pads way up.

Jeers: Rudnitsky recently dropped a hundred bucks buying a model who turned out to be his boss' GF drinks. Waiter didn't believe Rud. could possibly be important enough to warrent the table he was could possibly be important enough to warrent the table he was seated at. Service proof that you can take a mudperson out of the stolovaya, but you can't train him to do his job well. Haggard Harrison Ford factor. Moscow's most expensive 'hos—for your money, you're better off going to The Flight. They'll also try to sucker you into buying an overpriced stuffed animal. Often features Russia's cheesiest pop stars holding banquets for thugs. Not much here for the Agnatella here for the eXpatella

Cover: \$25 (ruble equivalent) M: Arbatskaya Address: Novv Arbat 21

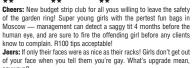
Hours: 24 hour

#### **Monte Carlo Upgrade**









anyways?

M: Dvna mo/Belorusskava Phone: 960-2004

Address: Leningradsky p. 32/2 (in the basement of Sovietsky Hotel)
Hours: 20:00 - 05.00

#### **Moulin Rouge**







Cheers: New strip club that you wouldn't feel out of place taking a broad tol Oh, wait, that's a jeer. Penthouse show gave legally-troubled Vladimir Sorokin enough ideas for ten more books. Strippers have surprisingly few bruises. Crazy menu makes sure no fetish is left out, and you can even get dances from the possibly-underaged waitresses! Jeers: Roast beef snapper. High out of work ballet dancer factor (wait, that's a cheer!). The chick in the army uniform looks like she's wearing a Nazi uniform (wait, that's also a BIG cheer with our Jewish staff). med after a shitty Nicole Kidman movie

Cover: \$10 and up
M: Krasny Vorota
Phone: 975-4451
Address: Sadovaya-Spassovaya 19/1 Hours: 19:00 til the last client

#### NIGHT • FLIGHT







Cheers: How many nights a week is too many at the Flight? We tried four, and were still achin' fo' mo'! Friendly babes for all tastes, from Pam Anderson lookalikes to girl-next-door! Still the last word in Pam Anderson lookalises to girl-next-door! Still the last word in high-class decadence, the skill easy "skill" to Sweden, our favorite Nordic country. Come here and we guarantee, you will feel looovoed. The menu actually makes Night Flight one of Moscow's better eating options, and we are talking about the food upstairs (not just the prey downstairs). The king of Moscow's dyev-hunting extended her in the tops and the skill of the prey downstairs). grounds has just opened up a "business class" section. Guess what that's about? We just discovered another reason to come here: if you want to drink all night around babes, feel confident, yet not get laid. come here, order a few drinks, and let the girls talk you up. You'll fee 100% better, we swear. Has returned to its glorious past: packed with babes, favorable ratios, and abuzz. Women so hot that you just want to keep them in a jar in your basement. Sexy working ladies, and 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: Weekends can use a little Viagra. For those on eXile salaries you can look, but you can't taste (unless you want to eat noodles for the rest of the month). Get yourself a rich friend. The Cartel now has set \$200 as the minimum price, so pack a pair of Bens if you come. Also, drinks and entrance have risen in price. Tiny dancefloor means you just cut straight to the negotiations. If you bump into your boss, just say that you've come for the food [sic]. Many gals accused Moe Snideman of being too drunk to find company during a recent visit This blatant breach of good faith will be remedied.

Cover: 600R M: Tverskaya Phone: 229-4165

Address: Ul. Tverskaya 17

Hours: Club 21.00 - 5.00; Restaurant 18.00 - 5.00

Oh La La ₩.

Cheers: Yow-zers! This place is just like Safari, only without the trail-Cheers: Yow-zers! Inis place is just like Safari, only without the trainers in the back. that's right, they've got real self-service rooms this time. Including a Kwik-E room in the strip bar section. Not as expensive as it looks; no covert All of Jean Michel's years of experience culminate in Oh La La. A must see for those in search of real Moscow decadence, with a very red velvet French flavor!

8

Jeers: If you're one of the European neighbors of the French, you might not feel comfortable here. Drinks get a little out of our range-maybe it's time for us to get real jobs, so that we can also get hand and blow iohs

M: Chistyi Prudi Phone: 921-90-84

Address: Sretenka 1

Hours: 20.00 'til 06.00 weekdays, afterparty 'til 08.00 weekends

## Puzir





Cheers: We put it in the guide! Jeers: This place would earn an ass... if only it served food! Wanker bouncers try to tell you you're not allowed to leave; VIP hall divided only by a screen, making you still mingle with the commoners; girls covered in body paint to hide bruises, scars and rashes. Cover: Up to 200R

M: Universitet Phone: 138-4961

Address: Lomonosovsky Pr. 23A, str. 1 Hours: Always

Rasputin





exile) got jiggy Russian-style with a stripper here and gave her a pearl necklace out of gratitude! Can't tell you the price or if there's code word, but damn! By God, folks, we'd be here every day if we could afford it, and not just because it's right next to our office! Strip shows of all calibers, ranging from the "erotic theater" cabaret to good of fashioned ultra-raunchy hardcore carpet-licking shows! We're not kidding you when we say they've got more girls than any other three Moscow strip clubs combined. Mystery-laden VIP room that even Higgins' press card couldn't get him into . Old skool Russian decadence for all you who missed it the first time round. During the day, the sidewalks out back are lined with girls hoping to land a job at Rasputin and make it big!

Jeers: A night here can cost more than the eXile nets in a month. If you don't get to the cabaret early enough, you'll probably only see the (admittedly quality) asses of the working girls watching the show. What's with the affiliated piroshki stand out front? Solidni klienti make

you wonder whether you should have worn more kevlar Cover: Tittie bar free 'til 20.30, then \$20 - \$100, depending

M: Park Kultury Phone: 245-5135

Address: Zubovsky 25 Hours: Always





alert! Safari was briefly raided and closed...and eXile REOPENED! Rumors of the demise of the closest thing to Hollywood decadence (you'll imagine yourself some Christopher Walken here) makes this a good alternative to Night Flight. A sort of deliciously hakes lins a gloot alterilative to invigin right. A soft of denicously debauched Night Flight for locals—less expensive, less touristy, with more of a focus on the genuinely erotic rather than the transaction. Hands-on personal strip shows make all the difference. For more intrade encounters, there's a special "dacha" out back, with sauna, double beds, and shower, all for a measly 1,000R per hour. Drinks surprisingly inexpensive, as is the grilled restaurant menu upsatirs. There is a livened for the presentant tent of the procedure of the proce is a licensed gynecologist on the management staff.

Jeers: That redhead is gone. These lap-dancing strippers are always expecting some kind of "present." No chance of meeting a nice expat girl here—wait a minute, that's not a jeer! rer: 250R

Phone: 916-1879

Address: UI. Pokrovka 32-34 (near Coffee Bean)

Shpilka





Cheers: If you're into bargain-basement slut farms, this is the place to be. Makes up for being way the fuck in the bonnies by having ultra-eX-hole friendly prices... these girls will do anything for a 10R tip! Bitting off a nipple costs a mere 250R!

Jeers: If you tip too much, the girls are apt to think it's fake money and

leave it untouched. Cover: 150R

M: Chertanovskaya Phone: 314-26-36

Address: Chertanovskaya ul. 32/2









all that. Snideman likes to polish up his trial skills here. Jeers: We always go through the wrong arches at least twice before finding the club. Every time we leave here, we feel depressed, God knows how you can bag one of these babes, but we hear it's possible.

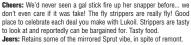
Phone: 203-4614

Address: 17 Nikolopeskovsky pereulok (through the arch from Novy Arbat)









Address: Turgenevskaya pl. 2/4 (where Sprut was)

**Bowling & More Apelsin** 







Cheers: Giant neon bowling pin outside approved by the Committee on Revolutionary Architecture. So many activities that you could spend a whole week there without ever repeating the same activity twice! Average prices with steep daytime discounts for eX-holes

Jeers: Lanes as straight as the Village People. Only by aiming for the gutter will you have any chance... it's almost Zen! Evil corporations often rent out the second floor of lanes, leading to an uneven distribution of lanes. Bowling should never be an indicator of middle-class values. Occasional fashion shows downstairs. Foozeball is an ethically questionable proposition

Cover: None M: Krasnopresnenskaya Phone: 253-0253

Address: Malaya Gruzinskaya 15 Hours: 12.00 - 5.00 Bi Ba Bo





Cheers: More quiet, less overcrowded, and better location than the competition. Shoes to fit all sizes, state of the art bowling lanes and the whole range of halls to suit your rolling needs. Good service Jeers: Fewer lanes than others, so if a crowd comes, you could be

Cover: None (lanes cost up to 500R per hour)

M: Smolensky

Phone: 232-9431 Address: Karmanidsky pereulok 9 (across from John Bull in the Metro Hours: 12.00 - 5.00

STI.





Cheers: Although not new, Bow Bol certainly looks it. State of the art Brunswick equipment, fully computerized, bright interior with c colors that remind one of "fun," and 8 fancy lanes. The Russians bowl here are more serious-and talented-than elsewhere. Baltika in

the bottle for 20R, 1/2 liter draft for 40R. Jeers: If you ever wondered who buys the cheesy Eurotrash lamps in those Sveta stores, this is who, Candy-pastel purple lampshades with celling stems that look like a dismembered paper clip or even that annoying Microsoft Word help character can be distracting. Clientele might be too "solidny" for the average eXhole of Dude Lebwoski-an

descent. Wisely ditched the cosmic bowling.

Cover: Hourly rates for bowling: weekdays 12.00 - 17.00: 300R, 17.00 5.00: 600R; weekends: 12.00 - 14.00: 450R, 14.00 - 5.00: 600R. Hourly rates for nool: 150B-200B

M: Belorusskay Phone: 257-0048

Address: 3-ya Ulitsa Yamskogo polya, dom 2 (down the street from Hours: 12.00 - 5.00







Cheers: It's a bowling alley even Chubais would love! New, not-soexpensive hourly rates for pool, with new tables that the mud people haven't had a chance to ruin vet.

Abers: The bowling equivalent of the Putin Youth, taking the Prez's personality cult to new heights, with big screen projections of Judo rights visible from every conceivable position within the club. Part of the giant sucking sound to Metro Ulitsa 1905 goda. Sushi and bowling still don't mix. They charge for the backgammon and chess sets. Cover: none (lanes cost up to 780R per hour)

M: Ul. 1905 goda Phone: 933-0933

Address: Sergei Makyava 8a Hours: noon 'til 6.00







Jeers: On the outer reachs of the solar system Cover: none (lanes cost up to 600R per hour)

Address: Leningradsky shosse 16 Hours: 17.00 - 6:00 (Fri - Sat 12.00 - 6.00)

ne: 747-5000







cheap-O drinks are a pleasing touch. cheap-0 drinks are a pleasing loudry.

Jeers: Locals are not only shifty bowlers who drop the ball like it's a
boulder and drain it, they have a habit of repeatedly violating your lane;
you might have to wait for a lane; the only way to make reservations
is to pay 15,000R for a club membership.

Cover: None (lanes cost 360-780R per hour)

M: Park Kultury Phone: 246-3666 Address: Ul. Lva Tolstogo 18







Cheers: Cheap-O drinks make up for the fact that it is in the middle of oneers. Just's clause they're advertisers doesn't mean they can get list-of hot chicks. Disco has best view in Moscow (for a disco, at least).

Jeers: Just 'cause they're advertisers doesn't mean they can get listed twice. Six lanes. Disco on fifth floor with no elevator

Cover: None (lanes cost 360-780R per hour) M: Novoslobodskava Phone: 973-3656/4997



Phone: 974-5308

Hours: 12.00 - 5.00

The

Phone: 737-8361

Hours: 12.00 - 5.00



Cheers: Two days' worth of Moscow Times were still wrapped in the newspaper stand on a recent visit. Cheap drinks. Promised free beer for Americans on Mondays.. Jeers: ... but failed to deliver on a recent Monday night visit. Should

be a magnit for slutty student dyevs too poor to go far from Universitet, but the only girls here were with their flathead-Jr. M: Prospekt Vernadskogo

Address: Ul. Udaltsova 42 (but not even area residents know where





Deers: Hang out for dyevs whose daddies work across Alexsandrovsky Sad. Way too many video games. Management resets the high score on the basketball free-throw game daily. Cover: None (lanes cost up to 600R per hour) M: Okhotny Ryad

Address: Manezhnaya ploshchad 2 (in the underground mall by the

Strike







Short lanes ma high scores easy. Watch replays of your self sinking gutter balls. A fishing video game that lets you use the big snapper lure. Funky disposable socks remind us of visiting Russiar abortion clinics! Balls have yet to be chipped and scarred by bowlers immitating Pedro Martinez. Carl won a liter beer mug here for drink ing brew through a straw...

... and broke it on the sidewalk outside of Lyochik Sees. ... and other for the solvenar outside of Eyouth. Snowboarding video game as much fun as owning a chair with wheels. Haven't worked out the kinks in the ball return system. Those arriving without Scooby snacks risk getting torn apart by packs of wild beasts roaming the area parking lots.

M: Fili or Kutuzovskaya

Phone: 148-7876/7632 Address: Ulitsa 1812 goda Hours: Fuck if we know





Live Muzak

**B2** 

Cheers: Haven't been here in a while, but we sure liked the gaggle of babe-o-licious B2 employees we met at McCoy's late on a recent Weds. Cheap, giant venue that kicks butt when it's full. Good live acts and a lot more space than Bunker. 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. Soon to double in size and include pool tables and a swimming pool!

Jeers: Suffering from multiple-personality disorder: you can't be a live venue and a disco at the same time. Empties

Cover: 100R M: Mayakovskaya Phone: 209-9918 Address: Bolshaya Sadovaya ul. 8







sort of thing Jeers: Has that un-rediscovered feel to it. Pretty empty when there isn't live music. Food is cheap for a reason — the portions are sushi-

Cheers: 1996's choice for expats trying to escape the techno overload.

ne: 299-8206 Hours: 12.00 - 2.00 **Bedniye Lyudi** 

**3** Æ. 8

Jeers: It's now 2002. Nicknamed "zhadniye lyudi." No macking factor. Cover: None M: Tretyakovskaya Phone: 951-3342 Address: Bolshaya Ordynka 11/6



Hours: 15.00 - 5.00

Æ.

STI:



Cheers: Already defied the cynics by attracting a solid middle-rang Cheers: Already defied the cynics by attracting a solid middle-range, non-techno crowd. Awesome super-cheap food deals and drinks. Live music every night. Named after the legendary Moscow punk club. Come early morning for breakfast and U may just get lucky. Jeers: Three hour technichesky pererif means that it is not kruglosutichni. Lame three-room layout in former Turkish nightclub.

Cover: Ranges from free to 80R, depending on the night

M: Pushkinskaya Phone: 200-1506 Address: Tverskava 12 Hours: 10.00-07.00

Morrisville 8 3

Cheers: Former goth dive Krai is now a bearded boho dive called Morrisville, God knows why, we're sure there's a great explanation The cheaps are drink, which is always a good thing. Cozy, live muzak Jeers: Chick hell. Lots of vosemdesyatniki with their aging groupies

very little makeup, low camel-toe factor, way the fuck outside of town. In other words, you won't be seeing us there. Cover: No M: Baumanskaya Phone: 267-03-09

#### Address: Spartakovskava pl. 14 Rhythm 'N Blues

8 恶 Cheers: Resurrected from Air Supply-like obscurity by Blast frontman Nosh and converted into THE place to search for snapper this summe

Nosh and converted into IHE place to search for snapper this summer season. Killer patio on the roof populated by barely legals and soon-to-be barely legals. Packs 'em in with three floors of dancin' and eXhole-friendly prices.

Jeers: eXile alert! Recently started charging cover on weekends in an effort to keep sluts out! Flounder couldn't take advantage of a slut that grabbed his ass cuz he was on his way to vomit. Pot smokers on the condendation is impleaded on pice, and left to refer weeker to be made roof should be implaled on pikes and left to rot for weeks to be made an example of. Further proof of the Ikea-ization of Moscow Cover: 100R on weekends

M: Borovitskava Phone: 203-6008 Address: Starobagnkovky per. 19, str. 2 Hours: noon till the last one out

STIC.

eX-hole friendly drinks.

M: Tretyakovskaya Phone: 959-5333

Hours: lots of them



Cheers: eXile alert! Back-2-back visits last weekend showed that Rock Vegas more mojo than we'd thunk! Friday featured a danceflo' packed with unescorted kwality snapper, and Saturday had a Bulgarian band that started rockin' just as soon as they stopped playing Depeche Mode covers! Even a recent post-NFL Sunday visit had the dance floor packed with snapper! Worth checking out again after you wrote it off so many moons ago. A good place to impress your Macedonian friends. Cheap food that only sometimes tastes like ass;

ex-note mentally arrinks.

Jeers: Bartenders sometimes get surly about things like ordering or making change. Rumored to attract soccer fags for big games. Talk about mud flaps these girls got 'em....

Cover: None for now.

Sixteen Tons 8 • ₹#i

Address: Pyatnitskaya 29/8 (by the Pizza Hut)

Cheers: APB: what happened last Thursday? We have to say, this club does kick ass. Upstairs has some of the top shows and a good mix of dyevs and serious music afficionadoes. Downstairs, a range of scalliwags ranging from oligarchs to eXpats to divorced mai wags ranging from onjagrachs to expasts to divorced mammas to starving journalists. NS: the food here rocks. Management not adverse to fights outside. Just make sure you don't fight someone who owns a Merc jeep. Jeers: Club named after the average weight of the devs. Absolutely useless when there isn't live music. Ridiculous English pub downstairs isn't fooling anyone. Fleishman got rolled in the bathroom. Cover: Devs: R100 weekdays, R150 weekends; Guys: R150 week-

Kile's Top 5 Clubs to Witness Inter-Euro Conflicts! Soccer thugs of all nations pretend it really matters! 2. Three Monkeys 3. Expat Club
Tcha. right. and ht, and euros might fly out of our butts! 4. Boar House Why can't they just forget their problems and bone whores somewhere else? 5. Le Club Surrender monkeys vs. Nazi face control!

days, R200 weekends M: Ul. 1905 Phone: 253-5300 Address: Presnenskii Val 6 Hours: 18.00 - 6.00

Æ.

M: Chistyi Prudi

Phone: 748-03-43

Hours: 10.00-06.00

Address: Pokrovsky Bul. 3, str. 1

Tochka

• 8 \*\* Cheers: Flounder claims the recent Shourov show was the best concert his ever been tol Cavernous warehouse-type place that brings in the bands everyone else is afraid of, like Garazhdanskaya Oborona. Don't discriminate against the NatSelsi Llos of rom. Not dorkadent. They have a disco thang when concerts aren't scheduled. Top venue

Jeers: C'mon guys - you've already been open a year. Can you put in some ceiling fans or an air conditioner or something? Is it so difficult to understand that people will buy more booze if their shirts are not glued to their chests by a sheen of sweat? Hos try to scam beer off of

glued to their chests by a sneen of swear Host by to scam beer off or you in exchange for getting them to leave you alone. Dancing theoret-ically goes on all night, but the club clears out within five minutes after concerts end. Doormen are assholes. Too big for the small and not totally attractive crowd.

Cover: 100-200R for concerts M: Ulitsa 1905 goda Phone: 253-4355

Address: Zvenigorodskoye shosse 4 Hours: 19.00 - 6.00 Woodstock

8 Cheers: They actually manage to get some decent acts here. Unpretentious student-v crowd comes by for weekend shows. Chear ces, not as many hippies as the name implies. Everyone uses odorant.

Jeers: Empties out immediately following the shows... needs to either keep the bands on longer or dose drinks with GHB to keep the girls from leaving. Cover: 50R-100R

### **Oueer Nation**



Cheers: eXile alert! Hol-ee shit! After reading about Chameleon in the eXile, an American Negro slut with tits to her knees took off all her clothes for a TV that won't even work in the States! We must be doing something right! The most out of control amateur striptease on the planet! Five wasted guys from the audience get completely naked and then strip a dyev (also from the audience) all the way. She grabs each guy's dick and picks her favorite. After that, they get a free condom and sometimes are even willing to fuck on stage! It ain't pretty folks, but it's a must see for real eX-holes. Besides, the MC is the funniest Russian alive. Men-only gay club downstairs for... men only. Some really cute girls, and some are willing to go

all the way in public! Jacers: Gay sources say this place is no longer gay, but rather provin-cial central. Nothing to do here when people aren't fucking on stage. Expensive cover and cheap drinks make for a volatile combo. Lots of soldier types, but then again, it is a gay club. Go-go dancers are of both sexes and the chicks are not even all that. No locks in the gay part's bathrooms make them very dangerous indeed.

Cover: R190 weekends; cheaper the rest of the week

M: Ulitsa 1905 goda

Phone: 253-6343

<u> Th</u>

Phone: 208.6247

*₹* 

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Address: Presnensky Val 14 Hours: 18.00 - 6.00 Chance

**3** \*\*\* Cheers: Some think it's the best club in Moscow, but we don't. Handsome mixed crowd who comes to dance and enjoy. Gay soft porn, striptease, and mermaid act.

Jeers: It's been over-discovered—including by OMON troops, who

occasionally pop in to bash your head, take you into jail, and plant drugs on you. Very little hetero-macking. Andrew McChesney goes here.

Imperia Kino

M: Ploshchad Ilyicha Address: Ul. Volocharskogo 11/15 (inside Dom Kultury Serp i Molot)
Hours: 23.15 - 6.00

Cover: Men: 100R; Women: 150R after midnight

8 Cheers: Unpretentious, student-aged gay club. Mix of straights, dykes and TVs. Music ranges from cool techno to Russo-cho



Cheers/Jeers: New men's-only gay club that we were too stupid to find. It's here, it's queer, get used to it!

M: Krasniye Vorota Address: Sadovava-Snasskava 18 (around the side of the building look for the door with the domophone)

# **Three Monkeys**



Cheers: Full service gay entertainment. Strp shows, and also hugely convenient VIP rooms where "anything goes." You pay \$20 for a room, and that includes champagne, a fruit plate, and chocoloate... Hot porn on on big screens in the main hall. Quiet bar area to sit and commis-Jeers: They don't allow women in here on som e nights, but who

Cover: Dudes: none: chicks: Mon. - Thurs.: 100R: Fri. - Sat.: 70R 18.00 21.00, 100R 21.00 - 23.00, 200R after 23.00

Contact Valentina at 795-3376 (fax: 245-1415) to give or receive more info; or by email: office@exile.ru

Phone: 951-1563; 959-0909

Address: Sadovnicheskaya ulitsa 71, str. 2

Hours: Mon. - Sat. 18.00 - 9.00

# HAS ANYBODY SEEN MY LADY?

The shocking true story of one man's awakening! By Flounder

There comes a time in every man's life when he realizes that he needs a whore. Most eXile staffers and readers have known that time—some more frequently than others—and I am no different, no better.

Last Wednesday, while getting wasted with Rudnitsky on comps at Oh La La, I knew that my time was now. I'm no high roller and neither is Jake, so we took our search elsewhere.

I figured I was smarter than those idiots who dial the numbers in the introductions section of *The* Moscow Times, hell, smarter even the ones who support our own advertisers! So I grabbed Tsentr Plus to save some dough. A whore's a whore, right?

After dozens of calls and hours of waiting, a \$50 girl and her driver finally reported. She was some whore named Yulia: blonde, average height, slightly overweight, late 20s. I bid Rudnitsky farewell, and took her home with me. Thanks to her driver, I didn't even need a cab!

It's a five-minute drive from Jake's place to mine, and in that time she and the driver lectured me that I ought to blowing \$100 for a four-hour session rather than \$50 for two. By now it was already dawn; my logical facilities were weak. How else can I explain dropping so much for a sub-par lady? But I handed the money over and Yulia and I headed off to do the nasty.

The driver started to drive off... but then he stopped, calling to Yulia that she'd left her bag in the car. She calmly walked to the car and sat down. Up till this point, I noticed nothing amiss... Everything was cool. Even when she closed the door, I hardly suspected. Only with the car a good 50 yards gone I realize that I'd been jacked.

A hundred bucks isn't a lot in the scheme of things-shit, John Bonar of *Marketing Russia* took me for a lot worse—but there's a principle at work here. If you can't trust a whore, who're you supposed to trust? We had a deal!

And what did I get for trying to save money? Nada damn thing.

Don't be a fool: use the eXile every time!

(a message from the Moscow Chamber Consumer Confidence)



session intended to level the playing field by ingesting a substance that the world chess governing board FIDE has not ruled illegal to use during competitions. Two hours and three flesh markets latter, the search team returned with Natasha, a 19year-old Moldavian whose train had just arrived at Kievsky Voksal the day before. That's right, folks not only were we her first chess trick, the eXile team was about to break her Moscow cherry!

We helped refresh her memory as to how the pieces moved (careful not to bog her down with confusing moves such as the en passant) with her clothes on. Our compassion ended there. After sending her to the bathroom with a towel, we reviewed some last minute keys with Sex Machine Jake Rudnitsky, who had drawn the lot to play Natasha, and waited for her return. Natasha drew white.

Natasha — White, eXile — Black 1.h4

Natasha finds one of the few opening moves with virtually no historical precedent, although one occasionally finds disparaging refthere's a skrityi shakh (hidden check) coming her way. Besides, she's going to hang her queen over on the arank. Or was she try-



ing to threaten 12.Qxc7? Oooooh! Scary!

#### 11...Nxh1+ 12.Kd1 Qxh5+

Oh, God, it hurts! Just watch as she doesn't even offer up any resistance as we eat up all her pieces! It doesn't bode well for her future life on the street. She'd better toughen up soon, or pieces of her will be turning up in Moskovsky Komsomolets one of these days.

#### 13.Ke1 Bxh3 14.Bf4 Qh4+ 15.Kd1 Oxf4 16.c3 Bg4+ 17.Kc2 Oxe4+ 18.Kb3 Nc6

About now, Natasha keeps trying to move into check. Sorry, hon, it don't work that waywe're not gonna make it any less painful. That's right, we want to see you squirm.

19.Bh3 Nxa5+ 20.Ka3 Nc4+ 21.Ka4 Nb2+ 22.Kb5 Qc4+ 23.Ka5 Qa4#



It's true. We'd been somewhat, well, dissatisfied at the level of play that Moscow's whores displayed in our first two games. Sure, it's fun to crush what little self-esteem a call girl might have, to show her that she got where she is not because of hard knocks, an abusive father or crushing poverty, but because she is a dense provincial bitch with no possible function beyond that of commodity. And, of course, we liked the winning. But it was time to take it to the next level. Showing a whore that she's stupid is one thing; showing her that while a group of poorly aging eX-holes laughs mercilessly at her naked ass in a language she doesn't understand is another.

Could we have dreamt that we would debase her so thoroughly that she would repeatedly attempt to revive a dead-drunk Mark Ames in order that he would restore to her a slight grain of humanity by stuffing her face in a pillow and fucking her? We could not.

No, our agenda going into the third "eXile Plays the Whores" game was much simpler: No longer would we be satisfied with some ho that clothed or not. Who is she to have some sort of sense of entitlement? The eXile was paying; we'd call the shots. Don't feel comfortable sitting naked surrounded by four dressed members of eXile chess committee who may or may not be indulging in controlled substances? Bitch doesn't like that we're capturing the whole thing on video? Tcha, right, we really care! Cry us a river, baby. We're the ones who plunked down a hundred bucks. You wanna find a place that'll let you say "no"? Too bad; this ain't America, baby. If we're paying your salary, you better believe you're gonna work for your money.

Oh, we realized it wouldn't be easy to find the right girl, one who would let us walk all over her the way we required. Those call girls with their okhroniki proved to be nothing but trouble. For them, two guys in a room means danger! What we needed was a whore who didn't know where we were taking her, one that's been trampled so completely that she couldn't resist our orders, one that no one would hear scream... We needed a girl from a flesh market!

