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EUROPE'S LESSONS TO THE WORLD

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P2

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 find 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 tai-

lored 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*

Central Europe



18 WAYS YOUR

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 instincts have survived intact. The many colorful tribes of Europe's 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. They'll do the rest!

What This European Tribe Thinks...
.....About this European Tribe

	Germany	France	Belgium	Spain	Portugal	Italy	Switzerland	Holland
Germany	X							
France	repressed bloodthirsty shitty food fat	X						
Belgium	bad beer	bad beer	X					
Spain	repressed bloodthirsty fat	pederasts cheap tippers	make good servants	X				
Portugal	cheap tippers	cheap tippers	good beer	cheap tippers	X			
Italy	repressed stupid bloodthirsty shitty food CHTL	collaborators cheap tippers	see France	lazy smelly SDD stupid	see Spain	X		
Switzerland	bloodthirsty thieves	bloodthirsty thieves	bloodthirsty thieves	bloodthirsty thieves	bloodthirsty thieves	bloodthirsty thieves	X	
Holland	repressed stupid bloodthirsty	smelly lazy SDD collaborators	pederasts poor stupid	make good servants	see Spain	thieves SDD poor	repressed cheap tippers collaborators	X

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

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 dull and hedonistic decade—a decade of shame for Europe. The 70s and 80s offered little improvement. A few scores in suppurating 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 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!"

FROM VERDUN TO SREBRENICA:
YOU'VE COME A LONG WAY, BABY!

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 dull and hedonistic decade—a decade of shame for Europe. The 70s and 80s offered little improvement. A few scores in suppurating 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 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!"

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 1914. By the time the last weary celebrant trudged home five years later, there'd been enough splatter to satisfy Freddy Krueger. And for the few who couldn't get enough, there was the Russian Civil War, a sort of after-hours club for trench junkies. 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

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 dull and hedonistic decade—a decade of shame for Europe. The 70s and 80s offered little improvement. A few scores in suppurating 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 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!"

What This European Tribe Thinks...

.....About this European Tribe

Scandinavia

Finland	Sweden	Norway	Denmark	Estonia	Latvia	Lithuania
Finland	X	backstabbers CHTL pederasts	stupid CHTL	cowards pederasts	cheap booze	cheap booze
Sweden	NRE monkeys	X	cheap booze	cheap booze	cheap booze	cheap booze
Norway	NRE Neanderthals	backstabbers collaborators CHTL	X	pederasts	cheap booze	cheap booze
Denmark	NRE pederasts	CHTL	better than Swedes	X	cheap booze	cheap booze
Estonia	white Gods	white Gods	white Gods	X	poor smelly backstabbers	hot-tempered poor smelly
Latvia	white Gods	white Gods	white Gods	white Gods	X	poor smelly
Lithuania	white Gods	white Gods	white Gods	white Gods	smelly	X

From the Vikings to Abba in a mere millenium- what 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 tap runs dry!

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-n-slash...and let the Finns fall where they may! And now, to get you deep-freeze cases defrosted, is a map of the repressed hatreds you know you want to indulge!

TO HATE NEIGHBOR

Europe's Lesson To The World
British Isles

What This European Tribe Thinks...

.....About this European Tribe

English	Welsh	Irish	Scottish
English	X	smelly stupid drunk bloodthirsty poor monkeys	bloodthirsty drunk cheap tippers
Welsh	bloodthirsty perverted all men homosexuals untrustworthy	X	drunk bloodthirsty
Irish	bloodthirsty perverted untrustworthy	SDD	X
Scottish	bloodthirsty untrustworthy	SDD	smelly stupid drunk poor

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

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

EUROPEAN UNION

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 difference 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 Dels 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

American enough, even though they're trying 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.

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 cof-

fee that don't hold a candle to Starbucks. Except 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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P4

Europe



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."

What This European Tribe Thinks...

.....About this European Tribe

	Poland	Czech Rep.	Slovakia	Hungary	Ukraine	Moldova	Russia
Poland	X	cowards collaborators repressed	poor	SDD_NRE	NRE poor lazy CHTL	monkeys	NRE poor CHTL
Czech Rep.	Monkeys	X	monkeys	monkeys	monkeys	monkeys	monkeys
Slovakia	thieves	repressed cowards collaborators backstabbers	X	NRE thieves backstabbers	NRE poor lazy	monkeys	NRE CHTL
Hungary	thieves backstabbers	collaborators cowards repressed	make good servants	X	make good servants	make good servants	bloodthirsty poor CHTL
Ukraine	thieves_ backstabbers	collaborators repressed	white Gods	Clean!	X	monkeys poor SDD	bloodthirsty NRE CHTL shitty food
Moldova	hard-currency Johns	hard-currency Johns	hard-currency Johns	hard-currency Johns	hard-currency Johns	X	hard-currency Johns
Russia	thieves backstabbers collaborators CHTL	backstabbers collaborators CHTL	Consider us European	witches	thieves poor stupid lazy smelly CHTL	thieves poor Smell like garlic	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

authenticity.

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.

Balkans



What This European Tribe Thinks...

.....About this European Tribe

	Croatia	Greece	Albania	Serbia	Slovenia	Rumania	Bulgaria	Macedonia	Bosnia/Muslim
Croatia	X	NRE	NRE thieves	NRE Neanderthals	cheap tippers	NRE	NRE	NRE	NRE
Greece	monkeys	X	Turks	monkeys	monkeys in suits	Gypsy monkeys	Turks	not really Macedonian	Turks
Albania	KILL!	KILL!	Peace-loving too trusting	KILL!	KILL!	KILL!	KILL!	KILL!	KILL!
Serbia	collaborators cowards	thieves NRE	monkeys backstabbers SDD smelly tattletales	X	repressed collaborators	SDD poor thieves	poor lazy smelly stupid SDD	not really Macedonian	not really Bosnian
Slovenia	NRE	NRE	thieves NRE	bloodthirsty monkeys	X	NRE	NRE	NRE	NRE
Rumania	pretty shoes	pretty shoes	thieves	pretty shoes	pretty shoes	X	NRE	pretty shoes	pretty shoes
Bulgaria	make good masters	make good masters	thieves NRE	make good masters	make good masters	make good masters	X	make good masters	make good masters
Macedonia	bloodthirsty collaborators	NRE	thieves monkeys poor pederasts	CHTL	repressed	poor smelly SDD	SDD	X	stupid big heads
Bosnia/ Muslims	bloodthirsty backstabbers	backstabbers	thieves NRE SDD	bloodthirsty CHTL	repressed cheap tippers	poor SDD smelly	poor stupid smelly	make good servants	X

The 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 streets of once-great cities. But like the vulture and the liver fluke, the Eurofag has a place in Nature's great scheme. As a wise philosophe once said, "To understand 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 which case 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 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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1. Type of krysha

- ☐ Sports mafia ☐ Caucasian gang ☐ Local Militia 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:

- ☐ 0%-10% ☐ 11%-25% ☐ 26%-50%

4.2 In Russia:

- ☐ 0%-10% ☐ 11%-25% ☐ 26%-50%

4.3 Amount of income kept in cash at home (dollars/euros/rubles)

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

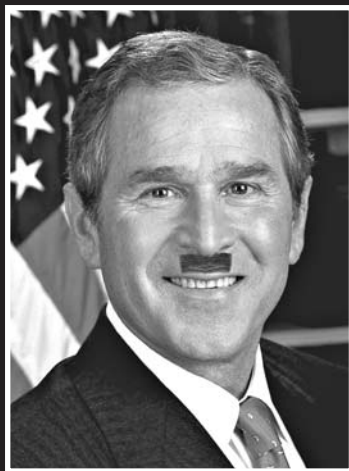
12. What do you think of president V.V. Putin?

- ☐ Very sexy ☐ Like Washington, Jefferson and Lincoln in one Man
☐ Press too tough on him ☐ Might deserve occasional criticism

e d i t o r i a l

Days before the close of the recent German parliamentary elections, Herta Daeubler-Gmelin, the Justice Minister serving in Prime Minister Gerhard 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.

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 inauguration, reversing a decade of economic boom. Industrial production is falling, and skewed tax breaks that favored the wealthy have opened a gaping deficit, siphoning money 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 Arlington, 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 arguments among 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."

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

BUSH-HITLER COMPARISON UNJUST

record rates, threatening to overwhelm 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 self-made 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 guiding 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 genocide against themselves and are the spiritual descendants of the Nazis, particularly in their efforts to cleanse Europe of Slavs. The editors apologize for the author's inability to see this.

THIS DAY IN MOSCOW WEATHER HISTORY

03.10.92

Cloudy
High 9, Low 4



03.10.77

Partly sunny
High 6, Low 1



03.10.52

Cloudy
High 11, Low 6



NIGHT • FLIGHT

RESTAURANT

INSPIRED FEELINGS

Scandinavian taster

White bait roe blini - Mixed seafood salad - 690 rbl

Kitchen's hot combo

Oscietre caviar - Skagen mix - Marinated Salmon - 790 rbl

Short cut combo

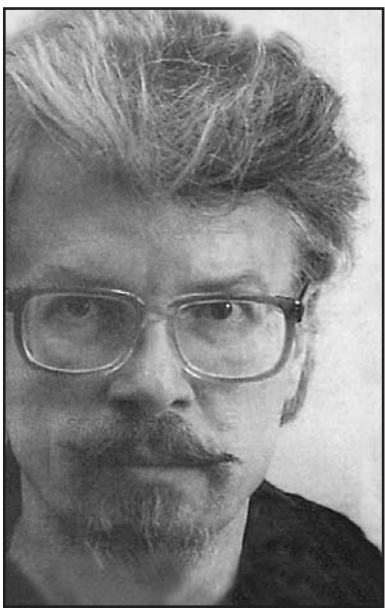
Tomato mozzarella pesto - Chicken wok - 410 rbl

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The Horse Fountain at Manezh



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

her with anybody. And she wanted to share 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

charming girl, twelve years old. On June 20 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 prelude 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 possession of illegal weapons and faces more than 20 years in prison if convicted. PEN International has condemned his trial.

Remedial Slander: Ecuador

One little question if you don't mind too much: how come you got the Galapagos Islands? Darwin leave them to you in his will?

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-chefs—cheaper than Mexicans, you'll scrovel closer to el piso mojado. 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 Liberator 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 from HK.

Then the silence and thinking: I have to be an Ecuadorian, I have to be in Ecuador all the time.

All day? The whole day?

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

Books? Passports, like the librarian said?

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 where those finches breed.

