



STALIN ROLLS

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LETTER OF THE WEEK

[sic] LIKE A PIG!

(The following letter is a follow-up from an Oklahoma City-based fan of Vlad Kalashnikov. We think you'll enjoy it so much that we interrupt the letter throughout to guide you through.)

Dear Mr. Kalashnikov,

Got your reply. here it is so you can remember what you said.

I don't live in a trailer park, I live in a house. My Uncle is not named Jethro neither did he put his dick up my ass. [NB: Your Uncle Jethro just wrote us saying, "Dear Editor, if my psychotic retard of a nephew named Daniel Allen writes you claiming that I never put my dick up his ass, he's a liar. I still have the peanut residue on my shaft to prove it. Or rather, I used to, but he insisted on licking it off. Weird kid, that Daniel Allen. All I want to do is good ol' fashioned incest and rape, you know, like how we Red State patriots always do, but he always insists on licking up every last peanut. Gotta Reese's Peanut Butter Cup fetish, the boy does. Anyway, just thought I'd drop you a line. Back to Daniel Allen's ass again...Sincerely, Uncle Jethro."—Ed.] Because I didn't go to journalism school like you did, does not make me sub retarded. [Yes it does—Ed.] In fact, I will guarantee I can out do you in just about anything... you choose. Because I know, if you went into journalism... there isn't anything you can do with your hands except jerk off. [Sure, you've got a point there, but still, that doesn't make you right about everything else—Ed.] That is to say, you can't make anything, or fix anything, or even survive if you didn't have a starbucks, or mcdonalds feeding you...[Yeah, but we can beat off with the best of 'em—Ed.] and I will bet you were raised by your mother because your father was missing in action. [Ouch!—Ed.]

Unlike me Vlad. I wasnt missing in action. My grandfather, God rest his soul fought in that island hopping campaign hell in the south pacific. [Actually your grandfather wrote us too: "Please tell my sub-retarded grandson Daniel to stop licking the peanuts off of Uncle Jethro's penis! It's embarrassing me out here in Jewish purgatory. Yeah, that's right, I'm in Jewish purgatory. Don't ask me why, it's all sub-retard's fault for licking peanuts! Signed, Grandpa Bubba." My Father was in Vietnam, his favorite weapon was a shotgun. [Now know why America lost the war in Vietnam—Ed.] (the Chinese really didn't like that sound, and would scatter when he used it) [Weird how after they scattered, they'd always manage to come back. By the way, what's the word for what your dad did in Vietnam in 1975? Scatter? Oh, no, sorry. "Flee like a fucking loser" is more like it—Ed.] And my father taught me how to use one quite well. [We're saved now!—Ed.]

When it came my turn I went to Kuwait, and helped to kicked Sadams ass back to Iraq. Its something I dont like to talk about...killing isn't fun, not is it a subject I boast about. [Uncle Jethro agrees: "That boy doesn't like boasting about the peanut eating thing either. He's really a quiet type, just gets right in there, gnawing on my shit-smeared penis, quietly eating every last peanut. No boastin', just gittin' down to business."—Ed.]

My head and arms are not abnormal, and if you give me the chance... I will show you what my arms are capable of... [Sure, why don't you sign up for the Special Olympics discus throw?—Ed.] if you can crawl out from your cave... see while you have been typing away, I've been building my body, and training to kick the shit out of skinny pimple faced goofballs like you. Hows about it Vlad? Im calling you out. I will be in Moscow in the spring...we can meet...how about it? [Uh-oh, we're doomed. Everybody, make sure you stop eating corn for the next few months or a special someone will have his head buried in your toilet every morning!—Ed.]

Im not in Iraq...because I've allready been dumbass... how about you? Ive earned my right to surf all I want. Now.... you got anything substitutive to say about that?

Fix your crappy server.... its still slow as honey in the winter.

Daniel Allen

Dear Mr. Allen, You are our hero. God bless you. Oh, and please brush your teeth.

WHITEY DEVIL

Gary

I've only read a couple of your columns but I wanted to drop you a line and let you know that I enjoy them. Its refreshing to see that I'm not the only idiot with nothing better to do than to read about military forces. My interests seem to be more recent and conventional than yours-I'm more interested in the Korean War and the Eastern Front WWII than you, but there's no question that you know what you're talking about and that you're writing well about the subject.

Here's a dumb question-I assume that you wargame? The boardgames are definitely better than the computer products, but the programmers have done some amazing stuff. I play ASL and a few of the others. I'm going to start trolling your archives and reading your older stuff. Feel free to drop me a line sometime.

Bryan White

Duncanville, TX

Dear Mr. White, Barack Obama replies, "Let me just say first of all to Bryan that I appreciate your letter, and I think it raises an important issue to the American people. You see, for too long now, the American people have been subjected to the KILL WHITEY! KILL THE MUTHU-FUCKUH! KILL BRYAN WHITE AND ALL HIS MO'FO' CRACKER-ASS FAMILY! old way of playing wargames, and the old way of doing politics. Quite frankly, as Bryan's letter shows, the American people are sick and tired of the politics of division, and they're looking for change, for hope, for a way TO KILL WHITEY! TAKE ALL HIS MUTHU-FUCKIN SHIT, STEAL HIS MUTHU-FUCKIN SATURN, AND SELL IT ALL ON THE SIDE, MAN! to address real-world issues, such as how to pay the mortgage, how to play a war game, and how to KILL WHITEY! On behalf of Bryan White and all the Bryan Whites out there, I say, YO DAY IS COMIN' FOO'!

KEEP ON [SIC]CING

Vlad,

I been reading you for a while man and you are right on! I lived in USA for 22 years and it's exactly like you describe it. Keep on writing man-!

Plamen

Dear Mr. Plamen, Actually, ever since we saw this letter to Vlad, we told him to stop writing. You only have yourself to blame for the fact that Vlad hasn't posted a single blog entry since. Folks, can you please stop saying things like "keep on doing the thing you're doing right now," this isn't a goddamn soccer practice or

the local Gold's Gym incline bench press. By tainting our genius with your words of encouragement, you give the impression that you somehow have a hand in it all. Here's some news for you: YOUR HAND IS DISABLED WITH MEDIOCRITY, AND IT'S HIGHLY COMMUNICABLE. KEEP YOUR MEDIOCRE WORDS OF ENCOURAGEMENT AWAY FROM OUR DELICATE GENIUS. JUST SHUTTUP, AND FIND A WAY TO SEND US YOUR MONEY IN SOME ANONYMOUS MANNER THAT DOESN'T PUT US INTO DIRECT OR INDIRECT OR EVEN INDIRECT-TWICE-REMOVED CONTACT WITH YOU. Okay, we're calming down a bit... Look, if that doesn't work, well then, forget what we just wrote there. I mean, who the heck're we kiddin here? Of course we'll take the praise. We're vain, Plamen. Our vanity is matched only by our fiscal gullibility. We sit here and abuse you for paying us cheap compliments rather than dollars 'n cents, but you know and we know that we're not going to turn your cheap praise away. We want your money; you want your money; so you keep your money, risk losing our free creative labor; and voila! We offer yet more free creative labor! We want your praise; you give us your praise, shrugging your shoulders at how cheap and easy we are to buy off, even cheaper than Tajik construction workers. Our priorities have always been wrong, and they always will be.

KOSOVO JE [SIC]BIJA

Vlad, your gloats are pretty much the only reason I get out of bed in the morning because America sucks so much, I am surrounded by Americans, and I am an American, it sucks a lot.

Zhivelya Rosija!

Smrt Ameriki!

Serbian?! That's not Russian?!

Alex

Dear Mr. Alex, Barack Obama replies, "Can I let you in on a little secret? The day I'm elected President, there will be no more 'America' left to worry about. My motto is: 'Yes I Can.' But I left out the second part, if you flip over the signs: 'Destroy America!' The difference between you and me, Alex, is that you say 'Smrt Ameriki!' while I do 'Smrt Ameriki!' But mum's the word, Alex. That's our little secret."

TIBET IT ALL

Dear Gary,

Referring to your story on Tibet, in case you're not fed up with this country's glorious history and still wonder where to find any non-Chinese sources on it,

I'd like to recommend the works of Lev Gumilev, a prominent Russian historian. He wrote tons on Central Asia (btw, he was even a bigger fan of the Mongols than you are). Unfortunately, I don't know if any of his books are available in English, but try googling up his works, such as "An End And A New Beginning" or "Searching For An Imaginary Kingdom".

Also -- I know your editors will trash me for this -- I dare say that your notion of Buddhists as quiet beetle-kissing hippies is a gross misperception. That same Gumilev wrote that when a Tibetan prince finally decided to impose Buddhism on his fiefdom, there were eyeballs and fingers of Bon hardliners scattered all around his palace. (I'm telling you, READ this guy, you'll enjoy his stuff immensely.)

China also has a long history of Buddhist sects staging coups and initiating violent repressions on their opponents (look up the White Horse sect). So maybe it wasn't Zen that subdued the Tibetans to the Chinese. Maybe they were just too fucking backward.

Regards,

Igor

Dear Mr. Igor, John McCain replies, "I like your point. Basically you're saying, 'I hate gooks,' which is all I was trying to say when I said 'I hate gooks' a few years ago. It's called 'straight talking' and quite frankly, we need more of it."

DOH!-BAMA

Dear Mr. Kalashnikov,

Saw your comments on the 'food shortage' here in America. Dream on dumb-ass. You're in fantasyland. You were right about one thing; America IS Great. And compared to Russia, it will ALWAYS be Great! That's not a tough feat for anybody. I'll think of you while I'm at my all-you-can-eat buffet tonight.

ciao!

Dale

Dear Mr. Dale, Barack Obama replies, "Dale, let's get beyond the rhetoric of 'food shortage' and start making the transition towards the rhetoric of two words that I think are much more positive and inspiring: SLAVERY REPARATIONS. God, I love the ring of that phrase, don't you?"

SEPARATED AT BUG-EYE?

McCain For President campaign donor Oleg Deripaska....

...and Mr. Limpet's voice-over Don Knotts?

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MR. LIMONOV ON MR. MEDVEDEV

By Eduard Limonov

We have now two presidents in Russia: old one is Mister Putin and a new one, appointed on March 2, Mister Medvedev. That idiocy will be formally ended on May 7, when Mr. Medvedev will be inaugurated in Kremlin's seat. But nevertheless, for more than two months, Russia was headed by two presidents.