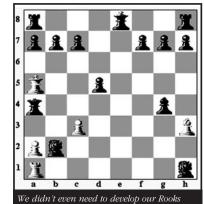
Two members of our executive committee ordered a taxi to begin the search, while the remaining two engaged in a last minute training erences to the Deprez, Anti-Borg or Kadas opening (1.h4...). It almost guarantees that she will be down a pawn in no time. Any wonder why she gets into cars full of strangers for a living?

1...e5 2.Nc3 Bb4 3.h5 Bxc3? 4.bxc3 This is the first piece Natasha takes! You

#### 4...d5 5.g4 Nf6 6.Nh3 Nxg4 7.d4 exd4 8.Qd3??? dxc3 9.e4 Qh4 10.Qxc3? Nxf2?

What the hell were we thinking? Maybe we were intimidated by Natasha taking our pawn (which was the last piece she grabbed in the game, we might add)? Or was this some pitiful attempt at a gambit that the Sex Machine's drug addled mind worked out? If Natasha takes 11.Nxf2, the eXile would be on the retreat, scrambling to save the queen and sacrificing the knight with no compensation. Might the eXile lose to a whore? The horror!

Stupid fucking bitch! It's pretty clear why she ended up in a flesh market-if she can't even take advantage of a clear opportunity handed to her in chess, how's she going to succeed in life? Not only has Natasha forfeited her rook, but



#### Natasha - 0 eXile - 1

Oh, yeah! We kick ass! The eXile wins AGAIN! And we were playing Black! Who's your Daddy now, Natasha? On your knees, bitch, let's see you pray! Pray to Daddy! Better hit the books if you want any consolation better than a drunken Ames from behind! Now, who's next?

FREE ENTRANCE





21, NOVY ARBAT (UNDER METELITSA CASINO)

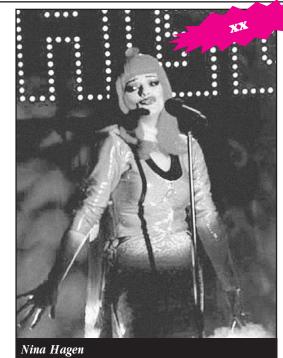
#### **Tito** and Tarantula. **Voodoo Lounge. October 10. 23.00**

If your memory sucks as much as Flounder's recollection of last weekend, check our last issue to find out more about Tito. All you need to know is that Sixteen Tons fucked up, so now this show is rescheduled for Voodoo.

#### **Tanina** Karatoni. Moskva Roma. **October 5. 22.00**

Apparently Karatoni's last visit to  $Moscow-which\ ended$ in the staged bullfight in Tsepellin's chill out room pleased the aging tusovka so much that they're ready for a second go! This Spaniard

and his band play drunk gypsy rock and are friends with hippie Manu Chao. All this and the 10man band make them something like the Spanish version of Leningrad. Karatoni and crew are former punks and still manage to look like real degenerates, which raises the question, "how do they make it past face control when we can't?" After realizing that they didn't complete their goal of destroying Moscow during last winter's visit, they're coming back to finish what they started. And since it's Moskva Roma's birthday, there will probably be tons of free food and booze.



# Nina Hagen.

**October 14. 22.00** 

This aging German slut has been playing for nearly thirty years, ever since she skipped out on the commies for fame and fortune in the west. After gaining a following for her "flamboyant" tendencies, she skipped out on rising Eurotrash culture and headed to New York, where she ditched her roots and started making dance music. We can't find a record of her doing anything interesting since 1989 or so, so who knows why the hell she's coming here.

#### DJ Fest. **Maxim Rilsky Boat.** October 12-13 Leaves at 12

Just in time for winter, the boat party guys are back! This time the boat takes off from Rechnoi Voksal, and will carry a wide assortment of Moscow's DJs as well as British DJ Altobe in addition to so much snapper you won't even have to take a reel! Plenty of drinking, light drugs, and easy sex for those interested in trying their deep sea muff diving skills. Nobody seems to know if the boat plans on stopping at any point after departure, so come prepared!

# Justo.

**October 11 23.00** Although we usually wouldn't want to come out too strongly in favor of anything happening at Justo, Kid Loco gets our honest recommendation. Just check out the list of artists he's done remixs for: Stereolab, Mogwai, and Pulp among others. And while all those bands are extreme Eurotrash, we can't deny that they're on the high end of the spectrum...not that that's so hard. Kid Loco has played in punk, reggae and hiphop groups, but he must've ended up smoking too much weed and now spins chill electronic music, appeaing to aspiring Russian Eurofags because they can be heard while they're seen.

#### **Crooner Fest.** Divas. **October 4 23.00**

This festival, in honor of Sergei Kogovitsky, is one of the most bizarre things we've ever recommended. Nobody knows who the hell this man is or why it'll be at Divas. Some band called KPZ is scheduled to headline, but it's not like that name rings any bells in our office either. So why are we recommending it? Who cares what the fucking music is, there'll be tits and snapper galore!

#### Kid 606. **Sixteen Tons. October 5 23.00**

Kid 606 departs from the usual trappings of "intellectual techno" by failing to take it seriously....which is why he's playing at 16 Tons and not Justo. His fondness for breakbeat techno and his punk ethos get him compared more to Atari Teenage Riot and Add N (to X) than with the Eurofairies playing at dorkadent clubs. Having dabbled in everything from unlistenable noie to synthetic heavy metal, this show should be a real surprise. And if that's not enough to sell you, he not only remixed Faith No More's Mike Patton, but also records for his Ipecac label.



#### THURSDAY

#### OCTOBER 3

# R O C K

22.00: Kitaisky Lyotchik (Live Muzak)

#### Solex

23.00: B-2 (Live Muzak)

#### Vosmaya Marta 23.00: Bunker (Live Muzak)

**Clean Tone** 

22.30: Sixteen Tons (Watering Holes) **Eiforia** 

#### 21.00: Svalka (Watering Holes)

Uncle L.

# 23.00: Vermel (Live Muzak) B L U E S

J.S. Blues Band 22.00: B. B. King (Live Muzak)

**Blues Cousins** 

23.00: R&B Cafe (Live Muzak) **EastWest Connetion** 

21.00: Le Club (Watering Holes)

#### D I S C O DJ Gatek

22.00: Kult (Watering Holes)

DJs Groove, Novak, Air, Pussy

00.00: Garage (Watering Holes)

**DJs Melory & Operator** 21.30: Respublika Beefeater (Watering Holes)

DJs Dukhov, Gudok

23.00: Sixteen Tons (Live Muzak)

#### FRIDAY OCTOBER 4

# R O C K

**Underwood** 21.30: Respublika Beefeater

**Andrei Makarevich** 

23.00: B-2 (Live Muzak)

Crematory 23.00: Svalka (Watering Holes)

**Jah Division** 

23.30: Bunker (Live Muzak) Chicerina

22.30: Sixteen Tons (Watering Holes)

GG.BG 22.00: B.B.King (Live Muzak)

**Funk You** 

23.00: Vermel (Shake It!)

Orange Kazoo 22.00: Kitaisky Lyotchik (Live Muzak)

#### B L U E S

**EastWest Connetion** 21.00: Le Club (Watering Holes)

#### D I S C O DJ Lajdak+Chagin

23.00: Kult (Watering Holes)

After Party: DJ Grad 00.00: Garage (Watering Holes)

**DJ Stanley** 23.00: Voodoo Lounge (Watering Holes)

### SATURDAY

#### OCTOBER 5

#### R O C K

#### Tonino Carotone

22.00: Moscow-Rome Alyona Sviridova

23.00: B-2 (Live Muzak)

**Omar Torrez** 22.00: Kitaisky Lyotchik (Live Muzak)

Revolver

23.00: Vermel (Live Muzak)

Nike Borzov

23.30: Bunker (Live Muzak) Alexander Laertsky

23.00: Svalka (Watering Holes)

#### B L U E S Vanva Zhuk

22.00: B.B.King (Live Muzak) Cher-ta

23.00: R&B Cafe (Live Muzak)

**EastWest Connetion** 21.00: Le Club (Watering Holes)

### D I S C O

Kid 606 22.30: Sixteen Tons (Live Muzak)

After Party: DJ Grad 05.00: Garage (Watering Holes)

**DJs Melory & Operator** 

22.00: Respublika Beefeater (Watering Holes)

DJ Rex 00.00: Expat (Watering Holes)

# SUNDAY

#### OCTOBER 6

## R O C K

Umka, Rada & Ternovnik

19.00: Svalka (Watering Holes)

**Male Facktor** 23.00: Vermel (Live Muzak)

B L U E S

**Scooder Blues** 

23.00: R'n'B Cafe (Live Muzak)

Papa John's Band 23.00: Papa John's (Watering Holes)

D I S C O

23.00: Kult (Watering Holes)

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23.00: Propaganda (Watering Holes) DJ Lyonya 00.00: Bunker (Live Muzak) DJ Dukhov

21.30: Sixteen Tons (Live Muzak)

MONDAY

OCTOBER 7 R O C K

Tom Cat, Diamond Rose 19.00: Svalka (Watering Holes)

**Virgin Tears** 23.00: R'n'B Cafe (Live Muzak)

J A Z Z

**Maria Tarasevich** 21.00: Le Club (Watering Holes)

D I S C O DJ Poly

23.00: Papa John's (Watering Holes)

23.00: Respublika Beefeater (Watering Holes) **DJ Lyonya** 00.00: Bunker (Live Muzak)

**DJ Dukhov** 

23.00: Sixteen Tons (Live Muzak)

TUESDAY OCTOBER 8

R O C K Tito & Tarantula

22.00: B. B. King (Live Muzak) **Sur Face** 

23.00: R&B Cafe (Live Muzak) Dobranoch`

23.00: Vermel (Live Muzak)

UE

**Alexander Dovgopoly** 21.00: Le Club (Watering Holes)

L A T I N O

**Latino Party** 23.00: Papa John's (Watering Holes)

D I S C O DJs Joker, Ray, Velikaya, Melory & Operator

00.00: Respublika Beefeater (Watering Holes) Di Vin-kin

22.00: Kult (Watering Holes) **DJ Fomin** 

00.00: Garage (Watering Holes) DJ Usef

22.00: Voodoo Lounge (Watering Holes)

WEDNESDAY

OCTOBER 9

R O C K

**John Lennon Party: Dans Ramblers** 

23.00: Vermel (Live Muzak) Dobranoch' 22.00: Kitaisky Lyotchik (Live Muzak)

**Dolya Riska** 19.00: Svalka (Watering Holes) **Dream Tears** 23.00: R'n'B Cafe (Live Muzak)

**Ober Maneker** 23.00: Bunker (Live Muzak)

L U E S Open Jam with No Problem 22.00: B. B. King (Live Muzak)

D I S C O

**Expat Nights** 23.00: Papa John's (Watering Holes) Di Nickolaev

22.00: Kult (Watering Holes) **DJs Melory & Operator** 

22.00: Respublika Beefeater (Watering Holes) **DJ Lvonva** 

00.00: Bunker (Live Muzak) DJ Dli, DJ Jeff

00.00: Garage (Watering Holes)

THURSDAY OCTOBER 10

R O C K

Art Childish

23.00: Vermel (Live Muzak)

22.00: Kitaisky Lyotchik (Live Muzak)

**Konstantin Nikolsky** 22.00: B. B. King (Live Muzak)

Sosnovy Vozdukh

23.00: Bunker (Live Muzak)

**Dety Picasso** 

19.00: Svalka (Watering Holes) B L U E S

**Blues Cousins** 

23.00: R'n'B Cafe (Live Muzak)

D I S C O DJ Gatek

22.00: Kult (Watering Holes)

DJs Groove, Novak, Air, Pussy 00.00: Garage (Watering Holes)

**DJs Melory & Operator** 21.30: Respublika Beefeater (Watering Holes) DJs Dukhov, Gudok

23.00: Sixteen Tons (Live Muzak)

FRIDAY

OCTOBER 11

O C K

Nogu Svelo 19.00: Svalka (Watering Holes)

Crematory 23.00: B-2 (Live Muzak)

23.00: Bunker (Live Muzak)

**Moralny Codex** 

23.00: Sixteen Tons (Live Muzak)

21.00: Vermel (Watering Holes)

**Sever Combo** 

22.00: Kitaisky Lyotchik (Live Muzak)

D I S C O **DJs Melory & Operator** 

22.00: Respublika Beefeater (Watering Holes) DJs Teacher, Asya, Grad

02.00: Garage (Watering Holes)

23.00: Voodoo Lounge (Watering Holes)

SATURDAY

OCTOBER 12

R O C K Alexei Paperny

22.00: Kitaisky Lyotchik (Live Muzak)

**Auktsyuon** 

23.00: B2 (Live Muzak) Steam Engine

23.00: Vermel (Live Muzak) **Stainless Blues Band** 

23.00: R'n'B Cafe (Live Muzak)

Nike Borzov 23.00: Sixteen Tons (Live Muzak)

Crossroadz 21.00: B.B. King (Watering Holes)

D I S C O

DJs B Voice, Feel Good, **Un-Tonn** 

00.00: Gertsen (Watering Holes)

SUNDAY

OCTOBER 13

R O C K

Cher-Ta

23.00: Bunker (Live Muzak)

**Grant Airapetyan** 23.00: Kitaisky Lyotchik (Live Muzak)

23.00: B. B. King (Watering Holes) B L U E S

Papa John's Band 23.00: Papa John's (Watering Holes)

D I S C O

**DJ Soulman** 23.00: Kult (Watering Holes)

**DJ Dukhov** 20.00: Sixteen Tons (Live Muzak)

MONDAY OCTOBER 14

R O C K Nina Hagen

23.00: B-2 (Live Muzak) **Stainless Blues Band** 23.00: R'n'B Cafe (Live Muzak)

Platsenta 19.00: Svalka (Watering Holes)

B L U E S

**Igor Buttman Big Band** 23.00: Le Club (Live Muzak)

D I S C O

DJ Poly 23.00: Papa John's (Watering Holes)

DJ Berg 23.00: Sixteen Tons (Live Muzak) **Chill Party** 

23.00: B2 (Live Muzak)

TUESDAY

OCTOBER 15

R O C K Marsh Malosolnyuh Fest

19.00: Svalka (Watering Holes) Pvatnitsa 23.00: Bunker (Live Muzak)

L A T I N O **Latino Party** 

23.00: Papa John's (Watering Holes)

D I S C O DJs On Lee, Chagin

00.00: Propaganda (Watering Holes) Dj Vin-kin 22.00: Kult (Watering Holes)

**DJ Fomin** 00.00: Garage (Watering Holes)

**Chill Party** 22.00: B2 (Live Muzak)

WEDNESDAY

OCTOBER 16

D I S C O

Expat Nights

23.00: Papa John's (Watering Holes)

**DJs Melory & Operator** 22.00: Respublika Beefeater (Watering Holes)

# Развлекательный Центр



# **SOAR INTO THE FUN ZONE TODAY**

20 Bowling lanes (Brunswick), 35 Billiard Tables (pool, snooker, Russian pyramid), Sushi Bar, High Impact Video Games, Wall Climbing, Q-Zar, Restaurant, Special Banquet Menu, 4 Private Karaoke Rooms, VIP Salon, Jumbo ScreenTV, Football Bar, Live

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**COMING SOON: 10 MORE BOWLING LANES!** 

# LIVE SPORTING EVENTS

FOOTBALL BAR with JUMBO SCREEN TV Champion League, UEFA Cup,

October, 3rd, Thursday

22:45 UEFA Cup. Viking Vs Chelsea 23:30 UEFA Cup. Parma Vs CSKA

October, 4th, Friday

21:55 Volleyball. World Championship.

23:55 Volleyball. World Championship. 2nd Round October, 5th, Saturday

23:55 Volleyball. World Championship. 2nd Round

October, 6th, Sunday

19:00 Spartak Vs Krilia Sovietov 19:00 Liverpool Vs Chelsea

20:55 Valensia Vs Celta

21:55 Volleyball, World Championship,

22:55 Manchester United - Everton

**Live Dutch, Spanish & English Premiership league matches!** 

2nd Round October, 7th, Monday

**FOSTER'S** 



**Comfortable** sitting arrangement, **Reasonably priced drinks** & Chill-Out.

**Spacious dance floor,** 

Thursday-Sunday 22:00-06:00

**Thursday Best of non-stop latino,** pop and rock&roll

Friday

Pop music & dance, dance show

Saturday

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# The Exile: eat your $\phi$ out



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



#### **African**

#### **Bungalo Bar**

Cheers: Still as yummie as ever. The Dolans gave the vegetarian sampler with injeera two Band-Aid records up, ike "Catholic High School Girls in the "internency ellyudo" will make you "cream in your jeans." Gobs of super-spiroj flavor, generous portions, terrific selection (including plent) of vennie ontions), and all at dirt-chean eXholable prices. Terrific coffee that comes from the country that may or may not have invented it. Ceiling tapestries depict children attempting to swallow own fists. Authentic rich

Jeers: Unfortunately, the 'ritas usually take forever to prepare—better to order a beer as well to drink while you wait. Pina Colada served in a beaker order a beer as well to drink While you wart. Pina Colada served in a beaker. If you order the "firmennoye blyudo" expecting the Ethiopian sampler, you might get one of their awful other "firmenniye blyadi," one a horrible seafood-maynaisse-corn salad, the other a chunk of rubbery meat. May sure you specify Just the kind of place (cheap, socicially ethnic, seemingly progressive) to attract lots of Lonely Planet fuckheads with pasty, smelly beards and fat-anided "partners."

M: Kurskaya

Phone: 916-2432

Address: 7 Whosel you fat.

Phone: 916-2432 Address: Zemlyanoi val Hours: noon - midnight

#### Limpopo

Cheers: Moe Snideman and his teenaged date gave it two spears up for the tasty ostrich and yummie crocodile shashlik. Take revenge on annoying Greenpeace hippies by gorging on such endangered delicacies as impala meat—it tastes best raw. Great tacky interior will impress your dates.

Ineat—It dastes best raw. Great taxy, intend will impress your dates. Overall, a quality choice.

Jeers: Expensive. Snideman nearly initiated litigation when the waiter gave his date a cocktail with a stirrer in the shape of a dinosaur, when his date complained that she wanted an African animal, the waiter insisted that the brontosaur-shaped stirrer was in fact a giraffe-only after heated debate and cross-examining was the matter resolved to Moe's satisfaction, as the wait staff brought out a giraffe-shaped stirrer for his teenage date and obsequiously apologized.

Phone: 925-6990

Address: Varsonofyesky per. 1 (or Rozhdestvenka 12/1) Hours: noon - midnight

#### **American**

#### American Bar & Grill

Cheers: eXile alert! Nachos have improved! Huge chicken-fried steak plate spot if you're in exactly the right kind of filthy mood. Gazpacho is back and it ain't half bad. The biz lunch specials at Taganka offer massive sandwich-salad-drink deals for \$5.50! Try the quesadilla. Quality menu, big portions, and terrific outdoor dining at Taganskaya. Veggie fajitas are a good Val-U. Respectable non-Italian pasta.

Jeers: exilic alert Forcing your waitress to repeat the word ostriy back to you five times will not ensure a spicy bloody may. Food acquiring a kind of holi truck stop quality at nouvelle cushien prices. Stay away from the buffalo-wings—more like buffalo chips. Philly cheese steak should be renamed the Dalbil. interest.

ımskaya 2/1; Zemlyanoi val 59. Hours: 24 hours; 12:00 - 3:00

BAGEL

Dancing, which is the nicest thing Canada ever gave to the world. We've recently warmed up to their chicken club sandwiches—they're pretty bonus. eh. The Canadian branch of a US fast-food chain brings you a serviceable version of everyone's favorite Hebrew leavened bread product. Two dozen varieties to choose from, plus various sorts of allegedly good cream cheese. We like the spicy one with tomato sauce and jalapenos. Now they have one

if it shipment of nuclear waster to Russia. They spread the cream cheese as if it were butter. Bagels shipped cargo from New York are fresher than GOR's. Can't smoke upstairs—and if you do, some nabob is bound to bust you. Taibbi got stood up by an NTV reporter here—and he had to wake up from a major-league hangover just to get there.

M: Mayakovskaya

Phone: 299-9602, 299-9702 Hours: 10.00 - 22.00

#### Pit Stop

S\$\$

Cheers: Jalapeno poppers rock! They finally replaced the leaky vagina ketchup with good of Heinz! The "Gol-Mostovoi" sandwich is fast becoming an eXile favorite. Service has been steadily improving. They keep the beer coming and don't mind if you're inappropriately drunk. In fact, they seem to like it. Eminently edible fish-and-chips, burgers, potato wedges, and other V-friendly munchles. Burger served with fried egy both original and perversely satisfying.

Jeers: Yankee Hotdog yanked from the menu, in spite of post-9/11 resurgence in patriotism. Waltresses sometimes confuse "puree" with baked catteries. Societ sports peocle. The "ne of the Decler rais incre. If

gence in patriotism. Waitresses sometimes confuse "puree" with baked potatoes. Soccer, soccer, soccer. That's not Pete Rose's real iersey. If women get to have their own female security guards to search their han bags, how come Detsky Panadoll lead singer Marc Schleifer doesn't have the right to be searched by a Jew? Service tends to be inexplicably slow. We know a woman who was forced to open her tampon case by the upstairs security guards-as though she might have a weapon inside

#### Starlite Diner

eers: eXile alert! Revisited the Teriyaki Wrap, and we thinks we'll be Because Starlite continues to be the ONLY place in Moscow that really because statine continues to the fattle of the fattled "Breakfast" section in our guide. Mongolicious omelets that even tames the violent temper of Morris J. Snideman, Esq. Stomach-expanding breakfast burritos and massive vodka-soaking pancakes make for good alternatives. Sandwiches put the 'take' in shitake! Recent tasting of the Asian Chicken burger proved that healthy can be tasty. They make a mean lasagna now.Try the new Beel Teriyaki Salad! We also like the Asian Chicken salad, though it's small. We can't lie: we're here at least twice a week. Moscow's top 24-hour eatery

Milkshakes huge again.

Jeers: Hash browns tend to be soggy and sucky. The Oktyabrskaya location hasn't even bothered with printing new menus—the new prices are just stuck on over the old ones. That onion blossom may taste good, but it sits bad. The French onion soup is just plain bad. Expat Hades. Too many children whose parents love them.

M: Diner 1: Mayakovskaya Diner 2: Oktyabrskaya Phone: #1: 290 - 9638; #2: 959-8919 Address: #1: Sadovaya Bolshaya ul. 16; #2: Ul Korovy val. 9

## T.G.I. Friday's

Cheers: You can degrade the wait staff even further by telling the manager Cheers: You can degrade the wait staff even further by telling the manager that your valifress "wowed" you. The manager will force them to wear another pin that says "wow." Good place to bring a date you don't know where to bring. Moe approves of the "Sicilian Sandwich" lunch deal. \$10 Filet Mignon among the best deals in town. Raucous milkshakes for three bucks. Business lunch deals (every fifth one free) and the \$9 soup-salad-sandwich made even our general counsel roar with approval. Those nachos are a stoner's dream. Good-ass margaritas..

Jeers:...which come in glasses longer than the straw. Tried to jew Rudnitsky out of a strawberry with his margarita. Staff members singing happy birth-day can really tend to ruin your dining experience. Maybe should be called Thank God If's Sowkoow Hind's Forestest I love of All" fator. The problems

Thank God It's Sovkovo. High "Greatest Love of All" factor. The problem with the pasta dishes may not amount to a hill of beans in this world, but that doesn't mean you should order them. This place, and it's infuriatingly overubeshi mean you should order treith. This place, and it is influentingly order influsiastic, permasmiling wait staff, is seriously hard to take after seeing the movie Office Space. Lunch items (such as Caesar chicken sandwich and Cajun pasta) lend to suck. Groups will find their entrees brought out at different times. Don't bother with the sketchy soups or the turkey reuben.

Mr. Pushkinskaya

Phone: 299-2032

#### The Tunnel

Cheers: Might just become Lyubanka-area clubbers' bestest friend, with 24-hour service! Killa new greasy spoon slapped together by a real live Indian. Appitizers unequalled in price or qwality: try the Buffalo wings or the poppers! If you pass out, they'll bring you a pillow. Bartender'll give you a free refill if he fucks up your drink! Great chicken nachos. Cute vir-

you a tree team at compare to Startile's. What kind of dinner doesn't have breakfast options? Come on fellas, eggs are E-Z and cheap!

M: Kital Gorod/Lubyanka

Phone: 937-4101

Address: Lubyansky proezd 7 (down the alley next to the church)

# **Australian Open**

ers: eXile alert! They bought an ad in our paper on the theory that we'd haven't been back, but we do believe in rewarding good behavior, and are willing to give it another try, given the management's progressive style. Baked potato that comes with the combo plate didn't suck.

Asian

Deers: Makes Russian cuisine look gournet. Ostrich (\$16\$) not native to Aus—why's it on the menu? Anyone who can explain why a restaurant would be named after a tennis tournament wins a free 1-shirt. Schwartz will-ing to bet a month's salary that Aboriginal staple of live centipedes goes down easier than the Fosters Roo (\$9.50).

Mr. Beloruskaya

Phone: 214-1749

Address: Leningradsky pros. 10 Hours: 10:00 - 24.00

#### Baan Thai

\$\$.585
Cheers: sXile general counsel Moe Snideman recently gave this place two briefcases up. Hot new Thai joint from the Asian-food wizards that brought you the legendary Darbar and Five Spice. Tasty assorted satay with yummy peanut sauce; super-spicy noodle soups in various renderings; spicy duck curry that had Lionel on his feet cheering. Excellent service, wood-heavy back room is regally luxurious, Singhs Gold beer for just \$3. Staff convincingly pretended to admire Krazy Kevin's and Taibbi's absurd white hairdos.

Jeers: Mr. Snideman, Esq., did complain about the failure to lay out the rice first before the entrees, which he referred to as "potentially actionable." They were out of Rambutan when we were there. Dimly lit Euro-trashy front room is pretty cheesy looking.

M: Kievskaya

#### Bangkok

Cheers: Moscow's original Thai eatery. Cool interior and a decent prawi satay with smokin' peanut sauce; very few grammatical errors on the English menu. Plekhanov Institute students hang out in the downstairs bar and drink

away the schoolday.

Jeers: Seems the Thai head chef has long since departed for greener pastures, leaving his barely trained Russian counterpart to muddle along in overpriced bogusville. With the right mix of customers, the place can seem downright airport lounge-ish. Surprise... a live band that sucks!

Address: Bolshoi Strochenovsky per. 10 Hours: 14:00 - 23:00 (until 1:00 on weekends)

#### **Emerald Buddha**

Cheers: Good appetizers; the spicy peanut sauce in particular has got Cheers: Good appetizers; the spicy peanut sauce in particular has got game. Singha gold beer; impressive interior, including a saltwater tank with a bitchin' clown fish. That wacky osmosis coffee contraption that reminds of a John Carpenter movie—and it makes a pretty good cup of coffee. Jeers: eXile aller! eXile General Counsel Moe Snideman graced the Buddha and reportedly nearly caned the chef for mediocre food, and did succeed in bringing the waitress to tears over the "ridiculously high prices." Just one more reminder that you don't fuck with Moe's wallet, folks. Spotty entrees and salads. Lame Euro-desserts. The phad Thai still look funny. Mc Chistve Prudy

Address: 1 Ulitsa Sretenka (entry from Rozhdestvensky Bulvar)

#### Hours: noon - midnight

#### Karma Bar

SS
Cheers: After dinner, you don't have to decide where to head. Eclectic Southeast Asian menu at Val-U prices. Try the superb Tibetan dumplings, decent Vietnamese vegetable spring rolls, sweet 'n sour pork, Bhutan chicken (for those who don't like it too spicy). Good selection of Vietnamese nodle dishs, Thai. Dining room viewing of the talent, where dyevs outnumber guys pretty handily. We'll be back for more! Just one more reason to spend at least one weekend night here!

Jeers: Waitresses overly concerned about pillow case theft. Shrek's girlfriend scored a khalyava meal here before dumping him. Main courses slightly less tasty than appetizers. Service can be slow for parties of 20+.