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SPECIAL 12-PAGE PULL-OUT SECTION

bar•dak

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!	p. 8
3. Must-see eXile plays the whores photo essay!	p. 11
4. Special Eurofag-friendly Recommendations, with Nina Hagen and Kid Loco!	p. 12
5. Schwartz replacement Goldberg reviews Liz's latest, Zia!	p. 17
6. What happens when nice girls like bad movies? Find out in Manic Mark!	p. 18

Watering Holes

Alibi

★
Cheers: So isolated, you'll never think to just drop in to see if it has gotten any better. We still have fond memories of Alibi's previous incarnation across from Beefeater, where we would go get tanked in peace and quiet before moving on to the eager beavers looking to plug their dams.
Jeers: THE place for anyone looking for an empty club with furniture bought wholesale from a fascist warehouse's discount rack! We could say more, but that would be like carpet-bombing a clan of cave-dwelling barbarians into oblivion.
M: Turgenevskaya
Phone: 207-9178
Address: Ascheulov per. 9
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 wended a dyev from Babushkinskaya in the bathroom! Our party said to be the best DP show in recent memory! Cheap-O prices and central location are good reasons to check this place out...
Jeers: They kick everyone 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.
Cover: None
M: Kitai Gorod
Address: Starostadsky per. 5/6
Phone: 928-3745
Hours: 10:00 - 6:00

★

Boar House, Doug + Marty's

★★★
Cheers: Still the most dangerous way to spend Weds. Doug's bringing 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 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 mys-

★

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

Cabana

★★★
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 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 "solidiny" 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 cocktails, 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.
Cover: R150?
M: Tretyakovskaya
Phone: 238-5006/5017
Address: Raushskaya nab. 4
Hours: 18:00 - 6:00

★★

Cube

★★
Cheers: Plenty of 'hos looking for a way to avoid going home to 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 the surrounding real estate.
Cover: 100R, chicks free before midnight (no cover Thurs + Sun)
M: Voikovskaya
Phone: 747-5000
Address: Leningradsky shosse 16 (inside Champion)
Hours: Thurs - Sun 22:00 - 6:00

★

Embassy Club

★
Cheers: Chix not quite as ugly as I remember! We saw one gal get totally nek&id and fingered on the bar last Tues! There is still hope for

★★

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

M: Okhotny Ryad
Phone: 229-7185
Address: 8/10 Bruyusov per. (follow the signs from Tverskaya)
Hours: 17:00 - last client

Expat Club

★
Cheers: Has the word "expat" in the name.
Jeers: Deader than Paul Tatum. Every other night it's as empty as our lives. VIP room downstairs has the personality of possum roadkill. Provincial Russian wood panel interior.
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

★

Garage

★★
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 Nightlight. 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 Sex Machine as a Gerbal Life salesman. DP's Fleischmann 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)
M: Pushkinskaya
Phone: 209-1848
Address: Ul. Tverskaya 15/2
Hours: 24 hours

★

Hungry Duck

★★★
Cheers: Chix not quite as ugly as I remember! We saw one gal get totally nek&id and fingered on the bar last Tues! There is still hope for

★★

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 hypnotic 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 from the bar, and it was already 10:30. Isn't that when the sluts 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 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, 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 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 feel 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
Phone: 924-5611
Address: Lyubansky proyezd 25
Hours: Not quite 24 hours

★

Krisis Zhanra

★★
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

★★

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 on the happening thing: one concert he attended involved a cast of new-age guys singing folksy tunes in English. Ever-increasingly dynamic in sex. Alternately attracts hordes of students who don't respect the club's dress code. Plenty of Lonely Planet types looking for THE one Moscow bar. The fun stops way too early. Boring, pretentious students.

Cover: None
M: Kropotkinskaya
Phone: 241-1928
Address: Bolshoi Vasyevsky per. 4
Hours: 11 a.m. to midnight.

Kult

★
Cheers: Leave big tips and you can take over 'reserved' seats. Moscow's best tusovka. Ames's drunken date tipped over a table from the elevated VIP area right onto 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-rimmed glasses crowd. DJ spins good music not loud enough to discourage 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.
Cover: None
M: Taganskaya/Kitai-Gorod
Phone: 917-5706
Address: Yauzskaya ul. 5
Hours: noon 'til midnight weekdays; Thurs. - Sat. 'til 06:00

★

The Last Drop

★
Cheers: Now has new Stary Arbat location with cheap booze, a mean mojito and Moscow's only bartender listed in the Guinness 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 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-

★★

Shizlong

Updated

★

★

★★

Cheers: An abundance of centrally located oxygen bars could reduce real estate values in Yugo-Zapadnaya and other ekologicheskly 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. Didn't kick Ames out for breaking a glass.

Jeers: Sabrina Taverse of the New York Times wrote a vile, worship-ping review of Shizlong. Harbinger of the new beauty salon/cafe phenomenon 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 Vlashevsky 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 having 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 kawl for the likes of us. Has probably the neatest interior design of any pafosny club, with the Buddhist Buddha and nice balcony 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 hairdos who wear sneakers because that's, like, the new thing.

Cover: Facist face control

M: Ul. 1905

Phone: 255-1462

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

Tsepellin

★★

★★

★★

Cheers: eXile alert! Recent visit proved that Tsepellin hasn't lost its 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 of dorkdance: a Euro-trash-compactor with equal opportunity go-go dancers catering to fags and flammers alike. Not too expensive considering the pretentiousness 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 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 keep all the ugly girls out. eXile General Counsel Moe Sniderman 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.

M: 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)

★★

★★

★★★★

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 Tabibi 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're not sure why that's a cheer—it just is. A fun place to try to steal some of your friend.

Jeers: Having a club that violates the new labor code. Several mechanics that Arzamas clubs are more kicking. Waitress too tired to go home with Ames. Savages puking in the bathroom.

Cover: Free (super-duper face control)

M: Tsvetnoi Bulvar

Phone: 729-4450

Address: Tsvetnoi Bulvar 13

Hours: Thu - Sat 23.00 - 6.00

Veggie Cafe

NEW!!!

★

★

★★

Cheers/Jeers: Ohmygod, look who reviewed Veggie Cafe!

M: Oktyabrskaya

Address: Leninsky pro. 1

Zhiguli

★

★

★

Cheers: Parker dug the way they use the OLD to "hi"-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 automaton 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 sit in front of you.

Jeers: No sports book yet; waitresses not mamararily 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 it's right thru a door. NFL in Russian.

M: Arbatskaya

Phone: 291-4144

Address: Novy Arbat 11/1

Sport Land

★

★

★★

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 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 TV 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 broken at least once per weekend. Good prices, and home-brewed non-filtered beer make it worthwhile to stay for that second NFL game.

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 period. They don't show the NFL Europe. Waitresses are always confused about how to charge a party of more than one. A better Caesar salad can be made with a blender. Russians who swing golf clubs should not be allowed within 500 meters of anything with a central nervous system.

Cover: None

M: Arbatskaya

Phone: 745-6839; 291-1130

Address: Novy Arbat 21 (under Metelitsa Casino)

Hours: Always

Shake It!

★★

★★

★

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M: 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)

KARMA BAR

★★

★★

★

Cheers: eXile alert! Recent visit proved that Tsepellin hasn't lost its 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 of dorkdance: a Euro-trash-compactor with equal opportunity go-go dancers catering to fags and flammers alike. Not too expensive considering the pretentiousness 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.

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M: 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)

Downtown

★★

★★

★

Cheers: Bizarre teeny bopper entertainment complex buried in the 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 quite state-of-the-art video games for when the dyev-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.

Cover: 50R

M: Okhotny Ryad

Address: Inside Okhotniy Ryad mall, near the Manezh gallery

Hours: 18.00 - 6.00

Four Rooms

★★

★★

★

Cheers: Teen slutz chased Flounder down when he tried to leave, asking 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

Gorod

★★

★★

★★

Cheers: Ames got laid here... sort of, in a vicarious way. But whatever, she had a fresh snapper! Packed selection of teenie (and pre-teenie) sluts. Raver ret'll 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. Sometimes make vodka tonics with whack-ass bubblegum flavored syrup. Lame techno, kids with white gloves doing the Reun dance.

Cover: 150R (120R for card-carrying students)

M: Ulitsa 1905 goda

Phone: 256-5066

Address: Shmitovskiy proyезд 16

Hours: 19.00 - 6.00

Hippopotam

Updated

★★

★★

★★

Cheers: Still packed with eager slutz looking for foreign students! Hippo has shot to the top of the populists' choice for weekend partying, attracting a similar crowd to Boar House, only more studently. Run by an energetic fembot spinning stomach-twirling tunes. A favorite of the US Marines during R&R, as well as a weird assortment of off-duty waitresses, 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.

M: Ulitsa 1905 goda

Phone: 256-2327

Cover: None on weekdays; Weekends: 100R for dudes, 50R for dyes

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

Hours: 22.00 - 6.00

KARMA BAR

★★

★★

★

Cheers: The ONLY place to be on Sundays for out of work eX-holes! Wu Tang niggaZ mix'in' wit' da common folk seen guzzling Hennessey straight from the bottle... damn it's good to be a gangsta! 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 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 midnight packs dev's 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 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 chefs 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 dev's 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)

M: Kuznetsky Most

Phone: 924-5633

Address: Ul. Pushechnaya 3 (just down from Hola Mexiko)

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, po! 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.

M: Turgenevskaya

Phone: 923-9660

Address: Krivokolenny Per 10, Str. 5

Hours: find out for yo'self, nigga!

Mio

NEW!!!

★★

★

★★

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 midgit 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: Chekhovskaya

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. 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 tampanx 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)

M: Marksistskaya

Phone: 911-0498

Address: Taganskaya ulitsa, 40-42 (in the park)

Hours: 20.00 - 8.00

Virus

★★

★

★★

Cheers: They may have finally figured out how to make this place work. Former presidential contender Umar Djabrailov 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 standard 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: 937-9029

Address: Smolenskaya ploschad 3/5

Hours: 22.00 - 6.00 Thurs - Sun

Karaoke

★★

★

★★

20 Etazh

★

★

★

Cheers: This has got to be the best place in Moscow to impress your provincial date! Panorama views from the 20th floor of the Orlyonok, private karaoke booths starting from \$15 an hour, buzzers on the table to get your waitress's attention, and reasonably priced drinks that will have her stumbling in no time! We've started spending all our free 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.

M: Leninsky Prospekt

Phone: 939-88-69/-68

Address: Kosigina 15

Hours: noon - 05.00 on weekends, before midnight on weekdays

High Rollin'

★★

★

★★

Cheers: For the serious, discreet gambler. No hookers, no unshaven mafiosi, no seedy chelnoki; this place is actually respectable, the clientele consisting mostly of businessmen.

Jeers: Don't come here looking for sex; security dressed like Giuliani cops means you have to check in your run—and your gun—at the door.

Cover: None

M: Yugo-Zapadnay

Phone: 430-4393

Address: Michirinsky prospekt 4/1

Hours: 13.00 - 8.00

Club Lux

★★

★

★★

Cheers: For the serious, discreet gambler. No hookers, no unshaven mafiosi, no seedy chelnoki; this place is actually respectable, the clientele consisting mostly of businessmen.

Jeers: Don't come here looking for sex; security dressed like Giuliani cops means you have to check in your run—and your gun—at the door.

Cover: None

M: Yugo-Zapadnay

Phone: 430-4393

Address: Michirinsky prospekt 4/1

Hours: 13.00 - 8.00

Golden Palace

★★★

★★★

★★★

Cheers: Split floors, running stream with fish (no golden fish) swimming past the card tables, awesome New Russian interior, with the most comfortable seats upstairs. Got rid of 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.

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

Hours: 24 hours

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.

Cover: None

M: Mayakovskaya

Phone: 254-4706

Address: Ul. Krasina 14/7

Ho-ing

★

★★

★★

Bega

★

★★

★★

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

Hours: til 5.00

Bely Medved

★★

★★

★★★

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 dyes who warm up to you the minute you enter. Pro-family cover policy.

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

Cover: \$30 dollars

Phone: 287-2551

Address: Prospekt Mira 116A

Hours: 19.00 - 07.00

Caesar's Palace

Updated

★★

★

★★

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 til 23.00 for diners)

M: Kurskaya/Taganskaya

Phone: 916-6781

Address: 50 Zemlyanoi val

Hours: 21.00 - 05.00

Erotic 911 Club

★★

★

★★

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 businessmen, 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 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

CABANA

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12th of October - Gifts, treats and lottery (special prize - hi-fi sistem)

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Strip Bar Non-Stop

VIP-zone:

Total Striptease

Lap Dance \$20

European

Progressive

Cuisine

Security.

Parking

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Leningradsky prospect, 32/2, Hotel "Sovietky"

Night Club "Monte-Carlo upgrade" Tel.: 960-20-04

Постоянный набор танцовщиц 960-20-04

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 getting a private lesbian show to firing a staff member. Bitches give you free lap dances...