As to Putin's in his first years of presidency to Mr. Medvedev also could be addressed banal questions: "Who is Mister Medvedev?" Because Mr. Medvedev is not a political figure, he is a practically unknown bureaucrat, one of a huge crowd of bureaucrats surrounding Putin. As Putin himself is a small bureaucrat, one from a huge crowd of "chinovniks" surrounding Yeltsin. If the elected president had been named Zyuganov or Yavlinski or Kasparov or even Limonov, nobody in Russia would have asked a question: "Who is that man?" Because these are political leaders, actors in Russian political play. They are known to general population. Mr. Medvedev, on the contrary, is not known, or wasn't known, at all. Mr. Medvedev is not a leader of political party, he is not a member of political party, so he is not a political man. We can guess that he is a member of Putin's circle of close friends, a member of some inner circle. If he is to be appointed to the post of guarding of their interests, we are guessing that Mr. Medvedev is trusted by Mr. Putin's group and Mr. Putin himself.

So the answer to the question of "Who is Mister Medvedev?" is shamelessly simple. He is a guardian

of Mr. Putin's property and of property of members Mr. Putin's group. In Russian criminal world could be found an exact definition of Mr. Medvedev's role: he is "smotri-aschiy"—the caretaker, somebody who is looking after the property and after interests of the criminal group. I didn't say that Mr. Medvedev is a criminal himself, he is wearing expensive suits and expensive ties, I said that he is chosen to be the caretaker who looks after interests of Mr. Putin group.

Yes, of course, they have learned the lessons of the modern world. So, they don't call themselves a "komisars" or "brothers" (at least not in public). They have learned how to manipulate public opinion, how to exterminate that very public opinion. For that purpose they took over the most important television channels, the bulk of written press. In order to be able to defend their regime from accusations of breaking the liberty of the press, they left "Ekho of Moscow," "REN-TV," "Kommersant" and "Novaya Gazeta" alone, so they can speak out. As Putin before did before him, Medvedev now can say to the Western reproaches in strangling the liberty of speech: Look, we have "Ekho Moscow," we have "REN-TV," we have "Novaya Gazeta."

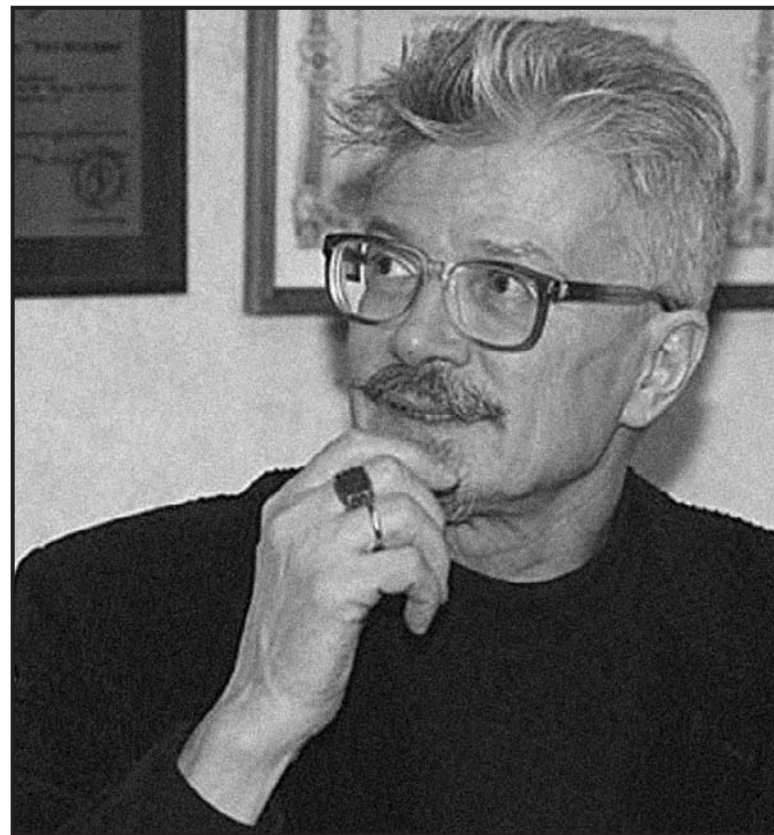
Oh, those guys are smart guys. And Mr. Medvedev is smart one. They are smart enough to avoid to look as Lenin or Stalin or Beria. Silky ties, expensive suits, I said. Smiles, smiles, smiles... But smiles and silk ties don't stop them from being repressive.

Why Mr. Medvedev was elected? Only partially was he elected, because of massive television exposure of his face and his deeds: everyday and everywhere. He was also "elected"

because of simple cheating: a system is called "GAS-election," a system of counting of votes that is controlled by FSB. We can presume that FSB in the country called Russian will never let calculate against the interests of Mr. Putin, who was pushing Mr. Medvedev to presidency. Some sources said that Mr. Medvedev got only 27% of the votes, and reasonably thinking 27% is not bad for a nonpolitical man running for presidency. For a small, not convincing "chinovnik," not a communist leader, not a world chess champion, not a popular writer...just Mr. Medvedev from St. Petersburg.

What he is going to do, that Mr. Medvedev from St. Petersburg? Personally, I expect from Mr. Medvedev nothing. The most probable behavior will be filling advice-orders from Mr. Putin. Because Mr. Putin's group is constructed in the same manner as all groups of power are constructed in Russia, including criminal groups. Leader, "Chief Papa", is a head of a group, even if he will have no official post, he will forever be father to the group—a "papa." Putin is "papa" in his group, just for now it is more convenient to group interests that Mr. Medvedev will hold post of President of Russia. "Papa" Putin will for a time hold the second post in the State, the post of Prime Minister. But, one should understand, Putin will be second on the state hierarchy. Inside the group hierarchy, Putin will always be "papa." As in all closed societies, "papa" will stay "papa" until his physical death. That is what one should keep in mind when thinking about Mr. Medvedev and Mr. Putin.

Is it possible that Mr. Medvedev



will rebel against "papa" Putin? It is highly unlikely. Because such a rebellion will overturn the closed society-group of Putin. Such rebellion will work against interest of all members of a group. Mr. Medvedev was, I presume, chosen exactly for his obedience to "papa" personally, and for his obedience to the laws of the Putin's group. Sergei Ivanov was probably considered as less safe. From my personal observation, Ivanov is indeed less safe; he could have a courage and recklessness to pursue his own individual path. So, Putin's group has

avoided appointing Ivanov as head of the State. It was a reasonable decision, I have to admit. It in no question who will be the better president: Mr. Ivanov or Mr. Medvedev. It was a question of who will be better for Putin's group, who will be safer. That is Mr. Medvedev, no questions. I can only applaud that wise decision. He is the best choice for Putin's group.

But, of course, the main interests of general population is to get rid of Mr. Putin's as soon as possible. "Papa" is good for his group, but for us he is not "papa." X

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RUSSIA'S OTHER GREAT VICTORY

How the Japs got served with the 3,000-mile long Stalin Roll combo

By Gary Brecher

Everybody knows about the Fall of Berlin. You Russians will be out in the streets next week doing your Victory Day thing commemorating the capture of the Reichstag, Hitler eating Luger lead, and—on a sadder note—the end of the long, sweet rape-fest Russian soldiers enjoyed on their triumphant march through Prussia. Yes, their happy thoughts of home and hearth were tempered, as the preachers say, by the realization that their big Woodstock of free, forced love was about to come to an end.

What most people don't know is that the Red Army had another huge triumph still to come: a crushing strategic victory on a front 3000 miles long, with 1.6 million Soviets annihilating a force that, on paper at least, totaled more than a million battle-hardened Axis troops. I'm talking about Operation August Storm, the Soviet invasion of Japanese-held Manchuria on August 9, 1945—exactly three months after the surrender of the Nazis.

That date is no coincidence. Stalin was a smart shopper, with the gift of timing—if he'd been born a little later and Wester, he would've got rich on eBay, gotten into breeding Shih Tsu or something, and all those people wouldn't have had to die. Anyway, Stalin made a deal with FDR and Churchill at Yalta (Feb. 1945). It was clear by that time that the Germans were finished, and now it was the Americans' turn to demand a second front to ease their war burden, this one against Japan.

So Stalin signed on the dotted line: he'd invade Japan's Manchurian colony within three months of the defeat of the Nazis. The deal was, he had to meet that yardstick—it was like one of these NFL contracts with incentive clauses, the ones they do when the draft choice has loads of talent and a massive coke habit. The Big Three, Stalin, FDR and Churchill, were all smiles at the photo ops, but not stupid enough to trust each other. So Churchill and FDR put in a sweetener for their Soviet pals: if the Red Army attacked Japan's Manchurian colony within three months of the Nazis' final defeat, the USSR would get permanent occupation of Sakhalin Island, a big long streak of icy forest north of Hokkaido, and the Kuril Islands, a string of fog-bound rocks looping from the North end of Hokkaido to the Southern tip of the Kamchatka Peninsula.

Not exactly Rodeo Drive in terms of valuable real estate, but those places meant a lot to Stalin: they'd been grabbed from the Russians by the Japanese in the Russo-Japanese war of 1904-05. It was one of those old disgraces that world powers tend to get all obsessive and unhealthy about, like Hitler forcing the French to surrender in the same lousy railroad car where they'd made Germany surrender in 1918. That was what pre-Abba Europe used to be like: never learned anything new, and never, ever forgot a grudge.

There was something kind of poetic-justice about the way the Americans were begging the Soviets to open up a second front against the Japs, because the Russians had been begging the Anglos to open a second front against the Germans for years—two-and-a-half years, actually, counting from Pearl Harbor (Dec. 7, 1941) to D-Day (June 6, 1944). For all that time, the Soviet armies had fought alone against the Wehrmacht, the finest land army since the Mongols. And all that

the joke makes my point: for Russia, those three years were like trying to hold off a rabid grizzly while your allies kept saying in a cheerful-asshole voice: "Be there in a sec! Just hang in there, think positive!"

So Stalin had every reason to turn the tables now, let the Americans bleed the Japanese in the Pacific up till the last moment possible, wait until the Imperial forces were a shell, then send in the T-34s. The fact that the Soviet invasion of Manchuria came exactly three months after the fall of Berlin, the maximum time allowed under the Yalta Agreement, might suggest to some of you cynical folks that the generalissimo was biding his time.

But you have to remember, Spring and Summer 1945 was a busy time for all concerned. The Russians were busy

Siberian strategy meant the Army would have the leading role; the Pacific plan would put the Imperial Navy in the driver's seat.