#### Krasnyi

ers: Crazy good biz-lunch special that gets you about \$30 of food for just \$15; U get a wild-n-tasty spicy egg salad, great soup and choice of several entrees or a Mongolian bar-b-q! Excellent quality pan Asian food that caught entrees or a monigorian dar-u-qr exceient quanty pair skain root that caught us unawares. This place deserves more credit—it completely rocks sold beers: Biz funch coming with a cup of Nescafe pretty much sums up everything that New Russians just don't get. High dorkadent factor. Pedantic New Russians spend too much time choosing ingredients for mongolian barbque. \$\$ water? Special for you, sir! Mr. Kropotkinskaya

Phone: 202-5649

Hours: 12.00 - 24.00

Cheers: Ignore the name, this place claims to be Korean and Japanese food. The spare in dish (R250) is fun to eat and pretty tasty when smared with plum sauce. Golden lampposts inside remind us of St. Peter's in Rome. Jeers: More proof that being close to our office doesn't necessarily make a place good. Starving North Koreans would rather eat grass than the six sal-ads that come free with many dishes. Take the spice out of Korean food and you're stuck with something awdily close to Russian food: lost of pickled shit. Offers choice of Japanese and European business lunches (R150). Metions devoked seent Devices. Biblio see, 07(200), baston, like Dishbio. Waitress doesn't speak Russian. Pibim pap (R300) tastes like Pimbim ear. They give you used wooden chopsticks

M: Park Kultury
Phone: 246-85-38/-42-26
Address: Komsomolsky pr. 1
Hours: 12.00 - 24.00

#### Lan Sang

\$-\$\$
Cheers: Cheapish new Thai alternative that tries hard to please. Schwartz
was reduced to tears by the spiciness of his Tom Yam Kung soup. Cheap
drinks – bottled Stary Melink is R40 and bottled water for the hungover goes

Jeers: Frozen shrimp in soup. Flavorless chicken cashew dish. Phad thai totally blew — soggy noodles and incoherent mush-like presentation. Frog legs basically a tasteless version of chicken wings. Decor a little bland.

M: Novoslobodskaya
Phone: 973-3698
Address: Novoslobodskaya Ul. 26 Hours: 12.00 - 24.00

#### Tibet Himalaya

Cheers: eXile alert! Recent try ranked it a top biz lunch special. Offers Russian food for biz lunch as well. Baklay still first-rate appetizer; waitesses russain rout to fit urbin as well. bakary still hist-fate appetizer, watersaws the very picture of grace and politeness. Try the Momo dumplings and ask for the spicy (we mean SPICY) sauce, Nomad soup, any of the pork entrees, but especially the egg-fried noodles. Make sure you order the Eggplant with spicy garlic sauce, which is still a winner. A great place for a date.

Jeers: First Tibetan tea in the city to be steeped for 5 minutes in vagina. Soy noodles with veggies have even less flavor than we expected! Most recent visit for business lunch was kind of a bummer. Mellow-inducing atmosphere

may kill your desire to follow up with an all-night debauch. Some of the meat

may kill your desire to follow up dishes are said to have slipped. M: Chistiye Prudy Phone: 917-3985 Address: Pokrovka 19 Hours: noon - midnight

#### Tibet Kitchen

Cheers: We don't have enough superlatives for this place! Everything is right they are good for filling your date up so that she won't order more. Veggie or chicken spring rolls and Sha-Baklay rock, as does the the sweet-and-sour

or chicken: Plasant atmosphere, good service, no loud music, inoffensive orange walls. Kalmyk babe waitress factor steadily rising.

Jeers: American backpackers seen here recently. Many entrees hard to dif-ferentiate — just like Chiness people. All-Kundun, all-the-time video show makes you embarrassed for Martin Scorcese. British people often spotted here. Creepy junkies hang out in stairwell upstairs.

M: Okhotny Ryad

Phone: 923-2422, 961-3441 Address: Kamergersky per. 5/6 Hours: noon - 23.00

Scheers: New Chinese option for those who don't want to pay but! loads for shitty food. Now you can pay kopeks for food that's just as bad as the competition! Gave us a round of tasty homemade ginger nastoika on the house when our first course took 40 minutes to arrive. We could see a dining dyev's underwear during the entire wait!

Jeers: Service sucks doggie weenie—and then eats it. They make even the meat dishes taste like tofu—not a single dish merits mentioning. Didn't have sticky rice. "Vostochnyi salat" is tomatos, dill and cukes. Had to send our bloody maries back 3 times for more umph, and they still tasted like J7.

Hours: 11.00 - 23.00

#### **Zholtoe More**

Cheers: Tasteful upscale Asian interior, top-notch service, lots of Asian-types on the staff to make it feel authentic. Marat Safin seen here with a seritypes of the stant of make it level admetritic, what a stall is seen free with a sentous bable in flow. Three separate cheft serve Sushi, Chinese and Japanese
food, as well as extensive cocktail selections, the likes of which you'll rarely
see. Junusual rolls like "Tokusima Roll", salmon, eel, crab with seaweed and
vegetables (350R) and a hot marinated tuna roll. Excellent King's Prawns
with black Chinese mushrooms in Oyster Sauce (780R), Waiters serve tea
from a super-long spigot. Impresses dates.

Jeens: Too pricey for cheap-0 eXholes. Bland Chinese food. Name sounds

Jeens: Too pricey for cheap-0 eXholes. Bland Chinese food. Name sounds

like "thoppe more" to us, though that should be a "cheer". Chinese fare too mildly spiced for those of us used to the real thang. Crispy Duck mu-shu style (470R) was too crispy, not enough ducky. Can't anyone get duck right here (besides the Tandoor folks)? M: Polyanka

#### **Balkan**

#### 011

Cheers: The Dalmatian Coast may still be a bit unsafe, so head to this Yugoslav restaurant for a taste! Good place for large parties or small dates. Fish dishes rule. Dark, candle-lit interior gives you that air of Serbian interior.

Jeers: War-mongering "Third Way" Brits and "I used to be a liberal" Americans may want to avoid coming here if they want to maintain their image of tough-love humanitarians. Taibbi owns a Dalmatian.

#### BoEmi

Cheers: Tasty Serbian joint with a homey atmosphere that even a fully fielded MATO member should be able to appreciate. Outstanding hearty bean soup. Deliciously salty bacon, yummy homemade sausages... in other words, a good place to visit if you're in the mood for some serious meat

Phone: 248-5317

Address: Abrikosovsky per., 1 Hours: 11.00 - 23.00

3 - 30
Cheers: Food still kicks major Kosovar butt at prices Macedonians appreciate. Chevabchichi. Try the minced meat sausages (240R), as well as wonderful soups and wines. One of central Moscow's best lunch specials: for 150R you get salad, soup, main course, dessert and drink, all of which were conductable.

Jeers: Service was a bit surly last time we were there—hey, we thought that Serbs had joined the "Family of Nations". What the heck's up with that? Made

Ames take off his Yankees baseball cap. We listed Drago under Club XIII's address since the Kosovo debacle, likely making hundreds of Americans blame their failure to get past face control on unrepentent Serbian Tigers. Mix-grill lacks mojo—had way too little meat for R370, and nothing was bleeding. Rumors that Milosevic's son tried to set up a perfume store in the cardenb here.

Address: Bolshaya Dmitrovka 32 Hours: 12:00 - 24:00

#### Mehana Bansko

Cheers: eXile alert! Extremely Serb-friendly! Our Delta Sport acquaintances from Belgrade let Rudnitsky and Schreck toast a newborn Serb in spite of illegal NATO war on Yugoslavia. Oh, and the food is always solid. Stuffed eggplant one of the few non-assilke veggle options in Moscow. Killer spicy sausages, and what may be the best okrosika in town. R200 Biznis lunch the bes's kness! Three HUBC courses and a selection of dishes for each course. Cheap-O Bulgarian wines Mavrud '82 and Merlot '82 (-\$40) ain't like those fakes you get in the store. Try the chushka berg—red pepper stuffed with real cheese that our own Dima swears by! Pork marinated in vodka and soy a hit with Ruskies and slavophiles alike.

alike.

Jeers: Closed for a private party during recent daytime visit. Don Bulgarian pastries, for the love of Gold The fact that the veal stuffed with bacon and pepers looks like a dilide doesn't hild the fact that the dish is a bit bland. Massive biznis lunch guaranteed to make you waste valuable time on the tollet and is especially problematic in our new ordine shince Marina the receptionist can see how long we take. Perhaps the worst—and loudest live musical act around

M: Smolenskaya Phone: 244-7387

#### Yugoslavskaya Kukhnya

ers: The best homemade kolbasa in Moscow, period. Authentically spicy pers. The cheap-O choice for great Serbian food. Real Serb chef makes peppers. The cheap-O choice for great Serbian food. Real Serb chef makes it all himself. Can someone remind us why NATO bombed Serbia again? Fine

Jeers: Way the fuck out in some kiosk in VDNKh. Didn't have chevabchi

#### Brunch

#### Baltschug

Cheers: The schmooze-central corporate brunch option; this is where

Jeers: Detsky Panadoll's Marc Schleifer, along with his ex-girlfriend and her

#### Lomonosov

Cheers: Moscow's most delicious brunch option: tasteful music and stage show, quality fish, caviar and meats; if you've got \$47, come here for

Jeers: Nothing much to jeer

Yamskaya 1st Ul. 19, Palace Hotel

#### Metropol

Cheers: Turn of the century elegance in a tasteful setting, best place for tourists and business people to spend a Sunday afternoon; spacious interior allows for private conversation.

Jeers: Philipe Chabeaux doesn't like our newspaper, and in fact, neither did

one of his customers; the most expensive at \$52.

M: Ploschad Revolutsii

#### Radisson-Slavyanskaya

Cheers: Nice open setting in the lobby around a large, elegant fountain Caneers: vice open setting in the lobby around a large, elegant fountain; great selection of fish, salads; least expensive brunch option at \$35 a head. You can pretend you're the crazy nip in Fargo and say to your brunch partner, "Well, it's a Radisson, so you known it's pretty good." Ann Blundy is leaving Moscow, so you won't have to worry about bump-ing into her while she piles her plate up and growls at the Russian women.

Jeers: Desserts don't taste quite as good as they look.

.16VSKaya •••• 941-8020

Address: Berezhkovskava nab. 2. Badisson-Slavianskava Hotel Hours: 12.00 - 15.00



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IN RESTAURANT TANDOOR Authentic Chinese Cuisine. **Relaxing Chinese Interior.** Take Away. **Business Lunch.** 

m. Mayakovskaya, Tverskaya street, 30/2, Moscow. Tel.: 299 4593, 209 5565 We are open 12-24. www.tandoor.narod.ru

#### Caucasian

#### Dioscuria

Scheers: With our troops now in Georgia, we're going to need to get used to the cuisine. Summer patio means you can escape the live music! Stick with the basics—lobio, eggplant roulette and dolma—and you can't go worn Ruble prices unaffected by global energy trends, making Discardus one of the greatest bargains around! Almost as cheap as Suriya, but quality closer To stills. One basic of their attences beathful et althories that behavior full with the price of their contents of their contents on the still of their contents of their contents

the greatest bargains around! Almost as cheap as Guriya, but quality closer to Suliko. One taste of their sturgeon shashly or Adzharian Khachapuri (with a fried egg in the middle) and you'll be hooked. The delicious lawash bread comes piping hot and is perfect for sopping up lettover 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. Loud drunk bilingual Russians can inhibit conversation. Impossible not to over-order. 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; building looks like the kind of flaee your inherd coursin lathrox would live in the kind of place your inbred cousin Jethro would live in

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

Arbat) Hours: 11.00 - 23.00

#### Genatsvale

Cheers: Green lobio (50R) as good as it gets; large clay pot of piping hot red lobio (35R) is one of Moscow's single best deals. Order the super-delish khachipuri (140R), rich kharcho (50R) and Moscow's best khinkali. Also serves a massive variety of lamb and pork dishes, including ribs, knuckle, shashliki, and things we've never heard of. Real borjomi, Georgian wines, if

volve willing to pay.

Jeers: Kille alert! Quality has gone down as popularity has gone up. Where have we seen this before? Oh yeah, EVERYWHERE! Monster PA speakers blast at night; to avoid it, you have to sit at dwart tables in the back. Expect tables packed with black-calle deorgians giving! Oh-mitute toasts in which all quests have to stand with tired arms holding up shaky glasses of vodka.

M: Kropotkinskaya Phone: 202-0445

#### Guriya

Cheers: Along with its sister-restaurant, Mama Zoya, this is the cheapestand hence, most popular—Georgian food in Moscov and backpackers. Eggplant and khachapuri are musts

Jeers: They made us look bad when we reported a false rumor that they'd burned down. Very small portions. Discus-sized khachapuri. You have to other expats can be embarrassing. It's like so '93, ya know?

N: Park Kultury

Phone: 246-0378

Address: Komsomnlsky Present 7/2 drink the counterfeit Georgian wine and pretend you like it; long waits with

Address: Komsomolsky Prospect 7/3 Hours: 7.00 - 11.00... noon - 14:30... 17:30 - 22:30

#### **Karetny Dvor**

Uneers: The fact that this mostly-Azerbaidjani Caucasian restaurant is packed with Caucasians, and open 24 hours, lets you know that this is the real thang. Like restaurants in Tblisi, offers a row of private bungalo-like dining rooms for private parties. Quality shashlik (150R), huge tasty kharcho soup (70R), b-b-qued rack of lamb for a paltry 5 bucks.

Jeers: No khachapuri or red lobio. Are they anti-Georgian?

M: Barrikadnaya



**New interior** 

New menu **Musical parties:** 

8pm

saturday,

thursday.

broadeas

unch beer

GOSSER 0,51 70r. main credit cards

Uam والدلوالثا

#### Khizhina

Cheers: Khichiny rule. They're like khachapuri, only with potato. Do these guys have a diverse culture, or what? This place is looking to become the first Georgian McDonald's. Now in addition to the original, Khizhina's manager has bought out and renamed Russki Dom Pivo and Sedio, too! Those crazy Georgians. Yurmny meat pies, adzhapsandal, and sulguni optoma well with the genuine Georgian wine straight from the barre! Uncle Tom's Cabin atmosphere makes for the most amusingly named house cocktail

Jeers: Not particularly worth a trip if you don't live nearby. Grim waitresses.

M: Savyolovskaya, Pushkinskaya, and more! Phone: 285-9664 Address: Butyrskaya UI. 8, Gnzdnikovski Pr. 12 Hours: 12.00 - 23.00

#### Mama Zoya

Cheers: The old favorite has moved once again, thus at least foiling a few Jeers: Despite all evidence to the contrary, most remaining expats still seem to believe this to be the only Georgian restaurant in town. Remember folks: being a cheapskate is no excuse for having bad taste. We continue to steer well clear of this place and its seething bands of Lonely-Planet-toting beigist militants, preferring the superior offerings elsewhere in town, Get three after 9 and you might not get in. Counterfeit wine still sucks; furthermore, there's no longer any excuse for it.

M: Kropotkinskaya

Phone: 201-7743
Address: Sechenov ovsky per. 8 Hours: 12.00 - 11.00

Cheers: Seriously good Georgian restaurant if you happen to be in the hood, we poo-poo you not. Great kharcho, red lobio, khachapuri, eggplant. Seedy old Soviet atmosphere. Attentive service.

Jeers: Located annoying far out, across from American Express

Address: Ul. 10 Let Oktyabrya d. 11 Hours: 12.00 - 11.00

#### **Noev Kovcheg**

\$\$
Cheers: American citizens still get 25% discount, but Canadians (they make you show a passport, so no sneaking by, you hosers), Brits, and, well, everyyou show a passport, so in or learning you on the profits and, well, every one else in the world has to pay full price! Yippee! New dishes included kurfa ("whipped beef" meatballs) and half a dozen varieties of sig fish shipped in special. Eggolant, lobio, and cheese appetizers still rule; iterally dozens of shashlik varieties, which now come on animal-identifier sticks for ease of reference. 30% off takeout menu includes a whole suckling pig. Best selection of authentic Armenian brandies around.

Senection or authentic Armenian brandles around.

Jeers: Noah's Ark is kind of a lame name for a restaurant. They played the same cheesy pop song 17 times in a row last time we were there. M: Kitai-Gorod

Phone: 917-0717

Address: Maly Ivanovsky per. 9 Hours: 12.00 - 24.00ktyabrya d. 11

#### Semiramis

\$\$\$\$

Cheers: Oligarchs, and Moe Snideman, frequent this Ossetian restaurant, one of Moscow's undiscovered treasures. The best shashlyk in Moscow, and possibly the world. Top-notch dolma. Superior service. Have an Oriental room in the back with hookals. Very Mercedes Leep and body-guard friendly. Wher you tip well, the monkeys who work there run to open your car door for you. Jeers: We can't afford it.

M: Arbatskaya Phone: 244-7262

Address: B. Nikolopeskovskii Per. d 15 Hours: 12.00 - 24.00

#### Suliko

Theers: Still the best Georgian food in Moscow, as per Moe Snideman's recent testimonial under oath. Great lobio, pkhali, khachapuri.

Jeers: Paying this much for doo only marginally better than Dioscurious means Suliko isn't on our Val-U list. Main courses mediocre.

M: Polyanka Phone: 238-2586

Address: Bolshaya Polyanka 42/2 Hours: 12.00 - 24.00 (or last person)

#### Tamada

\$\$
Cheers: Yeah, baby! 2 person R1200 price fixe enough food for four. Now offers palatable Georgian wines! Service seems to be improving—they handled a party of 20 and kept our glasses from running dry, Georgian food the way we like if Musts include any sort of shashlik (from R250), chicken satsiv (R200), dolma (R150), khachpuri (R160) and just about everything else on the menu. One of only places in town where the live act isn't deaf Khinkaly (R35 each) also kick major butt! Cow brains (R250) are good to

surprise your date with. Homemade lavash (R23) rocks.

Jeers: Way sweet house wine an affront to good taste. What's dat all about? Is the evropean menu really necessary? Mirrored ceilings remind us of a Jackie Treehorn flick we once saw.

nezdnikovsky Pereulok 12/27 (down the street from Mesto

Hours: 12.00 - 24.00 (or last person)

#### **U Pirosmani**

Cheers: Was a favorite for tourists; window-side views of the illuminated Novodevichy Convent, tasteful interior and seemingly authentic ethnic viorecoverency convent, sasterul interior and seemingly authentic ethnic vio-linist. All disher seasonably yummy. Prices reem guide book toting fourists. Jeers: «Xile's editorial staff fucked a whore from here. Ew, that's gross! Don't come here for the food; Bill Clinton wrote a glowing review, and offered the waitress an internship in return... M: Sportivnaya Phone: 247-1926

devichy Provezd Hours: 12.00 - 23.00

#### Chinese

#### Chinese Village (in Tandoor)

here. Ginger chicken (R500) a great Indian (well, Bangladeshi) interpretation of the great Asian dish—definitely two anti-anti-globalization tear gas canisters way, way up! Hot-n-sour soup (R200) really good, although Schreck claims 5-Spice still holds the title. The only Chinese food prepared by a claims 5-Spice still holds the title. The only Clinieses bood prepared by a Bangladesh trained in Hong Kong on Tverskayal And if that Isn't enough, it's pretty damed tasty, too. Try the Chili Bean King Prawns (R540) or else. Just about everything is deeent, but you might feel like you're paying too much if you order the wrong dish. Business lunch for R300 intrigues us. Jeers: They charge for those dyed pork-find chips. Still calls itself Chinese Village. Are there any villages in China? Man-Chau soup (R240) means "shweaty balls" in Chinese, and they ain't kiddin'. Mt. Mayakovskaya.

Phone: 299-45-93; 209-55-65 Address: Tverskaya ul. 30/2 Hours: 12.00 - 00.00

Cheers: The Chinese dumplings which lend the restaurant its name are Phone: 937-8425

Address: 3 Smolensky Sq. (in Smolensky Passazh) Hours: 12.00 - 24.00

#### Drevny Kitai

SE
Cheers: Don't charge extra for breaking glasses. Teapoured from a very very long spout for free. Not bad sweet and sour pork.

Jeers: Recent business lunch caused Armes to exhibit clap-like symptoms, including fried chicken pieces that tasted like possum ankles. Big portions of lukewarm shite. All meat dishes fashioned out of reprocessed chicken heels.

Mc Okhotny Don's

Phone: 292-2900

Address: Kamergersky per. 5/6 Hours: 12.00 - 23.00

#### Druzhba

es tend to suck. Not as good as the other favorite slope hangout

M: Novoslobodskaya Phone: 973-12-34; 973-12-12

Address: ul. Novoslobodskaya 4 (In Chinese market, past McD's) Hours: 12.00 - 23.00

#### Five Spice

SSS
Cheers: Recent biz lunch visit revealed that they still give it to you spicy when you want it, and all for 10 bucks! Now introducing dim sum specialies. Awesome delivery food—thanks guys! Try the mixed tandoor plate, we luved it. Mos Snideman gives them two legal pads way up for exhibiting "superb service with perfect memories." Also, they deliver. When these guys superly make it spicy, call the fire dept. Re-tumbu-up on the spring rolls. For starters, try the honey glazed pork; for entress, the King Prawns in Hot Carlies Sauce out the local grows kingdom, while pare view chief with its a rot starters, up the intelligence pork, no entires, the knilly Frams in Hot Garlic Sauce rule the local prawin kingdom, while any spicy chicken dish is a good alternative. Offers various szechuan tofu and veggie dishes. Close to the Central Chess Club.

Jeers: Steep 2nd floor stainvell could spell trouble for people with vertigo; hot 'n sour soup too heavy on the soya. Prices may be just out of range for some eXholes.

Phone: 203-1283 Address: Svitsav Vrazhek 3/18 Hours: 12.00 - 24.00

#### Hepin

SS
Cheers: Call us crazy, but this early Yeltsin-era-like Chinese dive actually wasn't bad. Claims to have 4 Chinese chefs from four regions. All we know is that when we asked for spicy, we got, well, somewhat spicy. Super-nice watresses hepi as hell to serve Americans, even though they d'on't know their own menu very well. Try the pork in fish sauce (223R) extra spicy, the not stickers, and the Kung Pao chicken. And ask for the chili sauce--this is

Jeers: Hot And Sour Soup had a decidedly ass-like flavor, spiced with leaky vagina. Maybe the chefs are still mad about that whole Belgrade embassy bombing thing? Served us a warm bottle of Chardonnay wine and they seemed derned proud of it.

M: Kropotkinskaya Phone: 203-1283 Address: Svitsav Vrazhek 3/18 Hours: 12.00 - 24.00

#### Khram Drakona

Cheers: Wild and crazy decorations include, but are not limited to, lifesized cleers: wind all or azy decorations include, but are not immete or, inestigate carved dragon heads, oversized carp swimming underfoot, ducks with their wings clipped Chinese style and lots of fountains. Quality Georgian wines. Jeers: Entrese are virtually indistinguishable from each other. This sophisticated play on European perceptions of Chinese culture makes for a lousy meal. Kikkoman soy sauce bottles actually contain generic sweet soy sauce. Egg-fried rice had the consistancy of an omelet. Didn't let us sample the 100-year-old cognac on display.

M: Leninsky Prospekt Phone: 958-0707 Address: Leninsky Prospekt, 37 Hours: 11.00 - 24.00

#### Ki Ka Ku

eers: High-quality, surprisingly spicy Chinese place with a maxed-out erior (including live ducks) that shows what decadence is supposed to interior (including live ducks) that shows what decadence is supposed to look like. Try the massive portioned entrees like chicken in black bean sauce or the all-you-can-eat buffet (which includes desserts). Also has excellent sushi and (as yet untried) dim sum. Kids under 10 accompanied

by an adult eat free!

Jeers: Too bad we hate kids. The price is the only real obstacle; buffet is \$50 a head (even the 50% off during lunch hours price seems pretty steep); sushi is also pricey. Large proportion of families inside is disappointing after seeing all the Mercs lined up outside.

MI: Dinamo

Hours: 12.00 - 24.00

pers: Tastefully decorated Asian joint with the ideologically sound name kes up in atmosphere for what it lacks in flavor. Good soups and excellent selection of Asian beers. Post-prandial contract killings here on the fabled 1905 restaurant strip seem to be happening with less frequency

tabled 1905 restaurant strip seem to be nappelling with less requency these days.

Jeers: The Thai, Mexican, Italian, Malaysian, Indonesian, and Indian promised by the flyers is a fib worthy of the Great Leader. Beers are way expensive; food tends toward the bland. Watch out for the jam-like sweet and sour entrees. Asian-looking fellow standing near the grill seems to be there only for show.

Mr. Ultisa 1905 goda

Phone: 255-5935/42

Address: Ulitsa 1905 goda 2 Hours: 12.00 - 2.00

#### Ostrov Formosa

\$\$\$
Cheers: This Taiwanese "Ostrov" is one of the best sub-exhorbitant Chinesetype options in town. 3-course business lunch is pricier than most at \$15, 
but worth every penny (choice of 4 entress, soup, and a beer). Superb soups 
and noodles; kick-ass sweet and sour pork. Prices still on the high side, but 
portions seem to have increased in size.

Jeers: Bush pledged to do "whatever it takes" to defend the real Ostrov 
Formosa. American boys will die on the altar of cheap t-shirts. Some say it's 
not worth the high tab, particularly the biz lunch special, which can't competer with That K down the street Surrounding neithborhood overflowing

pete with Tibet K. down the street. Surrounding neighborhood overflowing with dangerous construction sites. Pre-recorded Chinese voice that greets you as you arrive and depart spooks us.

# Peking Duck (on Tverskaya)

Cheers: Resurrected the long dormant Ass marking! Reasonably priced Bon Aqua. Puts the "ss" in "ass".

Jeers: Whoaaaa, Nelly! This
menu has any taste and mos

much, much hairier and b

M: Mayakovskaya Phone: 755-84-15 Address: Tverskaya ul. 24 Hours: 12.00 - 00.00

#### Shvolk

Cheers: eXile alert! Shyolk kicks ass all night long! Fish-tasting pork during recent late night stop was the fuel we needed to continue raging at Garage! recent late night stop was the fuel we needed to continue raging at Garage!

The "Fire Bowl" pork in spicy tomato sauce (R461) enough to make you sweat, at least if you're Jewish... definitely deserves two chop sticks up, way up. Killer babes sometimes eat here. Some awfully taste noodle dishes fo about 10 bucks. Subject of Schwartz's first ever eXile review. Three types of

Phone: 251-41-34; 250-53-89 Address: 1-aya Tverskaya Yamskaya 29, str. 1 Hours: 11.00 - 05.00

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at Tratoria Paradiso:

Business Lunch for 160 rbls

#### Stariy Pekin

§§
Cheers: Authe 36c Beijing-style Chinese food at rock bottom prices! The only slope place approved by our Chinese-speaking Australian cameraman. Good place to drag Russians who pretend that they know the best hole-in-e-valls in Moscow. Chinese owners sometimes make Russian waitstaff cryl Solid hot-n-sour (R178) enough for 3; great lamb dumplings (R158). Awesome veiw of hell! PK Dick could not have dreamt up the Salut hotel complex.

Jears: Mav be good, but not good enough to be worth the epic journey it

Address: Last building on Leninsky prospekt (in the Salut hotel, take the ator to the 24th floor)

#### Hours: 12.00 - 23.00 Utka po-Pekinsky

Cheers: eXile alert! Finally got around to the \$50 duck, and it was worth the Cheers: & Alie alert! Finally got around to the \$50 duck, and it was worth the 90-minute wait. These guys have the turnover to make sure every duck is marinated for the prescribed 3 days! Szechuan chicken for masochists eas-ily the spiciest dish in Russia- the hot pepper to chicken ratio is at least 3 to 11 Schrek's ass was still burning a week after trying it, and he didn't even touch the peppers! Chinses done just like they do it back home! "Pork to have fish to taste" and "chicken cubes" (both \$12) make you keep eating long after you're full. Fried eggplant rocks! Horrible location adds to that feeling that you're the only one who knows it exists. Names dishes things like "shabby pork". Free, unlimited tea.