Jeers: ...and if you don't tip they get all whiny with you. Don't let stripper order herself a drink—it could cost 30 bucks. Waitresses still hotter 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: 600R
M: Chekhovskaya
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 Cleavelands to blow, Dolls has the BEST chicks in town. Tasteful leopard-print upholstery. Snideman said to be an "Esteemed Guest" here. **Jeers:** We're not oligarchs. No longer free for Americans (unless they 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: Ul. 1905 goda
Phone: 252-5761
Address: Krasnaya Presnya ulitsa 23B, str. 1
Hours: 13.00 - 6.00

Krasnaya Shapochka



*** ** *

Cheers: The ladies go here on girls night out to watch buff Russians shake their hairless asses and uncut uanis. Jarvis experimented with drinking here once. Shower with a stripper for a modest 1500R. **Jeers:** A male strip club? Has the whole world gone crazy? **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 the Shapochka area to make Lexx a "Sight You Have To See" while the Lexx girls are able to pay one of the girls lots of money to come down for this? **Jeers:** Doped-up ravers. **Cover:** 600R (upstairs) **M:** Taganskaya
Address: Taganskaya ulitsa 2 (on the side of the Torg-Tsentr pyramid monstrosity)
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 priestest. Still, if you ever dreamed of getting 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 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 warrant 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 suck-er you into buying an overpriced stuffed animal. Often features Russia's cheesiest pop stars holding banquets for thugs. Not much here for the eXpatella.

Cover: \$25 (ruble equivalent)
M: Arbatskaya
Address: Novy Arbat 21
Hours: 24 hours

Monte Carlo Upgrade



** ** *

Cheers: New budget strip club for all your willing to leave the safety of the garden ring! Super young girls with the perstef fun bags in Moscow — management can detect a saggy tit 4 months before the human eye, and are sure to fire the offending girl before any clients know to complain. R100 tips acceptable!

Jeers: If only their faces were as nice as their racks! Girls don't get out of your face when you tell them you're gay. What's upgrade mean, anyways?

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

Moulin Rouge



** ** *

Cheers: New strip club that you wouldn't feel out of place taking a broad to! 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). Named 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 high-class decadence, the eXile says "Ja!" to Sweden, our favorite Nordic country. Come here and we guarantee, you will feel looovved. The menu actually makes Night Light 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 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 feel 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 dancelfoor 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 trailers 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 cover! 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!

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 jobs. **Cover:** Free!
M: Chisty 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: Lomonosovskiy Pr. 23A, str. 1
Hours: Always

Rasputin



*** ** *

Cheers: eXile alert! Down in the dirty VIP room, a FOTE (friend of the 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 ol' 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 Kulturny
Phone: 245-5135
Address: Zubovskiy 25
Hours: Always

Safari Lodge



*** ** *

Cheers: eXile alert! Safari was briefly raided and closed...and 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 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 intimate 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 upsatis. There 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!

Cover: 250R
M: Chistiye Prudy
Phone: 916-1879
Address: Ul. 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 boonies by having ultra-eX-hole friendly prices... these girls will do anything for a 10R tip! Biting 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
Hours: 21.00 - 05.00

Spearmint Rhino



*** ** *

Cheers: Awesome 3-for-1 lap-dance special had Flounder shouting "Oh boy is this great!" We saw one stripper dance to "Go Down Moses" here. More strippers than at the Moscow strip clubs combined, and more sweaty xPat businessmen with lapdance change to blow. Features one awesome chick who is a ballerina, but you'll have to guess who that is. Includes chicks with glasses who look like teachers, the youngest-looking 18-year-olds we've seen since Tver, and top-notch service. Also some chick with a Russian accent announces all the blue-light specials on lap-dances, two for one and 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. **Cover:** R650
M: Smolenskaya
Phone: 203-4614
Address: 17 Nikolopeskovskiy pereulok (through the arch from Novy Arbat)

Zia



** ** *

Cheers: We'd never seen a gal stick fire up her snapper before... we don't even care if it was fake! The fly strippers are really fly! Good place to celebrate each deal you make with Likooli. Strippers are tasty to look at and reportedly can be bargained for. Tasty food.

Jeers: Retains some of the mirrored Sprut vibe, in spite of remont. **M:** Chisty Prudi
Phone: 928-0390
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 without jobs.

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. Fozeeball is an ethically questionable proposition.

Cover: None
M: Krasnopresnenskaya
Phone: 253-0253
Address: Malaya Zvezinskaya 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 balls to suit your rolling needs. Good service.

Jeers: Fewer lanes than others, so if a crowd comes, you could be outta luck.

Cover: None (lanes cost up to 500R per hour)
M: Smolenskiy
Phone: 232-9431
Address: Karmainskiy pereulok 9 (across from John Bull in the Metro courtyard)
Hours: 12.00 - 5.00

Bow Bol



* ** *

Cheers: Although not new, Bow Bol certainly looks it. State of the art Brunswick equipment, fully computerized, bright interior with candy colors that remind one of "fun," and 8 fancy lanes. The Russians who 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 ceiling stems that look like a dismembered paper clip or even that annoying Microsoft Word help character can be distracting. Clientele might be too "solidly" for the average eXhole of Dude Lebowski-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 pool: 150R-200R
M: Belorusskaya
Phone: 257-0048
Address: 3-ya Ulitsa Yamskogo polya, dom 2 (down the street from Golden Palace)
Hours: 12.00 - 5.00

Casus Conus



* ** *

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

Jeers: The bowling equivalent of the Putin Youth, taking the Prez's personality cult to new heights, with big screen projections of Judo fights 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 baggammion and chess sets.

Cover: none (lanes cost up to 780R per hour)
M: Ul. 1905 goda
Phone: 933-0933
Address: Sergei Makayava 8a
Hours: noon 'til 6.00

Champion



* ** *

Cheers: An all-in-one entertainment complex. You can bowl, play video games, go ho'in' and play pool without leaving the comfort of one club. They even have laser tag. It's rad!

Jeers: On the outer reaches of the solar system.

Cover: none (lanes cost up to 600R per hour)
M: Volkovskaya
Phone: 747-5000
Address: Leningradskiy shosse 16
Hours: 17.00 - 6.00 (Fri - Sat 12.00 - 6.00)

Cosmic



* ** *

Cheers: Moscow's top bowling center. Offers 32 bowling lanes, the most in Moscow; plays decent techno in the blacklit Cosmik section; cheap-O drinks are a pleasing touch.

Jeers: Locals are not only shitty 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 Kulturny
Phone: 246-3666
Address: Ul. Lva Tolstogo 18
Hours: 12.00 - 5.00

Depo



*** ** *

Cheers: Cheap-O drinks make up for the fact that it is in the middle of nowhere. Daytime rates rock. Parties pack in zolotaya molodezh. Lots 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 list-ed twice. Six lanes. Disco on fifth floor with no elevator.

Cover: None (lanes cost 360-780R per hour)
M: Novoslobodskaya
Phone: 973-3656/4997
Address: Novosvetskiy pereulok 6
Hours: 12.00 - 5.00

Magnit



* ** *

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. boyfriends.

Cover: None
M: Prospekt Vernadskogo
Phone: 974-5308
Address: Ul. Udaltsova 42 (but not even area residents know where it is)
Hours: 12.00 - 5.00

Manezh



* ** *

Cheers: Ultraviolet air hockey reminds us of ultraviolet air hockey. **Jeers:** Hang out for dyevs whose daddies work across Aleksandrovsky 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
Phone: 737-8361
Address: Manezhnaya ploshchad 2 (in the underground mall by the Kremlin)
Hours: 12.00 - 5.00

Strike



* ** *

Cheers: Short lanes make 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 Russian abortion clinics! Balls have yet to be chipped and scarred by bowlers imitating Pedro Martinez. Carl won a liter beer mug here for drinking brew through a straw...

Jeers: ... and broke it on the sidewalk outside of Lyochik. 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



* ** *

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 music venue and a disco at the same time. Empties out early even on weekends.

Cover: 100R
M: Mayakovskaya
Phone: 209-9918
Address: Bolshaya Sadovaya ul. 8
Hours: depends on the show

B.B. King



* ** *

Cheers: The oldest and arguably the best live blues venue in Moscow. Live music nightly; Crossroadz plays here weekly, if you are into that 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-sized.

Cover: None
M: Tsvetnoi Bulvar
Address: Sadovaya-Samotechnaya 4/2
Phone: 299-9206
Hours: 12.00 - 2.00

Bedniye Lyudi



* ** *

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

Bunker



** ** *

Cheers: Already dried 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 technichesk periffi meant that it is not kruglosuchni. Lame three-room layout in former Turkish nightclub.

Cover: Ranges from free to 80R, depending on the night
M: Pushkinskaya
Phone: 200-1506
Address: Tverskaya 12
Hours: 10.00-07.00

Morrisville



* ** *

Cheers: Former godt 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, unpretentious.

Jeers: Chick hell. Lots of vosmedesyatniki 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: Baumannskaya
Phone: 267-03-09
Address: Spartakovskaya pl. 14
Hours: yes

Rhythm 'N Blues



*** * *

Cheers: Resurrected from Air Supply-like obscurity by Blast frontman Nosh and converted into THE 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 all! Flounder couldn't take advantage of a slut that grabbed his ass cuz he was on his way to vomit. Pot smokers on the roof should be implamed on pikes and led to rot for weeks to be made an example of. Further proof of the Ikeaization of Moscow.

Cover: 100R on weekends
M: Borovitskaya
Phone: 203-6008
Address: Starobagnovkovy per. 19, str. 2
Hours: noon till the last one out

Rock Vegas Cafe



** ** *

Cheers: eXile alert! Back-2-back visits last weekend showed that Rock Vegas more mojo than we'd think! Friday featured a dancello' packed with unescorted kvality 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-hole friendly drinks.

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
M: Tretyakovskaya
Phone: 959-5333
Address: Pyatnitskaya 29/8 (by the Pizza Hut)
Hours: lots of them

Sixteen Tons



* ** *

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 aficionadaoes. Downstairs, a range of scalliwags ranging from oligarchs to eXpats to divorced mamas to starving journalists. NB: 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-

The eXile's Top 5 Clubs to Witness Inter-Euro Conflicts!

- 1. Sportland**
Soccer thugs of all nations pretend it really matters!
- 2. Three Monkeys**
Well... Inter-Euro-Course!
- 3. Expat Club**
Toba, right, 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.**

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.

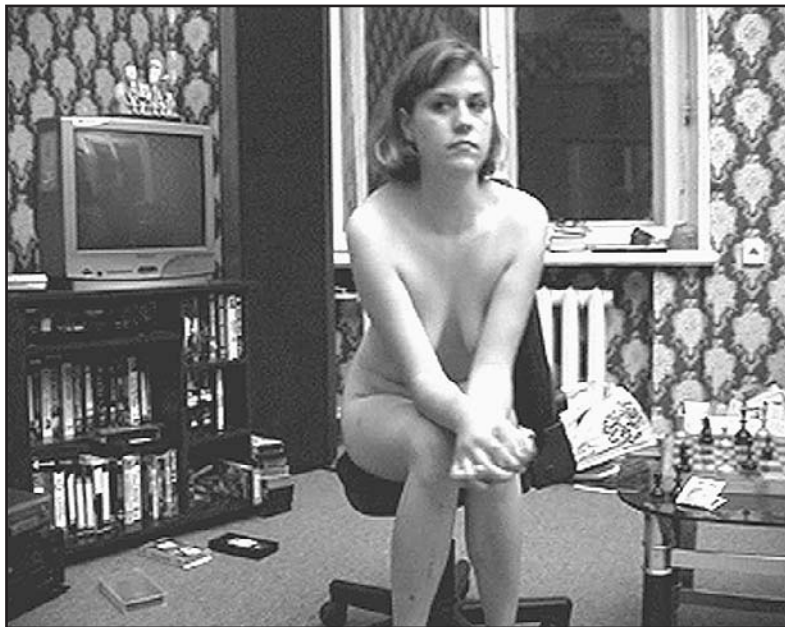
The driver started to drive off... but then he stopped, calling to Yulia that she'd left her bag in the car. She calmly walked to the car and sat down. Up till this point, I noticed nothing amiss... Everything was cool. Even when she closed the door, I hardly suspected. Only with the car a good 50 yards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



eXile - 3, Whores - 0



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 felt that it was her decision whether to play

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 *okbroniki* 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

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 later, the search team returned with Natasha, a 19-year-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 ref-

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 go, girl!