The Army got its chance to show what it could do in a mainland-Asian war against the Soviets in 1938, with an indecisive bloodbath between Japanese and Russian troops at Khasan Lake. The Imperial Army didn't take the Russians seriously enough, and they figured that bloody draw was a fluke. One more chance and they'd stomp the Russians like they had in Port Arthur and the Tsushima Straits a generation back. You can't blame them too much; a couple years later, a guy called Hitler had the same idea about how easy it was going to be to stomp the Russians.

Not these post-Revolution Russians,

him the same title the Mongols gave Subotai and the Greeks gave Alexander: "the one who never lost a battle." Weird, but I never heard much about him growing up. I knew who he was, of course, but those Cold-War books were a little stingy handing out praise to Soviet generals. Me, I'm not political. I celebrate Zhukov for what he was, a genius at combined-arms attacks. He reminds me of Alexander more than anybody else, and you can't get higher praise than that. Too bad he was serving Stalin, sure, just like it's too bad that magnificent Wehrmacht was serving Hitler. But I still salute the Wehrmacht and I still salute Zhukov. Hey, getting yourself a war to command is even tougher than getting a movie to direct, takes even more capital and cooperation from all kinds of prima donnas. A gener-

thingies not just as screens for infantry advance but as bulletproof cavalry, doing the same old dashing advances J.E.B. Stuart would have recommended. The only difference was in logistics: the new cavalry advance had to be a way more carefully prepared business than the old saber charge, with logistics assuming a huge role.

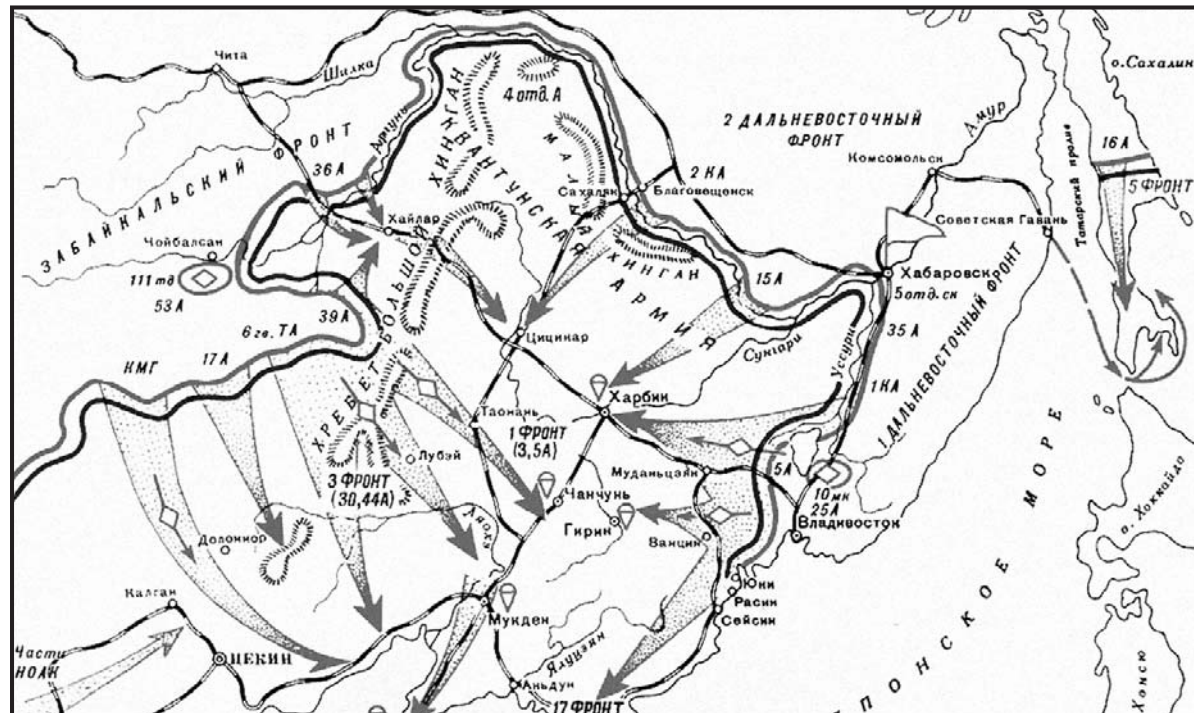
When Zhukov assumed command of the Soviet forces in Mongolia (June 1939), there'd already been two months of straggling border skirmishing, escalating from a proxy fight between the Russians' Mongolian allies and the Japanese's Manchurians, to full-scale armored engagements between the Japanese and the Red Army.

What Zhukov did way back in 1939 set the pattern not just for the Red Army's successes against the Germans but for that final, perfect campaign against Japan in Manchuria in 1945. First, Zhukov dealt with his logistical problems, something the Japanese were too mystical and transcendental to take seriously. Next, he made sure all arms were in total coordination: air force, armor, infantry, artillery. That was another thing the Imperial Japanese were too snotty and quarrelsome to do: from 1919 to 1945, one of the constants in Japanese conduct in Manchuria is that the services hated each other, fought among each other all the time. In 1945 that meant that the Navy refused to lift a hand to help stranded Japanese troops evacuate the Asian mainland; back in 1939, it meant that when the Japanese air force launched a successful attack on Soviet airfields in Mongolia, jealous local commanders ordered their pilots to halt all attacks.

In August 1939—you Russians must like hot weather, you seem to do a lot of your big attacks in August—Zhukov had all his ducks in a row, and gave the word to attack. Remember, attacking wasn't something most commanders in 1939 did easily. They'd learned in 1914-1918 that the advantage was with the defenders. Only a few guys like Patton, Rommel, de Gaulle and Zhukov realized that that wasn't necessarily so any more. Zhukov showed how it was done by encircling and annihilating the Imperial Japanese forces in Eastern Mongolia. And I do mean annihilating, because as usual, Japanese troops just didn't surrender, so after Zhukov's pincer attack surrounded them and they'd turned down a trip to the GULAG, Soviet artillery wiped them out.

Another little preview of 1945 during this battle was the way Japanese troops dealt with the inevitable, as in "total denial," aka: "brave but stupid." One Japanese officer supposedly led his men on foot in an attack against Soviet tanks, with his Samurai sword on high. That was a pattern you were going to see again and again, in Saipan, Okinawa, the Philippines, everywhere Japanese troops were defeated: they thought way too much of arranging glorious deaths for themselves, and not nearly enough about arranging the same thing for the enemy.

But this time, in a rare moment of rea-



A map of Zhukov's attack on Japan's Imperial Army bears a strange resemblance to the inner jaws of those giant sandworms in Dune.

rounding up all the surviving Wehrmacht troops and allies (and the Wehrmacht had a lot more allies than anybody wants to talk about these days), maneuvering for position in postwar European power politics, and trying to deal with all the sheer destruction the Germans had visited on Western Russia. The Japanese had to watch their Greater Asia Co-Prosperity Sphere wiped off the map, island chain by island chain. Even on the Home Islands there was a lot more than cherry blossoms falling that Spring. On March 9, the new B-29 Superfortresses dropped incendiary bombs that gutted Tokyo and killed more people, maybe—they're still not sure but the estimates go up to 200,000—than the A-bombs that fell on Hiroshima and Nagasaki, just before the Soviets struck Manchuria.

The Japanese had a weirdly passive, almost hopeful attitude toward Stalin anyway, going way back to the early 1930s. Right up to the end, they kept hoping he'd let them alone, or even broker a peace deal that would keep the Americans out of Japan. They were all for fighting to the death against the Yankees, but they kept dreaming that Uncle Joe had a soft spot for them.

baby. This wasn't the Tsars' clanky old family-mismanaged business, but the Red Army (didn't switch to "Soviet Army" till 1946). Sure, Stalin had purged the officer corps in the Terror of '37, but he was smart enough to keep one very important man alive, even though this guy had once been a Tsarist officer: Georgi Zhukov. I understand there's a statue of him on horseback in Moscow, and I'd appreciate it if some of you Russian readers would lay a wreath or something by it this weekend on my behalf. I'll pay you the next time I'm in Moscow, promise. Spa-see-bo, if that's how you say it.

Zhukov is one of the 20th century's great commanders. The Russians gave

al's got to go where the work is, and one thing you can say for those 1930s wacko dictators, they gave the generals plenty of chances to showcase their skill sets.

Zhukov, like a lot of the great 20th century commanders, started out as a cavalry officer. Not a great career choice in most parts of the world in the early 20th-century, but in the Russian Civil War, where Zhukov played his rookie season, cavalry was still important—lot of ground to cover, mostly flatland, no roads worth mentioning. The machine gun and barbed wire looked like they were finishing off cavalry forever on the Western Front during WWI, but a few smart horse officers realized that you could use these tank

THE WAR NERD

time they were screeching, "Hey Allies, buddies, ol' pals, how about a LITTLE HELP HERE!"

The Anglos had some pretty good excuses, like the fact that the US was gearing up as fast as it could, passing most of its industrial production directly to its allies while dealing with the Japanese in the Pacific—but to the Soviets, who lost at least 20 million people to the Germans, those years of waiting for the Normandy front to debut seemed like a real long time. I read somewhere that there was a joke making the rounds in wartime Moscow:

Q: What is the definition of an optimist?

A: Someone who believes in a second front.

Pretty lame, joke-wise, but I guess it wasn't adaptive for Russians to make any really smart jokes while the NKVD was listening. Anybody who got any wittier than Yakov Smirnov was likely to win a free GULAG tour package. And at least

Bizarre, but then one thing you notice when you study Imperial Japanese "thought," if you can even call it that, is that they weren't much on cold-blooded analysis.

Actually their aversion to fighting the Red Army was a lot more reasonable than most of their other zany ideas. They got it the hard way, by getting crushed in battle against the Red Army in Mongolia back in the late 1930s. Back then there were two factions in the Imperial Japanese forces, the "Northerners" and the "Southerners." Both sides wanted Japan to go forth and conquer; it was just a question of where. The Northerners shrieked that it was Japan's destiny to seize Eastern Siberia from the Russians, whereas the "Southerners" wanted to grab SE Asia and the Pacific Islands from the US. Roughly speaking, the Imperial Navy favored the Southern strategy, and the Army favored the Siberian option, for the same reason Bush Sr. used to give for the first Gulf War: jobs, jobs, jobs. The

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son, the Imperial Armed Forces learned their lesson: after meeting Zhukov and getting slaughtered next to that frozen Mongolian river, they lost all appetite for a land war against the Soviets. Now, the Japanese were all for headin' south, to the sea and sun, to those balmy Pacific beaches, starting with Pearl Harbor.