Jeers: eXile alert! Service on a rece 3 visit notably slower due to several parties of white people. You'd better visit this place soon before it gets "discovered." Keep away from the soups, 'cause they suck.

Pronos: 291-3983 Address: Novyi Arbat 21, str. 1 (In the back right of the Chinese supermarket) Hours: 12.00 - 22.00

#### Evropean

#### Angara

Cheers: eXile alert! New menu is cheaper and more eXhole friendly than ever. Local favorite chef Ken Frost has taken over the e 36re food arena here which means Moscow's best lamb chops and spare ribs can now be found at Angara. Huge variety of reasonably priced (by local standards) sushi, including sea urchin sashimi with a quail's egg. Top-notch Caesar Salad and

Jeers: Having those washed-up whores staring at you while you eat could make you feel guilty, or worse. Best to sit in booths far away from the pon muzak.

Hours: restaurant 12 00 - midnight: har 24 hours

Cheers: Super looker place for the budget-conscious eXhole. Novikov's best restaurant. Line of major model babes walking past the decade 3, lush interior will make you spray frosting on your pants. Amazing cream of pumpkin

nor will make you spry trosting on your pants. Amazing cream or pumpkin soup, reasonable yet oily «Dorada» fish, fantastilius honey cake dessert. No e 3ree over 450R. Snideman likes the mashed potatoes. Make reservations, and try to get in the back room.

Jeers: Some of the most laughably prete 36ous clientele this side of West Berlim—Dieter vood loff eet. We sat next to some geek in a Cerutti suit smokning a cigar by himself and trying desperately to look like a man alienated by his riches and hangers-on—except that no one wanted to talk to him. Asian crab soup said to be «crap soup». The bill adds up, so be careful.

M: Kuznetsky Most

Address: Kuznetskii Most Ul. Dom 19

Hours: kitchen from 12.00 - 24.00, place stays open till the last nose stops

#### Botanik

Cheers: Reasonably priced "ecologically clean" meats grilled to order with choice of sauces (definitely go for the house spicy), including a fine cut of stakal and perings the hest 38d-ruble lamb chops you'll ever see. There's also a custom salad option—for 250 rubles, you pick from among 20 or so fresh vegetable and other ingredients. White Russians for 75 rubles is always a good thing.

always a good thing.

Jeers: 150-ruble buffet business lunch isn't worth the mayonnaise-v effort. Jeers: 150-150e burlet business functions it word the mayoninaise-y entor. The same goes for the Pomegranate sauce. The unfiltered beer tasted more like flat cider. We're still not sure what the "Hawaiian Mix" garnish is sup-posed to be. Located near the American Medical Center, which brings back vay too many unpleasant memories from last summer

M: Prospekt Mira

Phone: 937-8825 Address: Grokholskii Pereulok d. 26, str. 5 Hours: from 11:30, u 36l the last nerd leaves

# Cabana

Cheers: Waytago Cabana—they've got a menu that'll surprise you every timed Trout smothered in creamy almond sauce probably the only time Schwartz has ever enjoyed said fish! Seafood bisque should not be missed. Excellent grilled salmor, excellent Mexican menu arrived at via Nigeria. Great hunkin' salads, top-quality black bean soup, and tasty chicke dishes. Also offer tasty-sounding cheap-0 business lunch deals. Menu approved by the Save the Chilean Seabass Foundation.

Jeers: Promises of Nigerian and Lebanese menu have proved to be vastly

exagerrated. Some salads have high mayonnaise factor. The only known advertiser in the Russia Journal

Phone: 239-3045/6 Address: Raushskaya Nab. 4 Hours: 18.00 - 6.00

#### Cafe des Artistes

\$\$\$

Cheers: Just another place to have been gobbled up by that mysterious and greedy Stella team. Three-course \$12 business lunch reminiscent of the Stella of old. Drinks are relatively cheap. Stay tuned for further updates as our stomachs and psyches permit.

Jeers: We've seen so many of Rosinter's management-partnership deals at this place crumble almost overlight that we're far from optimistic about the long-term prospects. Time will tell, as the hacks love to say.

M: Okhotny Rvad

Phone: 292-0673 Address: Kamergersky per.5/6 Hours: 12.00 - midnight

Cueurs: We many tried ums iff place with an illegible neon sign... and it wasri half bad. Fish-heavy menu with some kills asladd? The rugala and blue
cheese salad might just make you shout, "Eurika!" Good place to learn the
Russian of obsure fish names that might have escaped you in college,
Jeers: What kind of place calls itself a club and shuts at midnight?
Everything costs about 100R too much. Large number of Russians dining
here might be reason to worry about food quality. DJ who couldn't find work
at Moskiva-Rim spins here.

Mr. Pavaletskaya/Novokuznetskaya

Phane 96.3 28 d.

Seven days a week, Noon to 5p.m. Two dishes of your choice from our special menu, a mini pastry, plus one drink (glass of wine, draft beer, juice, soft drink, tea).

All credit cards and rubles welcome.

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From 12p.m. to 5p.m. we serve a three course special Lunch

Phone: 953-38-63 Address: ul. Novokuznetskaya 24, str. 2

Hours: 12.00 - 00.00

dishes change daily.

#### El Dorado

Cheers: Former State Prosecutor General Yuri Skuratov was videotaped boning two teenaged whores in an apartment right under the great El Dorado sign! This is sort of the City Grill for super-krutoi flatheads, the place where famous and pseudo-famous Russians go to be seen. There's a smaller cafe that's always packed with models, moils and coked-up contract killers. The restaurant's membership-only, featuring heads so filt and babes so babed that you actually feel like an untermensch

that you actually feel like an Untermenson.

Jeers: Ridiculous light show makes you think you're at a confused Laserium playing Pugacheva instead of Floyd. Also, the cheesy waterfall with the tiled butterflies stopped working. Is your head flat? No? Then poka, Mr. Foreigner!

va Polyanka UI. 1/3

#### **Embassy Club**

Cheers: Decadence for those who like it legal waits behind the wall o' chainwish you were your grandfather. The only risk is overheard Republican chats competing with the Rat Pack soundtrack. Leather couches don't squeak too nuch and great ventilation means you don't have to die of second hand smoke. The scallop-and-shroom puff is big as a brick and way tastier. Stuffed salmon crams theOmega-3 into two tasty wedges. Gentlemen prefer big-so order light to save room for the pizza-size, kick-ass apple tart. Jeers: The pasta was depressed; their heart's not in prole food, so order a la grande. If you doze off you could wake with the panicky impression that you're sharing a club car with Leland Stanford. Cigars are for people who can't handle drugs.

Phone: 229-7185 Address: Bryusov per. 8/10 (Sign visible from Tverskaya)

#### Esterhazy

Cheers: "Mad props" to the venison stroganoff in smetana sauce. Hungarian food right in the frickin' center. Gulyash that comes in a hanging mechanism, decent bacon-n-bean soup. Waitstaff in quaint uniforms. Affiliated cafe next door has good pastries and is less annoying than most others around.

Jeers: eXile alert! We are this close to plastering an ass here! WAY over-Jeers: eXile alert! We are this close to plastering an ass here! WAY over-priced for the shite you receive. Mushroom soup in bread bowl wasn't even Campbell's quality. Rudnitsky was promised steak, sausage and letche and received steak with ass-sauce. Goulash watery, Paprikash too fatty, wine too pricey. Sald "bar" really a shameful assortment of Russian saladis. Waiters still getting up to speed on the whole service thing. Totally devoid of spice. No chicken or beef paprikash, only pork and fish—and sometimes when you order the pork, they still try to give you fish. What gives, man? Neo-Soviet version of Hungarian cuisine.

M: Kitai-Gorod Phone: 928-2517

Hours: 12.00 - 23.00 (cafe next door: 11.00 - 22.00)

#### Fox Pub

\$\$
Cheers: Had a mild daytime mojo last time we checked. Three-person live vocal accompaniment reminds you of your older brother's Styx albums. Solid bar food that's a cut above the usual slop. "Beer appetizer" assortment includes decent wings, crispy bacon, and other good stuff we can't quite recall at the moment. 380-ruble lamb chops were good enough to suprise us. Sturdy wooden furniture can be reassuring when you get a little too drunk for your own good.

Jeers: Our Baltika was flatter than a double-mastectomy patient; some reason waitress wouldn't take it off our table even after we had finished off the beers we ordered to replace it. Duck breast appetizer pre-

ne: 207-0498 Hours: Early 'til Late

Cheers: One of the Stary Arbat's few non-tourist traps. Great cocktails, good Cheers: One of this Stary Arrait's tew horn-courist traps. Great cocktains, good service. Above-average bar food, particularly by local standards. Monster-sized burritos (250R), surprisingly good salmon for cheap (180R), Juicy chicken wings and something called "Miss Piggy's Ass," a roulette of pork.

Jeers: They promised super-hot wings, and they came out super-mild.

Caesar's Salad more like Caesarian Section Salad. Chicks seem to form around that famous bartender gury.

Mt. #1: Pushkinskaya. #2: Arbatskaya

e: #1: 292-7549, 292-7681; #2: 291-9854 Address: #1: Strastnoi bulvar 4 (through the arch): #2: Arbat. 36 (on sec-

Hours: 12.00 - 6.00

#### Liverpool

Dieers: As hard as it is to believe, this English-style restaurant is actually very good. Top-notch soups, particularly the Crayfish, billed as «King Arthur's favorite». Excellent Sea Bass, and we really liked the greasy Welsh Toast, smothered in cheese and garfic, for only 75ft. Jeers: No matter how good, it's still British. All items on menu translated

into German for the workers at the Damlier building next door. Meaning that the Yellow Submarine Salad is named the «U-Boat», bringing back bad memories of Dubya-Dubya Two.

#### Loft

Cheers: Fresh squeezed juices, Moe liked the tiger shrimps in garlic sauce Good salads, esp the lox salad with quail eggs Good salads, esp the lox salad with quail eggs.

Jeers: Hard to imagine what this place will be like now that winter's here and
there's no point in sitting on the balcony. Wait till next June, folks. Goons in
the Nautilus lobby to prevent you from entering the building. Ignore them
and their chimparze ravings, and they'll back down.

M: Lubyanka

Phone: 933-7713

Address: Lubyanka Square, 6th floor of the Nautilus center
Hours: 09.00 - 24.00

Cheers: We finally decided to "luk" in to this obnoxiously named cafe and the results shocked us. Fantastic French onion soup (R120) finally satisfied Schwartz' long standing search for a bowl that doesn't go lite on the fromage. "Lu hir sandwich (R100) a decent Philly cheese stake for your dollar. Big picture windows allow for gawking at the talent on the street.

Jeers: Most of the menu screams "Don't order me." Like the beef fillet (R180), which tasted like as hose taken off a dead man. Dorkedent tendancies, including House cranked up three levels too high. The English menu

a full page shorter than the Russian menu. Our waiter seemed to be sniff-

ers: Dork-o-dining for Moscow's pro-Columbian rebel lobby! Dare we mmend the sea bass? Good place to show off your model-level babe, or gawk at other people's model-level babes. Seafood fresher than a Saudi schoolgirl's snapper! Try the shrimp and saffron risotto (R520) or the duck

You also can visit us at www.angaramoscow.ru

Real McCou: Business Lunch Monday to Friday 12.00 - 17.00

Soup of the day - ask your waiter about today's flavor. Salads Chicken Salad with celery and wallnuts, Tuna Salad with Mozzarella cheese, Trout salad with TarTar dressing, Feta

cheese salad with vegetables and bazil, Beans salad with garlic

dressing. Grill, served with mashed potatoes, french fries, rice

Neopolitano sause. Beef Steak with mushroom sauce. Turkey

breast under BBQ sause, Pork sausages with ketchup or mus-

Reservations questions 203-6936 202-7127

spEANEAS

for 150 rbls.

Marica

Jeers: Some patrons wear designer meats sometimes overdone Waitresses never allowed to sample

the food, so they can't recommend anything. Not that we'd trust some mud-ho's opinion. M: Pushkinskaya/ Kuznetsky Most **Phone:** 924-0358

#### Hours: noon to the last client; till 06.00 Thurs. - Sun Moskva-Roma

2.10.02

16.10.02

#19/151

P.15

exile.

Cheers: Just about as babe-o-licious a restaurant s they come! Hostesses Sude-violutes in established to its established to the control to

Deters: Soups bite. Narrow balcony is prime seating but good luck getting out there. Who aside from super-hot dorkadent model-level babes would

out tinete. Who astice from super-not on want to eat with a DJ in the background? M: Chekovskaya Phone: 229-5702 Address: Stoleshnikov per. 12 Hours: Always

#### **News Pub**

Cheers: Super popular eXpat pub/live music venue. Plenty of tasty fish dishes that are so fresh they might jump off your plate. Taibbi and Bivens held

Jeers: Can be kind of a bore. Atmosphere a little too after worky for unemployed folks to enjoy a meal. M: Teatralnaya, Kuznetsky Most Phone: 928-83-43 Address: Petrovka 18

Hours: Sun-Tue: 12.00 - 02.00; Wed-Sat: 12.00 - 06.00

## **Night Flight**

Cheers: Yes, we know, you don't really come here for THIS kind of food. But you should. It's rare to say this, but literally every item on the menu is either really good or great. Offer three portion sizes for each item, so you can mix, in match or stuff your face: taster, starter or main. Excellent service, good wine selection. Sometimes good looking chicks will smile at you as you eat, increasing your self-esteem.

Jeers: We heard that the duck wasn't all that, so we didn't try it.

Tverskaya one: 229-41-65 Address: ul. Tverskaya 17 Hours: 18.00 - 05.00

#### Orangeria

\$\$\$
Cheers: Giant Tatlin-esque bowling pin out front earns two Communist Manifestos way up! Sturgeon dishes quite nice. Cool interior will make you sentimental for LA in the mid-80s. You can spend every veening of entire week there, without ever repeating the same activity twice.

Jeers: Food solidly mediocre in spite of good intentions.

M: Krasnopresnenskava Phone: 253-0253 Address: Malaya Gruzinskaya 15

\$\$\$
Cheers: Recent visit confirmed that the place, in spite of its lower case font, is still Tasty with a capital "T". Trout baked with almonds was a big winner, as was the Caesar's salad, one of Moscow's best. Excellent veal, seafood, risotto dishes, unbeatable folg ergs, attentive service.

Jeers: Fleischmann left w/out fork a full 20 minutes after they brought his

food, during which time the cheese started sweating like a Jew in Memphis. Half the menu unavailable during a recent visit, while the other half sucked donkey dick. Don't ever sit on the bridge. Not nearly enough seating outside. What the heck is 'devil fish'. Auto parts shops across the river may blight view. Attracts SPS types who frequented Stella's.

\*\*ME Paveletskaya\*\*

\*\*Phone: 725-4070

mianskaya nab. 52/5 (Riverside Towers, bldg. 5) Hours: 11.30 - 23.00

Cheers: Kickin' business lunch deal. Succulent salmon filet made Schrek Clied's. Alcain business functiveds. Succlaims samon inet hause outside file like he was back living next to the Pacific Ocean. Basically serves big slabs of meat (R400-R700) that actually come rare if you want 'em to. Don't yra ynthing too fancy and you'll walk away completely sated. Better sit in the back room if you want to talk. Did we mention it's the best bar in town? Jeers: High US embassy spook factor. Irish St. Pattie's Day menu a wash and, to add insult to injury, our waiter was in a kill. Service gives you time to

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

#### Scandinavia

SS-SSSS 53-30-30. Those of you who actually work for a living and earn money, the indoor restaurant has just undergone a classy facelift, featuring a fancy-casual new bar in the front of the restaurant that's sure to become a favorite for the serious folks out there. Perhaps your best all-around dining option in Moscow-if you've got the dough. Rare tuna steak (\$28) and salmon filets

Cheers: It's open! Progressively multi-cultural staff in the kitchen visible through a glass window from almost every table in the place. Reasonably inexpensive selection of pan-Euro favorites, including the devushka pleasing Caesar salad. Bombay chicken may not be genuinely Indian, but is still tasty nonetheless. Short, lumpy waitresses may arouse your loins if your meal lasts long enough. Solid house wine. Still has plenty of grilled shash-

lyk to go around.

Jeers: Beware the beluga sturgeon, which was so strong-tasting that Ames hid pieces of it under his salad and vegetables rather than risk the embarrassment of explaining himself to the waltress. Music heads into serious Sovok territory when the rambunctious local krysha stops in for a drink and



Business Lunch Monday to Friday 12.00 - 16.00 . Buy four Business Lunches - Get one Business Lunch for FREE. Soup, main dish, side, any salad of your choice, glass of beer &



PIT STOP SPECIAL: Glazed Buffalo Chicken Wings. Baked in a BBQ sauce of Your choice: Spicy, regular or extra hot. Blue cheese dip

Novy Arbat 21 (under Metelitsa Casino) Phone: 745-5839: 291-1130

Hours: 12.00 - 05.00 the place

The Real McCoy

M: Pushkinskaya

Safari Lodge



house dessert - for only 160rbls Ul. Tverskava 27. Tel.: 299-9602. 299-9702



Happy Hours: 7 days a week, 24:00 - 2:00 - 20% discount for ALL

Kiev Chicken Cutlet. Served with either French or potato wedges

or boiled vegetables on your choice - Chiken Breasts under gar-lic and Parmezan sauce, Sea trout Steak under pomegranate sauce and lemon, BBQ Pork chop with eggplants under

stop and smell the roses for sale across the street. Spicy the Me is not. The chickpea and lamb soup (R180) needs to meet a blender

Moscow—If you've got the dough. Rare tuna steak (\$28) and salmon fillets (\$26) that would rate high in any Western capital. Ty the Indochine (\$10), a creamy blue-ribbon Thai-flavored seafood soup.

Jeers: Outdoor cafe should be closed by now. Bummer, Svjen. Hummus side comes without bread. Who decided to replace the legendary seafood stir-fly with a sucky beef stir-fly? Interior could use a little pepping up, so could the Swedish clientele, who make us littlery. Offee salesmen hassle you at the bar. Burger had too much Swedish sauce last time—go easy, fellas. Not everyone can handle mayonnaise. Outside burger only comes well done, foiling any hopes one might have of contracting mad cow.

tard. Pepsi-cola, Mirinda orange, 7UP, Pepsi-light, Everness,



Guilly's Update

\$\$ to \$\$\$\$ Cheers: eXile alert! They've got a rockin' new menu, and we

wait to try it! Burgers still rock, and the menu in the bar for cheap-Os like us is about to be redone, including rumors of a return of the famous chicken is about to be recoine, inclouding fundors or a return or the familus cincurs a sand. On the Russky side of the equation, the hearty Solyanka is peerless (and this in a city seemingly awash in solyanka). That "All-American" burg-er contlues to win hearts, minds, and stomachs with its seemingly limitless charms. And still the best damn Filet Mignon in Moscow. Jeers: Gave free cherry jet to Americans and U.S. Embassy employees for President's Day, Don't like the French.

Phone: 229-2050

Address: Stoleshnikov per. 6, str. 1 Hours: 12.00 - 24.00

#### Frog-ean

#### La Brasserie

Cheers: If you order anything, make sure you eat the Grilled Seabass with We also went ga-ga for the Creole Control with Celery Sauce. The black-(F) wine selection, particularly the fairly priced Chilea Jeers: Lionel wasn't ga-Gambas Shrimp didn't ma actually Dutch Protestant,

M: Taganskaya Phone: 258-5900 Address: Ul. Taganskaya 21

Hours: 12.00 - midnight; weekends 18.00 - midnight

#### Le Duc

Cheers: High-quality, if expensive, French cuisine in a Eurodisney castle type setting. Unlike most in this city, these guys know what to do with duck. Exquisite desserts. The head chef called Lionel "Monsier Tannenbaum" when he called up to complain about our French-languag review of the place entitled "Le Plouc.

Jeers: They finally promised us a free meal, and then made us pay for it (\$259!) after we had eaten it. Ultra uptight and in-your-face service will make even the most laid-back diner nervous

**Phone:** 255-0390 **Address:** Ulitsa 1905 goda 2A (across from the Mezh. Hotel) **Hours:** 12.00 - midnight

**Cheers:** Those nun outfits the waitresses wear are enough to make ex-holes dizzy. A big old selection of Belgian beer will make you want to join a

Jeers: Who are we fooling? Belgium is not a country. It has produced nothing of worth ever. Except maybe a couple passable serial killers. Belarus is a capital of world culture compared to that mud hole. They serve meat with canned whipped cream and DelMonte fruits.

M: Kropotkinskaya

Phone: 203-6841

Address: Sistev Vrazhek 3/18

Hours: 12.30 - 23.00 (serve beer until midnite)

#### Fusion

#### City Cafe 317

Cheers: Cheap-o dining right next to the White House means you might ignore their 'fusion' claims). Having khachipuri does NOT mean the re rant does that fusion thang. They have tongue on the menu. Big old por-tions. 0.5I of Ochkovo for only 35R. Green Chicken salad (R85) with spinich made Jeff rethink his moratorium on mayonnaise. Could it be the

beginning of a detente?

Jeers: Kitchen's only open until 22.30 because residents in the building are not the kind of people you want to fuck with. Clientelle a little too close to Andrew Jack's ideal of a Russian middle class for comfort.

M: Barrikadnaya Phone: 205-1997

Address: Gluboki per. 1/2 Hours: 'til 23.00

#### Kafka

SSS
Cheers: Deliciously decked-out supper club on the fledgling elite restaurant row on Ullisa 1905 goda. Really packs in what's left of the bored and beautilul people. Beautifully presented sushi and Asian-influenced dishes a feast for the eyes. Good jazz and a lounge singer sideshow who looks just like a young Tom Jones. Frequent contract hits of flatheads on their way home from here makes it a good place for up-close death pooling. The name is very, um... kafkaesque

Jeers: Some dishes don't live up to the presentation, nor do they warrant

1905 goda (across from the Mezh. Hotel) Hours: 12.00 - 5.00

**Cheers:** Hot waitresses. Another recent inspection reveals this place to be a Claudian Substance of the Control of

times: the ratatouille may be tasty, but stay away from the other main course options. And, let's be honest, the business lunch salads and soups might as well be made from the tallow runoff from a soap factory. Many of the entrees are so sweet, there's no need for dessert. Fake tree decorations hamper

M: Tanganskaya/Kitai Gorod Phone: 917-5706 Address: Yauzskaya ulitsa 5 Hours: Noon - midnight

Cheers: Waitresses dress in skimpy outfits reminiscent of "Caligula." "Intimate" services available. Every customer gets a free glass of house wine. Italian, Greek, French, and soon, Spanish cuisine. "Greek Tasting Menu" gets a thumbs-up from Lionel.

Hours: 12.00 - 6.00

#### **Pyramid**

Cheers: eXile alert! Excellent place to take a date. Enough mid-priced in a high-priced atmosphere to bowl over a provincial model. Good Call rolls, serve Sapporo beer. Could have Moscow's top biz lunch deal: 289 rubles for a four course dozel! We nit you shot. You can eat for cheap during the day and check out all the horny molls whose fat balding Caucasian husbands are all off in their dachars chilling out from overwork. Food is actually good quality and reasonably priced. Sushi, salmon dishes and

sandwiches all ranked high.

Jeers: Snideman was served three wrong gin and tonics, and has since won a court restraining order forbidding him or his esteemed associates from ever setting foot in there. Ames once tried taking adde there, then stormed out after suffering the humilation of waiting with a bunch of dorkadent flatheads and camel-toe-toting molls. Ab factor.

Mr. Pushkinskaya

ushkinskaya ne: 200-3515 Address: Tverskaya 18a

#### Tsesarka (at Santa Fe)

S\$\$

Cheers: Chef Yuri Navarro was finally allowed to stop fucking around with Southwest shit and bring out his potential. Full assortment of sushi and fish you can trust to be fresh. \$62 seven course meal for two a bargain. Cappuccino lee cream in the last course as dark as a West African and a whole lot richer.

Jeers: Generous first two courses scare you into thinking you will never finish. Uses the glo-in-the-dark fish roe stunt twice.

M: Ulitsa 1905 goda Phone: 256-2126

\$\$\$

Address: Mantulinskaya 5/1, str. 6 (Second floor of Santa Fe) Hours: 12.00 - 2.00



Cheers: Oh my, folks! Isaac Correa, the man who wrote the book on fusion and "de-fusion" has just made his menu EVEN BETTER. Where do we start? How about the Hot & Sour Miso soup with shrimp dumplings. Or the god-like Nori Wasped Crab Cakes with Garlic and Chipotle Aloil. Also destined to become legendary is the Cevich of Charred Tuna, Scallops and Octopus salad. Not cheap, but if there's one place in Moscow that's worth dro your coin on, it's Uley. The Thai style Lime and chile Crusted Blue fin Tuna (700R) takes the prize in seafood. But the best comes last with Isaac's world speed record-breaking desserts, especially the Deep Fried New York City Cheesecake which is really fried, really creamy inside, and really, really awesome (260R).

Javers: We occasionally see Andrew Paulson eating here. It's downright unfair that he can afford the place and we can't. Almost makes us wish we had devoted more time to the business side of our operation.

Phone: 797-3090/4333

Hours: 17.00 - 2.00; Fri.-Sun. 'til 5.00

#### Indian

#### **Bombay Nights**

Cheers: eXile alert! Supposedly it's re-opened. We'll see. Reasonably-priced new Indian restaurant opened by the fellas who brought us the short-lived new initiant restaurant oppened by the relies who proving into the short-lived Ambassador. Evcellient eggplant (Baingan Na Partha), promises good palak paneer, various chicken and tandoor dishes. Great tandoor bread (Kashta Roti), various rice dishes, and South Indian as well. Live loud Indian music thankfully shown in small back room so your eardrums won't pop. So-called "erotic Indian show." Jeers: Could be spicier for our tastes. May be too Russian-friendly on the tongue. Some dishes too bland, like Samosas and Mutton Dosa. Come on,

fellas! Make us sweat! Make us cry uncle in Hindi!

M: Biblioteka Im. Lenina Phone: 202-2643

**Address:** Starovagankovsky Per., 19 **Hours:** noon - midnight

#### Darbar

Networks Our General Counsel has reaffirmed two legal pads up for Darbar, citing their samosas and Chicken Vindaloo as "the best in Moscow." Fashions come and go, but Darbar remains. The rest of us still love the spinach, dal, and buttery chicken dishes. Magic combination of flavor, ffordability, warm atmosphere, and super service. This should top your list. You can order free delivery, no kidding!

You can order tree delivery, no kidding!

Jeers: Thugs at entrance can be annoying: just ignore them no matter how
much they bark at you. Why are good Indian places always such a pain in
the buttocks to get to? No more kima. Occasional wait for tables on week-

Address: Leninsky Pr. 38 (Hotel Sputnik) Hours: 12.00 - midnight

Cheers: Ignore the pretentious dorkadent interior and model-level babes, cuz the food's actually pretty damn good, and not too pricey. Succulent chicken tikka masala (350R), decent lamb samsa won us over. Accompanying Franch (1) menu offers one of Moscow's best warm duck-breast salads, we mean it. Fantabulous cocktails that come in huge metal

Jeers: Door thug nearly smoked Ames when he tried crashing a recent party, thinking there was free food to be had. These guys aren't joking when they say you gotta have reservations on weekends. Russians who come here don't really like Indian food, which is why they also offer French and Sushi,

M: Kitai-Gorod/Lubyanka Phone: 504-4031 Address: Myasnitskaya ul.

Address: Myasnitskaya ul. 8/2
Hours: 12.00 until last customer (until 6.00 Thurs.-Sun.)