4...d5 5.g4 Nf6 6.Nh3 Nxc4 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!

11.Qa5??

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

there's a *skritiyi shakh* (hidden check) coming her way. Besides, she's going to hang her queen over on the a-rank. Or was she trying to threaten 12.Qxc7? Ooooooh! Scary!

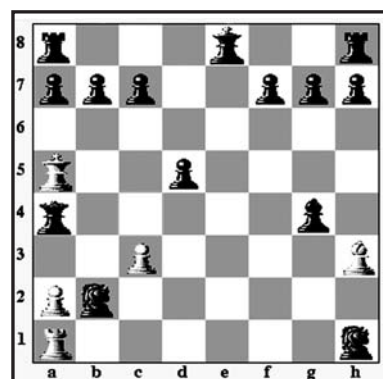
11...Nxb1+ 12.Kd1 Qxb5+

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 *Moskovskiy Komsomolets* one of these days.

13.Ke1 Bxb3 14.Bf4 Qh4+ 15.Kd1 Qxf4 16.c3 Bg4+ 17.Kc2 Qxe4+ 18.Kb3 Nc6

About now, Natasha keeps trying to move into check. Sorry, hon, it don't work that way—we'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#



We didn't even need to develop our Rooks

Natasha — 0 eXile — 1

Ob, 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?

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St. Louis Rams at San Francisco 49ers
K.O. 4.30am
Baltimore Ravens at Cleveland Browns

TUESDAY 8th OCTOBER
K.O. 5.00am
Green Bay Packers at Chicago Bears

SUNDAY 13th OCTOBER
K.O. 9.00pm
Carolina Panthers at Dallas Cowboys
Atlanta Falcons at New York Giants

MONDAY 14th OCTOBER
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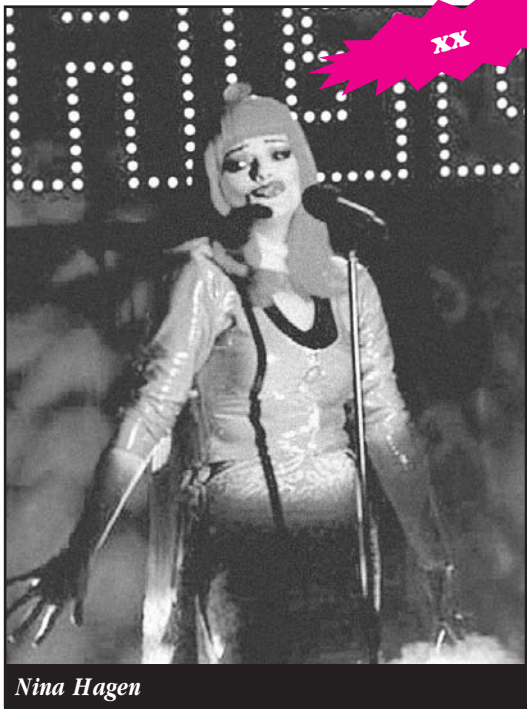
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Tito
and Tarantula.
Voodoo Lounge.
October 10. 23.00

If your memory sucks as much as Flounder's recollection of last week-end, 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 10-man 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

Nina Hagen.
B2.

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!

Kid Loco.
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 remixes 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 hip-hop groups, but he must've ended up smoking too much weed and now spins chill electronic music, appealing 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 noise 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.

THIS
WEEKEND

THURSDAY

OCTOBER 3

ROCK

Jelem

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)

Euforia

21.00: Svalka (Watering Holes)

Uncle L.

23.00: Vermel (Live Muzak)

BLUES

J.S. Blues Band

22.00: B. B. King (Live Muzak)

Blues Cousins

23.00: R&B Cafe (Live Muzak)

EastWest Connexion

21.00: Le Club (Watering Holes)

DISCO

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

ROCK

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)

BLUES

EastWest Connexion

21.00: Le Club (Watering Holes)

DISCO

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

ROCK

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)

BLUES

Vanya Zhuk

22.00: B.B.King (Live Muzak)

Cher-ta

23.00: R&B Cafe (Live Muzak)

EastWest Connexion

21.00: Le Club (Watering Holes)

DISCO

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

ROCK

Umka, Rada & Ternovnik

19.00: Svalka (Watering Holes)

Male Facktor

23.00: Vermel (Live Muzak)

BLUES

Scooder Blues

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

Papa John's Band

23.00: Papa John's (Watering Holes)

DISCO

DJ Goodstuff

23.00: Kult (Watering Holes)

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WEEKEND

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Chinatown party
23.00: Propaganda (Watering Holes)
DJ Lyonya
00.00: Bunker (Live Muzak)
DJ Dukhov
21.30: Sixteen Tons (Live Muzak)

MONDAY

OCTOBER 7

ROCK

Tom Cat, Diamond Rose

19.00: Svalka (Watering Holes)

Virgin Tears

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

JAZZ

Maria Tarasevich

21.00: Le Club (Watering Holes)

DISCO

DJ Poly

23.00: Papa John's (Watering Holes)

DJ Zig-Zag

23.00: Respublika Beefeater (Watering Holes)

DJ Lyonya

00.00: Bunker (Live Muzak)

DJ Dukhov

23.00: Sixteen Tons (Live Muzak)

TUESDAY

OCTOBER 8

ROCK

Tito & Tarantula

22.00: B. B. King (Live Muzak)

Sur Face

23.00: R&B Cafe (Live Muzak)

Dobranoch`

23.00: Vermel (Live Muzak)

BLUES

Alexander Dovgopoly

21.00: Le Club (Watering Holes)

LATINO

Latino Party

23.00: Papa John's (Watering Holes)

DISCO

DJs Joker, Ray, Velikaya, Melory & Operator

00.00: Respublika Beefeater (Watering Holes)

DJ 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

ROCK

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)

BLUES

Open Jam with No Problem

22.00: B. B. King (Live Muzak)

DISCO

Expat Nights

23.00: Papa John's (Watering Holes)

Dj Nickolaev
22.00: Kult (Watering Holes)
DJs Melory & Operator
22.00: Respublika Beefeater (Watering Holes)
DJ Lyonya
00.00: Bunker (Live Muzak)
DJ Dli, DJ Jeff
00.00: Garage (Watering Holes)

THURSDAY

OCTOBER 10

ROCK

Art Childish

23.00: Vermel (Live Muzak)

Refree

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)

BLUES

Blues Cousins

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

DISCO

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

ROCK

Nogu Svelo

19.00: Svalka (Watering Holes)

Crematory

23.00: B-2 (Live Muzak)

Zhuky

23.00: Bunker (Live Muzak)

Moralny Codex

23.00: Sixteen Tons (Live Muzak)

Dozhd

21.00: Vermel (Watering Holes)

Sever Combo

22.00: Kitaisky Lyotchik (Live Muzak)
DISCO
DJs Melory & Operator
22.00: Respublika Beefeater (Watering Holes)
DJs Teacher, Asya, Grad
02.00: Garage (Watering Holes)
DJ Stanley
23.00: Voodoo Lounge (Watering Holes)

SATURDAY

OCTOBER 12

ROCK

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)

DISCO

DJs B Voice, Feel Good, Un-Tonn

00.00: Gertsen (Watering Holes)

SUNDAY

OCTOBER 13

ROCK

Cher-Ta

23.00: Bunker (Live Muzak)

Grant Airapetyan

23.00: Kitaisky Lyotchik (Live Muzak)

Dozhd`

23.00: B. B. King (Watering Holes)

BLUES

Papa John's Band

23.00: Papa John's (Watering Holes)

DISCO

DJ Soulman

23.00: Kult (Watering Holes)

DJ Dukhov

20.00: Sixteen Tons (Live Muzak)

MONDAY

OCTOBER 14

ROCK

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)

BLUES

Igor Buttman Big Band

23.00: Le Club (Live Muzak)

DISCO

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

ROCK

Marsh Malosolnyuh Fest

19.00: Svalka (Watering Holes)

Pyatnitsa

23.00: Bunker (Live Muzak)

LATINO

Latino Party

23.00: Papa John's (Watering Holes)

DISCO

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

DISCO

Expat Nights

23.00: Papa John's (Watering Holes)

DJs Melory & Operator

22.00: Respublika Beefeater (Watering Holes)

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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 Krillia Sovietov

19:00 Liverpool Vs Chelsea

20:55 Valencia Vs Celta

21:55 Volleyball. World Championship. 2nd Round

October, 7th, Monday

22:55 Manchester United - Everton

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Thursday-Sunday

22:00-06:00

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Saturday

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Sunday

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tastes
like



African

Bungalo Bar

Updated

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Cheers: Still as yummie as ever. The Dolans gave the vegetarian sampler with injera two Band-Aid records up. ike "Catholic High School Girls in Trouble," the "firmenoye blyudo" will make you "cream in your jeans." Gobs of super-spicy flavor, generous portions, terrific selection (including plenty of veggie options), and all at dirt-cheap exhorlabe prices. Terrific coffee that comes from the country that may or may not have invented it. Ceiling tapes-ripes depict children attempting to swallow own fists. Authentic rich Ethiopian coffee.

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. If you order the "firmenoye blyudo" expecting the Ethiopian sampler, you might get one of their awful other "firmeniyi blyadi," one a horrible seafood-maynaisa-corn salad, the other a chunk of rubbery meat. Make sure you specify! Just the kind of place (cheap, exotically ethnic, seemingly progressive) to attract lots of Lonely Planet fuckheads with pasty, smelly beards and fat-ankled "partners."

M: Kurskaya

Phone: 916-2432

Address: Zemlyanoi val 6

Hours: noon - midnight

Limpopo

\$\$\$\$

Cheers: Moe Snideman and his teenage 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.

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.

M: Kuznetsky Most

Phone: 925-6990

Address: Varsonyevsky per. 1 (or Rozhdestvenka 12/1)

Hours: noon - midnight

American

American Bar & Grill

\$\$\$

Cheers: eXile alert! Nachos have improved! Huge chicken-fried steak plate will hit the 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: eXile alert! Forcing your waitress to repeat the word ostrich back to you five times will not ensure a spicy bloody mary. Food acquiring a kind of Ohio truck stop quality at nouvelle cuisine prices. Stay away from the buffalo-wings—more like buffalo chips. Philly cheese steak should be renamed the Philly jizz steak.

M: Mayakovskaya; Taganskaya

Phone: 251-7999; 912-3615

Address: 1st Tverskaya-Yamskaya 2/1; Zemlyanoi val 59.

Hours: 24 hours; 12:00 - 3:00



\$

Cheers: Belorusskaya location long ago turned into the slut-heavy Dirty 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 cups of allegedly good cream cheese. We like the spicy one with tomato sauce and jalapenos. Now they have one in Domodedovo!

Jeers: eXile alert! Those rock-hard shittets aren't bagels, they're Canada's first shipment of nuclear waste to Russia. They spread the cream cheese as if it were butter. Bagels shipped cargo from New York are fresher than GCB's. Can't smoke upstairs—and if you do, some nabob is bound to bust you. Talbibi 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

Address: Tverskaya 27

Hours: 10:00 - 22:00

Pit Stop

\$\$\$

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. Emmeritely edible fish-and-chips, burgers, potato wedges, and other TV-friendly munchies. Burger served with fried egg both original and per-versely satisfying.

Jeers: Yankee Hotdog yanked from the menu, in spite of post-9/11 resurgence in patriotism. Waitresses sometimes confuse "puree" with baked potatoes. Soccer, soccer, soccer. That's not Pete Rose's real jersey. If women get to have their own female security guards to search their hand-bags, how come Detsky Panadol 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.