That little shift in Japan's business expansion plan kept them pretty busy. So now we can fast-forward all the way to 1945 without losing much, because while the whole rest of the world was exploding, in the meantime, the USSR-Japanese borders in Manchuria/Siberia didn't so much as flicker from 1939 to 1945. Nothing, zip, nada going on for all that time. Stalin kept 40 divisions there (remember, a Soviet division was only 11,000 troops), but thanks to Richard Sorge's Tokyo spy ring, he knew the Japanese weren't interested in another big fight in Manchuria, which made planning for the German front a lot easier.

So now it's May 1945: "Hey Comrade Stalin, you've just won the Super Bowl! Where are you going?" Well, it wasn't Disneyland; "I'm goin' to Manchuria!"

And like I said earlier, he was in no hurry to get there, because every day the Japanese were weaker. The B-29s ran the Tokyo route more often than commuter flights from SFO to LAX. The last of the island fortresses were falling—and instead of reinforcing the Manchurian Front, the Japanese Imperial Command, in its usual psychotic state of total denial about the Soviet threat, was actually sucking every decent infantry and armor unit away from the Kwantung Army in Manchuria and feeding them into the hopeless war against the US advance toward the Home Islands.

I came across an amazing story of this one cool Japanese officer who was caught in that transfer. Actually, there are a lot of amazing stories in this Manchurian campaign, but this guy is a classic: Takeichi Nishi, also known as "Baron Nishi" when he used to hang out with the stars in Beverly Hills. Nishi was a child of the Japanese elite, a nobleman and a famous Olympic horse-riding star, and he spent a lot of pre-war time going to snooty horse-riding tournaments in Hollywood, driving his convertible around waving to all those silent-movie stars.

He was also a cavalry officer in the Imperial forces, which wasn't so much fun, especially when his unit was transferred from Manchuria to Iwo Jima in 1944. His unit didn't even make it to Iwo: they were torpedoed en route and all their tanks are still rusting somewhere on the Pacific sea floor, condos for the hagfish. Nishi and his men survived the sinking, all but two of them, and made it to Iwo Jima, even got new tanks. But they were ordered to bury them up to the turrets. Not much chance for maneuver warfare; this was going to be one of those suicide stands Showa-era Japan loved so much.

The Americans were all for that, usually: "Here, we'll hold the bayonet and you run onto it!" but—and I have to admit, this is kind of touching even for me—they knew that their old Hollywood buddy "Baron Nishi" was on the island and they didn't want to hurt him. So they actually sent guys with bullhorns around the island saying, "Paging Baron Nishi, paging Baron Nishi! Please surrender at the front desk, you can have your horse back and everything! Free tickets to the new Clark

Gable flick! C'mon, don't be a sore loser!" But the dude was an Imperial Japanese officer; they weren't always smart but they were hardly ever chickenshit. Eventually they found him: crisped by a flamethrower, still wearing his riding boots.

So that, in a crispy-fried nutshell, is what happened to the best units of the Kwantung Army while it waited with its head down in bunkers all along the 2000-mile front facing the Red Army: all its best troops were gone, dead in pointless out-post defenses, and all its armor was gone. The Soviets were going to have a wonderful time of it. They were going to do this like a victory lap, a tour de force, a training video.

This was a campaign between two great empires—both gone now, it occurs to me—but one, the Soviet, was at the absolute top of its game, and the other, Imperial Japan, was dying and insane. There were still about 700,000 Japanese and Korean troops holding the line in Manchuria, but they weren't exactly Samurai-quality. A full 25% of the Kwantung Army's strength was guys who'd been drafted in the two weeks preceding the Soviet attack. We're talking about an army that looked like John Bell Hood at Atlanta, missing an arm and a leg and not top-drawer material to start with. The amazing thing is that the Japanese troops knew it themselves. They were the dregs, dragged out of junior-high classrooms and old-age homes and shelters for the hopelessly useless, and they called themselves names that sound like a Heavy Metal amateur night at your local bar: "human bullets," "Manchurian orphans," "Victim Units" and "The Pulverized." (If you don't believe me, check out Philip Jowett's book, *The Japanese Army 1931-1945*, page 22.) Their official strength was 24 divisions, but that translated to about eight divisions of effectives, with only about 1200 light armored vehicles.

Against that was a force that God would have made excuses to avoid facing in the Octagon: 1,600,000 battle-hardened Soviet troops with 28,000 artillery tubes and 5000 tanks—and more than 3000 of those were T-34s, the best tank in the world at that time. (You tank nuts who disagree with that assessment can send me all the King Tiger sites you want; it was a nice blueprint but they tried it against the T-34s and it LOST, and I kinda go by success in battle, not bluebook-style stats.)

The Red Army had learned a lot about logistics since 1941, and some of the moves they made to prepare for the assault on Manchuria were pretty amazing. Instead of trying to transfer thousands of tanks across the whole Eurasian landmass from Eastern Europe to Manchuria, the Russian armored units like the 6th Guards Army, one of Zhukov's best, left their tanks in Czechoslovakia before the engines even had time to cool down, hopped into troop trains and crossed the continent to meet up with fresh new tanks, shipped from factories east of the Urals, when they arrived on the Manchurian front. By August 1945, the Russian supply lines were running so smoothly that they could ship pretty much anything anywhere it was needed. Like Soviet armies always did, they took logistics and surprise both dead seriously, so they ran up to 30 trains a day across Asia, but I should say "a night," because to keep tactical surprise they ran all those trains at night. (If you want a great detailed account of the

prep the Soviets took, read Col. David Glantz's book, *The Soviet Strategic Offensive in Manchuria*, 1945.)

The combination of logistical superiority and tactical surprise gave the Red Army commanders a lot of flexibility when they looked at the maps of Japanese-held Manchuria. First, a little geography: Manchuria is sort of like a box, with high mountains and big rivers along the borders, sloping down to flatland in the middle. The middle part of the province was the prize; that's where the fertile land, the population and the industry was concentrated. Most of the Japanese defensive forces were concentrated on the east side of the box, where they faced off against the Soviets along a north-south line following the Ussuri River from Khabarovsk down to Vladivostok.

The Kwantung Army commanders expected the Russian push to come from the east, and what defenses they had were concentrated there, especially around a town called Mudanjiang—tiny place by Chinese standards, only three million people in it even today.

The whole western border, butting up against Mongolia, was left all but undefended. To attack from that direction you'd have to cross the Gobi Desert, which the Japanese considered impossible, then go over the Khingan Mountains, which hit about 5500 feet and are what BLM would proudly call a "roadless area."

So if you've read any military history you can guess where the Soviets put their biggest forces: yup, due west, ready to storm across the Khingan Mountains. Of course this put a huge strain on their supply lines, but that was nothing for a force as tough and experienced as these dudes.

Oh, that wasn't their only attack front. In fact, they attacked everywhere. Like I said, when you study this campaign you get the sense that the Red Army was putting on a show, doing a demonstration of Suvorov's old line, "Train hard, fight easy." They'd sure trained hard, and lost a whole generation doing it; but the survivors seemed like they were almost having fun with it, running a clinic.

On August 9, just in time to claim Comrade Stalin's prizes (Sakhalin Island, the Kurils, Korea), the conductor waved his baton and the whole magnificent slaughter ballet started up. They attacked EVERYWHERE. They attacked from the southwest, right across the Gobi, and one column even came up through Kalgan, in rock-throwing distance of Peking (hey, it was still Peking back then). They rushed south from Khabarovsk, and west from Vladivostok. That was the one place they ran into trouble, at that little town of Mudanjiang, where the Japanese had dug in like gophers expecting the Rapture. The Red Army had 11,000 casualties, one third of its total for the whole campaign, in the attack on Mudanjiang.

I mean, it was like they were showing off. They dropped paratroopers on Harbin, the big prize, in the dead center of the Manchurian plain, and other parachute units on Mukden. Best of all, they dropped in on Port Arthur and Darien, site of Russia's big humiliation in the Russo-Japanese war of 1904-5.

Everything went right. It's too bad we're too stubborn to give a little appreciation to ex-enemies, because if people knew more about this campaign they'd enjoy the Hell out of it, just for the sheer beauty of the plan and execution.

Like all advances that work better than they're supposed to, this one stalled because it literally ran out of fuel. Those T-34s got so far inside Kwantung Army lines in the first few days that the Soviet Air Force had to use DC-3s to bring in gas. By that time, it was pretty clear that the cannon fodder the Japanese had left to man the trenches had had enough, so the problem wasn't so much defeating the Axis forces as beating the American naval task forces down to the Korean Peninsula, the one big strategic objective the Red Army hadn't yet overrun. They made it about halfway down the Peninsula, and then had to stop because a US force had made a landing at Inchon—yup, the same Inchon that MacArthur was going to make famous a few years later. That's how the Korean Peninsula came to be divvied up halfway down, like an Xtreme circumcision: because that's as far as the Red Army's tanks got before the US Navy's landing crafts started unloading the USMC. We were still "allies," of course, but we were already the kind of allies who playfully go for the carving knives when there's a piece of chicken still on the table, chuckling all the way. Or as Pol Pot said of the Vietnamese in the early 70s, "Friends, but friends with a conflict."

The Red Army still had jobs to do, because Stalin's armies were always about more than just conquest. For one thing, they had to dismantle the whole industrial infrastructure of Manchuria—pretty considerable, too—and ship it back to the USSR "for safekeeping." Then they had to corral the 600,000 surviving soldiers of the Kwantung Army. Most resistance was over by August 14, 1945, but a few units held out longer, until the Emperor's surrender broadcast—which most of the



Zhukov crippled Japan's Imperial Army, much as this photo-caption is crippled with tasteless irony.

Japanese alive in 1945 still remember as the most crushing event in their lives—filtered down to the bunkers and foxholes all along that 3000-mile front. When they were all rounded up—well, this IS Stalin we're talking about, so you can't get too sentimental; what do you think he did with them? Nah, didn't kill 'em—too wasteful. Instead all 600,000 Japanese POWs were herded into cattle cars, the cars were boarded up, and the whole of what used to be Imperial Japan's proudest army ended up in freezing prison camps.