#### Juggernaut

Cheers: Cheap vegetarian eatery could be just what the doctor ordered for Cheers: Cheap vegetarian eatery could be just what the doctor ordered no our less carnivorous eXholes. The owner's many years as a monk in India have really paid off; a soothing Hare Krishna-influenced atmosphere and healthy food that will make you realize just how out of shape you've become. Best bets include the pleasingly chunky guacamole, pureed yellow dal, or banana lassi. With prices that max out at less than \$6, even our junkle friends can now afford to stay well-fed and fit. Good selection of teas from all over the world. Jøers: Unmarried, lumpy Russian waitresses with dots on their heads don't

Jeers: unmarried, jumpy sussian waterssess with oots on their neads oon't put us in an eating mood. Recent trip here proved that this place is very mediocre. Food lacks flavor, our dyke-dar detected womyn who play for the other team. Our lunch food took 30 minutes to get, portion was small, and gay watter was pissy with us. Lack of booze takes the whole health-food thing a bit too far. Like many Hare Krishna-veggie places, the food tends

toward the bland side of things. The rice tastes suspiciously Russian, the items marked on the menu with a hot pepper hardly merit the warning, Miso soup wasn't all that. We could really do without the overweight belly dancers.

Mr. Kuznetsky Most

: Kuznetsky Most 11 Hours: 10.00 - 23.00

Cheers: Maharajah is back on the map, folks! Qwality food at (reasonably) affordable prices—and the popadums come for free! Succulent Tandoor chicken worth the wait; lots of gratuitous Indians running around. We're no longer boycotting the samosas. Used to be the top Indian place... back in the days before a place actually had to be good to be the best. Great service and presentation. Candlell metal trays keep your food warm. Setting that'd make a Monut feal at home.

Maharajah

a Mogul feel at home.

Jeers: Food that's indigestion-inducing without offering much in the way of flavor. Drinks still a bit of a gouge. Even the sauces they give you with the poppadums lack that certain oomph. Popular with expat nerd 'listers.'

Phone: 921-9844

Address: Ul. Pokrovka 2/1 Hours: 12.00 - 16.00... 17.00 - 22.30

#### Moscow Bombay

Cheers: You can watch real live Indians eat here. Kickin' chicken tikka can't convenient location. They actually make it spicy, so that it resembles real

indian rood. Iry the plov.

Jeers: No spinach or slurples on the menu. They infringed on Moscow-Berlin's copyright, Belly dancers don't give us wood; piano player plays "Feelings". Incongruous Chinese menu made us scratch our heads.

Mr. Pushkinskaya
Phone: 292-9731

Address: Glinishchevsky per. 3

Hours: noon - midnight

Cheers: By George, we forgot how darn good that business lunch is! For Cheeks: By Severige, we longer into warm good intal uspiness functions is not in § 210R, you'll get stuffed slip with a great occount soup, curried potatoes, naan, and much more. Probably the best priced biz lunch deal in central Moscow. Our favorite centrally-located Indian restaurant has just added more mouth-watering dishes. Madras chicken (420R) is as mouth-watering as you'll ever want, and they'll make it as spicy as you desire. Samosas as tasty and crisp as ever. Baklaran (eggplant) dish, still off-the-menu, is another worthwhile dish for you vegetarian types, featuring ground eggplant and spices o'plenty. As always, excellent service makes you feel like

Jeers: Naan bread with peas a little lame; stick to garlic nan. We saw someone reading the Russia Journal in here, the first time we've ever seen any-one reading it. Bored waitresses circle like vultures as they wait for you to finish eating. People at other tables frequently have a Wanted-Poster look

to them. M: Mayakovskaya Phone: 299-5925 Address: Tverskaya ul. 30/2 Hour: 12.00 - 23.00

#### Italian

#### **Amarcord**

Cheers: Bargain-priced (starting at \$5) thin-crust pizzas and respectable antipasti bar. With II Pomodoro slipping into obscurity, this place seems to be picking up the trattoria-styled slack and is definitely worth a second look. Now has a second, more intimate room downstairs. Excellent pasta disher including some real steals for all you vegetarians out there. Open until 6

including some real steals for all you vegetarians out there. Upen until 6 a.m., for some bizarre reason.

Jeers: The hot waltress we were stalking first dyed her hair a putrid orangish color, and now no longer seems to work here. Meanwhile, the food quality is on a downward swing once again. Pasta fagloli soup now barely edible. Non-pasta entrees still only so-so. Bizarre pricing defies the laws of quantum physics (e.g., a dessert that costs \$14 ought to come with a blowjob at the end, or at least some booze in it). Disappointing wine selection, including way overpriced Chianti in those straw-covered bottles that were big in the '70s.

Phone: 923-0932 M: Kitai Gorod Address: UI Pokrovka 6 Hours: 11.30 - 6.00

#### Angelico's

\$\$\$
Cheers: Claim to have some new fancy chef, but we wouldn't know if he's good because they don't invite us for a free meal in exchange for a rude review. Take your tastebuds on a cruise around the Mediterranean, without the customs hassles. Delicious soups and salads. Easily Moscow's best desserts, including a light 'n rich tiramisu with mangoes and strawberries. Jeers: Over-priced wine list, overattentive staff when the place is less-

#### Cicco Pizzeria

Cheers: New pasta menu (~R300) frikkin' great! Nobody else in town can Cineters: New pasta mellar (1-x300) intoxin 'grean volocy's est in trown'r make a catone like these folks. Actually bring your food out quickly if you're in a hurry. Affordable and tasty thin crust pizza may be the best option on Kamergersky. Skilful application of yuppie topings like artichoke and percuttio imply some mud people might actually be catching on. Small enough that the waitress doesn't forget about you. Outdoor patio doesn't suffer from exhaust fumes!

Jeers: Kitchen actually only works to about 11; they don't tell you it's last call until it's already not last call. Not good enough to make to v learned Italian. Doesn't always have everything you order, like beer. What's the deal with bringing the salad after the meal? High obnoxious cell-phone use factor. House wine tastes like grain alcohol and grape juice.

# Dorian Gray

\$\$\$\$
Cheers: Without a doubt, the finest Croat-run Italian joint in all the world Superb soups and prosciutto e melone; kick-ass spicy arrabiatta and truffle menu rocked Lionel's world. Pasta that's truly al dente; even the ravioli are good. Luxurious triamsiu is the only one in town worth ordering; or try the "hot dessert" (warm forest berries in cream) for a lighter treat. Principled Sicilian chef comes from a long line of idealistic Commies—hev, we gotta

admire that! Good coffee, and a great location to boot.

Jeers: Stingy portions; the prices ain't exactly affordable for an unrepentant commie chef. Sadly, shoot-em-up bloodbaths seem to be a thing of the past. Frequented by Nikita Mikhalkov—and his mustache.

Hours: 12.00 - 24.00

#### Giardino Italiano

\$\$ Cheers: Outstanding upscale Italian option just beyond the Garden Ring. Superb carpaccio, genuine al dente pasta, and everything you've come to expect from Italian desserts. Damn fine coffee and wine list.

Jeers: Name reminds us of "giardia," which alone is enough to give Ames

poo cramps. M: Leninsky Prospekt Phone: 958-1509 Address: Leninsky pr. 3

Hours: 12.00 - 24.00

#### La Grotta

\$\$ Cheers: eXile alert! Recent Sunday afternoon visit unearthed one of the best Cineers: Axie alert Hecent Sunday attention visit unearmed one or the obtained. Deaps cales around How wild this place evade our guide for so long? Tomato soup (R130) will make you pop wood. Killer pastas include artery-blocking penne oproprozole (R255) and giant, manti-like agnoliti in tomato sauce (R285). Rumored to have a real WOP working in the kitchen. Pizzas (–R250) actually made with real sauce.

guys, really. Replaced legendary Uzbek dive Lera, providing more evidence of Russia's turn towards Europe. Waitress takes your order as if there are right and wrong answers. Bread (and probably kitchen) shared with Pinchos next door. Minestrone predictably sucks. People important enough to have

M: Pushkinskaya Phone: 200-30-57 Address: ul. Bolshaya Bronnaya 27/4 Hours: 12.00 - 24.00

Cheers: Snideman reiterated his legal opinion that Mario's is still the best restaurant in town, citing in his brief the tuna carpaccio and lobster. Still THE place for oligarchs and oligarchables. The pesto pasta is as good as you'll find anywhere, the Dover fish cooked in bread to keep the juices in melted in our mouths. Impressive wine list, cozy patio dining. Bresaola was mouthwateriork condi-

teringly good.

Jeers: Berezovsky won't be coming here anymore. Almost got shot by jit-tery guards after walking too close to a client. They sell \$5 kiosk wine for \$60—and it tastes like Bangladeshi Kool-Aid. Waitstaff seems nervous and abused. Pretentious customers fond of bringing in their groomed poodles in designer pakety. Stubborn Lionel remains unconvinced.

#### Paparazzi

Cheers: Quality business lunch makes this a worthy stop if you're on your way to or from the AMC or SOS after picking up your HIV results. Recent visit proved that this should be on your weekly Idi-food list. If it's pesto you seek, then look no further. Fabiano and Eduardo, formerly of II Pomodoro

fame, now serve up the beloved basil sauce and other Ligurian favorites. Penne all'imperiese—with a sundried fornato and black olive—was also damn impressive, Out-of-this-vorid chocolate dessert. Jeers: Slightly disappointing beef carpaccio; occasional live jazz/blues per-formances.

M: Prospekt Mira Phone: 971-0984

Address: Prospekt Mira 21 (Zaitsev House of Fashion) Hours: noon - midnight

## Il Pomodoro

SSS
Cheers: The breadsticks are still free. Nice trattoria atmosphere, with waitresses that appeal to Ames when he's in one of his anti-teenager old-chick 
moods. Decent paste dishes that are generally prepared authentically al 
dente. Supposedly now has some chef from Dorian Gray whose name is 
"Spartak." Back in the old days, was immensely popular with real life Italians 
and ordinary «Kholes alike."

and ordinary eXholes alike. Jaces: Rumors of a revival are unfortunately greatly exaggerated. Niggardly portions, eggplant parmesan now sucks. Mixed green salad, pesto, and inexpensive wine by the caraffer—now all gone. Seems they're so ashamed of themselves, they even took down all those rave press reviews that used to born it be a before. to hang in the stairway. M: Sukharevskaya

M: Krasnaya Vorota

Hours: 10.00 - 24.00

Phone: 207-5975

e: 299-30-39

Hours: noon - midnight

Address: Sadovaya Samotechnaya 3

Address: Sadovaya Chernogryazskaya d. 10/25

New York only place in town to find a good cannoli. For Italian standards at impossibly low prices, this place can't be beat. The superb \$3 penne arrabitat alone is worth the trip across town. Massive prosciutto appetizer (alimost) always satisfies. Pizzas also damn good—try the cheese-less

San Marco

Cheers: Arrabiata good and spicy, meaning you can torment your Russian date by tricking her into taking a bite. Sicilian seafood salad not to shitty,

considering we ain't to close to wattah. The charming Old Arbat location has

considering we aim to close to wattan. The charming UIA Arbat location has been remont-ed to give the place a more contemporary look...they even remedied that pesky toilet issue. Food that's as good as ever—luscious carpaccio with pesks, super Carbonara, a hearty duck-n-mushroom risotuh heavenly triamisu. Fra Diabolical pizza with spicy Italian sausage is still a favorita. And at \$10 per liter, the carafes of house wine are still a steal. Jeers: Too many Brits. You may be distracted by too many bad Kino covers by the Old Arbat street urchins. OK, here's the deal on the mystery oven: it's not really a brick oven at all, but some special convection thingy we don't multe understand. At any rate workheafing concerns forthild its use

we don't quite understand. At any rate, overheating concerns forbid its us

during the summer months, and the regular oven doesn't quite have the

juice to do a properly crisp crust-you might want to keep that in mind

Settebello

**Cheers:** There is no better way to impress a girl that doesn't involve a Shengin visa than a meal here. A popular place to see and be seen (if you

Shengin visa than a meal here. A popular place to see and be seen (If you got more more) than we do). A good place to steal expensive cars. Really, really cool veranda, complete with fly babes and a fountain! Has a real Italian cher named Luigi who's supposed to make awesome meat dishes, though we only tried the penne with pesto (which we a linked-a).

Jeers: Minestrone reminicent of a bag of frozen Hungarian veggies boiled in Jeast with asparagus and pasta with eggplant absolutely interchange-able—they were made with the same tomato sauce! If you don't have a Merc Jeep, you will be treated like someone who doesn't have a Merc Jeep.

Mr. Tottorie Marker.

Trattoria

\$\$ Cheers: Might replace Verona as the top Val-U Italian joint. Just up the street from Bungholio, offers great pizza, real spicy penne arrabbiata, and a mas-sive mussels in curry soup (210R) inspired the eXile's own Johnny Cochran, Maxim, to give it two power of attorneys way up. Babe wattresses. Jeers: They should're tall dry pizza crust "foccacio" but they do.

Verona

Marinara with super-spicy garlic tomato sauce.

Jeers: eXile alert! Can be very crowded, meaning if you even get a seat, you'll be stuck in the smoke, bright front room, rather than the dark, less-miserable dining room. Main dining hall doesn't open until seven on Sundays-they make you wait in the cafe. Limited wine list. Those massive

roletarskaya e: 912-0632 / 276-4150 **Augress:** Vorontsovskaya ul. 32/36 **Hours:** 11.00 - 23.00

#### Japanese

#### It's Sushi

Sheers: Moscow's bestest quickie sushi option is a whole lot better with the addition of temaki and sashimi. Believe it or not, affordably scrumptious usshil kickin' tuna, plus some respectable vegetarian options like egg and black mushroom. The combination of situs-opening wasabi and fresh seafood is also the perfect hangover cure. DeliFrance always seems to be

packed with teenage girls.

Jeers: That shopping area is looking more and more like an upscale food court every day. Rumors of price increases.

M: Mayakovskaya, Rizhskaya

Phone: 299-4236

Address: Next to DeliFrance in the lobby of Tchaikovsky Concert Hall; Sheremetyevsky (new Ramstore supermarket)

Hours: noon - midnlight

#### Kamakura

Cheers: First of all, one of the few places is town with truly tasty prawns and kick-ass tempura (\$19), which Tannenbaum described as Nokasa Beripuia (37), which indirected the sexulpoise . Yakitori chicken also described as best in Moscow. Interesting menu, the best new Japanese restaurant to hit Moscow even though they're raiding this town like it's Pearl Harbor. All in all a great choice for those with co. Jeers: Expensive—Sapporo beer for \$7. Lame provincial layout, but you didn't come to Moscow for Japanese atmosphere, didja?

Nr. Novuslobodskaya

Novoslobodskaya ne: 978-0407 Address: Dolgorukovskaya 31 Hours: noon - midnight

# Planeta Sushi

Cheers: Good nealthy business funcio upuro max won coere you come, or like you at least night's leftovers. Dynamit warys kick major ass. Got a confident thumbs-up from most eXile staffers for its fresh, delicious tuna and salmon sushi, the spinach and toftu salad, saki-it-to-me saki and upstanding service. Since it can get pricey, we recommend the top-notch tuna rolls (8 for 7 bucks). Vegetable tempura got two battered-and-fried-fin-

Jeers: On the expensive side for the genre. California rolls that tasted too much like Jersey with all that eggy crud on the periphery. Lionel had an apparently bad experience that he'll be happy to tell y'all about. M: Mayakovskaya

Phone: 250-9509 Address: Tverskaya-Yamskaya ul. 2 Hours: noon - midnight

#### Samurai

Cheers: Located not far from Patriarch's Pond, where we hear an enterprisividual can score smack. Sapporo beer on tap! Patrick Bateman ate here with his secretary, and even ignored the urge to gouge out her eyes with the cheap plastic chopsticks.

Jeers: Sushi is overpriced and mediocre. Depressing, hole-in-the-wall wood-paneled atmosphere. Service poor at best.

#### Staryi Tokyo

Cheers: This place has become pretty hep since the recent renovations! Get the sushi boat if someone else is footing the bill—it won't fill you up or let the sushi boat if someone else is footing the bill—it won't fill you up or let you down. Highlights include California, eb ind eel rolls, turn and yellowtail sashimi. Gyuniku maki meat rolls (R430) are a tasty artery-clogging alternative to fishy dishes. Cocktails rock—try the Godzilla. Quality abstinit (R500) with a whopping 10% wormwood seperates the men from the boys. Spacious private cabinets let you dine in peace. Jeres' after a few too many free cocktails, Ames started proposing marriage to a girl who wouldn't have treated him well. Miso soup and tempura had mass spouting poetry to her, even though they weren't all that good. The same chick tried to off Rudnitsky by subverting his course of antibiotics. Mis Chekhovskaya

M: Chekhovskava

sky bul. (near the intersection with Petrovka)

#### Wabi

Cheers: Yet another good-quality sushi place. Stick to the sushi, especially the queer-friendly rainbow roll, and the miso soup. You can get a private cabin.

Jeers: Restaurant opens up onto a horrific mall. Russian crooners accompany your meal, which might bring back bad memories of the Russo-Japan War. Pricey. Meat dishes kinda shwarmy, that is, like shwarma.

Phone: 255-6982

Address: Tishinskaya Sq. 1, second floor of Tishinka Shopping Center

#### Yakitoriya

Citeties. Tes, you priges have been alsweled: quality signaless en our prices that you can talk about on the expat list with all your Quicken-proficient friends! Excellent miss (80R) and kento (100R) sous, healthy seafood salad (150R) for starters; quality tuna rolls and California rolls. Fried dumplings a hit with Bussians. Nu Tokyo rolls a hit with one eXile date. Deers: Recent visit revealed unexciting miss and tuna rolls the size of abbit pellets. Orange hospital gown waitness outfits make you wonder if you're being prepped for a double mastectomy—and you're a guy! Already crowded with the Bagel crowd; desserts lacking.

Phone: 250-5385/290-4311

#### Latin

#### Acapulco

SE
Cheers: Acapulco might be your best option for Mexican food. Jumbo portions for reasonable prices. Nachos Monterrey (280R) comes with great chipotte sauce and perfectly cooked chips with all the junk. Great Quesadillas (210R), decent burritos (270R). Massive fajitas of all different varieties (290R-550R) will definitely impress your date. All cocktails 175R; 1.2l pitcher of margaritas for 750R. Ouban cigars. Also offer cheap-O breakfast. Open 24/T. Teach sals admaring to local secretaries whom you can later pluck.

Jeers: They put mayonnaise instead of sour cream on everything! Senor, no es bueno! Also offer sauerkraut with the fajitas which is kinda weird. Hot Pepper appetizer too small, food not spicy enough. They should pour that awesome chipolte sauce on everything!

Address: UI. Petrovka 14

M: Teatralnaya/Kuznetsky Most Phone: 200-4441, 209-1173

#### **Amazonia**

Neess: Over-the-top, exotic interior and not-too-exhorbitant prices make this the perfect place for shutting up the dyevushka who's been hounding you for some big-ticket item. Flaming mutton chops were a big smash with Moe Snideman; Lionel dug the massive \$6 mixed green salad. Aromatic chicken breast also packs plenty of mojo. Average sushi is priced fairly

Jeers: Disappointing cocktails, especially the inverse quantum margarita. "Unusual" black bean soup. Exotic seafood dishes (such as blue shark and moray eel) can be hit and miss—the shark missed. They never paid us for

Phone: 209-7487 Address: Strastnoi bulvar, 14 Hours: noon - 6.00 (disco: 23.00 - 6.00)

Cheers: Although it's been around for awhile, we forgot how good it is. Now

it's cheaper and tastier. Recent business lunch taste test earned one coca leaf up. Excellent bean soup, cuban rice, decent chicken "pechuga". Also Jerris Mexican dishes.

Jeers: Also later! It's less good than we thought. Maybe Castro took over?

Greasy lame pork chops, cold quesadillas. There was a fat French guy eating there, and he seemed to like it. Too much wood, and the threat of loud Latino music.

M: Taganskaya Phone: 912-1836

Hours: 11.30 - 5.00

B.B. King

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# SEE YA IN ZIA!



By Genghis Goldberg

I don't do restaurant reviews. That's what I told my editor at the eXile. I'm a features writer. You may have read my critical lead a

few months back on the investor rush back into the Russian market, called "Felch." People in the financial community told me I hit the nail on the head with that piece. something I'm proud of.

So don't think that my appearance here as a restaurant reviewer is some kind of demotion. Rather, it's an expansion of my range of talents.

But really, I can't complain. That's because the eXile sent me to one of the great new restaurant discoveries this year: ZIA

From the outside - Zia is located in the middle of metro-kiosk hell right across from the Turgenevskaya station and the LUKoil headquarters — vou wouldn't expect that Southwestern-cuisine heaven awaits you through the smoke mirrored doors. Don't be put off.

Zia is done up in understated, tasteful Southwest cafe style, with candles burning in the fireplace, light beige walls with Aztec designs. My dining partner, a well-placed PR figure at LUKoil, agreed that it was "udobno." He explained that before Zia, the location housed a famous Soviet-era restaurant called, in the great Soviet tradition of aggressively anti-imaginative names, "Turgenev."

Moscow has very few Southwestern or Mexican options. Hola Mexico and Azteca once offered good Southwestern/Mexican fare, but now they suck ass. Acapulco is cheap, but they used mayonnaise on my nachos. And La Cantina is simply dogfood for gullible tourists.

not only returns quality Zia Southwestern cuisine to Moscow, it raises it to a new level: gourmet Southwestern, without gourmet's tiny portions and prohibitive prices.

The appetizers alone could keep me busy for the entire review. My favorites are the Cheddar Chile Rellenos (250R), a giant Anaheim chili stuffed with cheddar and oregano, served with cactus salsa; Crab Cakes served with Chipolte Tartar sauce, the best crab cakes outside of Uley's and a steal at 220R; and the Arizona Rolls (390R), Zia's udarny otvet to the sushi craze sweeping Moscow: avocado, tomato, baby corn, cilantro and green onions rolled in fresh raw marinated sole served with a Tabasco soy sauce, an invention I assure you you will not find anywhere. I wouldn't have believed that you could have a Tex-Mex sushi roll, but Zia has made a believer of me. If you just want a classic Tex-Mex fix, then definitely order the Guacamole (300R) and ask for them to make it extra spicy - the awesome chips are homemade.

The main courses are no less successful. I chose the Adobo Chicken (450R), a boneless half-chicken baked and smothered in Adobo sauce, which is kind of like a spicier, tastier mole sauce, with a black bean and corn salsa side dish. The chicken was appropriately tender and juice on the inside, baked just to a flawless crisp. My LUKoil friend ordered the Baked Salmon (680R), happily expecting the usual dill and butter flavor available in every restaurant. Not being as much of a culinary adventurer as I am, he was slightly shocked when he saw the unusually large cut of salmon steak (300 grams!) covered in a fresh rosemary and roasted garlic-pinon sauce. After some prodding, in which I joked that I would inject him with a drug and kidnap him if he didn't show some balls, he wound up exclaiming, "Oowow! Zis ees fahking good, man." The salmon was juicy, lightly salted and baked to perfection while the sauce was calibrated just right, not so overwhelming as to that came with was good, though it would have been more interesting had it been poured onto the plate with the sauce, rather than in a separate bowl.

The food was so good that LUKoil offered me a job in their PR department just on the strength of my culinary recommendation. I had to turn it down though -Genghis Goldberg is only as good as his reputation as an unbiased analyst and critic of Russian industry.

When I return. I hope to try such entrees as Sole with Lime and Chili butter (900R) when it's on someone else's bill, and the Arugula Pesto Pasta when I'm paying.

Service is good and unobnoxious, a rarity in finer restaurants in Moscow. Drinks are reasonably priced, though as of this article, beer selections (still waiting for the Corona and Sol) are too few to appease the LUKoil magnates.

After you're done eating, if you're not with your wife or date, you can head upstairs to the Zia strip club to feast on the eyes. But that would be a separate review, and I'm not sure that my LUKoil friend would appreciate me writing about our wild evening there. Let's just say that they pumped a few extra barrels of oil so that we could pump a few extra dvevs.

Cheers: Mexican and Cajun touch to the old evropeisky classics. Real cheap Mexican food for those who don't like to eat much. Fajitas tasty, after you dump a gallon of Tabasco on them. Gumbo good, but way too thin. Jeers: The money you think you are saving vapories when you need to order five main courses just to be mildly sated. Veggie nachos include about

five chips and eggplant... what is this, fusion food? M: Tsvetnoi Bulvai Address: Sadovaya-Samotechnaya 4/2

Phone: 299-82-06 Hours: 12.00 - 02.00

#### Columbus Club

\$\$
Cheers: Spanish cuisine for the masses! The chef may be Russian, but he Cheers: Spanish cuisine for the masses! The chef may be Hussian, but his seems to know his business. We dig the cold cut assortment (incl. choriza and tangy Manchero cheese), creamy chef's salad, zesty creole soup, and tequila-marinated Torrero steak. House wine for a mere 50R per glass Interesting desserts, surprisingly good coffee. Relaxed rustic atmosphere, and music that's not too loud, for a change.

Jeers: Location a bit out of the way for non-neighborhood types. Avoid the

Address: Ulitsa Alabyana 10/1 Hours: 24 hours

#### El Gaucho

Cheers: Meat products of the very highest quality prepared by an authentic hearty house red. The asada and chorizo has got balls, baby. Homey wood

interior makes for a nice setting on winter eventuals, study. Homey wool interior makes for a nice setting on winter eventuals.

Jeers: Steaks prepared with enough salt to mummify a good-sized rhino. And just wait until you try the fries. Linel Fannenbaum expressed disapproval with their wide variety of internal organ meats.

M: Krasniye Vorota; Paveletskaya

Phone: 923-1098; 953-2876

sky per. 3/2; Zatsepsky val 6/13 Hours: noon - midnight

#### **Hola Mexico!**

Cheers: eXile alert! Try the business lunch! We got black bean soup, flautas Clieds: A Skila alert II yie bushless bindin We glu unkak beals boly, landard and something else for 200R1 Nachos still pretty good, waltresses still pretty busly. Pork burritos back in mid-season form. Sergio the Latin dancer says the chili is "muy blein." Good place to avoid conversation with a boring date. Nice SS margaritas, and the glasses aren't oversalted.

Jeers: Black bean soup's 15 minutes of fame are up—it actually has chunks of frozen brussels sprouts and cauliflower in it! Foo! "Salsa" on nachos

means a sliced cherry tomato served with a side of tabasco. Waitresses ometimes forget there's a back room. Bands still too loud.

M: Kuznetsky Most Phone: 925-8251

#### Pancho Villa

tho claims those gringos shut them down for the summer, but they'll be back this fall!

Cheers: Ai caramba! Pancho V offers Moscow a few choice Mexican items (P190) b burrito (R285) and the cheesecake (R1 ish. You won't g
TEXHU4ECKUG
They also serves soundtrack wher
Jeers: Avoid the

thos for only a couple

Phone: 241-9853 Address: Stary Arhat 44/1 Hours: 24 hours

#### Papa John's

Theirs rock! Super 50% off from 18.00-21.00 deals makes up for the occasional lack of food quality! Kick-butt appetizers at kick-butt prices! Nachos and burritos ready to take all comers. No more squeez-cheez on the nachos!

Jeers: Great failtas for those who hate telling the waterss to hold the folials, peppers and cheese. High novelty versions of crappy pop songs factor. Main dishes leave a little bit to be desired in the spice department. Dessert sn't particularly Mexican or particularly all that

Phone: 755-9554

#### Pinchos

Dieers: New Spanish place gets props just for being there. Huge selection of pinchos make for great bar food. Seafood paella (R1300) as good as you're likely to find in Moscow and can easily feed 5-6. Jeers: The Russian chef may have mainly trained in Spain, but he still uses way too much granulated ass. Way over-cooked 1/2 of our grilled pork chops (R320); if you're going to be predictable and order the gazpacho, you'll regret . Heart burn central. Weird white wine sangria takes the whole experimer

thang too fa

M: Pushkinskaya Phone: 200-54-76 Address: ul. Bolshaya Bronnaya 27/4 Hours: noon - midnight

#### Santa Fe

Cheers: Full of handsome New Russian types; large bar area serving up wicked drinks. Chef hails from East LA, which should tell you something wicked unins. Cleif halls floif tests 1A, which should tell you softening good. Once you're through here, you can head around the side to Hipopoptum, and breathe your salsa breath on someone you love.