M: Arbatskaya

Phone: 291-1130/70

Address: Novii Arbat 21 (inside Sportland)

Hours: 24 hours

Starlite Diner

Updated

\$\$\$

Cheers: eXile alert! Revisited the Teriyaki Wrap, and we think we'll be back for more. The julienne pizza really tastes like julienne, though it was too rich for Aussie cameraman Dax. Hot damn them burgers ROCK! Because Starlite continues to be the ONLY place in Moscow that really knows breakfast, we've gotten rid of the failed "Breakfast" section in our guide. Mongolicious omelets that even tastes 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 shitate! Recent tasting of the Asian Chicken burger proved that healthy can be tasty. They make a mean lasagna now. Try the new Beef 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 sticky. The Oktyabrskaya location hasn't even bothered with printing new menus—the new prices are just stuck on to 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

Hours: 24 hours

T.G.I. Friday's

\$\$\$

Cheers: You can degrade the wait staff even further by telling the manager that your waitress "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 ston-e'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 birthday can really tend to ruin your dining experience. Maybe should be called Thank God It's Sovkovo. High "Greatest Love of All" factor. The problems 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 over-enthusiastic, permissively wait staff, is seriously hard to take after seeing the movie Office Space. Lunch items (such as Caesar chicken sandwich and Cajun pasta) tend to suck. Groups will find their entrees brought out at different times. Don't bother with the sketchy soups or the turkey reuben.

M: Pushkinskaya

Phone: 299-2032

Address: Ul. Tverskaya 18

Hours: 12:00 - 00:00

The Tunnel

NEW!!

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Cheers: Might just become Lyubanka-area clubbers' bestest friend, with 24-hour service! Kill a new greasy spoon slapped together by a real live Indian. Appetizers unequalled in price or quality: 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-ginal waitresses.

Jeers: Burgers can't compare to Starlite's. What kind of dinner doesn't have breakfast options? Come on fellas, eggs are E-Z and cheap!

M: Kitai Gorod/Lyubanka

Phone: 937-4101

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

Hours: 24 hours

Asian

Australian Open

Updated

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Cheers: eXile alert! They bought an ad in our paper on the theory that we'd take out the ass and make their review better—and they were right! We 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.

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

M: Belorusskaya

Phone: 214-1749

Address: Leningradsky pros. 10

Hours: 10:00 - 24:00

Baan Thai

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Cheers: eXile 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 satsay 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 Talbibi'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

Phone: 240-0597

Address: Bolshaya Dorogomilovskaya, 11

Hours: 12:00 - 24:00

Bangkok

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Cheers: Moscow's original Thai eatery. Cool interior and a decent prawn 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 schoolyard.

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!

M: Dobrynskaya

Phone: 237-3074

Address: Bolshoi Strochenovskiy per. 10

Hours: 14:00 - 23:00 (until 1:00 on weekends)

Emerald Buddha

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Cheers: Good appetizers; the spicy peanut sauce in particular has got gamma. 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 alert! eXile General Counsel Moe Snideman graced the Buddha and reportedly nearly carded 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.

M: Chistye Prudy

Phone: 925-9482

Address: 1 Ulitsa Sretenka (entry from Rozhdestvensky Bulvar)

Hours: noon - midnight

Karma Bar

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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 noodle dishes. Thai. Dining room viewing of the Talent, where dveys 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+.

M: Kuznetsky Most

Phone: 924-5633

Address: Pushchnaya ul. 3

Hours: 19:00 - 06:00

Krasnyi

NEW!!

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Cheers: 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 us unawares. This place deserves more credit—it completely rocks!

Jeers: Biz lunch 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 bar-b-q. \$5 water? Special for you, sir!

M: Kropotkinskaya

Phone: 202-5649

Address: ul Prechistenna

Hours: 12:00 - 24:00

Krymsky

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Cheers: Ignore the name, this place claims to be Korean and Japanese food. The spare rib dish (R250) is fun to eat and pretty tasty when smeared with plum sauce. Golden lamposts 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 salads that come free with many dishes. Take the spice out of Korean food and you're stuck with something awfully close to Russian food: lots of pickled shit. Offers choice of Japanese and European business lunches. (R150). Waitress doesn't speak Russian. Pibim pap (R300) tastes like Pimbim Papsmear. 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

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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 Star Melnik is R40 and bottled water for the hungover goes for R20. Stick to basics and you'll probably do OK; try the kang khiao van mu or else.

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: Novolobodskaya

Phone: 973-3698

Address: Novolobodskaya Ul. 26

Hours: 12:00 - 24:00

Tibet Himalaya

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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; waitresses 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, and 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 dishes are said to have slipped.

M: Chistye Prudy

Phone: 917-3985

Address: Pokrovka 19

Hours: noon - midnight

Tibet Kitchen

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Cheers: We don't have enough superlatives for this place! Everything is right on. The best Asian food place in town. Garlic noodles give you a boner. And, 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 sweet-and-sour chicken. Pleasant atmosphere, good service, no loud music, inoffensive orange walls. Kalmyk babe waitress factor steadily rising.

Jeers: American backpackers seen here recently. Many entrees had to differentiate—just like Chinese people. Ali-Kundun, all-the-time video show makes you embarrassed for Martin Scorsese. 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

Tofu

NEW!!

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Cheers: New Chinese option for those who don't want to pay butt 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 dvey'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. "Vostochniy salat" is tomatoes, dill and cukes. Had to send our bloody maries back 3 times for more umph, and they still tasted like J7.

M: Tverskaya

Phone: 299-3073

Address: ul. Malaya Dmitrovka 2/4

Hours: 11:00 - 23:00

Zholtoo More

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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 serious babe in tow. Three separate chefs serve Sushi, Chinese and Japanese food, as well as extensive cocktail selections, the likes of which you'll rarely see. Unusual 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.

Jeers: Too pricey for cheap-O eXholes. Bland Chinese food. Name sounds like "zhopoe more" to us, though that should be a "cheer". Chinese fare too mildly spiced for those of us used to the real thing. Crispy Duck mu-shu style (470R) was too crispy, not enough duck. Can't anyone get duck right here (besides the Tandoor folks)?

M: Polyanka

Phone: 953-3634

Address: Polyanka Bol. ul. 27

Hours: 12:00 - last person

Balkan

011

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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 intrigue.

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. Talbibi owns a Dalmatian.

M: Mayakovskaya

Phone: 209-0963

Address: Sadovaya Triumfalnaya 10

Hours: 10:00 - 22:00

BoEmi

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Cheers: Tasty Serbian joint with a homey atmosphere that even a fully fledged NATO 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 action.

Jeers: But if you're not... Eating here more than once a week could be hazardous to your regularity. Why do you think those Balkan types are always fighting so much? Rudnitsky wasn't overly impressed with the cabbage salad. A bit of a hike from the center... and from the nearest metro.

M: Sportivnaya

Phone: 248-5317

Address: Abrikosovskiy pr., 1

Hours: 11:00 - 23:00

Drago

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Cheers: Food still kicks major Kosovar butt at prices Macedonians appreciate. Chevbachichi. 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 good quality.



Khizhina

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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 Sedlo, too! Those crazy Georgians. Yummy meat pies, adzhapsandal, and sulguni options go well with the genuine Georgian wine straight from the barrel. Uncle Tom's Cabin atmosphere makes for the most amusingly named house cocktail we've yet to see—the non-alcoholic fruit smoothie “Uncle Tom.”
Jeers: Not particularly worth a trip if you don't live nearby. Grim waitresses. No diet soda.
М: Sayvolovskaya, Pushkinskaya, and more!
Phone: 285-9664
Address: Butyrskaya Ul. 8, Gzndnikovski Pr. 12
Hours: 12:00 - 23:00

Mama Zoya

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Cheers: The old favorite has moved once again, thus at least foiling a few belated expats in their quest for reheated Georgian mediocrity.
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 beigeist militants, preferring the superior offerings elsewhere in town. Get there after 9 and you might not get in. Counterfeit wine still sticks; furthermore, there's no longer any excuse for it.
М: Kropotkinskaya
Phone: 201-7743
Address: Sechenovskiy per. 8
Hours: 12:00 - 11:00

Ne Goroi

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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.
М: Sportivnaya
Phone: 245-6670
Address: Ul. 10 Let Otkryabya d. 11
Hours: 12:00 - 11:00

Noev Kovcheg

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Cheers: American citizens still get 25% discount, but Canadians (they make you show a passport, so no sneaking by, you hosers), Brits, and well, every-one else in the world has to pay full price! Yippee! New dishes including kuf'ta ("whipped beef" meatballs) and half a dozen varieties of sig fish shipped in special. Eggplant, lobio, and cheese appetizers still rule; literally dozens of shashlik varieties, which now come on animal-identifier sticks for ease of reference. 30% off takout menu includes a whole suckling pig. Best selection of authentic Armenian brandies 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.
М: Kitai-Gorod
Phone: 917-0717
Address: Maly Ivanovskiy per. 9
Hours: 12:00 - 24.00ktyabya d. 11

Semiramis

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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 hookahs. Very Mercedes Jeep and body-guard friendly. When you tip well, the monkeys who work there run to open your car door for you. **Jeers:** We can't afford it.
М: Arbat'skaya
Phone: 244-7262
Address: B. Nikolopeskovskii Per. d 15
Hours: 12:00 - 24:00

Suliko

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Cheers: 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 food only marginally better than Discourious means Suliko isn't on our Ya-U-I list. Main courses mediocre.
М: Polyanka
Phone: 238-2586
Address: Bolshaya Polyanka 42/2
Hours: 12:00 - 24:00 (or last person)

Tamada

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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 it! Musts include one sort of shashlik (from R250), chicken sat-sivi (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 deafening. Khinkali (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 evrospean menu really necessary? Mirrored ceilings remind us of a Jackie Trehorn flick we once saw.
М: Pushkinskaya
Phone: 229-66-88
Address: Maly Gznednikovskiy Pereulok 12/27 (down the street from Mesto Vstrechi)
Hours: 12:00 - 24:00 (or last person)

U Pirosmani

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Cheers: Was a favorite for tourists; window-side views of the illuminated Novodevichy Convent, tasteful interior and seemingly authentic ethnic violinist. All dishes reasonably yummy. Prices reem guide book toting tourists.
Jeers: exXile's editorial staff fumbled 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...
М: Sportivnaya
Phone: 247-1926
Address: 4 Novodevichy Proyezd
Hours: 12:00 - 23:00

Chinese
Chinese Village (in Tandoor)

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Cheers: Still kicking Southeast Asian ass all over the place, in spite of unimaginative name. Crispy duck (1/4 for R480) is reason enough to come here. Ginger chicken (R500) a great Indian (well, Bangladeshi) interpretation of The Great Asian dish—definitely two anti-anti-globalization tear gas canisters away, 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 Bangladeshi trained in Hong Kong on Tverskaya! And if that isn't enough, it's pretty darned tasty, too. Try the Chili Bean King Prawns (R540) or else. Just about everything is decent, 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-rind ribs! Still calls itself Chinese Village. Are there any villages in China? Man-Chau soup (R240) means “silvesty bulls” in Chinese, and they ain't kiddin'.
М: Mayakovskaya
Phone: 299-45-93; 209-55-65
Address: Tverskaya ul. 30/2
Hours: 12:00 - 00:00

Dim-Sum

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Cheers: The Chinese dumplings which lend the restaurant its name are extremely passable, especially those with the clear rice wrapping.
Jeers: A visit here forced Rudnitsky into yet another rant about inability of Moscow Chinese restaurants to make dishes which differ from one another in taste. Perhaps this is what eating Soylent Green all of the time was like.
М: Smolenskaya
Phone: 937-8425
Address: 3 Smolensky Sq. (in Smolensky Passazh)
Hours: 12:00 - 24:00

Drevny Kitai

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Cheers: Don't charge extra for breaking glasses. Teapoured from a very long spoon for free. Not bad sweet and sour pork.
Jeers: Recent business lunch caused Ames 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.
М: Okhotny Ryad
Phone: 292-2900
Address: Kamergersky per. 5/6
Hours: 12:00 - 23:00

Druzhba

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Cheers: Chinese food for the people who invented it! Daytime visits insure more Chinaman sightings than a Jackie Chan movie. If they fed those dumplings (R180) to Mao, he might still be among the living. Trustworthy waitresses who know what to order. Try the #102! As cheap as good Chinese gets in town; humongo portions like even Starline veterans.
Jeers: Hot-n-sour soup tastes like used tampan. The more expensive dishes tend to suck. Not as good as the other favorite slope hangout Pekinskaya Ulka.
М: 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