I know a lot about what happened to these guys, and you can too, if you read this amazing site I came across called "The Notes of Japanese Soldier in USSR":

<http://kiuchi.jpn.org/en/nobindex.htm>

I read it in the English version (you can get it in Russian and Japanese too), kind of badly translated but illustrated with these great drawings made by one of the "Pulverized" Kwantung Army POWs, who was shipped all over the Soviet empire, and ended up in Hungary riding horses with Mongolian POWs. The best thing about his story and his illustrations is that they're about the happiest things you'll ever see. The good old Japanese sense of humor is all over the place: jokes about baseballs smashing into the catcher's nose in a POW-camp pickup game, jokes about "unfunny injections" from gorgeous Russian-lady doctors (the dude can draw women, let me tell you) and jokes about the fun of dying of dysentery in the Russian winter. It's amazing. You

expect some gloomy Solzhenitsyn shit and you get like Tom Sawyer in the GULAG. I can't remember when I've enjoyed reading anything as much as I did this site.

But as much as I love the Imperial Japanese forces, I have to do my job here as the War Nerd and say the final lesson I take away from all the research I've been doing. For awhile now, I've been saying that the two great Axis powers had the finest soldiers of that war. Well, I was wrong. I'd say the Japanese may have had the bravest soldiers, but that's not the same thing as "best." Like the Lt. who charged those Soviet tanks on foot, with a sword; brave, but stupid and a waste of fine troops. Better to scatter and hope some of your men reach base than walk into machine guns like that.

When all's said and done, I have to say, and it's kind of sad, the Russians and the Germans divide first place between them—the Wehrmacht and the Red Army, tied for first and, unfortunately, locked in a death grip. Nobody else comes close. Third, a distant third, to the US; fourth—who even cares? The rest don't even count. All creds, props, whatever to you Russians, and though you might not like me saying it, to those Germans too, because you two were Ali and Frazier, man. You were the twin towers, the best of the best. So bask in that; your grandparents earned it. Glug some vodka for me and pour a Roman-style libation at the foot of Zhukov's statue for me...comrades. X



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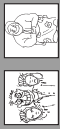
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DEATH PORNOMATIC MAP OF RUSSIA

FOR THE SPRING QUARTER OF 2008, THE DEATH PORN BUREAU, EMPLOYING A HIGHLY SPECIALIZED TEAM OF PROFESSIONAL DEATHOGRAPHERS, HAS PUT TOGETHER THIS FIRST OF A KIND VISUAL GUIDE TO DP. IN HONOR OF RUSSIA'S YEAR OF THE FAMILY, WE PRESENT OUR READERS WITH THIS EASY-TO-READ MAP EXPLORING THE STRONG FAMILY VALUES THAT IMBUE RUSSIAN SOCIETY WITH CONTINUITY, COHESION AND COMPASSION.

WE BLAME SOCIETY

Kaluga, Kaluga Oblast (March 10) — You see, 15-year-old Anya had recently begun to develop an attitude problem. She hardly bothered to show up to school, drank, smoked, took drugs and slutted herself to pretty much any guy that would get her drunk, and did them right there in the room she shared with withered grandmother. That's no way for a young girl to live! Children need privacy and alone time, a thing Anya obviously lacked. So it didn't come as any surprise when Anya turned her frustration onto her inconsiderate grandmother. It happened like this: after she and four of her friends polished off a bottle of samogon, they headed over to Anya's house. After raiding the fridge, Anya noticed all the empty milk bottles were gone, and then it hit her: her babushka, who was sound asleep the next room, was probably hoarding the handful of kopeks she got for returning the empties to the store. Anya and her friends got really mad and attacked the grandmother with fists, feet, dishes, salt, baking soda, some pickled peppers—whatever they found. Eventually, Anya got her hands on a metal pipe, which she then used to tenderize grandma into a bleeding hunk of meat. She managed to break most of the old lady's ribs and rupture both of her kidneys before she died from shock. Did little Anya come to her senses and flee the gasty murder scene? Of course not. She was suffering from post-traumatic stress. And after her friends got bored and left, she climbed into her bed and drifted off to sleep.



MOSCOW

BURNING LOVE

Village of Znamenka, Tambovskaya Oblast (March 22) — A distraught 34-year-old unmarried woman was wandering around her village in an acute state of psychological distress because she knew that her boyfriend, who repeatedly refused to marry her, had his mistress over at the wooden shack he shared with another man. She confided in a bottle of samogon, and what do you think it told her? It said: The only way to deal with this problem was to kill her cheating boyfriend and that whole he spends all his time with, as soon as possible. And the best way to do that was to use the bottle of 70% alcohol she had in her hand as a flaming samogon-cocktail. The advice worked, too. The wooden house burned to a crisp so fast that the three people inside didn't have any time to scramble out. This cheating bastard should've known better than to sneak around on his girlfriend this year, at least he could've gotten her pregnant before he died.



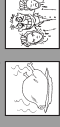
ALLOWANCE TO LIVE

Kirs, Kirov Oblast (April 6) — This is a family lesson in why a more generous approach to your kid's allowance may save your life. Here, a 17-year-old juvenile delinquent didn't take well to his 81-year-gramps talking down to him, especially after the old man refused to give him the beer money he needed to get over his school morning hangover. But gramps didn't heed his warning and just went on bitching about abstract ideas like the need for a strong work ethic. And so the kid saw only one way out: he grabbed a thick steel pipe and went to work on the old man's bald head. According to the coroner, no less than six powerful blows were delivered. But he was probably guessing just for the sake of the coroner's report, as there wasn't much left of the old man's osteoporosis'ed skull when the kid finished with him. And to think, all this violence just over a 2-liter bottle of Zhigulovskoe classic beer. This is exactly the kind of situation Putin's materinskiy kapital was designed for! We rest easy knowing that future generations will benefit from it.



FAMILY CRISIS RESOLUTION, VILLAGE STYLE

Unspecified Village, Omsk Oblast (February 25) — In this little unmarked hamlet, a customary family argument around the dinner table turned into a blood-soaked axing fiesta. Unfortunately, the details on this crime are as scanty as the crime scene's gore was gory, meaning we can't give you the "why's" just the "agghh!"s. But whatever "it" was, you can be sure it was severe enough for a man to take a huge axe to every single relative present: his mother, grandmother and grandfather. The man, whose name and age were not released, was so incensed that after he chopped the three into hunks of meat, he felt the need to grab a kitchen knife and inflict a few control stabs just to be sure. According to our DP family experts, domestic axings are a totally natural consequence of quality family time.



QUARTERED & BAGGED

Tumen, Tumen Oblast (April 7) — In this town, two women, a 37-year-old named Elena Murto and a 24-year-old Alvena Nesterova, showed the whole world that they can carry out a complicated DP better than any man. After the two got into an argument with the 40-year-old man who lived with them (we're guessing he's the live-in boyfriend of one of the chicks), the two gals decided to teach him a lesson he'd take to the grave. It's not clear what the guy did to piss his womenfolk off, but it is clear that they were all boozing hard. After discussing it amongst themselves, the girls decided to experiment with good ol' death by quartering. The only problem was that they didn't own a horse, not to mention four. But they were not discouraged and decided to make do with the tools they had on hand: a kitchen knife, some rags and a bunch of plastic bags. The two women sprung on man, tied him up, plugged his nose and mouth with toilet paper, wrapped a towel around his head and then went to sleep leaving the man to slowly suffocate in the kitchen. In the morning, the two girls got to work on dicing the body up into smaller chunks and even called a couple of friends to help out. They were on their way to dump the body in forest outside of town but had their plans were foiled by GAIshnik looking for a bribe. Hey, you have to give the two gals credit for carrying their DP further than most of men we've come across. Russian Grrrr! Power!



THE UBER-MUZHIK STRIKES

Omsk, Omsk Oblast (March 26) — In another happy family murder out of this gloomy oblast, a man strangled his mother-in-law right after his own wedding. Unlike all the other suckers, this guy was smart. He didn't wait around for the years to pass so he could grow increasingly bitter and resentful towards his tyosha and turn into just another muzhik who sat around making tyosha jokes. He killed her as soon as she uttered her first post-nuptial nag. The man, whom police referred to simply as "T", wasn't shy about speaking the truth, either. According to him, his tyoscha started chewing him out for his rude behavior as soon as the last of the guests left. He felt that he had no choice, he had to put a stop to it right then and there. "I decided I wouldn't take her insults. So I strangled her," T told the police after he gave himself up without incident and with a clear conscience.



low-yield murder	neighbors	podyezd	really stupid criminal	control shot	children	all in the family	cries for help ignored	"investigation continuing"	carved up like a turkey	cannibalism	old people	murder-suicide	killing connected with victim's profession
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THE FORTNIGHT SPIN



By Jared Lindquist
exileradio@gmail.com

So I was reading the review's of last week's Einsturzende Neubaten gig on last.fm, and I came across a post that perfectly explains why shows end at 10pm here. Some dork wrote that he showed up at 6 p.m. for a gig that was billed for 8 p.m., and then was surprised when the band didn't take the stage till 9:30. Now, I don't know where Russians' sudden desire to be arrive early to concerts comes from, but anyone who's ever been to a gig in the West knows that the time listed on posters is when doors should open, not when the headlining bands takes the stage! Russians please take note: the general math for showgoing is to take the posted time, add a half hour or so just for fun, and then add 30-45 minutes more for each opening band. What kind of fucking moron would expect a headlining band to play at 8 p.m.? You know who you are.

Anyway, not a whole lot of interest going on here over the next two weeks – guess promoters are taking a bit of a break for the traditional May holidays. So if you actually want to know what's worth seeing, just check out top pixxx (to your right). If you want to know what you're probably better off avoiding, by all means, read on!

It's pretty cool that Russia has now become the sort of place that DIY hardcore bands like Italy's **TO KILL** (May 5, Tabula Rasa, 19:00) can play in. Perhaps someday the whole country will open up, and you'll have bands getting in the van from Vladivostok to Vladikavkaz. But for now you just get a fast and heavy Italian hardcore band who sounds something like **COMEBACK KID** or **BANE**.

Goddamnit. Until looking up the bio for **DEVILDRIVER** (May 6, Tochka, 19:00), I'd been able to successfully forget that a band called **COAL CHAMBER** even existed. Now I am reminded of their existence, as this band has ex-members. Yah-fucking-goo. They're pretty metal and all, and some other metal bands called **RASTA** and **AVOID** open.

One of Moscow's fastest-rising stars in the nascent indie scene is post-rock band **MOONCAKE** (May 9, 16 Tons, 21:00), which is hosting the release party for its first album, "More Oxygen, I

Said...". The music sounds decent – if you like **EXPLOSIONS IN THE SKY**, you'll like it – but hopefully they'll do something more interesting in the future.