Jeers: Food lacking in substance, though not in pricing.

M: 1905 goda

Phone: 256-2126

Address: Manullinskaya 5/1, str. 6

Hours: noon - 02.00

#### Nazi Bavarius

# ers: The best and most authentic Gerry food and Biergarten in this

verdammen from! A liter or 4 of Franziskaner Weissbier will erase an rries you might have in this crazy world. For a naughty breakfast optior the Weisswurst with sweet mustard, a pretzel and a mandatory Weissbier Jeers: Bio-terror alert! Nazi reactionaries here served Weinberg spoiled Munich salad, forcing him to spend a sick day bent over the toilet hurling withite sausage. On our first visit her the hot waitress told us that pretzels can't be ordered separately in the Biergarten. When offered \$10 for one extra pretzel, she said we should just order another Welsswurst for that money! Ja so ein Flittchen! Anyone who can figure out the logic of their pretzel policy earns a Freibier from Schreck. Formula 1 on the bigscreen in the Biergarten at little too authentic for our sensibilities.

Mr.: Mayakovskaya; 2: Frunzenskaya

Mr.: Mayakovskaya; 2: Frunzenskaya

Phone: 1: 299-4211; 2: 245-23-95

**Adr:** 1: Sadovaya-Triumfalnaya 2/30 str. 1; 2: Komsomolsky pr. 21/10 **Hours:** 12.00 - 0.00

#### Pivnushka

ers: Intricately detailed woodsy bi-level beer hall with an Austrian chef and a Bavarian menu that's surprisingly inventive, not to mention surpris-ingly affordable. Caesar salad and lentil soup are both solid. Fried camem-bert with currant jam is unlike anything in towns. Super beer selection with delicious Paulaner coming soon; 2-for-1 happy hours daily from noon to 1 and 5 to 6 p.m.

Jeers: You never know when some drunken German is going to break into

M: Leninsky Prospekt Phone: 952-5567

Address: Leninsky prospekt 28 Hours: 12.00 - 6.00

#### Vremva Est'

pers: Basically this is City Grill for half the price and none of the nouvelle topic baggage. Great selection of bottled beer. Quality milkshakes for 45R. yuppie baggage. Great selection of bottled beer. Quality milkshakes for 45R.

New Stolichny Salad (75R/135R, depending on size) and the leafy Dachny
Salad (65/95) do the job. Huge pork chop with cheese topping and garnir for only 175R is a winner. Lunch specials, soups.

unty I / ort is a winner. Lunch specials, soups.

Jeers: eXile editors suffered through agnozing interview with Om magazine correspondent here. Lunch special portions are considerably smaller and include vile pickled salads. Cute woodsy back-to-Russia interior may just be as annoying as City Grill's wannayuppiebe schtick.

M: Belorusskaya

M: Belorusskaya Address: Lesnaya Ulitsa Hours: noon - midnight

#### Russian

#### Bochka

vrs: We assume this place ain't authentic Russky food, 'cause it tastes so darn good! The \$1-2 pirogi (fried or baked) are musts. Homemade bre: great soups, kick ass entrees! The blini and pork and chicken shashlyk. vell as the service, were of particular joy to Mr. Spideman, Low-lit wood and brick interior is extremely inviting; good service; great salads and vareniki. The turkey shashlyk (it's not on the menu, but ask for it anyway) is superb. Jeers: Too dark to oogle New Russians' dates the next table over. Located in the middle of nowhere; often crowded with hordes of New Russians with cellphones permanently attached to their ears. The bull-on-the-pit Friday nights isn't all it's cracked up to be. Best to stick to the menu items.

Maddress: ul. 1905 goda

Address: ul. 1905 goda 2

Hours: 24 hours

#### Cafe Pushkin

SSS
Cheers: THE place to take visiting relatives footing the bill for a taste of passable Roosky food. Schreck described breaded veal as closest thing to Sublime in months. Two babes dining alone at the next table were a close second. If you've got the dough, all-in-all the most impressive "haute rus" cuisine. Black caviar with bliny (\$23) melts in your mouth. Excellent solyan-ka (\$9), pelmeni, and main courses.

Jeers: Schwartz thought high prices might be able to make Russian food taste good, until he ate here. Pringi on par with Rusky Bistro. Oversized menu makes deciding impossible; overbearing and awkward service remiscent of badly choreographed dental surgery. Grilled lamb (\$17) chewy and not particularly flagarful? Backef full of rousie-cultured sissain bohos and foreigners.

ticularly flavorful. Packed full of quasi-cultured Russian bobos and foreigners with sluts. Why pay this much for local food?

M: Pushkinskaya Phone: 229-5590 Address: Tverskoi bulvar 26A Hours: noon - midnight

#### Drova

Cheers: This buffet-style mecca for coupon-clipping eXpats has rapidly become a nerd herd favorite. Offers \$4 lunch specials and \$9 all-you-can-eat from a large, large selection of Russian food and even sushi. Decent pork

inform a lange, large selection or husbaran food and even stand. Decemb point offerings, soup. Prompt (self) service.

Jeers: The sushi tastes like Putin's sweat balls. Salads are attrocious unless mayonaissed. Inedible pirrothki, vomit-like sweet-n-sour chicken, chebureki taste like Kursky Vokzal rejects. You couldn't pay us \$9 to eat this crap. Cheap-O coupon-clipping eXpats love it.

M: Turgenevskaya M: Turgenevskaya Phone: 925-2725

Address: Myasnitskaya ul. 24 Hours: 24 hours

# Dyadya Vanya

Cheers: Like the Kremlin and the boat ride on the Moskva reka, this is an easy place to entertain visiting friends and relative without having to stra yourself and think of something creative. They make a mean pelmeni. B mountain of beats without undue smetana or black plums. Good at all thos cliched Russlan dishes.

Jeers: eXile alert! More expensive and worse quality than rumors make it out to be. Anything vaguely deviating from traditional Russian food tastes like old

Phone: 232-1448

Address: B. Dmitrovka, 17

#### Mesto Vstrechi

\$\$
Cheers: One of Moscow's best mid-range, low-key options, attracting a smart young crowd. Cellar atmosphere, tasteful music that doesn't blow your eardrums out, and top-quality food at a great Val-U. Salmon carpaccio is a salmon-lover's reat. Try the gumbo soup, pork rise, and the egiplant appetizers. 3-course Biz lunch special said to kick hind. Chicken fried in a curry care and belief special said to kick hind. Chicken fried in a curry

sauce was huge, juicy, and packed full o' flavor.

Jeers: Name may be hard for USAID people to remember. Lots of wood

everywhere. M: Pushkinskaya Phone: 229-2373 Address: Maly Gnezdnikovsky per. 9/8 Hours: noon - 5.00

#### Na Melnitse

Cheers: Another of those old-style New Russian joints with quaint woodsy interior and "classic" cuisine, but the real reason to come here may just be the variety of mixed green salads for around \$6, including a superb (and quite massive) fresh spinach salad with pine nuts for just \$5.50. Nice pirozhki and borshch, delectable vareniki with cherries, rock solid (not literally, of course)

cranberry mors.

Jeers: Vareniki with mushrooms way overpriced at \$11. Haphazard, vulgarly arranged "eilte" liquor table in the center of the room offends even our crass, suburban-bred sensibilities—when will these mud people learn? They won't let you eat the live pheasant. We wish the coffee were just a little bit better

M: Krasniye Vorota Phone: 925-8890

Address: Sadovaya-Spasskaya ulitsa, 24/50 Hours: noon - midnight



Gheers: Don't let the \$\$\$\$ fool you—the \$56 per head pricetag includes Sabolutely all U can eat and drink (except for so-called "rare" wines). Luxurious yet welcoming 19th century interior, endless old-style appetizers, 2-portion main menu that changes daily, and totally smokin' samogon make this a perfect to take your folks or other out-of-towners. Dapper, 7-foot-tall host displays appropriate sexism in doling out the samogon. The homemade cranberry mors is pretty darm special, too. Special theme-based smaller rooms for more intimate occasions.

Jeers: Unfortunately, the design is based on closet fascist Mikhalkov's movie version of the Goncharov novel—NatsBols may not be welcome. Our production manager thought Oblomov was written by Dostoevsky.

M: Ulitsa 1905 goda Phone: 255-9290 (1-day advance reservations recommended)

Address: Ulitsa 1905 goda 2 (upstais from Mao) Hours: 19.00 - 24.00

#### **Red Square** ers: It just doesn't get any more centrally located than this: edible old-Style Russian cuisine in an intimate atmosphere. The kind of borshch you wish your mother could make. Four-cornered kulebyaka revives warm memories of Gogol and hypochondriacal insanity. Ya gotta love that black bread

ice dessert. Top-notch mors and kvas helps restore the faith of old-timers tick desselt. Up-indur infos and was neigh resure the land of duclined with find themselves succumbing to Russophobia. Ludicrously servile staff really gets into character.

Jaces: Idiot tourists can be depressing. Lower level bar features second-rate jazz. Kato from Tulio's is a fan. Mi: Ploshchad Revolyutsii

Phone: 925-5800

Address: 1 Krasnava ploshchad Hours: noon - midnigh

#### Shinok

Cheers: This is the ultimate S&M Ukrainian dining experience. Seating is Gueers. This is the unlinker skill workmain unling legeneries. Searing arranged around a massive windowed terrarium that houses chickens, roosters, a pony, sometimes a cow, and... you'll never guees... a real live peasant gill 0 hb oy, is it sexy, folks. She sits quietly and obediently on a bench beside the pony, plain, pale, meek. While you feast on royal portions of superb golubtsy, borscht, varenniky and a selection of fish and meat dishes that range in price from \$15 to \$30.

Jeers: Too expensive for Ukrainian food, especially when you consider it's not much better than Korchma. You might wind up sitting next to a loud, disgusting Texan trying to woo his plain mail-order bride, or a table of cell-

Address: Ulitsa 1905 Goda (across the street from the Mezh)
Hours: noon - midnight

#### Taras Bulba Korchma

Cheers: Only bar around with khakhol staple Obolon! Vodka comes with free sses seem to enjoyed being gawked at—they'll ever smile back! The perfect answer to your hangover blues... looking at the com plimentary baseball-sized lump of sala usually is enough to sober up. A super budget option with all your Ukrainian faves at prices anyone can afford. Goluptsi so good, you might burst into tears. Vareniki and borshch like mama

used to make. Good service, even. Jeers: Last visit was not pleasant. Don't order the pickled jar, which is just pickled grass, or the salo, which is as bad as you'd think. Annoyingly quaint interior. Potato pancakes drenched in cheap oil. Waters wear depressing staw hats like Judge Reinhold in Fast Times at Ridgemont High. You'll have to tell your khokly jokes some place else.

M: Chekhovskaya Phone: 200-6082 Address: ulitsa Petrovka 30/7 (stroyenie 1) (and other places)
Hours: noon - 23.00

#### Korchma U Pletnya

Theers: Biznis lunch comes with a free shot of horilka and a butter soaked blinichik! Get to see your waiter in humiliating ethnic costume.

Jeers: Service that sucks you in and then leaves you hanging. Pampushki that come with borsh reminiscent of rabbit droppings in size and consister cy. All meat products taste like sawdust. So cheap they charge for bread (R10.20!).

Seafood

Phone: 951-62-75

eskaya ul. 77, str. 1 korp. 2 Address: Sadovniche Hours: noon - 24.00

#### **Crab House**

\$\$\$ Cheers: Some say the king crab (when they have it) and lobster are still pret-

ty good. Still has that fun metallic multi-level interior.

Jeers: The famously stingy Lionel Tannenbaum ate only a single bite of each item during a recent business lunch escapade. This place is a pale shadow of its former self. Depressingly deserted most of the time; watery, barely unfrozen carapaccio, grilled fish that's over-salted and just plain sucks. Impossibly bland clam chowder and probably the worst Caesar salad in town Expensive and shite. Starvin' Ivan is said to be making reservations for one

nere in the near future M: Okhotny Ryad Address: Tverskaya 6

#### Seattle

#### 5 Fly

Cheers: Cute, bored waitresses pose as mannequins in the picture windows Literary. Outp, Order watersess poles as immelinguism in the picule winding that at night. When the masses at Propaganda get to you, you can chill here for a while. Sweets fresh even at three in the morning. Claim to have real fresh hot chookate using Italian chocolate (56).

Jeers: Their "macchiato" ain't no macchiato. Bland dorkadent interior with five Russian pop songs on an endless loop. No liquor license yet.

Mr. Kital Gorod

Phone: 923-3351

: Pokrovka 4 Hours: 24 hours

#### **Coffee Basement**

SS
Cheers: Real ice coffee, even if it ain't brewed nearly as stong as it oughta be. The only working air conditioner in the PJ complex. You can order anything on the menu at Johnny's or Papa Johns I Shiwing!
Jeers: Has the whole world gone CRAZYY Are we the only ones to notice that coffee shops are spreading like herpes? There are now, by our count, three corfiee shops on this one block. Please, God, make it stop!

Phone: 755-9554 Address: 22 Myasnitskaya ulitsa (inside Johnny's) Hours: 10.00 - 6.00

#### Coffee Bean

Sheers: eXile alert! eXile staff seen more and more huddled at the Pokrovka location. And liking it. Ames briefly fell in love with one respectable middle-class Russian woman, who paid no attention to him. This is a coffee shop, after all. New Kuznetsky Most location is much more efficient than either of the other two, and yummier also! Some day we'll tell you where it's located...say, when they put a new ad in our paper? The first Seattle-style coffee shop in Moscow; jumbo capuccinos, tasty torts, lots of faux brick, wine by the glass. Sells the best coffee, aromatic and

Jeers: Pokrovka location woefully understaffed by ridiculously pedantic gloom grifs who spend way too much time on each order. Dangerously high Friends/Reality Bites factor. No smoking. So authentically Seattle-seque that you may inadvertantly walk out with an eyebrow stud and not even know it. Mr. Big: Chistiye Prudy, New: Pushkinskaya, Newer: Kuznetsky Most Phone: B: 923-9733

Address: B: Ulitsa Pokrovka 18: new: across from Luzhkov's office on

Hours: 8.00 - 22.00

#### **Coffee House**

Cheers: Trying to get that Starbucks' edge in Moscow, Coffee House offers what is said to be (we haven't been there yet...) quality coffee at slightly higher prices - you can even get it to go. Inco of the shining differences at this cafe is that you can have a variety of syrups added to your coffee (starwberry, nut, chocolate, caramel, and even banana syrup is available.)

Jeers: As sources say, this place gets really crowded. Annoying size names follow in the Starbucks tradition.

M: Pushkinskaya/Tverskaya Phone: 937-5494

Address: Tverskaya 16/2 Hours: 11.00 - 21.00

#### Gotti

Scheers: Any place named after Goodfella John Gotti gets at least one wir tap up in our books. Yet the strange thing is that this cafe is actually qui good. Delicious desserts, even worth the tiramisu (120R). Rich espresso fr of leaky vagina. You can sit in the window and look at people looking at yo and feel like you're someone.

Jeers: Owned by the same people who own Peking Duck, Moscow's leading contender for the Copper Ass award, Moscow's most prestigious prize for shittiest restaurant

M: Pushkinskaya/Tverskaya Phone: 755-8402 Address: Tverskaya 24 Hours: 09.00 - 21.00

## Moskva-Berlin

Cheers: Snooty Central European-style coffee shop brought to you by the Mesto Vstrechi folks stands out from the budding Seattle-menace. Quaint lamps, large choice of desserts. Good caps, mini-quiche pies. The first truly post-modern toilets in Russia: see-through toilet seats and chrome base allow you to view every previous miturator's droplets. Good service. Jeers: Recent trip yielded no coffee, as the mashina was out of order. That's like a Russian dish without dill; a bagel without cream cheese; an Indian without dill; a bagel without cream cheese; an Indian without dill; a bagel without cream cheese; an Indian without dill; a bagel without cream cheese; an Indian without dill; a bagel without cream cheese; an Indian without dill; a bagel without cream cheese; an Indian without dill; a bagel without cream cheese; an Indian without dill; a bagel without cream cheese; an Indian without dill; a bagel without cream cheese; an Indian without dill; a bagel without cream cheese; an Indian without dill; a bagel without cream cheese; an Indian without dill; a bagel without cream cheese; an Indian without dill; a bagel without cream cheese; and Indian without dill; a bagel without cream cheese; and Indian without dill; a bagel without cream cheese; and Indian without dill; a bagel without cream cheese; and Indian without dill; a bagel without cream cheese; and Indian without dill; a bagel without cream cheese; and Indian without dill; a bagel without cream cheese; and Indian without dill; a bagel without cream cheese; and Indian without dill; a bagel without cream cheese; and Indian without dill; a bagel without cream cheese without cheese without cream cheese without cheese wit

out a convenience store.

M: Belorusskaya Phone: 251-7963/-2282 erskaya Zastava 52/2 (to the right of Yakitoriya, across

from the train station) **Hours:** 24 hours Orange

Cheers: A pleasant spacey new age atmosphere and a location that couldn't Cheers: A pleasant spacey new age atmosphere and a location that couldn't be more central are all the reasons you need to checkout this coffee and tea bar. Inexpensive Caesar and Greek salads are more than passable. The booze is cheap, too. Impressive array of finger food appetizers will give you a prenatal deja vol your parents in a 1950s basement rec room.

Jeers: Now that we're mostly clean, this whole caffeine thing is getting old real quick. Could be able too much faux-civilized Westernization for some tastes.

Mr. Ploshad Revolutsi

Plane: 238.2737

Phone: 238-2737 Address: Teatralnaya pl. 5/2 Hours: 10.00 - midnight

Soleil Cafe reluctant favorite cafe in Moscow, even if it is Euro. Magnilicous praline beal claw, huge tasty bread pudding with a scoop of vanilla ice cream, perhaps Moscow's yummiest cheescake, and just about the only cafe coffee that doesn't taste like leaky v---a. Super cheap sandwiches (less than R100) cous-cous among the best lunches around for "people on the go". Maybe the only coffee shop in town that doesn't deserve to be hit by an errant U.S. dais

cutter. Killer desserts and pastries single best way known to man to go on ar economical date and still get laid. economical date and smill get ladd.

Jeers: Croissant sandwiches sometimes cold on the inside. Some salads target nostalgic Russians. Made us take out the Wines pie reference. Aggressive tray-wielding office peons who watch Poslednyi Geroi obses-

sively dine here and could snap at any moment.

M: #1: Tsvetnoi Bulvar: #2: Paveletskava

m: #1: Isvetnoi Bulvar; #2: Paveletskaya Phone: #1: 725-6474/5; #2: 937-0531/2 Adr: #1: Sadovaya-Samotechnava 24/27 24/27; #2: Paveletskaya pl. 2/1 Hours: 8.30 - 23.00 (weekends 10.00 - 23.00)

## Yunikon

Cheers: A student cafe with super-low prices for coffee, tea, and some more Substantial menu items. We haven't been there yet, but it's said to be cozy and comfortable, with decent food and coffee. More to come... Jeers: We don't really know what to jeer about this place quite yet, but for starters, it's probably safe to assume that there are too many students and studious people in general hanging around having intellectual conversations. Mr. Ploshad Revolution.

ne: 925-4268 Address: Nikolskava 15. at the Russian State Humanitarian University

#### Zen Coffee

Cheers: New branch works all night! Coffee no longer tastes like leaky vagina. Pastries do a damn fine job looking fresh. All the girls who work here seem to have the same breasts and bras. You can order coffee in those French press things, which impresses people.

Jeers: They have that business casual thing going on. Could they have thought of a lamer name?

Mt. #1. Okhotny Ryad; #2: Belorusskaya.

Address: #1: Ul. Bolshava Dmitrovka 5/6 (actually on the Kamergersky

Pereulok promenade just down from Tibet Kitchen); #2: Ul. Lesnaya 1/2 **Phone:** #1: 292-5114; #2: 234-1784 Hours: #1: 8.00-23.00, Fri: 8.00-1.00, Sat, Sun: 9.00-1.00 ; #2: 24 hours

# **Semites**

#### Marrakech

Cheers: Saalam! A Morrocan restaurant has finally opened! Jeers: Allah Akhbar! It blows! A fatwah should be issued against the propietors and cook. In a word, this place sucks camel dicks. Dull and flavorless food. Waitstaff tries to be helpful, but unfortunately doesn't know their couscous from a hole in the ground

Sindbad

Cheers: eXile alert! Impressive

cheap-O business lunch means that

Address: Strastnoi bulvar 4 Hours: 11.00 - 23.00

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cheap-0 business lunch means that we'll be back for more: 150Ps for salad, soup (try the lagman), main (tasty ploy) and garnish. Killer hummus (R120) is worth making the trip for, even if it is the only edible thing on the menu. No suicide bombers, although there was a shooting outside here last year in which 3 flatheads got iced. Jeers: Has the decor of a mediorer Chinese restaurant even though it's a mediorer Mideast restaurant. All the kebabs come in the exact same the service sets present a changing the province of the services of t tomato-pasty sauce. Being cheap is no excuse for sucking. Baba ghanoush (R120) heavily flavored with ass. Gin Tonic (R130) lacks gin

nd tonic M: Park Kultury Phone: 246-40-53/-29-51 Address: ul. Timura Frunze 11 Hours: 12.00 - 04.00

Cheers: Rockin' babaganoush, tasty kibbi balls. Rubenesque belly dancers know how to roll dat fat! Passible basics like tabouli and hummus (although Schwartz warns against the 'Beirut' variety). Lots of Arabs to harass if we start bombing Iraq

Jeers: Way to mediocre to be worth the trip. Tribune-approved!

Phone: 958-29-21 Fax: 955-09-54 Address: ul. Ordzhonikidze 3 (in the back of the building) Hours: noon - 05.00

Littletis, one isself as a deman issuariant, which are prestaurants.

Jeers: The continued existence of this restaurant may be why Russians are growing increasingly anti-Semitic.

M: Paveletskaya
Phone: 238-4646
Address: Dublininskaya ul. 11/17

#### Steppe

eers: Who'd a thunk you could put so many Uzbek ingredients in the salad Cineers: who o a munk you could put or many Uzzek ingredients in measure. Mar? Reliable, tasty, accessible: a new standard for Uzbek food on the New Arbat! High funny-hat factor. Cheap prices for of Uzbek standbys like plov (105R), which is properly greasy and garlicky, samstovy (55R), manty (105R for two big dumplings). 45 rubles for .5 Baltika.

Jeers: They look at youfunny if you eat with your hands. Kimmelman had

Joers. They look at Jouanny's You as a Will you'll inalia. Shillmentan in orbing to say about the waitress' ass. Portions skimpy, salad bar now costs R170. Door thugs recall President Karimov goons.

Mr. #1. Arbatskay, #2. Bernkadnaya

Phone: #1: 291-2010, #2: 202-1085

Address: #1: Now, Arbat 28; #2: ul. Barrikadnaya 8/9

Hours: 11.00 - midnight

Cheers: Dirt-cheap cafe serving a tasty mix of Uzbek and Georgian specialites. Solid ploy, kharcho, and the like. 90-ruble business lunch comes with a free beer. Waitresses look like Molly Ringwald and/or have impressive

racks. Jeers: Depressing interior and color scheme reminiscent of child ture sold at IKEA in the mid-1980s. Loud, shitty music at all times; and karaoke during the evenings. Becomes a "disco" after 2 a.m. M: Kita-Goro

Phone: 924-8812 Address: Lubyansky proyezd 25/1

## Hours: 11.00 - 6.00

**Burger Kveen Cheers:** Look, you've gotta give these guys credit for staying in business. With food this horrific, they must be great businessmen. This may well be the

single worst fast food restaurant in the known world. Should be renamed E.

Hours: 11.00 - 02.00

#### **Hot Smile Pizza**

ers: The four cheese pizza was super, crust just right. Russian staff went ga-ga over the Georgian sandwich and Mediterranean salad, and, well, it was an all-around hit. So go ahead, folks: give 'er a whir!! The spicy chili pizza had authentically spicy toppings. Fried Mozzarella sticks (\$4.95)Cheese pizza

authentically spicy toppings. Fried Mozzarella sticks (\$4.95)Cheese pizza only \$14.00. Snazzy menus.

Jeers: Our first order with them was kind of a disaster, but to be fair, these folks gave it the "customer's always right" thing and our next delivery was top-notch. Pricey for what you get.

Phone: 230-9323/-9388 Hours: 10.00 - 23.00; Sat, Sun: 11.00 - 23.00

Cheers: eXile alert! They continue to make the eXile pizza upon request, even Gliebris - exhale alert if my colimite or londar an exhale pizza upon request, spot though it is not on the menu any more. We shit you not it killer Brownies and chocolate chip cookies never fail to impress. Chicken club pizza sounds gross, but tastes sinfully good. Canneloni got a solid thumb-up from our sales guy. Frequent customer deal (buy 6 pizzas, get one free) takes some of

the bite out of the high pices. the bite out of the high pices.

Jeers: There should be a law prohibiting pizzas from getting called "The Hampster"; it sounds like it could give you AIDS. Salmon sandwich. Sometimes Sundays can be suckdays, as consistency wanes. Heed our advice: don't order the Taco Salad. It should be called "Shit Salad." Roll-ups aren't all they're cracked up to be. Still too expensive.

Phone: 956-6196

Johnny's

Jeers: New interior reeks of Friends meets Ikea and may be altogether too happy for some of the more cynical of us. 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.

#### Hours: 9.00 - 23.00 (until 6.00 weekends)

Cheers: eXile alert! Liz's mouth-watering delivery is back, offering office

Jeers: You pay for what you get, so sandis tend to be in the 250R range. You almost feel guilty eating take-out food with imagination. Has Moscow really come this far? The name for some reason makes us want to pick up a log

and run swinging through a sorority. Lox sandwich wasn't all that **Phone:** 921-8757 **Hours:** 11.30 - 18.00 weekdays only

Cheers: Finally, in a city that you can get a whore at any time, you can get a pizza delivered at 3AM! Inexpensive option for thin crust pizzas that show up warm and tasty. Every order gets two free cans of Pepsi. Also delivers beer and cigarettes — a truly full-service late night option. Discount for

Sultan

#### **U** Yuzefa

Cheers: Bills itself as a Jewish restaurant; one of the early private

#### Hours: 12.00 - 24.00

Kish-Mish

Posledniye Dengi

# **Kwik Eatz**

Jeers: Russia's population declining by about 300,000 people a year, which

Jack's

Cheers: Ignore the new look and shortened name; Johnny's is still in the Diezam Alin'i business! Great gelato and sherbert with constantly changing flavors! New line of pizza launched, including Higgins-friendly frat pizzas, bizzar-Concept dessert pizzas launched, including Higgins-friendly frat pizzas, bizzar-Concept dessert pizzas, yuppie pizzas and a whole lot more. Pizzas so covered with toppings that you can't see the cheese! Personal/medium/large (R100/R250/R500-ish) pizzas, meaning U get to call the shots! 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. Still delivering to your door

# Kokopelli Deli

Cheers: Exite alerst LIZ's mouth-watering delivery is back, oftening office expats a fine alternative to the Jack's stomand sludge. The emphasis here is on quality and surprise. Quality roast beef sand with roasted red onion and lemon basil, awesome turkey club with jalapen on may on dred peppers, mucho kobb pita stuffed full o' blue cheese. But the appetizers might be even better, esp the rockin honey-mustard chicken wings and the homemade tortilla chips with guac. Easily Moscow's best take-out

#### Transpizza

Jeers: ...isn't enough to make up for the late night tax. Pizzas not greasy enough for true drunken late night consumption. Late night backups mean U might have to wait hours for your pizza.

Phone: 745-0555

Call Valentina at 795-3376 fax us at 245-1415

All films shown in Russian, except those marked \* (subtitled) and as otherwise indicated.

#### **AMERICA CINEMA**

Radisson-Slavjanskaya Hotel M: Kievskaya, 941-8747 (All films shown in English; Russian headphone translation available Tue.-Sun.)