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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 special-ties. Awesome delivery food—thanks guys! Try the mixed tandoor plate, we loved it. Moe Snideman gives them two legal pads way up for exhibiting “superb service with perfect memories.” Also, they deliver. When these guys say they'll make it spicy, call the fire dept. Re-thumb-up on the spring rolls. For starters, try the honey glazed pork, for entrees, the King Prawns in Hot Garlic Sauce rule the local prawn 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 stairwell 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.
М: Kropotkinskaya
Phone: 203-1283
Address: Svitlavs Vrazhek 3/18
Hours: 12:00 - 24:00

Hepin

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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 waitresses hepi as hell to serve Americans, even though they don't know their own menu very well. Try the pork in fish sauce (223R) extra spicy, the pot stickers, and the Kung Pao chicken. And ask for the chili sauce—this is the real shit.
Jeers: Hot And Sour Soup had a decidedly ass-like flavor, spiced with leaky vagina. Maybe the chefs are still mad about that the whole Belgrade embassy bombing thing? Served us a warm bottle of Chardonnay wine and they seemed derved proud of it.
М: Kropotkinskaya
Phone: 203-1283
Address: Svitlavs Vrazhek 3/18
Hours: 12:00 - 24:00

Khram Drakona

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Cheers: Wild and crazy decorations include, but are not limited to, lifesized carved dragon heads, oversized carp swimming underfoot, ducks with their wings clipped Chinese style and lots of fountains. Quality Georgian wines.
Jeers: Entrees 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 consistency of an omelet. Didn't let us sample the 100-year-old cognac on display.
М: Leninsky Prospekt
Phone: 958-0707
Address: Leninsky Prospekt, 37
Hours: 11:00 - 24:00

Ki Ka Ku

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Cheers: High-quality, surprisingly spicy Chinese place with a maxed-out 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 ate late. The price is the only real obstacle: buffet is \$50 a head (even the 50% off during lunch hours prices pretty steep); sushi is also pricey. Large proportion of families inside is disappointing after seeing all the Mercs lined up outside.
М: Dinamo
Phone: unknown
Address: Begovaya 28
Hours: 12:00 - 24:00

MAO

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Cheers: Tastefully decorated Asian joint with the ideologically sound name makes up in atmosphere for what it lacks in flavor. Good soups and excellent selection of Asian beers. Post-prandial control killings here on the tabled 1905 restaurant strip seem to be happening with less frequency 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.
М: Ulitsa 1905 goda
Phone: 255-5955/42
Address: Ulitsa 1905 goda 2
Hours: 12:00 - 2:00

Ostrov Formosa

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Cheers: This Taiwanese “Ostrov” is one of the best sub-exhilarant Chinese-type options in town. 3-course business lunch is pricier than most at \$15, but worth every penny (choice of 4 entrees, 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 compete 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 spoons us.
М: Pushkinskaya
Phone: 229-7216
Address: Leontyevsky per. 23
Hours: 12:00 - 24:00

Peking Duck (on Tverskaya)

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Cheers: Resurrected the long dormant Ass marking! Reasonably priced Bon Aqua. Puts the “ss” in “ass”.
Jeers: Whoaaaa, Nelly! This one's a doozy... Not a single thing on the menu has any taste and most have no texture. Even have any texture. Even the hot sauce we ordered (R150) has NO flavor. The food here tastes like Soylent Green! No kidding. The only thing that's making salad bars festering in the sun at the Viatna... these guys oughta be happy to settle for Matt... deserve is something much, much hairier and bl... like Suzanne Thompson's pizza.
М: Mayakovskaya
Phone: 755-84-15
Address: Tverskaya ul. 24
Hours: 12:00 - 00:00

Shyolk

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Cheers: exXile alert! Shyolk kicks ass all night long! Fish-tasting pork during recent late night stop was the fuel we needed to continue rapping at Garagal! 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 for about 10 bucks. Subject of Schwartz's first ever exXile review. Three types of bottled Charlie beer.
Jeers: Soups didn't blow us away. Dumplings more pelmeni than dim sum. You might think a shot of Three Dragons rice vodka (the one with turtles, snakes and other assorted goodies floating in the bottle) is a good idea. You're wrong.
М: Beloruskaya
Phone: 251-41-34; 250-53-89
Address: 1-aya Tverskaya Yamskaya 29, str. 1
Hours: 12:00 - 05:00

Stariy Pekin

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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-the-walls in Moscow. Chinese owners sometimes make Russian waitstaff cry! Solid hot-n-sour (R178) enough for 3; great lamb dumplings (R158). Awesome view of hell! PK Dick could not have dreamt up the Salut hotel complex.
Jeers: May be good, but not good enough to be worth the epic journey it takes to get there.
М: Yugo-Zapadnaya
Address: Last building on Leninsky prospekt (in the Salut hotel, take the special elevator to the 24th floor)
Hours: 12:00 - 24:00

Utka po-Pekinsky

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Cheers: exXile 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 maintained for the prescribed 3 days! Szechuan chicken for masochists easily the spiciest dish in Russia—the hot pepper to chicken ratio is at least 3 to 1! Schreck's ass was still burning a week after trying it, and he didn't even touch the peppers! Chinese 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: exXile 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.
М: Smolenskaya
Phone: 291-3983
Address: Novyi Arbat 21, str. 1 (In the back right of the Chinese supermarket)
Hours: 12:00 - 22:00

Evropean
Angara

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Cheers: exXile 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 chicken wings.
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 pop muzak.
М: Arbat'skaya
Phone: 928-2517
Address: Maroseika, 7/8
Hours: 12:00 - 23:00 (cafe next door: 11:00 - 22:00)

Biskvit

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Cheers: Super lookout 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 soup, reasonable yet only «Dorada» fish, fantastious 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 Berlin—Dieter vood loff eet. We sat next to some geek in a Gerutti suit smoking 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.
М: Kuznetsky Most
Phone: 925-1729
Address: Kuznetskii Most Ul. Dom 19
Hours: kitchen 12:00 - 24:00, place stays open till the last nose stops bleeding

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 steak and perhaps the best 380-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.
Jeers: 150-ruble buffet business lunch isn't worth the mayonnaise-y effort. The same goes for the Pomegranate sauce. The unflittered bear tasted more like fat cider. We're still not sure what the “Hawaiian Mix” garnish is supposed to be. Located near the American Medical Center, which brings back way too many unpleasant memories from last summer.
М: 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 time! Trout smothered in creamy almond sauce probably the only time Schwartz has ever enjoyed said fish! Seafood bisque should not be missed. Excellent grilled salmon; excellent Mexican menu arrived at via Nigeria. Great hunkin' salads, top-quality black bean soup, and tasty chicken 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 exaggerated. Some salads have high mayonnaise factor. The only known advertiser in the Russia Journal.
М: Tretyakovskaya
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 overnight that we're far from optimistic about the long-term prospects. Time will tell, as the hacks love to say.
М: Okhotny Ryad
Phone: 292-0673
Address: Kamergersky per.5/6
Hours: 12:00 - midnight

Discovery

\$\$\$
Cheers: We finally tried this lil' place with an illegible neon sign... and it wasn't half bad. Fish-heavy menu with some killa salad! The rugala and blue cheese salad might just make you shout, “Eurika!” Good place to learn the Russian of obscure 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 Moskva-Rim spins here.
М: Pavletskaya/Novokuznetskaya
Phone: 953-38-63
Address: ul. Novokuznetskaya 24, str. 2
Hours: 12:00 - 00:00

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, molls and coked-up contract killers. The restaurant's membership-only, featuring heads so flat and babes so babbled that you actually feel like an untermensch.
Jeers: Ridiculous light show makes you think you're at a confused Laserium playing Pupacheva instead of Floyd. Also, the cheesy waterfall with the tiled butterflies stopped working. Is your head fat? No? Then poka, Mr. Foreigner!
М: Borovitskaya
Phone: 238-9154
Address: Bolshaya Polyanka Ul. 1/3
Hours: 11:30 - 23:30

Embassy Club

\$\$\$-\$\$\$
Cheers: Decadence for those who like it legal waits behind the wall o' chain-sawed books in the alley. Cigar smoke and big bands for you Swingers who wish you were your grandfather. The only risk is overhead Republican chats competing with the Rat Pack soundtrack. Leather couches don't squeak too much 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 the Omega-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.
М: Pushkinskaya
Phone: 229-7185
Address: Bryusov per. 8/10 (Sign visible from Tverskaya)

Esterhazy

\$\$\$-\$\$\$
Cheers: “Mad props” to the venison stroganoff in smetana sauce, Hungarian foot right in the fricken' 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: exXile 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 letcho and received steak with ass-sauce. Goulash waterbury, Paprikash too fatty, wine too pricey. Salad “bar” really a shameful assortment of Russian salads. 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.
М: Kitai-Gorod
Phone: 928-2517
Address: Maroseika, 7/8
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 surprise us. Sturdy wooden furniture can be reassuring when you get a little too drunk for your own good.
Jeers: Our Balitka was flatter than a double-mastectomy patient; for 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 predictably uninspiring.
М: Sukharevskaya
Phone: 207-0498
Address: Daev per. 2
Hours: Early til Late

Last Drop

\$\$\$
Cheers: One of the Stary Arbat's few non-tourist traps. Great cocktails, 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 guy.
М: #1: Pushkinskaya; #2: Arbat'skaya
Phone: #1: 292-7549, 292-7681; #2: 291-9854
Address: #1: Strastnoi bulvar 4 (through the arch); #2: Arbat, 36 (on sec-don floor)
Hours: 12:00 - 6:00

Liverpool

\$\$\$
Cheers: 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 garlic, for only 75R.
Jeers: No matter how good, it's still British. All items on menu translated into German for the workers at the Danilur building next door. Meaning that the Yellow Submarine Salad is named the «U-Boat», bringing back bad memories of Dubya-Dubya Two.
М: Novokuznetskaya
Phone: 933-62-36
Address: Bolshaya Ordynka 40/1
Hours: noon to the last client

Loft

\$\$\$
Cheers: Fresh squeezed juices, Moe liked the tiger shrimps in garlic sauce. 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 try to prevent you from entering the building. Ignore them and their chimpanzee ravings, and they'll back down.
М: Lubyanka
Phone: 933-7713
Address: Lubyanka Square, 6th floor of the Nautilus center
Hours: 09:00 - 24:00

Look In

\$\$\$
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 for-mage. “Luk in” 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 a shoe 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 sniffing glue.
М: Tetralnaya
Phone: 292-6295
Address: Bolshaya Dmitrovka 9, str. 1
Hours: 11:00 - 02:00

Marica

\$\$\$
Cheers: Dork-o-dining for Moscow's pro-Colombian rebel lobby! Dare we recommend 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

**2.10.02**
16.10.02
www.
exile.
ru
#19/151
P.15

salad (R280). Bypass fascist face control in the club downstairs every time you drop by for dinner. Reminds us of the good ol' days before Putin.
Jeers: Some patrons wear designer ripped jeans. Skip the soups; grilled 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.
М: Pushkinskaya/ Kuznetsky Most
Phone: 924-0358
Address: Petrovka 21/1
Hours: noon to the last client; till 06.00 Thurs. - Sun.