Those looking for something a bit more chill, would do well to check out Viennese trip-hop and dub producer **PETER KRUDER** (May 10, Ikra, 23:00). Better known as half of the **KRUDER & DORFMEISTER** remixing duo, Kruder has remixed **MADONNA**, **DEPECHE MODE** and **BONE THUGS-N-HARMONY**, among others.

SUICIDE SILENCE (May 12, Tochka, 19:00) is yet another deathcore band hailing from sunny California. They are, presumably, crushing and brutal. They bring Boston hardcore band **BURY YOUR DEAD** with them. Locals **AUTOSKAN** and **ONE SHOT FOR ALL** open.

If you were saddened that Italian pop-punk nobodies **VANILLA SKY** (May 13, Tochka, 19:00) were unable to make their gig last month, have no fear: it has been rescheduled. You can hear their silly cover of "Umbrella" and so much, uh, more.

Seems like sleazy French punk band **TRACY GANG PUSSY** (May 14, Tabula Rasa, 19:00) plays here every six months. And every six months I miss them. Maybe this time I'll actually bother to check them out, as one of Moscow's more promising punk bands – **LAZY BITCHES** – is opening. Germans **BETTIE FORD** – influenced by **TURBONEGRO**, **HELLACOPTERS**, etc. – and locals **VSESTVOLI** also open.

Probably your first exposure to Soviet rock was via the cheesiness of **GORKY PARK** (May 15, Hard Rock CafO, 19:00). Now you can relive that cheesiness in all of its lost glory, in the confines of Moscow's own Hard Rock CafO. Wow. Expat-fronted local rockers **DIRTY DOG** open.

Apparently **DIE ARZTE** (May 17, Apelsin, 20:00) are one of the world's best known German punk bands. I guess that just shows you how little-known German punk bands are, outside of (and probably inside of) Germany.

I was trying to think of what **JOE COCKER** (May 17, Kremlin Palace, 19:00) songs I actually know, and it looks like I've just heard him belt out covers of popular songs. Not that that's a bad thing, his gritty voice is pretty memorable and alright, but I don't know that I'd want to see him in a huge hall. A small pub – sure.

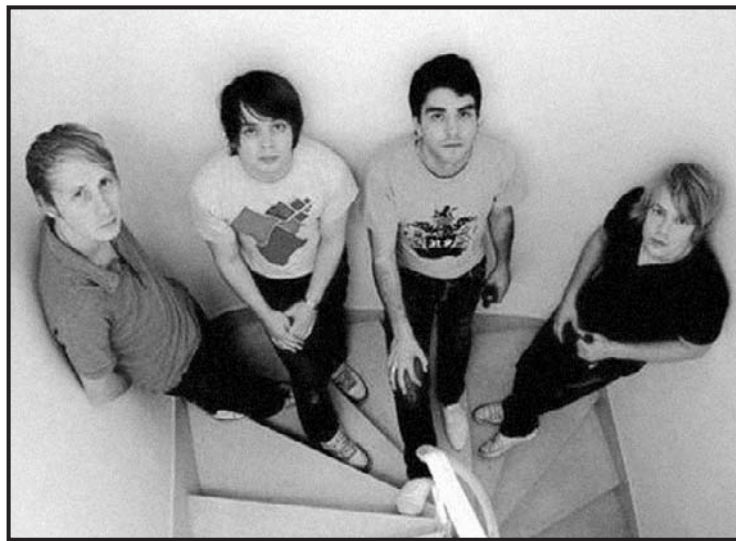
Last thing up this fortnight is the most oversold DJ on the planet, **PAUL OAKENFOLD** (May 17, Gaudi, 23:00). I actually got dragged to see him a few years ago, and it was one of the lamest things I ever saw. Oakie absolutely doesn't give a shit, just walks up to the decks, presses play, and goes back to chat with hangers-on. Still, the kids ate it up, but the kids suck. X

TOP PICKS



DEUS
B1 Maxim
May 14, 20:00

Somehow we missed the whole buzz around Belgian alt-rock band dEUS when we were in college, but we did always know of their existence. Apparently they still exist twenty years on, and are popular enough to move from B2 to B1 for their second Moscow gig. The band is touring in support of its recently-released fifth album, "Vantage Point." Drawing influences from sources as wide as The Velvet Underground, Captain Beefheart, Charles Mingus and Leonard Cohen, dEUS have become Belgium's best-known and awesomest export since waffles.



GOOSE
16 Tons
May 17, 23:00

It's probably not surprising that a generic-enough name like Goose is taken by everyone from an Australian funk band to a Thai post-rock band, to a dark ambient project by some Eurofag. However, this Goose is from Belgium, and drew early influence from AC/DC before listening to electronic music. Now they run hand in hand with folks like Soulwax, Shitdisco, Simian Mobile Disco and Does It Offend You, Yeah? They describe their sounds as an intense duel between Kraftwerk and Daft Punk at a Benelux campsite, and who are we to argue with that?



BLACK DEVIL DISCO CLUB

Solyanka
May 17, 23:00

Originally started in the late 70s as Black Devil, the French disco combo managed to put out an earth-shattering journey into the deepest of electronic disco. Then it went out of print, became extremely rare, and was only able to be heard when dorks like Chemical Brothers sampled it. What's interesting about the old stuff is that it was pre-MIDI, pre-computers – only cheap synths, tape loops and a drummer. Fast forward a decade or so, and one of Black Devil's original members, Bernard Fevre, got the old records reissued on Aphex Twin's Rephlex label, and has started issuing some new stuff as well. The thing is: the sound is so old school, nobody can tell if it was recorded last year, or thirty years ago.

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Raw Cats 88'
21.00: Roadhouse
Jazz Piano
20.00: B-2

CLUBBIN'
DJs Jonny, Tuzov
00.30: B-2
DJs Carlos Tico, Alarm, Axl
21.00: Karma Bar
DJ Volodya
21.00: Ex-Crisis Zhanra
Javybz DJs, Epik Soundsystem: Gatek.
Old Dog Nikolaev, Komotsky
21.00: Propaganda
DJs Turbo Maax, Fenix, Technic
21.00: Fabrique

**SATURDAY
May 3**

ROCK
Telefon Tel Aviv (USA)
21.00: Ikra
Okean Moey Nadezhdi
20.00: Tabula Rasa
7B
21.00: B-2
Blast, Milana, Stone Shades
23.00: Ex-Crisis Zhanra
My Space Rockets, Cross, Alex Kelman
22.00: 16 Tonn
Soilwork
20.00: Tochka
DJs Young, ,Spark, Losev
21.00: Fabrique

JAZZ & BLUES
Roman Miroshnichenko
21.00: B-2
The Blackmailers Blues Band
21.00: Roadhouse

CLUBBIN'
DJ Seregin
21.00: Ex-Crisis Zhanra
DJs Tuzov
01.00: B-2
DJs Ada, Amie
21.00: Karma Bar
DJs Soulmate, Anton Zap, Onlee, Da

Vinci
21.00: Propaganda

**SUNDAY
May 4**

ROCK
Popast v Tochku Festival
18.30: Tochka

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

CLUBBIN'
Sunday R'N'R Lounge
21.00: Ex-Crisis Zhanra
R'N'B&Hip-Hop, DJs Marcus. Lyube
23.00: Karma Bar

**MONDAY
May 5**

ROCK
To Kill (Italy)
19.00: Tabula Rasa

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

CLUBBIN'
Latino non Stop
20.00: B-2
DJ Scientifique
21.00: Ex-Crisis Zhanra
DJ Partyphone
21.00: Propaganda

**TUESDAY
May 6**

ROCK
Devil Driver (US)
19.00: Tochka

JAZZ & BLUES
Haleo (Cuba)
21.00: B-2
Swing Gitane
21.00: Roadhouse

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

**WEDNESDAY
May 7**

ROCK
Sakura
20.00: Ikra

JAZZ & BLUES
Edelweis
21.00: B-2

CLUBBIN'
Old Dog Nikolaev, DJs Ladjak & MC Big Bad Ragga Man
21.00: Propaganda
Home Listening DJs
21.00: Ex-Crisis Zhanra
DJ Spirin
21.00: Ikra

**THURSDAY
May 8**

ROCK
Smeh
19.00: Tochka
Dairy High, Headphones, The Burns
23.00: Ex-Crisis Zhanra
Nike Borzov
23.00: Tabula Rasa
Animal Jazz
22.00: Apelsin

JAZZ & BLUES
Jazz Piano, Paporotnik, Vladimir Kuzmin
20.00: B-2

CLUBBIN'
Atomic Boogie Night: DJ Shum
22.00: Ikra
DJs Studinskiy, Sanches
21.00: Propaganda
DJ Galaher
21.00: Ex-Crisis Zhanra
DJs Amie, Marcus
21.00: Karma Bar
DJs Shevtsov, Technic
21.00: Fabrique

**FRIDAY
May 9**

ROCK
Mooncake
21.00: 16 Tonn
Bobri
21.00: Ikra
Quest Pistols
20.00: B-2
East End, The White Trainers
Community
23.00: Ex-Crisis Zhanra
Yuta
23.00: Tochka

JAZZ & BLUES
Jazz Piano, Armen Petrosyan
20.00: B-2

CLUBBIN'
DJs Carlos Tico, Alarm, Amie

21.00: Karma Bar
Javybz DJs, Epik Soundsystem
21.00: Propaganda
DJs Jonny, Tuzov
00.30: B-2
DJs Turbo Maax, Technik, Shevtsov, Shmel
21.00: Fabrique

**SATURDAY
May 10**

ROCK
Madre Victoria
23.00: Tabula Rasa
Underwood
21.00: Ikra
Dekabr
20.00: Tochka
Dans Ramblers, Blast
23.00: Ex-Crisis Zhanra

JAZZ & BLUES
Jazz Piano
20.00: B-2

CLUBBIN'
DJs Philla, Onlee, Dolshik
21.00: Propaganda
DJ Galaher
21.00: Ex-Crisis Zhanra
DJs Ada, Amie
21.00: Karma Bar
DJs Fashion, Fenix
21.00: Fabrique
Peter Kruder (Austria)
23.59: Ikra

**SUNDAY
May 11**

ROCK
Tochka Rosi,
21.00: Ikra
Mnogotochie
20.00: B-2
Plyazh
20.00: Tabula Rasa

JAZZ & BLUES
Anastasia Glazkova
21.00: B-2

CLUBBIN'
DJs Anatoly Ice, Miami, Tony Key
20.00: Propaganda
Sunday R'N'R Lounge
21.00: Ex-Crisis Zhanra
DJs Marcus. Lyube
23.00: Karma Bar

**MONDAY
May 12**



EXILE'S EARLY WARNING GIG RADAR
Don't miss Krizis Zhanra's Blast Fest music festival @ VinZavod
Line up includes Super Grass, Brett Anderson and others
DOORS OPEN ON JULY 1

ROCK
Popast v Tochku Festival
18.30: Tochka

JAZZ & BLUES
Jazz Piano
21.00: B-2

CLUBBIN'
DJ Partyphone
21.00: Propaganda
DJ Scientifique
21.00: Ex-Crisis Zhanra
Latino non Stop
20.00: B-2

**TUESDAY
May 13**

ROCK
Vanilla Sky
19.00: Tochka

JAZZ & BLUES
Haleo (Cuba)
21.00: B-2

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

ROCK
Al'yans
20.00: Ikra
Deus (Belgium)
20.00: B 1 Maximum

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

SOAK UP THE SAVAGE LUST OF MOTHER RUSSIA!