#### **Tom and Thomas**

Oct. 5: 16.00; Oct. 6: 13.00

The Sum of All Fears

Oct. 4: 18.00; Oct. 6: 17.00; **Oct. 7:** 21.00; Oct. 8: 17.00

My Big Fat Greek Wedding

Oct. 2: 17.00; Oct. 4: 22.00; **Oct. 5:** 18.00; Oct. 6: 15.00;

Oct. 7: 19.00; Oct. 8: 19.15; Oct. 11: 19.00; Oct. 12: 13.00;

**Oct. 13:** 15.00

#### Austin Powers in Goldmember

Oct. 2: 21.00:

**Oct. 3:** 17.00, 19.00, 21.00;

Oct. 4: 16.00, 20.00; **Oct. 5:** 14.00, 20.00;

Oct. 6: 19.30, 21.30;

**Oct. 7:** 17.00;

Oct. 8: 21.00;

Oct. 9: 18.00;

Oct. 12: 17.00;

Oct. 13: 13.00

Oct. 9 - Oct. 10: 20.00;

Oct. 11: 17.00;

Oct. 12: 15.00;

Oct. 13: 17.00

The Bourne Identity Oct. 10: 21.45;

Oct. 11: 21.10;

Oct. 12: 19.00;

Oct. 13: 21.00

The 51st State Oct. 12: 21.30;

Oct. 13: 19.00

#### **DOME CINEMA**

18/1, Olympiysky prospekt M: Prospect Mira

Tel. 931-9873

Oct. 2: 19.00, 21.15;

Oct. 4: 20.30, 22.45;

Oct. 5: 23.30: Oct. 6: 18.00

Ice Age

**Oct. 6:** 12..30, 14.00, 16.00 Minority Report

Oct. 5: 21.00;

Oct. 6: 20.30

The Birds

47/24, Ul. Pokrovka M: Krasnve Vorota Tel. 917-5492

Oct. 2 - Oct.9: 9.00, 11.00, 13.00. 15.00. 17.00. 19.00. 20.45, 22.30, 00.30;

Oct. 10: 9.00, 11.00, 13.00, 15.00, 17.00

The Bad Guv

**Oct. 10:** 22.00, 00.00;

Oct. 11 - Oct. 16: 9.00, 11.00,

13.00, 15.00, 17.00, 19.00, 21.00, 23.00, 01.00

#### **PUSHKINSKY CINEMA**

2, Pushkinskaya ploshchad M:Pushkinskaya/ Chehovskaya Tel: 229-2111

**Oct. 2:** 13.15, 18.45, 00.15; Oct. 3: 13.15

Oligarkh

Oct. 2: 10.30, 16.00, 21.30; Oct. 3: 10.30, 16.00

**Austin Powers** 

in Goldmember

Oct. 3: 21.15, 23.30;

Oct. 4 - Oct. 16: 10.00, 12.15, 14.30, 16.45, 21.15, 23.30

# SHOW TIMES ANIC MARK'S didn't include the words "stalk," "duct tape." MANIC MARK'S and "nonwar drill" in the "didn't include the words "stalk," "duct tape."

# NOVIE MADNESS!



# Kino Korner

a first in Moscow, if not world history: th d that a film called MY BIG FAT GREEK WEDDING was an indy hit in th S, I was deeply suspicious. It was supposed be an indy film, sure, but the title had all the One nice thing about indy flicks is that few onem make it to Moscow. That means fewer ow films featuring uncommunicative lea naracters and close-ups of boiling tea ket es and entire dinner scenes in which no one ays a word — the kind of thing that passes

To my horror, *My Big Fat Greek Wedding* made it to Moscow. And it arrived ith only one purpose: to raise my blood

I knew I'd hate it. That was the easy part. But I was scared, really. I don't need another chick flick to throw oil on my misogny peat bog fires, turning them into a serial

Another, quieter fear: what if **Greek Wedding** was actually good? Alieee! In that ase, I really, really couldn't watch in lecause if it was good, it would be depressng as hell. One of those unmediated peeks

So I decided that the best thing to do vould be to review an American womar vatching the movie. Rather than the movie elf. That seemed safer and easier, like rabbing a bystander and using her as a

So on Sunday morning, hungover, I posted this message on the Expat List: Subject: Movie Date with the eXile!

For the film review in this issue of the eXile, I would like to conduct an experiment which will require the participation of a female American subject. I will be attending the 9:30 p.m. showing of "My Big Fat Greek Wedding" at the America Cinema, and I would like to take with me an American woman as my "date" in order to record her reactions to the film. I will pay for her ticket and snacks. Any female Americans interested please email me today at editor@exile.ru

Mark Ames To my relief, I didn't get any responses on Sunday, which I felt gave me the right to skip the film. But then an amazing thing happened.

I got this message on Monday afternoon: Mark Ames-I just saw your post on the expat. You

may have already found a date, but I figured I'd send you an email anyway. My numbers in Moscow are [...].

At first, Lassumed Lwas being set up. But. the phone numbers were real, as was the email's tone. I figured that Paige must either be an ironic alterno-grrl or frighteningly desperate. And duty demanded that I find out which.

In the meantime, I got two more letters. They were sexy as hell. I have to admit, but they rekindled my misogyny. What drives a woman to humiliation?

I called Paige and arranged to meet on Tuesday for the 5 o'clock showing, right as this issue was going to bed. She was neither defensive nor ironic on the phone.

To Paige's credit, she didn't lie described herself as looking "Russian." She didn't look all that Russian, but she definitely didn't look American: pale, lithe, with bright red lipstick and bright gold eye shadow. She had features, which is rare with American women. She held out her hand to me. I thought, "Uhoh, I can't be mean to her." Nevertheless, I had Dr. Dolan, who accompanied me, take photos of us as if we were on a "date," which I planned to plaster on the kino page.

When Paige told me that she is a ballet dancer and a gymnast, I thought, "Uh-oh, I really, really can't be mean to her." She comes from the Deep South; she skipped college in favor of dance and travel, even given the option - it takes incredible courage even for the dimmest American to forego college. I had to admit — she was impressive.

Now I felt really, really bad. Because a) I couldn't be mean to her, and b) my experiment

I rushed her into the Radisson, bought her the promised snacks (glass of red wine and popcorn), jewed a pair of free tickets out of the ticket counter (a five minute argument that made Paige a bit uncomfortable), and hussled her into the theater.

On our way in, Paige told me that she'd wanted to see the film because she'd heard

that "Tom Hanks had something to do with it." Now normally, I would be inclined to mace anyone who said the name "Tom Hanks" and tle was at stake. Her mind was elsewhere pop culture and spite didn't figure big in her

It was clear from the very beginning that Wedding was going to be an appalling movie — the only question was the degree of eye-toxin. It was like a sitcom, the kind of sitcom that gets raves from the critics, like "The Wonder Years" or "Friends." In fact, it is a sitcom - Nia Vardolas, the writer and star, has already signed a massive contract with CBS to turn it into a weekly sitcom.

The sitcom-mainstream-alternative movie unfolded according to formula. The jokes were awful and cliched. Describing her quasi-eccentric Greek family, the narrator, Toula (Nia Vardalos) says, "If nagging was an Olympic sport, my Aunt Vuola would win a gold medal." A gullible outsider asks how to say something in Greek, and winds up getting tricked into saying phrases like, "I like your boobs" or "I have three testicles.'

Poor Aristophanes! He must be screaming from Hades, "Don't blame me!"

The plot, characters and tension were so formulaic that there was absolutely no mystery as to how this movie would end. I rarely guess movie plots right, but with a movie title like My blah blah Greek Wedding" it was a pretty safe bet that this wasn't going to be a brutal Mike Leigh study of an American woman's loneliness and despair.

Leaving aside the sitcom formula, the first problem with this film is that the Greeks come off as total scum. They're bigoted, whiny, obsessive, fat, ugly, stupid, riddled with complexes, and neither funny nor fun to be around. The Greek grandmother calls everyone a "bloodthirsty Turk." The father always tries to tell people that Greek language is the root of all English. He tells his daughter's WASP-y boyfriend, Ian, "When my people were writing philosophy, your people were still swinging from trees." Translation: "Someone please take my ethnicity seriously!"

I don't get why small, insignificant races cling to these legends about the superiority of their ancient culture. It hasn't done much for the Iraqis, why should it for the Greeks? It's like an old, decrepit, wheelchair-bound crank grumbling to Shaquile O'Neil, "When I was your age, I was studying books in college, while you weren't even a sperm in your father's testicles." Yeah, well. So what? Now you're just an expired appliance collecting cobwebs in the care home, and Shag is the greatest athlete on the planet. Someone should explain to former-somebody's the concept of the word "today."

Besides, who even knows if modern Greeks are even racially related to their great ancestors? And even if they are, it's like rock pigeons tracing their ancestry to the mighty

Ethnic family about Jews and Italians have a much higher success rate. There's a reason for that. Jews and Italians are interesting. The Greeks in this movie are boring, predictable, cheap and bigoted. The only thing "warm" they seem to do is yell "Hoo-pah!" and dance like Turks. In fact, the vicious hunchbacked old grandma, who crawls around their American suburb in her black wimple and cloak, accusing all the WASPs in their neighborhood of being "bloodthirsty Turks," looks to me an awful lot like what I imagine a Turk looks like. Are Greeks really just debased Turks in denial?

I had one Greek friend in school. His mother smothered him, and his father was a bigot. I remember him lecturing me about why I should support the apartheid regime in South Africa. He told me, in his world-weary Greek way, that when I got older I would understand why it was right to support the apartheid regime. I didn't understand it then, and still don't understand it. When I took a shower at his house once, this same father handed me a wash cloth. I never used a wash cloth, still don't. But he insisted it wasn't a choice - I was, after all, a dirty outsider.

As *Greek Wedding* dragged on, I noticed something: Paige regularly laughed. Not deep, hearty laughs, but soft, harmless nostril laughs. I decided to mark chicken scratches to log the number of times she laughed.

When Toula meets her Prince Charming Paige's laugh-periodicity increased. It wasn't Paige's laugh that bothered me — it was Prince Charming. In his character the movie crossed from harmless sitcom formula into outright Goebbels lies. Tuolo's man, "lan," is tall, with long dark swept-back hair, a pronounced chin. long face and sensitive Travolta-like eyes. He's a junior high school teacher and a vegetarian, yet he comes from a wealthy family of lawyers and country club members. That is, sensitive yet aristocratic, every woman's dream.

At one point, Toula is forced, for the plot's sake, to ask him why he loves her. "Because I came alive when I met you," he says.

Alive? He behaves like her servant! He never has any conflicts within himself. All he does is hug her and comfort her. Do women really want that? I mean, I know American women say they do, but when confronted with the choice, they always reject it, even when

Ah! The lies! That's the part I can't handle! Reality: to American women, a man who teaches in a public middle school is a L-O-S-E-R. Plain and simple! That must be why the movie makers had lan driving Toula around in a brand new silver Jeep Grand Cherokee with a big front grill. Because if he drove what a public school teacher in America really drives - a beat-up Hyundai with broken tail light and if he had the cringing mannerisms of all

Other problems. The Greek accents seem wrong. Even if they were real Greeks, they sounded exactly like Steve Martin's wild and crazy Czech swingers.

Toula's beauty transformation from dumpy, creased spinster into someone you'd mercy fuck on a drunken Wednesday evening was accomplished with far too much ease — al she did was perm her hair, apply blush and upgrade her clothes... and the next thing you know, a table full of sorority girls happily invites her to sit with them.

Not Another Teen Movie, one of the great unheralded films of the year, already parodied the effortless Pygmalion transformation by having its heroine transformed from ugly weirdo into raging beauty by simply undoing her ponytail and pulling off her glasses

There should be a law against ignoring



successful parodies. Punishable by burning all prints. Which almost happened to us, just as lan was leaning over to kiss Toula. The movie stopped. One of those orange burning holes

And then, regrettably, the problem was

It gets worse. The father, that bigoted ass, does his best to keep his thirty-year-old daughter from getting a life, trying to bar her first from going to college, and then from marrying the man of her dreams. In my notes, I wrote: "He's old. Why doesn't she take meat cleaver and club his head? Or poison him? Hell, hire Turk to bump him — would do it for free!" Instead of poisoning the father, however, the mother explains to Toula how easy it is for a woman to manipulate the man of the house. All you have to do is let him think he's in charge and that he makes the decisions on his own, which you can easily manipulate, and voila, the sucker does your bidding. It was painful to watch, pure slave humor. But the crowd liked it

daughter the deed to a house for her wedding - a house which winds up being next door. Wait, oops! Did I just fuck up the ending? Uhoh, sorry.

After the film, I asked Paige how she liked it. "I liked it, it was pretty good," she said. "It was

funny."
"But what about the boyfriend? No woman
"But what about the boyfriend? No woman this cohool teachers. That's in America likes public school teachers. That's why they had to make him from a rich family. "I thought he was okay - my mother's a

teacher. He was nice, he loved her. "Yeah but he had no personality, he was grotesquely sensitive. Women always go for the jerks, it just wasn't true." The fact that I got three bites from American women for this date only confirmed it.

"I guess that's true. What about you, did you like it?"

I went on what I'd call a controlled rant.

Paige took it pretty well. She said, "I guess I just didn't take it very seriously. I don't take movies very seriously. I almost never see them." She had a full schedule of ballet and dance programs to see every night this

Normally, a movie like that would make my blood boil. But watching it with Paige sort of complicated my reaction — she took the edge off the rage, which was disturbing.

I'm not sure if I should watch movies with

"Don't you know who I am?" I asked. "No," she said, not naively, just matter-offactly, as if interested.

"I'm not going to be mean," I said. She looked slightly puzzled but forgiving.

I'm not going to trash Paige, because she doesn't deserve it. Her photo, name, phone numbers and other details aren't for you.

Yeah, I can hear the line from *American*Me: "You're showing weakness, ese." But fair is fair. Paige was impressive. She liked it okay. I hated it, though not as bad as I should have The movie was a Big, Fat, Greek-American

RATING: I'm giving this film 2 scimitars, a special icon, meaning that it pushes the male viewer to throw his support completely behind the Turks in their conflict with Greece. Were it 3 scimitars, we would support the total Turkish conquest of Cyprus.







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# BOOK

# REVUE



# A Spy Groupie You Can Respect

## By John Dolan

The highest compliment I can pay James Bamford is to say that, after reading his book on the history of the National Security Agency, I trust him.

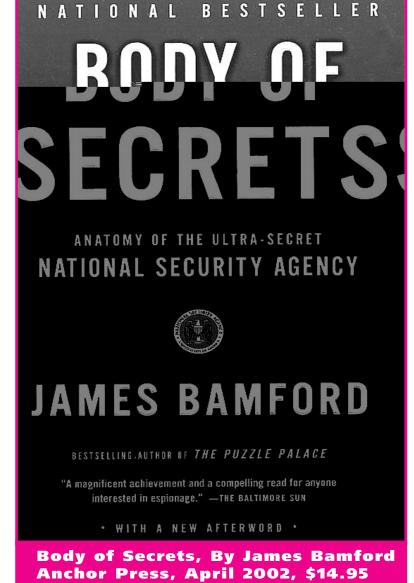
I never thought I'd say that about any writer specializing in American intelligence. Few fields attract so many qausifascist propagandists—damaged egos desperate to hint at their connections with the spooks. Look for an alternative to these spy-groupies and you end up with their equally depressing counterparts, who have devoted their lives to proving that the CIA is responsible for the fall of the Mayan Empire.

Bamford writes from a very different perspective, rarely seen these days: the view of the intelligent, cultured American patriot. It's very refreshing to read someone who understands that there's a difference between being pro-American and being a religious nut or free-market ideologue. Bamford praises those who help America get good intelligence and act quickly on it. He denounces, sometimes quite fiercely, those who ignore America's interests in favor of their own careers or hick ideologies.

What I found most striking and refreshing about this perspective is that many Americans who play the superpatriot come across in Bamford's account as the most treacherous, selfish and anti-American of all. In this sense, Bamford speaks like a true conservative, a very different animal from the filth who claim that name—Limbaugh and the weasels presently feasting at the American court. In fact, Bamford's tone actually seems to embody the "Roman" attitude recently advocated (in rather less tempered voice) by the eXile's own Gary Brecher. Bamford describes our Commander-in-Chief's performance on 9/11 in the tone Tacitus would have used with a particularly unworthy emperor:

"...George W. Bush was sitting on a stool in Sarasota, Florida, listening to a small class of second graders read him a story about a girl's pet goat. Just before entering the class, [Bush had been told of] the devastating jet plane crash into Tower One. About 9:06, [an aide] whispered the brief message in the president's right ear. A second plane has hit the World Trade Center. America is under attack." Almost immediately a look of befuddlement passed across the president's face. Then, having just been told that the country was under attack, the commander-in-chief appeared uninterested in further details. He never asked if there had been any additional threats, where the attacks were coming from, how to best protect the country from further attacks, or what was the current status of NORAD....Instead, in the middle of a modern-day Pearl Harbor, he simply turned back to the matter at hand: the day's photo-op. Precious minutes were ticking by, and many more lives were still at risk. 'Really good readers, whew!' he told the class as the electronic flashes once again began to blink and the video cameras rolled. 'These must be sixth graders!""

I've read a lot about what Dubya was and wasn't doing on the morning of the attacks, but none of the other versions



I've read had the solemnity, the gravitas, of this one. It makes you realize that it shouldn't be the Liberals who are denouncing Dubya—it should be the patriots, the Right. But except for a few clear-eyed old-school figures like Bamford, the conservatives all love, or pretend to love, the spoiled little draft-dodging cokehead. Strange, isn't it?

But then America is a very strange country, as *Body of Secrets* kept reminding me. Take Israel, our ally, to which we have given more than \$100 billion in aid. Bamford devotes an entire chapter of *Body of Secrets* to the actions of the Israelis in the affair of the U.S.S. Liberty, a navy ship working for the NSA monitoring military communications in the Middle East. Bamford dares to tell what happened to this American vessel at the hands of our Israeli allies—and why it happened.

Most readers have probably never even heard of the Liberty, and have no idea that in 1967, a US Navy ship, clearly identified and clearly in international water, was strafed by Israeli fighter planes, then torpedoed by Israeli patrol boats which even made sure to destroy the Liberty's liferafts so that none of the crew could survive.

The American press was, and has remained, oddly silent about this massacre. Neither at the time nor in the 35 years since has there been even a hint of a Congressional investigation.

So the chapter on the destruction of the Liberty in *Body of Secrets* is something of a test of moral courage (always the scarcest item in the American inventory). And he comes through, even delivering a scoop on what has been until now the biggest mystery of the whole bloody mess: why the Israelis chose to destroy a ship of their only ally in the world. As Bamford demonstrates, the Israelis were in the middle of a much bigger massacre which the Liberty would have picked up if allowed to monitor radio communications. They were busy killing and burying hundreds of Egyptian prisoners captured in the area of El Arish, a few miles inshore from the position of the Liberty. As Bamford puts it, "...the Liberty had suddenly trespassed into a private horror"

"...the Israeli journalist Gabi Bron saw about 150 Egyptian prisoners sitting on the ground, crowded together with their hands held at the back of their necks. The Egyptian prisoners of war were ordered to dig pits and then Army police shot them to death,' Bron said. "I witnessed the execution with my own eyes...' According to [an Israeli military historian], Israeli troops killed, in cold blood, as many as 1,000 Egyptian prisoners."

Bamford deserves credit not only for courage but for remarkable tenacity and skill in researching the book. The National Security Agency genuinely shuns publicity (unlike the coy, grandstanding CIA). It is often described as "the shadowy NSA," and its secrets comprise the true heart of the US intelligence apparatus.

Roughly speaking, the NSA is responsible for technical intelligence-picking information off the air and breaking codes-while the CIA and assorted imitations specialize in "human intelligence-gathering," dealing with live agents.

The NSA has a longstanding reputation for superb technical intelligence; the CIA is simply a joke. A very expensive and tedious joke, staffed largely by epigones like Aldritch Ames and moronic former Mormon "missionaries" who, having learned the local language during their two-year stint proselytizing for the world's dumbest religion, are sent back to haunt unlucky developing countries, their main activity being to pass bags of cash to the most corrupt and loathsome of local politicians.

So amateurs talk about the CIA; people who have a clue talk about the NSA. In Bamford's account, this gadget-happy, geeky, naive, easily-manipulated agency becomes a painfully apt synechdoche for all of American culture. When you see the ingenuity and hard work of the techs ending up on the desk (or in the ear-mike) of a pig like Dubya, you understand a little better why our culture, always so full of promise and skill, seems always to end by following some quixotic hicksville notion down the road to savage folly.

Bamford's biggest scoop concerns "Operation Northwoods," an elaborate plan to stage faked terrorist attacks on the US, to be carried out by disguised American military and intelligence personnel. The idea was to terrorize America, blame Castro, and thus gain support for the fullscale invasion of Cuba the brass wanted. The plan was a grand one:

"[American] generals came up with a...plan to 'blow up a ship in Guantanamo Bay and blame Cuba," adding that "'casualty lists in US newspapers would cause a helpful wave of national enthusiasm."

This little number was cooked up Gen. Lyman Lemnitzer, a man every bit as attractive as his name suggests, with the full approval of his colleagues on the Joint Chiefs of Staff. In other words, this bloody, treacherous scheme had the full approval of the very highest level of the military. Lemnitzer, brilliantly characterized by Bamford, is one of the most compellingly loathsome figures in American history. (It's not just anybody who could make McNamara seem like a savior.) Lemnitzer was a protege of Eisenhower's, and Bamford, typically, makes his own judgment, departing very sharply from the popular notion of Eisenhower as a dim but benevolent figurehead. On the contrary; as Bamford proves, Eisenhower was all in favor of Lemnitzer's plan, which got crazier and crazier:

"There seemed no limit to [the generals'] fanaticism: 'We could develop a communist Cuban terror campaign in the Miami area, in other Florida cities and even in Washington,' they wrote. 'We could sink a boatload of Cubans en route to Florida (real or simulated)...' Bombings were proposed, false arrests, hijackings..."

And all this, as Bamford notes, only a little while before the Gulf of Tonkin incident, in which North Vietnamese patrol boats supposedly attacked a US destroyer, firming up support for a new and even bigger war. Very convenient. Too convenient? Bamford is cautious: "The Gulf of Tonkin incident may or may not have been stagemanaged, but the senior Pentagon leadership at the time was clearly capable of such deceit."

One of the historical anomalies detailed by Bamford's chronicle is the fact that, once launched, the Vietnam war seemed to absorb the whole imagination of the intelligence community and the military, so that the US became weirdly passive in other theatres, even when provoked by real hostile acts.

When all-too-genuine North Korean patrol boats grabbed the USS Pueblo, another NSA-run listening ship, neither the crew nor the huge American military presence in Korea was able to react at all. Bamford describes the capture of this ultra-secret spy ship in excruciating, slow detail. As the Air Force continues to promise it will "have some birds winging your way" any minute (they never arrive), the Pueblo's second-rate captain continually starts and stops the ship in a slapstick attempt to delay capture, while the crew try and fail to burn the hundreds of pounds of top-secret document the ship is carrying.

In the end, North Korea got the ship virtually intact, with an incredible hoard of advanced American technical-intelligence gear, and was not subjected to any retaliation. At all. The crew rotted in North Korean prisons. Meanwhile, the US continued to splatter North Vietnam (which had never wanted any trouble with America) with every explosive and toxin known to science

The Pueblo incident seems to encapsulate the sad story of the NSA, as Bamford tells it: wonderful machinery, tended by brilliant technicians, is developed at enormous cost. It is then put in the hands of cowardly idiots like our current C-in-C and driven at full speed into a wall.

Explains rather a lot, actually.

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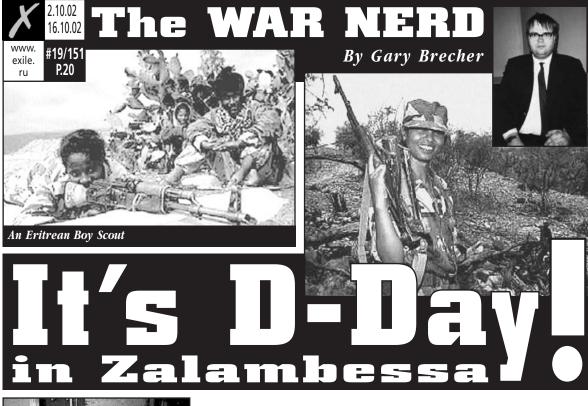
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'it doesn't matter if the glass is half empty or half full, just drink it!'

-the MAD COW



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Better than Fresno

Let's see how well you know your military history. Give the date and place of this comminique:

"Our Victorious Forces Liberate Zalambessa!!

Our victorious and heroic air and ground forces have liberated the town of Zalambessa after completely annihilating the enemy army which was on the verge of collapse yesterday. Our valiant forces raised the flag over Zalambessa town at midnight. Yesterday, the Irob and Egala areas were already liberated.

It sounds like something from the late 19th or early 20th century, from the age of the great wars between nation-states. But the comminique was actually issued by the Ethiopian Army on May 25, 2000. Two years ago. I guess nobody told the Ethiopians that the age of Nationalism was over. In some parts of the world, the great days of nationbuilding are right now, the great wars are right now, and the whole "age of heroes" thing is going strong.

When you live in what they call the developed world-meaning Fresno, where only real-estate developers count-you forget there's places where life is still going strong. Like the Horn of Africa. The countries around the Horn are like an honor roll for blood'n'guts: Somalia, Eritrea, Djibouti-and right across the water, another crazyhouse I'll write up one of these days: Yemen.

The Horn gives you hope that the world isn't totally dulled-out yet. I may have to live like an ant in a suit, but in the Horn people still live wild. Remember Somalia?

In the Horn, war is normal and comes all sizes from family stabbings, to clan vs. clan war like Somalia, to total war between nation-

Which is what the Eritrea-Ethiopia war is. This is definitely not your typical African bush war-the kind you see in Sierra Leone or Liberia, with gangs sneaking around attacking villages, avoiding combat, carrying nothing bigger than your basic irregular-warfare kit of AK's and RPG's, specializing in rape and mutilation.

The Ethiopian-Eritrean war is more like the Franco-Prussian War, or even the Western Front in 1914. These are two countries fully supplied with the best of mid-20thc. Soviet weaponry, and smart enough to en it running. And use it. And boy They've had Verduns, they used it! Stalingrads, Marnes down there-and nobody even notices!

Eritrea is like Prussia: a tiny state of hard people who'll take on anybody. The Eritreans rebuilt an entire railroad with their bare hands. Imagine what that must've looked like: hundreds of thousands of ordinary people, whole families, digging rock and hammering track for no pay, out there in some of the hottest, driest, nastiest landscape in the world. And it wasn't because the authorities terrorized them into it: it was for the good of the nation. Think what kind of soldiers those people must be! If there were a few more Eritreans, they'd probably march across the whole continent: "Greater Eritrea (formerly known as 'Africa')."

But there are only 3.5 million Fritreans Which means they can't afford to spend soldiers the way Ethiopia, with a population of 60 million, can. So the Eritreans specialize in defensive fighting, especially trench warfare. Ethiopia, with the big population, has a reputation for spending its soldiers' lives a little more recklessly. The Eritreans even accused Ethiopia of using "human-wave tactics" after the Ethiopians broke the supposedly impregnable Eritrean trenchlines a couple of years

The Ethiopians deny the "human-wave" charge, and say they simply understand mobile warfare better than the Eritreans do.

After their big breakthrough in 2000, one of the Ethiopian generals said, "The Eritreans only know how to fight in trenches!" The Ethiopians say they smashed the Eritrean trench network in classic manner: flanking the strongpoints on both sides, then attacking from front and rear at once.

If Eritrea is like an African Prussia, Ethiopia...well, Ethiopia is just plain weird. The Ahmaric people who live in the highlands and ran the place till recently, have their own version of racism. They consider themselves the only really white people in the world. The way they see it, "white" Europeans are red, and other Africans-the ones they sold as slaves (slavery wasn't outlawed in Ethiopia till –are black.