Moskva-Roma

\$\$\$
Cheers: Just about as babe-o-licious a restaurant's they come! Hostesses and waitresses so hot you'll need to sit down quickly—and stay seated. Outdoor dining (or just gawking) doesn't get much better than this! Great salads, esp. the radicchio (R372) and spinach (R226). Stick with the simple stuff and you'll have about your meal. Great pasta dishes for about R400; grilled sea bass (R530) and other seafood rocks. Dining on Stoleshnikov insulates you from that Komergersky feeling that you could have gotten a better meal next door.
Jeers: Soups bite. Narrow balcony is prime seating but good luck getting out there. Who aside from super-hot dorkadent model-level babes would want to eat with a DJ in the background?
М: Chekovskaya
Phone: 229-5702
Address: Stoleshnikov per. 12
Hours: Always

News Pub

\$\$\$
Cheers: Super popular exXpat pub/live music venue. Plenty of tasty fish dishes that are so fresh they might jump off your plate. Taibbi and Bivens held famous summit here.
Jeers: Can be kind of a bore. Atmosphere a little too after worky for unem-ployed folks to enjoy a meal.
М: Tetralnaya, Kuznetsky Most
Phone: 228-83-43
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 'n 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.
М: Tverskaya
Phone: 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 evening of entire week there, without ever repeating the same activity twice.
Jeers: Food solidly mediocre in spite of good intentions.
М: Krasnopresnenskaya
Phone: 253-0253
Address: Malaya Gruzinskaya 15
Hours: 12:00 - 05:00

the place

\$\$\$
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 foie gras, 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 might bite you. Attracts SPS types who frequented Stella's.
М: Pavletskaya
Phone: 725-4070
Address: Kosmodamianskaya nab. 52/5 (Riverside Towers, bldg. 5)
Hours: 11:30 - 23:00

The Real McCoy

\$\$\$
Cheers: Kickin' business lunch deal. Succulent salmon filet made Schrek feel like he was back living next to the Pacific Ocean. Basically serves big slabs o' meat (R400-R700) that actually come rare if you want 'em to. Don't try anything too fancy and you'll walk away completely satisfied. 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 spoof factor. Irish St. Patie's Day menu a wash and, to add insult to injury, our waiter was in a kilt. Service gives you time to stop and smell the roses for sale across the street. Spicy the Mexican food is not. The chickpea and lamb soup (

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 — you 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.

Zia not only returns quality 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 Chipotle Tartar sauce, the best crab cakes outside of Uley's and a steal at 220R; and the Arizona Rolls (390R). Zia's udarny ovet 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-pinson 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 cancel out the salmon. The vegetable rice 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 dyevs.

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 vaporizes when you need to order five main courses just to be mildly sated. Veggie nachos include about five chips and appllant... what is this, fusion food?

M: Tsvetnoi Bulvar

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 seems to know his business. We dig the cold cut assortment (chili, chorizo and tangy Manchero cheese), creamy chef's salad, zesty creole soup, and tequila-marinated Torroer 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 quesadillas.

M: Sokol

Phone: 943-6029

Address: Ulitsa Alabyana 10/1

Hours: 24 hours

El Gaucho

\$\$\$
Cheers: Meat products of the very highest quality prepared by an authentic Argentinean chef—he even has a bushy mustache! Decent wine list with a hearty house red. The asada and chorizo has got balls, baby. Honey wood interior makes for a nice setting on winter evenings.

Jeers: Steaks prepared with enough salt to mummify a good-sized rhino. And just wait until you try the fries. Lionel Tannenbaum expressed disapproval with their wide variety of internal organ meats.

M: Krasniye Vorota; Paveletskaya

Phone: 923-1098; 953-2876

Address: Bolshoy Kozlovsky per. 3/2; Zatspeysky val 6/13

Hours: noon - midnight

Hola Mexico!

\$\$
Cheers: eXile alert! Try the business lunch! We got black bean soup, flautas and something else for 200R! Nachos still pretty good, waitresses still pretty busy. Pork burritos back in mid-season form. Sergio the Latin dancer says the chili is "muy bien." Good place to avoid conversation with a boring date. Nice \$5 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! Fool "Salsa" on nachos means a sliced cherry tomato served with a side of tabasco. Waitresses sometimes forget there's a back room. Bands still too loud.

M: Kuznetsky Most

Phone: 925-8251

Address: Pushechnaya ul. 7/5

Hours: noon - 5:00

Pancho Villa

\$\$
Pancho claims those gringos shut them down for the summer, but they'll be back this fall!

Cheers: Al caramba! Pancho V offers Moscow a few choice Mexican items that make it worth a visit. The burrito (R285) and the enchilada (R285) are also tasty, if smallish. You won't get anywhere in the CIS. They also serve soundtrack when you order. Toilets play weird sounds for only a couple bucks more.

Jeers: Avoid the burrito.

M: Smolenskaya

Phone: 241-9853

Address: Stary Arbat 44/1

Hours: 24 hours

Papa John's

\$\$
Cheers: Nutritious chicken sandwich well worth it, at least when it's on sale. Fries 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 squeeze-cheez on the nachos!

Jeers: Great fajitas for those who hate telling the waitress to hold the tortillas, 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 wasn't particularly Mexican or particularly all that.

M: Turgenevskaya

Phone: 755-9554

Address: 22 Myasnitskaya

Hours: 9:00 - 23:00 (until 6:00 weekends)

Pinchos

\$\$
Cheers: 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 up too much granulated ass. Way over-cooked 1/2 of our grilled pork chops (R200); if you're going to be predictable and order gazpacho, you'll regret it. Heart burn central. Weird white wine sangria takes the whole experimental thang too far.

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 good. Once you're through here, you can head around the side to Hippopotam, 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: Martuilitskaya 5/1, str. 6

Hours: noon - 02:00

Nazi

\$\$
Cheers: The best and most authentic Gerry food and Biergarten in this gotterdamnt Town! A liter or 4 of Franziskaner Weissbier will erase any worries you might have in this crazy world. For a naughty breakfast option, try 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 white sausage. On our first visit here 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 Weisswurst for that money! Ja so ein Fittchen! Anyone who can figure out the logic of their pretzel policy earns a Freibier from Schreck. Formula 1 on the bigscreen in the Biergarten a little too authentic for our sensibilities.

M: 1 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

\$\$
Cheers: Intricately detailed woody bi-level beer hall with an Austrian chef and a Bavarian menu that's surprisingly inventive, not to mention surprisingly affordable. Caesar salad and lentil soup are both solid. Fried camembert with currant jam is unlike anything in town. Super beer selection with delicious Paulaner coming soon; 2-for-1 happy hours daily from noon to 10 and 5 to 6 p.m.

Jeers: You never know when some drunken German is going to break into ear-splitting song.

M: Leninsky Prospekt

Phone: 952-5567

Address: Leninsky prospekt 28

Hours: 12:00 - 6:00

Vremya Est'

\$\$
Cheers: Basically this is City Grill for half the price and none of the nouvelle 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.

Jeers: eXile editors suffered through agonizing interview with Om magazine correspondent here. Lunch special portions are considerably smaller and include vile pickled salads. Cute woody back-to-Russia interior may just be as annoying as City Grill's wannayuppiebe schtick.

M: Belorusskaya

Address: Lesnaya Ulitsa

Hours: noon - midnight

Russian

\$\$\$
Cheers: We assume this place ain't authentic Rusky food, 'cause it tastes so darn good! The \$1-2 pirogi (fried or baked) are musts. Homemade bread, great soups, kick ass entrees! The blini and pork and chicken shashlyk, as well as the service, were of particular joy to Mr. Snideman. Low-lit wood and brick interior is extremely inviting; good service; great salads and varenniki. 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 bar over. Located in the middle of nowhere; often crowded with hordes of New Russians with

Bochka

\$\$\$
Cheers: We assume this place ain't authentic Rusky food, 'cause it tastes so darn good! The \$1-2 pirogi (fried or baked) are musts. Homemade bread, great soups, kick ass entrees! The blini and pork and chicken shashlyk, as well as the service, were of particular joy to Mr. Snideman. Low-lit wood and brick interior is extremely inviting; good service; great salads and varenniki. 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 bar over. Located in the middle of nowhere; often crowded with hordes of New Russians with

Seafood

\$\$\$
Cheers: Biznis lunch comes with a free shot of horika and a butter soaked blinichki! Get to see your waiter in humiliating ethnic costume.

Jeers: Service that sucks you in and then leaves you hanging. Pamphuski that come with borsh reminiscent of rabbit droppings in size and consistency. All meat products taste like sawdust. So cheap they charge for bread (R10.20!).

M: Paveletskaya

Phone: 951-62-75

Address: Sadovnicheskaya ul. 77, str. 1 korp. 2

Hours: noon - 24:00

Crab House

\$\$\$
Cheers: Some say the king crab (when they have it) and lobster are still pre-

terious. 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 caviar, grilled fish that's over-salted and just plain sucks. Impossibly bland clam chowder and probably the worst Caesar salad in town. Expensive and shy. Starvin' Ivan is said to be making reservations for one here in the near future.

M: Okhotny Ryad

Address: Tverskaya 6

Phone: 292-5360

Hours: noon - 6:00

Cafe Pushkin

\$\$\$
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. Pirogi on par with Rusky Bistro. Oversized menu makes deciding impossible; overbearing and awkward service reminiscent of badly choreographed dental surgery. Grilled lamb (\$17) chewy and not particularly 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 herd nerd favorite. Offers \$4 lunch specials and \$9 all-you-can-eat from a large, large selection of Russian food and even sushi. Decent pork offerings, soup, Promet (soft) service.

Jeers: The sushi tastes like Putin's sweaty balls. Salads are atrocious unless mayonnaised. Inedible pirozhki, vomit-like sweet-n-sour chicken, chebureki taste like Kursky Vokal rejects. You couldn't pay \$9 to eat this crap. Cheap-O coupon-clipping eXpats love it.

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 strain yourself and think of something creative. They make a mean pelmeni. Big mountain of beats without undue smetana or black plums. Good at all those cliched Russian 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 shoe leather.

M: Pushkinskaya

Phone: 232-1448

Address: B. Dmitrovka, 17

Hours: always

Mesto Vstrechi

\$\$
Cheers: One of Moscow's best mid-range, low-key options, attracting a smart young crowd. Cellular 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 treat. Try the gumbo soup, pork ribs, and the eggplant appetizers. 3-course Biz lunch 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: Malaya Gnezdnikovskaya per. 9/8

Hours: noon - 5:00

Na Melnits

\$\$\$
Cheers: Another of those old-style New Russian joints with quaint woody 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 borscht, delectable varenniki with cherries, rock solid (not literally, of course) cranberry mors.

Jeers: Vareniki with mushrooms over overpriced at \$11. Haphazard, vulgarly arranged "elite" liquor table in the center of the room offends even our crass, suburban-bred sensibilities—when will these mad 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

Red Square

\$\$\$
Cheers: Don't let the \$\$\$S fool you—the \$56 per head pricetag includes everything you'll 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 place 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 damn special, too. Special theme-based smaller mors for more intimate occasions.

Jeers: Unfortunately, the design is based on closet fascist Mikhailov'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 (upstairs from Mao)

Hours: 19:00 - 24:00

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 lanes, large choice of desserts. Good caps, mini-quiche pies. The first truly post-modern toiles 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 a convenience store.

M: Belorusskaya

Phone: 251-7963/2282

Address: Ploschad Tverskaya Zavsta 5/2 (to the right of Yaktoriya, across from the train station)

Hours: 24 hours

Orange

\$\$
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 Greek food appetizers will give you a pre-natal deja vu of 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 a bit too much faux-civilized Westernization for some tastes.

M: Ploshad Revolutsii

Phone: 238-2737

Address: Teatralnaya pl. 5/2

Hours: 10:00 - midnight

Soleil Cafe

\$\$
Cheers: Sacre bleu! The sweets have just gotten tastier, making this our reluctant favorite cafe in Moscow, even if it is Euro. Magnificous praline beer claw, huge tasty bread pudding with a scoop of vanilla ice cream, perhaps Moscow's yummiest cheesecake, and just about the only cafe coffee that doesn't taste like leaky v-u-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. daisy cutter. Killer desserts and pastries single best way known to man to go on an economical date and still get laid.

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 Posledniy Gerol obsessively dine here and could snap at any moment.

M: #1: Tsvetnoi Bulvar; #2: Pavletskaya

Phone: #1: 725-6474/5; #2: 937-05312

Adr: #1: Sadovaya-Samotechnaya 24/27; #2: Pavletskaya 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 jerk 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.