Sure, the Ottomans shut down the Istanbul Slavic slave markets centuries ago. So isn't it heart-warming (or dick-warming) to know that something of that rich experience in the ol' Ottoman slave market still buzzes around the collective unconscious of homo dyevicus?



The priest is going, "Father Sansei is very impressed with grasshopper Sasha's ability to squat like an Uzbek while holding a beer in the other hand. The Third Rome may not be so doomed after all, my son."



We took the Pepsi Challenge here: even after switching the leopard-skin top, we still chose to masturbate to the face of the chick on the left.



Yet another hot Russian babe imitating the Catpower look without even knowing who the deep-n-dark indie chick was. Proving once again that the imitation is often better than the original.



Face Control Reader Photo! Kudos to the exile reader who sent this tent-popping photo from somewhere near Saratov.



If this girl was exposed to Jeffersonian democracy, as many in the West are demanding, then you just know that she'd express her new hard-won civil rights by voting to have the opposition beheaded on live television. Are you taking notice of this, Mr. Putin?

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

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

BARS & CLUBS

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

1171



★★ ★ ★★

Cheers:
Ginormous new bar-club in the up-and-coming Savvinskaya Nab. Row, opened up by Kostya of Dacha fame, and the publisher of this newspaper and Ne Spat'. Huge bar, with several sub-bars on the first floor and upper deck. Also live bands play on the upper deck, and you can hide out in the VIP there. Prices reasonable, music-so far shows impressive range, from Peter Hook (ex-Joy Division/New Order) to DJ Ojo and others.

Jeers:
Feis kontrol wouldn't let in under-21 dyevs, leading us to wonder: since when is this the fucking US?! Taxi predators roam you here. Coat check too small to handle the large crowds--hopefully they have that worked out by now.

M: Sportivnaya
Address: Savvinskaya Nab. 21
Phone: 740-5583

Hours: As many as you can handle

Aktovy Zal



★★ ★

Cheers:
We caught a recent Saturday night gig packed full of bearded types and intelligent-looking chicks. Moscow's premiere indie spot! Aktovy Zal packs in non-stop local and international indie acts every week from Thursday to Sunday. There ain't no other place you're gonna anything closer to indie than here.

Jeers:
Way out in the boondocks by the third ring means you really have to plan to go here.

Cover: cheap, depends on the concert
M: Baumanskaya
Phone: 265-3935
Address: Perevedenovsky per., 18
Hours: 8 to late, depends on shows

B1 Maximum



★★ ★ ★★

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

Jeers:
Lindquist and Levine tried leaving about 1 minute into NoFX's set but the concert was so oversold it took about 30 minutes to get the fuck out. What's more the whole eXile team got kicked out of the VIP zone because they ran out of VIP bracelets. We haven't seen bathrooms this nasty since Leningradsky Volkzal. Has absolutely no atmosphere whatsoever.

Cover: depends on the concert
M: Leninsky Prospekt / Shabolovskaya
Phone: 648-6777
Address: Ul. Ordzhonikidze 11
Hours: 18:00 - 06:00

B2



★★ ★ ★

Cheers:

It took B1 Maximum to make B2 seem like a cool indie club. One of the only places to attract any sort of crowd on Sundays. Good place if U like 'em young and impressionable. Cheap, giant venue that kicks butt when it's full. Good live acts. Three different restaurants, including reasonably priced sushi, under one roof. Music doesn't impede conversation in the restaurants, but is loud enough to not have to make the effort to think of anything to say.

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

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

Barfly



★★ ★

Cheers:
Recent 4AM visit saw off-duty Help bartenders gettin' down, so U know they mix the drinks well here! After a long n ight of drinking and not getting drunk, the whiskey-colas really starte hitting us here! Drunken dyev factor on the rise, and you know if a girl's partying here she's ready fo' anything! Asking the barman to get creative can have serious consequences... Killer underground dive run by the same folks who brought you den of debauchery McCoy's. From the looks of it, folks'll be drinking just as much here. Part of the million-cocktails-to-choose-from wave launched by Help. Little frames cover the walls with descriptions of the drinks available. Tasty and cheap menu that lets U decide what goes in your noodle dish.

Jeers:
eXile alert! Barfly is apparently so popular now that you have to book a table to get in. Yes, U heard us right: U have to book a table at a fucking dive bar. Service and noodles not at the level we remembered. Crowd can be Prague-like in that faux-boho sort of way. The best ad

yet for NY's anti-smoking laws; an evening here is the equivalent of a three-pack a day habit for a year. Crowded, but little in the way of babes on recent weekend visit.

M: Chekhovskaya
Address: Strastnoi blvr. 6 str. 2
Phone: 209-2779
Hours: 24 hours

Bourbon Street



★ ★ ★★

Cheers:
A good place to chill with one whiskey, one scotch, and one beer at the bar, or sit at a table with a friend or two, but don't come expecting to make friends or lift out of your depression. Lately it's been feeling even more dead than usual, but whatever, it's August. The management had a come-to-Jesus talk with staff after we busted them playing techno, making this one of the most customer-friendly bars this side of the NATO divide. This little still-undiscovered "neighborhood dive" offers some unusually wild entertainment when you least expect it. Deceptively humble veneer hides all sorts of sexual shenanigans which Ames and his chick both witnessed and participated in ... We were about to complain that the music's too loud, but then we remembered that's how dives oughta be!

Jeers:
Often has a "feised at Propka" vibe. Gets uncomfortably packed on weekends. eXpat galore. Kitchen could use a little "umph."
M: Kitai Gorod
Phone: 980-1058
Address: Bol. Zlatoustinsky Per. 7/1 (next to Propaganda)
Hours: nearly all of 'em

Booze Bub



★ ★ ★

Cheers:
Gets TOTALLY packed on weekends, making this an ideal pre-party venue for those hitting Tema next door. Pissed off that there's not a single Thurs. night go-to bar that actually has chicks? Then Bub's your answer. Recent Thursday night visit revealed a place packed with easy, desperate student and secretary dyevs. Recently opened by the Help/Tema crew, which is a already a good sign. Located next door to Tema, if you need a break from the Duck-esque atmosphere there. Spacious bar and good cocktails. Combines the intimacy of an Irish pub with the spaciousness of a German bierhall. Their beer really does taste better.

Jeers:
Sovok vest-wearing grampa tried facing eXile editors Zaitchik and Yasha during a recent visit. We're used to getting feised by goons, but this was something different, and somehow more humiliating. Recent Saturday evening visit found BB totally empty, but we were told that in order to sit down we would need to make a reservation a week in advance. WTF? Needless to say, we went somewhere that actually wanted our money. A tad bit phallocentric on a recent visit. May need some time to get packed full of the reasons we like to visit Help and Tema.

M: Chisty Prudy
Address: Potapovsky Per. 5, bld. 2
Phone: 621-4717
Hours: Round the clock

Cafe Royal



★ ★

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

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

Club XIII



★★ ★★

Cheers:
You can go home again! Girls will sometimes hit on you just for being a foreigner! XIII's got a good thing goin', with raunchy caberet shows, teetering ladies, and just enough face control to make you feel like you achieved something by getting in! Last Saturday XIII was on, catching a good niche somewhere between Fabrique and Leto, though closer to Fabrique (thank god). Selection of E'd out and liquored up chicks spotted here. Ames got corralled into a rather suggestive freaking bout with a hot offduty bargirl from a certain Swedish nightclub. The club that set the standard and opened the era of elitny giant nightclubs is back after a several-year hiatus. Top notch DJs, friendly girls, not quite as grotesquely elitny as Leto, makes this a good alternative to Fabrique, esp if you're tired of the latter's crowds and petty thieves.

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

Crazy Milk



★★ ★ ★★

Cheers:
It's one of those places, you know, the kind that's like a good film. If we told you why it's so good, we'd be spoiling all the fun you'd have if you actually went there. And you have to go.

Jeers:
If we said it's good, why would we jeer it?
M: Dobrynskaya
Phone: 230-7333
Address: Bolshaya Polyanka ul., 54/1
Website: www.crazymilk.ru

Denis Simachev Bar



★ ★★ ★★

Cheers:
eXile alert! DS showed its humane side by waving wheelchair-bound eXile editor Yasha Levine through face control. At first we gave this place two stinky thumbs down, but now we've reconsidered. We now proclaim DS the best elitny dive in town! If you've seen the Sochi Olympics ads running on CNN, then you might recognize the Rice Rocket bike done up in a Russian folk design paint job that was featured in the ad and is now permanently chained to DS's entrance. Even Simachev is doing his part to make Russia's crack pipe Olympic dream a reality! One of Moscow's top designers opened this bar in his designer boutique.

Jeers:
Notice we changed the beer factor from one to two stars. DS has finally done what we've been expecting, they've doubled their prices. Manages to cram the most annoying elements of Moscow patios into the space of walk-in closet. It's become Moscow's hippest weekday elitny hangout and the newest roost for Opera/Dyagelev/Krishna molls on their off night. Attracts droves of rich Russian dudes doing the Planet of the Apes routine around their expensive cars and bikes outside.
M: Teatralnaya
Phone: 629-8085
Address: Stoleshnikov Per. 12

The Roadhouse

it's a casual hangout with a smiling, attentive staff, tasty and simple food, the right drinks, pool tables, low prices, and most importantly: genuine live Blues concerts!