The Ethiopians picked up Coptic Christianity early and they have a long and bloody history of fighting off jihads launched by a dozen of the Islamic kingdoms around them. When you start researching Ethiopian history you come across these really cool wall murals they did of Ethiopian knights with eves like eggs, stabbing Arabs and Bantu and Somalis at their feet

The Ethiopians' greatest day came in 1896, at the battle of Adowa, where the Abyssinian Emperor Menelik II slaughtered an Italian Army. The news that Africans had beaten a European colonial army blew everybody away, Europeans and Africans both.

Adowa meant that Ethiopia was able to avoid outright colonization-until 1935, when Mussolini, the Rodney Dangerfield of fascism, tried to avenge Italian honor—assuming there is such a thing. He sent in his Nazi-wannabe troops: tanks against spears, biplanes dispensing chlorine gas vs. cavalry. And the Italians STILL took a while to win.

You know, the Italians really deserve their reputation for being cowards-whereas. if you ask me, the French get a bad rap. The French fought like tigers in WW I, lost 1.5 million men, took the worst the Germans gave out and held on to win. The Brits like to sneer at the French, but if England had had a long land border with Germany in 1914 or 1939, how long do you think the war would've lasted? And the same thing holds for the nineteenth century: if Wellington had had to meet Napoleon one-on-one, without Russian or Prussian help, just British troops vs. French...are you kidding me? Wellington would've been the Duke of some prison cell in Paris. The French deserve more respect.

But the Italians don't. It took them years beat the Ethiopians, and when Addis Abeba finally fell, Haile Selassie took off on a world tour that included Jamaica. You know how all that Rasta stuff got started? Because some Jamaicans were so excited by the idea of a black emperor that they decided he was god. So those Rasta images—that lion with a sword—that's Ethiopian military insignia. Pretty cool, huh? Kinda funny, too, when you think of Selassie, a black slave owner, waving to the Jamaican crowds wondering what these people had to do with him.

Selassie came back to power in '45 and went back to his good old bloody ways. One of his dumber moves was trying to annex Eritrea in 1961. That turned into a long losing war—one of dozens of wars, plagues and famines going on around Ethiopia. The emperor finally fled in 1974, when the usual suspects-ambitious army officers mixed up with Marxist high-school teachers-decided he had to go. They figured they could do better at putting out the fires than some pint-size wrinkly king.

They were wrong. They inherited all the rebellions and had no more luck putting them down-not even with the help of the 15,000 Cubans Castro sent to help out. The rebel group that finally took power in Ethiopia was the TPLF. Their best friends were the EPLF, which took over Eritrea. These groups were bestest pals. They even helped each other against the old Marxist regime, sharing weapons, planning and intelligence. In 1991, when the TPLF marched into Addis Abeba and the EPLF assumed power in Asmara, they showered each other with love-notes and promises of eternal alliance.

But it's hard to stay friends when you're running African countries. The TPLF leaders got a lot of flak inside Ethiopia for being the EPLF's lapdogs. The EPLF were so high on their own victory speeches they started picking fights with everybody-and when they stupidly picked a fight with Ethiopia over currency, the TPLF group running Ethiopia iumped at the chance to show the home folks they weren't no lapdogs to those snotty

So the two countries decided to fight over the crummiest, most worthless land around: a triangle of scrub around the town of Badme, where the border was hard to define Both sides had plenty of manpower, even after fifteen years of border wars, because the Horn of Africa has some of the highest birthrates in the world. A whole new generation of kids was ready for call-up. The Eritrean leader, Issaias, said he was glad that the new "Coca-Cola generation" of Eritreans were going to get the chance to see what his generation had gone through. (Issaias has an AK round imbedded in his skull, which may explain this

While the US fumbled around doing its usual "Now can't y'all shake hands and be friends?" routine, the Ethiopians went on a shopping spree: MiGs, antitank missiles, radar systems-if it was on sale and came in olive drab, they bought it. The Eritreans, with less capital, went for construction, making their "Skyline Trenches" even deeper, stronger, more impregnable.

In February 1998 the Ethiopians made their move, attacking the "skyline trench" at Badme, the crummy desert hamlet they were supposedly fighting over. The Ethiopians used tanks the way they're supposed to be used: as mobile weapons, not the boring dug-in artillery you see so often these days. The T-55s went slamming across the valley at full speed, right at the Eritrean lines. The Eritreans reacted with massed artillery barrages, emptying every tube they had into the attackers. It was a classic battle: one side fighting WW I trench-warfare style, the other using a classic WW II blitzkrieg approach.

And it developed in classic lines: pincer and counter-pincer movement. The Eritreans made the fatal mistake of coming out of their trenches to surround Ethiopian penetrations. They were enveloped in turn by the second and third waves of the Ethiopian advance. They were blown to pieces.

Another classic doctrine soon came into play: when discipline and morale are roughly equal, numbers will tell. And the Ethiopians had the numbers. The Eritreans couldn't go on trading casualties and fell back to their second lines. When the Ethiopians attacked those lines, the Eritreans were ready: 15,000 Ethiopian troops were killed in less than one day. Even more impressive, the Eritreans knocked out 40 to 50 Ethiopian tanks. That's hen hoth tanks and anti\_tank weapons are Soviet, because the Soviets were better at tanks than anti-tank weapons.

By 2000, Ethiopia had made its point, pushed back the border, and forced Eritrea to back off. They let it go to stalemate and brought in the UN, which is still yammering away uselessly about a permanent solution.

In a weird way, everybody won in this war. Eritrea is now the tightest-knit country in Africa, pretty impressive when you realize there wasn't "Eritrea" till recently. There's no such thing as an "Eritrean" ethnic group; it's iust an old colonial border. But now, everybody inside that border is an Eritrean nationalist to the bone. And Ethiopia, a crazy multiethnic African Bosnia, is suddenly full of national pride.

Western press goes on and on about the dead and the suffering. But this war was a sign of life. It's like those tectonic plates they talk about: in some parts of the world, the planet's still young. Volcanoes are spouting, there are earthquakes all the time, whole continents are moving. In other places the crust is already dead and cooled, and nothing ever happens. The Horn of Africa is like the tectonic hotspot of the whole damn planet. Part of that is that yeah, people die. But people die in Denmark and Fresno too. They just die of boredom instead of bullets

#### **Fuel Area Explosives-**The Poor Man's Nuke

By Viktor Graboschenko

The Yankees are worried about comrade Hussein using weapons of mass destruction. They want a fair fight, where the battle to decide who runs Iraq is fought with conventional weapons. But like most things the capitalists try to sell you, the story about a nuke-free war being somehow akin to two real men settling their differences honestly is not only a big fat lie, but when you look at it also slanted heavily in favor of the exploiters.

Take fuel area explosives, for instance. Not for nothing do military professionals call this baby the "poor man's nuke". But these days, only the rich U.S. army is the only group likely

The basic idea behind a fuel area explosive is the scientific fact that gasoline vapor is about 20 times more explosive than dynamite, meaning the fumes under your garden-variety Zhiguli gas cap are roughly equivalent in destructive power to a several dozens of C-4 or Trotyl plastic explosive.

The difference is that plastique needs a blasting cap to set it off, and all gasoline vapors need are a single spark. Insurgents and freedom fighters and the like have known this important pyrotechnical fact for decades, but the problem from a terrorist point of view is that gasoline vapor dissapates rapidly, so unless you can pump a big enclosed area full of the stuff, you don't get the concentration necessary to make an

Rocket System) which uses the same principle of massed explosions in a small period of time. It has a turret and good communications for aiming instead of Vanya at the steering wheel, but the concept is the same. Mass a whole lot of explosives over a short period of time. The Americans like to use their MLRSes in groups. American army commanders therefore have the ability to use MLRSes to saturate square kilometers of ground with explosives.

That's bad enough if you are on the receiving end, but the Americans make it worse with the Fuel Area Explosive version. It's the same rockets, but instead of explosives on the end it's a cannister of fuel designed to pop out into a mist at about 10 meters above the ground. Since it's a gas it expands fast, so the vapor covers a large area in a second or two. And before the cloud dissipates, another rocket introduces a spark.

The result is instant firestorm. The vapor penetrates into buildings and underground emplacements, and so when the mist goes off standing struc-



# THE COLD WARRIOR

Besides, most petroleum derivatives-think of the natural gas in your kitchen stove-have smell artificially added to them to let people realize when a gas main is open. As have seen in our Moscow there are times when building inhabitants are too drunk to recongnize the gas smell, and so we have civilian-generated explosions from time to time, but as a terrorist weapon gasoline vapor is pretty impractical.

The American military, on the other hand, has the advantage of technology. They have developed all kinds of bombs and artillery shells and even surface-tosurface missile warheads, all based on the principle of the explosive characteristics of petroleum-based gasses.

The preferred way to dump petrol fumes on people you want killed (the Pentagon translation is "deliver the munition") is to use several rocket launchers based on the Soviet WW2 Katiusha rocket launcher. That was a great weapon. You take a Studebaker truck, weld into the bed between 10 and 30 launch rails pointing over the cab, and put a rocket with a big fat explosive on the end. Want your rocket salvo shifted left? Fire up the truck, and turn a bit left. Sure, it wasn't exactly precision, but one cheap little truck had the equivalent firepower of a broadside from a cruiser on the high seas, and the Red Army built tens of thousands

The Americans have updated our idea with their MLRS (Multiple Launch

tures levelled from the inside. Humans and pretty much any other air-breathing organism caught in the blast die from the shock or heat of the explosion, or in particularly nasty cases from the oxygen inside one's lungs catching on fire.

The MRLSes can cover whole kilometers, so if you have even limited bombardment fuel area explosives can produce the same level of destruction as a nuclear attack, and far more death than a chemical attack. It works splendidly, as proved by U.S. experience in 1991 in Iraq.

Of course, to have fuel area explosives suitable for a war you need a trong industry producing the war heads and the rocket launchers, and a strong military organized enough to to drop them en masse on whomever you want killed.

Surprise suprise. The Americans have the fuel area explosives, the Iraqis don't, and now we are hearing the Iraqis are dangerous monsters for having chemical and bacteria weapons. So, to keep the world safe from these Iraqi weapons of "mass destruction", the Americans will use on the Iraqi draftee soldiers fuel area explosives, whichsince Washington uses them, not Saddam—are by comparison remarkably humane weapons.

Colonel Viktor Graboschenko is a retired Soviet army officer. His comments appear periodically in the eXile.

# THE FIRST [SIC]CLE

The "Gulag Archipelago" DOES NOT start with "workers uncovering a mammoth carcass and proceeding to devour the meat with relish..." as you write. There is no "mammoth story" there.

This is a quote from your piece:

"Oddly, Richard Stone fails to mention Solzhenitsyn's mammoth story in Mammoth."

There is no fucking mammoth story in the GULAG, dude. I don't know where you read it, but I got the original russian version printed in Paris:

1973 YMCA-PRESS, Paris.

There is a story about frozen prehistoric fish found in a frozen underground creek! Big fucking difference, ain' it?

Get vour shit straight please! You're ruining the eXile's reputation by misrepresenting a quote from a postmodern calssic. Which is why I'm sending this to Mark too.

I like the eXile which is why I hate to see people prove you sloppy researchers, so fucking check your quotes!

Dimitar Getov

Dear Mr. Getov,

We went back and looked at the preface to The Gulag Archipelago and it turns out you're both wrong. Here is the text of Solzhenitsyn's actual preface: "In 1949 some friends and I came upon a noteworthy news item in Nature, a magazine of the Academy of Sciences. It reported in tiny type that in the course of excavations on the Kolyma River a subterranean ice lens had been discovered which was actually a frozen stream, and in it were found frozen specimens of prehistoric humans some tens of thousands of years old. The scientific correspondent reported that those present immediately broke open the ice encasing the specimen — which turned out to be an ancient Nerd seated at his stone desk, reading an on-line magazine and angrily sending off a pterodact-email to the editor. The nerd's name, according to his email address, was the funny-sounding (to our modern ears) 'Dimitar,' which in ancient Cro Magnon means 'blue balls." According to the article, those present who discovered the Nerd specimen began to devour it 'with relish' on the spot, until they detected a sour urine-like odor embedded in the flesh. Few readers were able to decipher the heroic meaning of this incautious report. We, however understood instantly: Dimitar, the computer nerd of the Pleistocene,

fax to **SIC** 245-1415 e-mail: editor@exile.ru

had returned to our time to haunt modern man's journalists and reviewers. We had awoken a monster." The eXile and Dr. Dolan apologize for this error. And for unleashing the Dimitar on mankind. Perhaps we shouldn't have played God. Perhaps we should leave nature untouched

#### THE WAR GOD

Hello Mr. Brecher!

I've been a big fan of yours ever since I started reading The eXile, and now, my 15 year old lil brother has also made the leap (it was your '100 years of Slaughtertude' article, though I had to explain the ingenuous Marquez reference and rent Scarface, for his general edification). I've been backtracking your work all morning, just finished 'Tom Clancy Is Not One Of Us,' and was laughing out loud, the whole time. Had to dash this of

I'm also wondering, how does one become a war nerd? I'm a lazy, fallow, 23 year old college grad living back at home with my mom, brother and useless philosophy degree/dartboard, waiting tables and trying to figure out what to do with... whatever. Becoming a war-nerd seems like as good a waste of time as any (tired of trying to manipulate all my brother's sassy teenage girl-pals into a hand-job on the ride home...), so how does one begin, besides having an interest in all things war-ish and sharing in the knowledge that it is ultimately nothing but force and the threat of force that allows for 'civilization.'

Are there any definitive tracts to look into- where do you get your information- it sure as fuck ain't from c-span. Where do yo scrounge, on the net?

I wonder if it would be so easy to become a warlord, on the steppes: My own experience with Zoroastrian rackiteering is limited to Sunday mornings out on the town with my dog-eared copy of Thus Spake Zarathustra, trying to outshout and infuriate all the fucking street-preachers. One can dream, of course..

You make the inanity of my life a little more endurable, and also show that it could be much, much worse- perhaps. and for that, and your inimitable style and wit, I sincerely thank you.

-Campbell Roark Non ci sono assoluti Dear Mr. Roark,

You sound like you're doing all the right things and you're on the path to being a true war nerd samurai. Now you just need to go on a steady diet of Pillsbury chocolate cookie dough uncooked, Jumbo 3-D Extreme Doritos Snack Packs with Extreme Cheddar Bean Dip, Hebrew National Beef Salami, blocks of Lucerne Cheddar Cheese with loaves of Toscana sourdough bread, and several 2-liter bottles of Diet Coke you didn't mention your weight, so we assume this is an area you should work on — for the next few vears, while limiting exercise to trips to Safeway. Leave your brother's girlfriends alone - you should be afraid of them if you want to concentrate fully on war and weaponry. Rather than really touching your brother's girlfriends, you must fantasize about them lined up in a 10th Century slave market. Only then, my son, will you learn the War Nerd ways, and earn your War Nerd chevrons.

# [SIC]ENHAWKS

To the War Nerd

War nerd, what do you think about chickenhawks like Big Time Dick Cheney, who evaded the draft during the Vietnam War, but are now pushing for war with Iraq.

From

John Henninger

Dear Mr. Henninger,

War nerds are against Chenev. but for war with Iraq, or war anywhere, so long as it's televised. And so long as Cheney is in the first wave, carrying the American flag through the streets of Baghdad. Pump him full of beta blockers and set his defibrillator to 10 - and put a Stroke-Cam in his aorta so we can watch the old pump work as he puts his theory into practice.

## **DEATH PLEA**

Allow me to qualify myself by stating that I was once an inostranitz living in Russia ('97-'98). I loved it with a passion only those that

have experienced it can understand. I enjoyed seeking out copies of the exile and devouring each and every article.

Your subjective views are every much in tune, though often in a different key, with theexpat-living-in-the-former-Soviet-Union mindset. Now that I'm back in the good ol' U S of a-holes, I must utilize your website to placate my Russki jones. I've come to depend on it, as a matter of fact.

Now to the point. What happened to Death Porn? It isn't Russian at all in this issue! You even go so far as to talk about Houston! Houston, you motherfuckers! Now, get back on track and tell me about devs being sodomised to death with 2x4s by their babushki.

Thank you for your time and have shestyroka for me. Oh, by the way, what's the latest novosti on TequilaJazzz?

A fan,

Dear Roh

Applying our new U-Sir Friendly software, we have done our best to ensure that Death Porn is not only back, but more Russian than ever. War, death, whores and drugs in an exotic setting: is there anything else the eXile can do to help relieve the pain of living in the West?

# THE WTO IS A WMD

Hi Mark

Nice article, that, WTO Stands For "Worship The Oligarchy"

I like the directness. Sometimes the old politically correct style just fails to convey meaning. The stuffed-shirt approach cannot properly express contempt.

I share your view that the purpose of the WTO (and IMF, WB) is to turn the third world into work camps. Feudalism writ large.

"There is one country in Africa that has grown at close to double digit rates for thirty years and that is Botswana. You might ask, what do Botswana and China have in common? The simple answer is neither of them have ever had an IMF programme! But when I say that, some people say that Botswana has diamonds and all you need is diamonds. But there is another country in Africa which has diamonds and that is Sierra Leone. In fact, if you look across Africa, across other countries like Russia, what you see is that there is a negative correlation between resources and growth." Joseph Stiglitz, Globalisation and its Discontents

I wrote an illustrated article about how free trade works(sometimes cartoons help a whole lot)

Free Trade as a Sport

http://ccdev.lets.net/materials/sport.html Cheers

Dear Walt.

Your cartoons are so lame that frankly, they made free-market, propolice-state corporate fascists out of all of us. As for that genius Stiglitz, he left out some other examples to back up his point. Afghanistan never had an IMF program, and it boomed under the Taliban leadership. Iran, Iraq, North Korea and Cuba have all seen their economies rocket thanks to not following evil IMF advice. Advice? Here's some advice for you, Walt: there's no future for you in left-of-center cartoon drawing. Go out and get yourself a real job. Steam milk at Starbuck's if you have to; shit, if Sean Penn's retard character can do it in I A Sam, surely a left-wing retard like yourself can. The American taxpayer won't support you forever. Even if that taxpayer is a tax evader living in Russia!

## **SPENSE FOR HIRE**

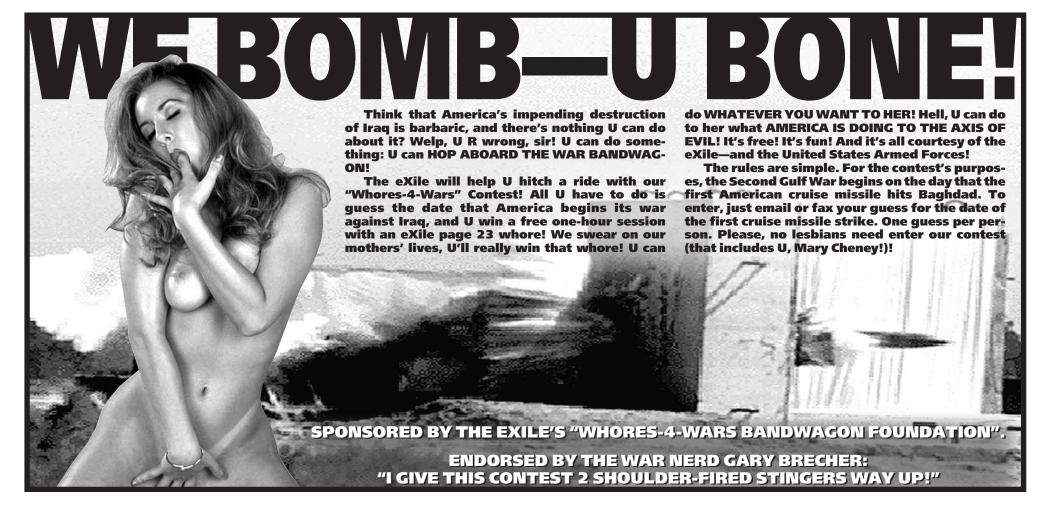
Dear eXile.

Can I be your Kharkov, Ukraine correspondent? I swear I'm the only real westerner in town and the White God Factor is high. Plus Ukrainian women are better looking than

Kevin Spence

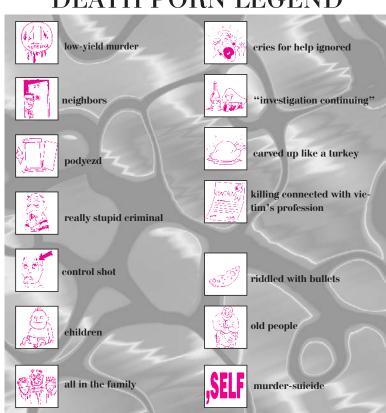
Dear Mr. Spense,

Sure Kevin, you're the first and only Westerner there. No khokhlushka in Kharkov has ever told that to a gullible Western dork before. Just because there aren't any virgins left in Kharkov over the age of eleven, that doesn't mean it has anything to do with the fact that the Sex Machine lived in Ukraine for 2 years, or that jailed eXile columnist Edward Limonov was born there. So go out and enjoy yourself there, and when a kharkovchonka tells you that she's never been with an American boy before, trust her. You're nobody's fool, Kevin Spense!



# DEATH PORN-

# DEATH PORN LEGEND



# DADDY KNOWS BEST







The recent spate of balcony-related murders in Moscow notwithstanding, tossing someone from several stories up is hardly an effective method of offing a loved one. It's conventional wisdom that young victims (say, under five) have a greater chance of survival because they do not tense up during the fall, allowing their bodies to absorb a harder impact than the average stressed-out adult caught in a freefall. Even without the benefit of age, there are documented cases of parachutists with malfunctioning chutes that have survived falls of over a mile with nothing more than a few broken bones, generally because the fall was broken by tree branches and/or soft, marshy land. And, it's just not that easy to get someone over the edge without a struggle that, more often than not, results in a stalemate.

Considering all the drawbacks inherent in the balcony approach, the Death Porn staff recommends settling even high-rise domestic conflicts using kitchen knifes or heavy blunt

objects. Take the following story as a parable for the obstacles that await potential Death Porn contenders.

Anatoly lived with his wife Elvira and three children on the eighth floor of an apartment on ul. Teplyi Stan in southwest Moscow. The two older children — aged 8 and 10 — were the product of a previous union, while 2-year-old Ira was his own flesh and blood.

Back in the day, Anatoly had been an upstanding citizen gainfully employed as a welder, but of late he had been taking to the bottle more and more. His excessive drinking lost him his job and strained his home life. During his long descent into alcoholism, he went through the inevitable process of quitting drinking for ever-shortening periods of time, only to later apply himself to the bottle with renewed vigor. Neighbors told Moskovsky Komsomolets that he often fought with Elvira when drinking and his lifestyle was tough on the kids.

In spite of the less-than-ideal domestic situation, young Ira had yet to show the scars of growing up with an alcoholic. Her mother often paraded her around to all the adoring neighbors, who were unanimous in singing the tot's

About two weeks ago, Anatoly returned home drunk again, although Elvira claimed he didn't seem particularly wasted at the time. That



#### "These work-outs just kill me!"

seems unlikely, given the events that were about to unfold.

At first, Anatoly's aggression was focused on an acquaintance of his, who he claimed owed him money. Around midnight, he threatened the man over the phone, telling the man that he was coming after him with a knife. Anatoly even went so far as to choose his weapon, but Elvira had the foresight to lock Anatoly in the apartment until the violent streak died down.

She put herself out of harm's way, on the other side of the door, not concerned that her three kids were defenseless inside the apartment. The two older ones were already sleeping, leaving Ira alone to face her knife-wielding father's wrath. One would imagine that Ira, being Anatoly's biological daughter, would be safer than the other two. But apparently not.

Elvira watched her husband through a clouded glass window as he angrily paced around the apartment for a while and than appeared to settle down. He even started playing with his daughter. Then she heard a window open and her daughter shout, "Please, don't!" By the time Elvira ran into the room, Ira was nowhere to be found. Anatoly said, "That's all," and slammed the window shut. The curtain was torn and dangling outside, as if someone had grabbed it as a last resort.

Sure enough, Ira was lying on the ground outside the window. Amazingly, the 2-year-old was not only alive, but was even conscious when her mother reached her. She was hospitalized in critical condition, but doctors have already moved her to a regular ward and say that she will probably recover.

Elvira swears that her husband wasn't suffering from belaya goryachka, or alcoholinduced hallucinations, when he tossed Ira from the window. He denies his guilt, saying, "I didn't throw my daughter out, because I couldn't do that." He'll always be guilty by Death Porn standards, though, for not finishing the job.

# CASINO GUARD SHOT

the wheel of his Audi and stumble several steps

towards his assailants before finally submitting to their will.

The attackers then dropped the two smoking assault weapons, still loaded with some unused rounds, and fled the scene. Oleg's leaky body was found at dawn by a local on his way to work.

According to preliminary reports, none of Oleg's neighbors really know what he did. Several of them said that he worked as a casino guard and apparently had some connection to the Kristall Casino, but nobody could offer any concrete information. Two likely versions are that he either tried to supplement his income with some of the money he was supposed to be guarding or that he was involved in the management of the casino more deeply than the job title "guard" might suggest. Either way, don't count on this one getting solved any time soon.

# SPORT DIREC-TORSHOT







Excessively violent deaths that preclude open-casket funerals are apparently becoming the latest fad in the criminal underworld, and last week saw another well-connected man go down in a hail of bullets in an apparent contract killing. 43-year-old Vladimir Kuzin, direc-

world the old school way, starting as a boxer and knocking his way to the top of the local mafia while working for the well-known crime boss Oleg Shishkanov.

Shishkanov's group allegedly controls large parts of southern Moscow oblast and even has made headway into southwest Moscow. Vladimir never forgot his humble roots, though, and as a member of the sports committee founded the famous Kapitonov tournament and lobbied for the creation of a Lyubertsi training complex.

The only real question is if someone within his organization ordered the hit or whether it was one of his competitors. Not that it matters much, since nobody will be doing time for the killing. He leaves behind his wife Irina, 19-vearold son Vadim and 12-year-old daughter Ira.

# THE MAN WHO







Whatever this unidentified man was up to, you can bet it wasn't any good. But since the only thing known about him at this point is that he was carrying a bomb and smoked Yava Zolotaya cigarettes, the militsia isn't able to get more specific.

At around 10:30 in the evening in an abandoned lot near Rublevsky shosse, the militsia

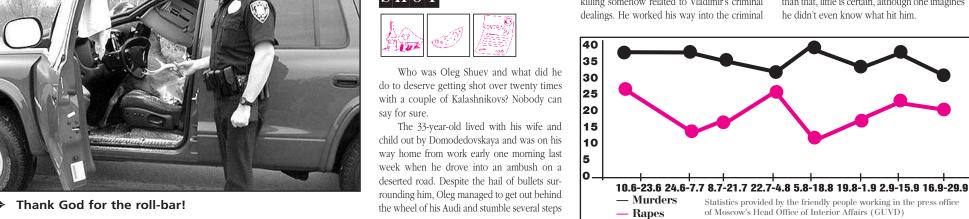


#### Tan lines are so 1987.

tor of the Lyubertsi Sports Committee, was shot down in podmoskovye around midnight, just as he arrived in his BMW for a prearranged meeting. Actually, the car was registered in the name of his driver's sister, but that was probably just for tax purposes. Vladimir's driver was hit several times in the legs, although he clearly wasn't the intended target; the assassins left no room for chance with Vladimir, who they shot repeatedly in the head, neck and hand. He died on the spot. Inspectors found 20 shell casings on the scene.

There's little doubt this was a contract killing somehow related to Vladimir's criminal responded to reports of an explosion. What they found wasn't pretty: a man of about forty scattered over a diameter of about 10 meters and the above-mentioned pack of smokes. His left hand had been severed completely and lay quite a distance from the bulk of the body. According to Moskovsky Komsomolets. the explosion was about the force of 100 grams of Trotyl that had been sitting in the left pocket of his leather coat.

He was apparently on his way to blow something up - probably a car - with the homemade explosive when it went off. Other than that, little is certain, although one imagines



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