M:</

SHOW TIMES

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

Miranda

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, Olympiyskiy prospekt

M: Prospekt Mira

Tel. 931-9873

XXX

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

35MM

47/24, Ul. Pokrovka

M: Krasnye Vorota

Tel. 917-5492

The Birds

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 Guy

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

XXX

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

A BIG FAT GREEK LIE

MANIC MARK'S MOVIE MADNESS!



Kino Korner

This kino review is something special. It's a first in Moscow, if not world history: the first authentically interactive kino review ever.

When I read that a film called **MY BIG, FAT GREEK WEDDING** was an indy hit in the US, I was deeply suspicious. It was supposed to be an indy film, sure, but the title had all the cute, harmless irony of a high school play. One nice thing about indy flicks is that few of them make it to Moscow. That means fewer slow films featuring uncommunicative lead characters and close-ups of boiling tea kettles and entire dinner scenes in which no one says a word — the kind of thing that passes for "realistic" at film festivals.

To my horror, *My Big Fat Greek Wedding* made it to Moscow. And it arrived with only one purpose: to raise my blood pressure.

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 misogynist peat bog fires, turning them into a serial murder inferno.

Another, quieter fear: what if *Greek Wedding* was actually good? Aieee! In that case, I really, really couldn't watch it. Because if it was good, it would be depressing as hell. One of those unmediated peeks into the small, sad dreams that make a woman's inner world.

So I decided that the best thing to do would be to review an American woman watching the movie. Rather than the movie itself. That seemed safer and easier, like grabbing a bystander and using her as a shield during a shoot-out.

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 [...].

Paige
At first, I assumed I was 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-grl 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 when she 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, "Uh-oh, 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 was ruined.

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

didn't include the words "stalk," "duct tape," and "power drill" in the same breath. But for Paige, movies weren't that important. Very little was at stake. Her mind was elsewhere — pop culture and spite didn't figure big in her world.

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 Vardalos, 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 glib 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 Shaquille 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 Shaq 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 Allosaur.

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, "Ian," 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 desperate and alone.

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 Ian 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

male public school teachers — this movie wouldn't have been the hit that it was. It might actually have been interesting, but not a hit.

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 — all 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 Ian was leaning over to kiss Toula. The movie stopped. One of those orange burning holes developed.

And then, regrettably, the problem was fixed.

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.

By the end of the film, I'd tallied 28 laughs for Paige and five for me. She also cried once — when the cheap, bigoted father gives his daughter the deed to a house for her wedding gift — a house which winds up being next door. Wait, oops! Did I just fuck up the ending? Uh-oh, 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 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 week.

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 her again.

"Don't you know who I am?" I asked.

"No," she said, not naively, just matter-of-factly, as if interested.

"I'm not going to be mean," I said.

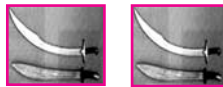
She looked slightly puzzled but forgiving.

"OK."

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 Lie.

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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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.

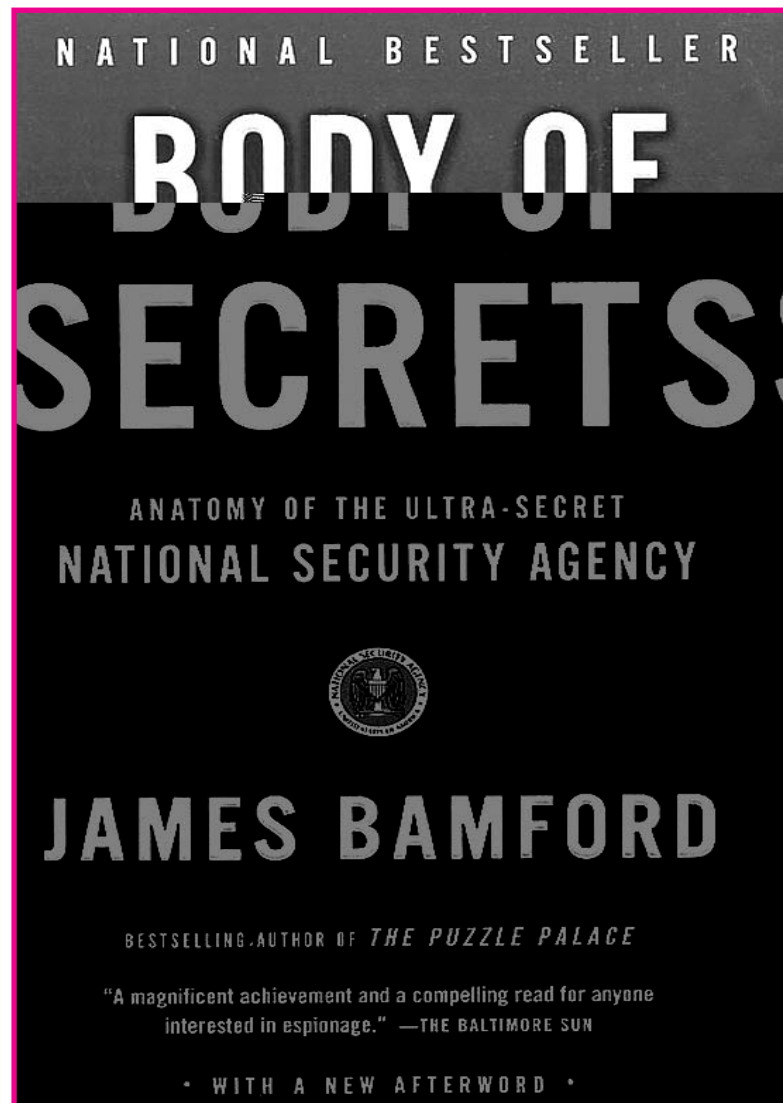
I never thought I'd say that about any writer specializing in American intelligence. Few fields attract so many quasi-fascist propagandists—damaged egos desperate to hint at their connections with the spooks. Look for an alternative to these spy-groupies and you end up with their equally depressing counterparts, 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 super-patriot 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



**Body of Secrets, By James Bamford
Anchor Press, April 2002, \$14.95**

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 Aldrich 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 synecdoche 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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P.20

The WAR NERD

By Gary Brecher

An Eritrean Boy Scout

It's D-Day! in Zalambessa!



Better than Fresno

Let's see how well you know your military history. Give the date and place of this communique:

"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 communique 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 nation-building 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-states.

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-20th-c. Soviet weaponry, and smart enough to keep it running. And use it. And boy, have they used it! They've had Verduns, 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 Eritreans. 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 ago.

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 1928)—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 eyes 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 to 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 jumped at the chance to show the home folks they weren't no lapdogs to those snotty Eritreans.

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 comment.)

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 not easy, when both 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 just an old colonial border. But now, everybody inside that border is an Eritrean nationalist to the bone. And Ethiopia, a crazy multi-ethnic 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 to use it.

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 dissipates rapidly, so unless you can pump a big enclosed area full of the stuff, you don't get the concentration necessary to make an explosion.

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 recognize 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-to-surface 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

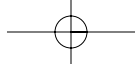
tures levelled from the inside. Humans and pretty much any other air-breathing organism caught in the blast die from the shock or heat of the explosion, or in particularly nasty cases from the oxygen inside one's lungs catching on fire.

The MLRSes 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 strong industry producing the warheads and the rocket launchers, and a strong military organized enough to to drop them en masse on whomever you want killed.

Surprise surprise. 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 drafted soldiers fuel area explosives, which—since 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

John,

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 your 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

bad 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 unleasbing 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 and write to you.

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 years, 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 Cheney, 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 the expat-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 shesty-roka for me. Oh, by the way, what's the latest novosti on Tequilajazzz?

A fan,

Rob

Dear Rob,

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

Walt

Dear Walt,

Your cartoons are so lame that frankly, they made free-market, pro-police-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 Russian.

Kevin Spence

Dear Mr. Spence,

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 Spence!

WE BOMB—U BONE!

Think that America's impending destruction of Iraq is barbaric, and there's nothing U can do about it? Welp, U R wrong, sir! U can do something: U can HOP ABOARD THE WAR BANDWAGON!

The eXile will help U hitch a ride with our "Whores-4-Wars" Contest! All U have to do is guess the date that America begins its war against Iraq, and U win a free one-hour session with an eXile page 23 whore! We swear on our mothers' lives, U'll really win that whore! U can

do WHATEVER YOU WANT TO HER! Hell, U can do to her what AMERICA IS DOING TO THE AXIS OF EVIL! It's free! It's fun! And it's all courtesy of the eXile—and the United States Armed Forces!

The rules are simple. For the contest's purposes, the Second Gulf War begins on the day that the first American cruise missile hits Baghdad. To enter, just email or fax your guess for the date of the first cruise missile strike. One guess per person. Please, no lesbians need enter our contest (that includes U, Mary Cheney!)

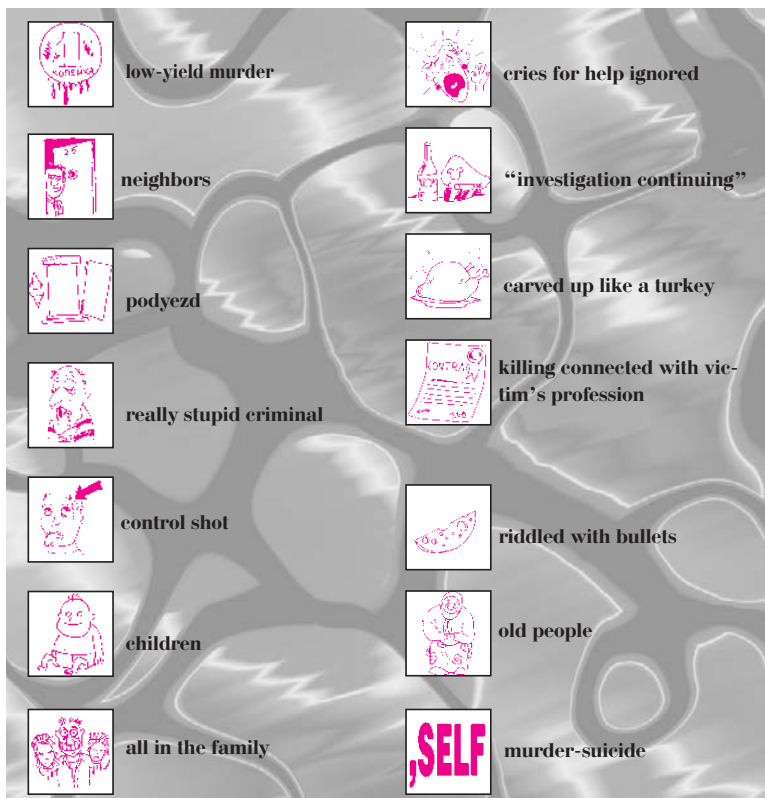
SPONSORED BY THE EXILE'S "WHORES-4-WARS BANDWAGON FOUNDATION".

**ENDORSED BY THE WAR NERD GARY BRECHER:
"I GIVE THIS CONTEST 2 SHOULDER-FIRED STINGERS WAY UP!"**



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 knives 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. Teply 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 praises.

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 then 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 alcohol-induced 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



Who was Oleg Shuev and what did he do to deserve getting shot over twenty times with a couple of Kalashnikovs? Nobody can say for sure.

The 33-year-old lived with his wife and child out by Domodedovskaya and was on his way home from work early one morning last week when he drove into an ambush on a deserted road. Despite the hail of bullets surrounding him, Oleg managed to get out behind 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 DIRECTOR SHOT



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-

tor of the Lyubertsy 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.

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 Lyubertsy 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-year-old son Vadim and 12-year-old daughter Ira.

THE MAN WHO ISN'T THERE



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 militia isn't able to get more specific.

At around 10:30 in the evening in an abandoned lot near Rublevsky shosse, the militia



Tan lines are so 1987.

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There's little doubt this was a contract killing somehow related to Vladimir's criminal dealings. He worked his way into the 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 he didn't even know what hit him.



Thank God for the roll-bar!



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