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m. "Sportivnaya", ul. Dovatora, 8.
Tel. 245-4183
Details and schedule of concerts at www.roadhouse.ru

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Sunday 23.00 - 06.00

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Free entrance - Thursday and Sunday, as well as Friday and Saturday girls till 00:00 & boys till 22:00!

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Doors open at: 21:00 WWW.KARMA-BAR.RU

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211 49 96
www.13sandwiches.ru

MOSCOW GETS ITS OWN WALL ST

Why this prosperity thing means zilch to gopniki

By Dmitriy Babooshka
pflanze@yandex.ru



My birthday depression grows each year as I get older. This time I needed some real good entertainment that would put smile on my face and take away dreams of becoming Peter Pan.

By the end my 'very special day' I found myself in a very strange crowd of drunken yuppies with empty eyes. I never saw so many of them in one place. They were all dressed in the same expensive suites (same color, of course) and white shirts with their ties off. The TV sets around with talking heads from CNN or Bloomberg channels and conversations about falling Nasdaq or RTS put me

were not so much interested in the game as they were interested in shouting or beating the drums.

I didn't know any of their songs so I got very suspicious looks from the surrounding fans. So I had to move around the tribunes all the time pretending I'm looking for something and just waving my head in the overall support.

Most of the supporters were really aggressive in their nature. No matter if Spartak scored or missed the ball, they

CLUB REVIEW

even in greater depression as I never even pretended to be a part of this world and didn't understand what they were talking about.

The sweet part of the event was a big crowd of models who were invited to entertain the grown-up guests. In some other situation it would be the perfect beginning of a porn scene, but no. This was the opening night of **WALL ST BAR**. The fun—or depression—started coming while I was observing the models uncomfortably fidgeting. They didn't fit in with grown-up crowd and their a way too smart conversations.

I pay high respect to people who imagine their own world and make bars accordingly. From my personal observation Moscow doesn't have a culture of stock exchange yuppies hitting the bar after work. Still, the owners of WALL ST BAR imagined they are in New York, or something. The bar offers not only a large selection of drinks (menu in English only!), but also the opportunity to buy your own chair at the bar. It costs 2,000 euro and once you buy it they put a stamp it with your name. Also, if the bar is packed, they kick whoever happens to occupy your chair and hand it over to you anytime you show up. So far they sold two chairs.

Still, birthdays can bring surprises. Naturally I had nothing in common with the stock exchange types and I was the only man in the bar able to communicate with the models. After an hour of simple conversation and a few drinks of "something sweet" (I used killer mix of double Jack with Red Bull to for greater efficiency), I ended up with Tanya and Katya at my place testing the resistance of IKEA bed.

Next morning I thought of this catch as a nice birthday present but still it was nothing special or new. I was tired of the same old fancy bars and silicone dyes and my writer's essence asked for more. The creative spirit in me felt the need to further explore the parallel world Moscow gopniki, which I decided to do by visiting a game of the two famous rival football clubs Spartak and Dynamo.

But it wasn't easy to get the cheapest tickets. They are not accessible to the public, as fan clubs buy all of them in advance and sell them to members only. So to get to the game I had to become a legitimate Spartak supporter and come to the secret place on a certain time to buy them.

On the day of the game I put on my Fred Perry sneakers, Lonsdale jacket and Umbro shirt to look like a real football supporter. I have never been to any football match but that was the way I pictured the typical dress of football supporter. Indeed, many of them were dressed in the same way but it didn't help me to mix with the crowd. I was not wild enough for that. For the first fifteen minutes of the game I was scared so much that I wanted to leave. At that moment I was so squeezed between people that I had no chance to leave. The stadium was packed with 25 thousand of finest gopniki singing their own songs and doing waves, lighting fireworks and dancing. I had the impression that they

crushed chairs and threw bottles and trash at the police who guarded the field. I bet half of supporters got injuries just by being there. I've never seen so many damaged people in one place ever before. When a pressure wave went through the crowd one more time, a few people fell down and I helped up an old drunk who had an injured leg and a walking stick. But but I didn't get any "thank you". He just pushed me and shouted, "Suck dicks from Red-Whites" (colors of Spartak).

Police didn't have any real control over the crowd of gopniki. I witnessed a situation when an cop wanted to take a drunk Spartak fan away from the tribune but, while shouting "one for all and all for one," a mess of fans beat the shit out of this young lieutenant and threw him back to his troops. No one of from the police even tried to help their comrade. They were scared of more chaos, I suppose.

Nevertheless the game was spectacular. It was 3:4 (Spartak lost!) but still it was a very rare score for Russian football, where they usually get up to 1:0 or 1:1 after 1,5 hours.

The intrigue of the game was that Spartak, the team with the largest army of supporters, was playing at Dynamo stadium. Actually the stadium 80 years old and it seems like it was remodeled just after the end of WWII. When they turned on the field lights at the beginning of the game, the big screen with all scores and players' names shut down and never came back to life again.

When the game was over and Spartak fans were upset with the loss, they began to crush the plastic seats of this veteran stadium, while chanting "where are your chairs!" And then they put all ripped off seats in one big pile and were about to light them but a fire truck appeared and cut them short.

Dynamo's fans were silent and observed the chair-ripping orgy from the opposite side of the stadium. As the winning side they were allowed to leave the stadium only when Spartak supporters could be evacuated and the place secured by the police and army.

As I've understood from conversations, both sides were preparing for serious fights. Spartak supporters called Dynamo leaders to schedule a time for some "20 against 20" short fights that would take place in a nearby Petrovskiy park after they leave the stadium. I was surprised to find out that both sides were so organized. But still, I couldn't understand the pleasure of this *bychiy kaif* of beating each other by appointment.

It was a very tough day full of new and unusual experience. Apart from the conclusion that it's much better and safer to watch football from a home TV (at least you have all the repeats of the important moments) I realized that Russia is still far away from the day when the last gopnik becomes history.

Hours: 12:00-06:00

Gradus Bar



★ ★★ ★★

Cheers: The bar is so massive it could fit at least two soccer fields in this basement, which was built in 1913. eXile's official club reviewer Babooshka's sources say it used to host Stalin's private movie theater. A lot of semi-provincial babettes and bilan-topped dudes. Most of the chicks are highly depressive secretaries or hard-working accountants-types who would love for you to lay some pipe on them, and are not unlike the chicks who frequent the cafe disco in Babooshka's aunt's village. The bar boasts not only a great selection of beers and German wurst but also two dance floors and a very expensive set of music equipment for live shows.

Jeers: Plays music that even Medvedev would like.

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

Help



★★ ★ ★

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

Jeers: During our last visits, the place was half-alive. But then, it was 6pm... But that shouldn't be an excuse. Unmixed White Russians almost caused an unplanned puking session. Nachos were weak. 200 cocktails might overwhelm the indecisive types. We spotted a table of mungy Lonely Planet type expats.

M: Belorusskaya
Phone: 995-9535
Address: 1st Tverskaya-Yamskaya 27, bldg 1
Hours: always

Ikra



★★ ★ ★

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

Jeers: Finally gave us club cards, but make us wait at the bar for a manager every time we try to use it. WTF!? Added hookah menu just to fuck w/d us. Gets unbearably hot and stuffy inside when there's a packed gig like the recent Kid Koala show. Surly bartenders sometimes can't be bothered to pour you a beer.

Cover: Up to 600R depending on the event
M: Kurskaya
Phone: 505-5351
Address: Ul. Kazakova 8A

Justo Banya Douche



★★ ★★★ ★★

Cheers: Located on the grounds of an old banya, JBD is the latest addition to the Moscow's indie-eltiny club scene. Harder to get into and more expensive than Solyanka, it still manages to retain a "casual is cool" attitude, even if people's threads cost more than we make in a month. To prove that Russian elitiny is turning indie, Babooshka picked up a chick with nothing more than a 300 ruble drink and a MacBook. But for all it's indie charm, it doesn't mean you'll get through face control unless your driver dropped you off on your E500 Merc.

Jeers: Have become a "members only" establishment. Were served foul \$25 "fresh" bloody marys made from fresh squeezed tomatoes. They were the worst bloody marys we've ever had, hands down.

Cover: None
M: Lubyanka
Phone: 625-6836
Address: Teatralniy proezd 3
Hours: Daily from 6pm, concerts on weekends at 9 pm.

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

Cheers/Jeers:

The cover charge. Damn, what's up with dat. What time iz we livin' in? To get to the overflow garidrob, you have to walk about two kilometers through a dark and winding underground tunnel. You might never find your way back!

Cover: 200R for chicks, 300R for dudes on weekends (liberal face control)
M: Kuznetsky Most
Phone: 624-5633
Address: Ul. Pushechnaya 3 (just down from Hola Mexico)
Hours: Thurs.-Sun.: 21:00 - 6.00

Krizis Zhanra



★★ ★★ ★

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

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

Queers: Every Thursday
M: Chisty Prudy / Kitai Gorod
Phone: 623-2594, 778-2234
Address: Pokrovka 16/16, str. 1
Hours: 24/7

Krishna



★★★ ★★★ ★★★

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

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

MOTORHOME



★ ★

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

Jeers: The place just opened. Developing...

M: Novoslobodskaya
Address: Novoslobodskaya 20
Hours: till 1 a.m.
Phone: 789-8854
Web: www.motordom.ru

MOST



★ ★★★ ★★★

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

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

Papa's Place



★★ ★ ★★

Cheers:

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

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

Propaganda



★★★ ★★ ★

Cheers: eXile crazy dyev alert! One eXile editor snagged a chick here that demanded he hit her in the face, and she loved every cheekbone-crushing smack. Meanwhile, another member of the eXile editorial team pulled a barely sane art *studentka* that dragged him on a Moscow stripclub and whore-banya tour. Other clubs come and go, but Propaganda's somehow managed to stay packed all these years with the right mix of grunge, glamour and, most importantly, student dyes that haven't yet learned they should hate you if your watch ain't expensive enough. And yes, this is the only place in a city of 12 million that is packed on Thursdays. The best place in town to get gals' digits, even if they won't go home with you immediately. The food rawks, and the prices are right. Maybe we'z getting old, but we find ourselves here ogling the biz-lunch crowd much more often than the disco crowd.

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

Queers: Sunday nights are 'gay' nights
M: Kitai Gorod
Phone: 624-5732
Address: Bolshoi Zlatoustinsky per. 7
Hours: Sun-Thurs 12:00-06:00, Fri-Sat 'til 08:00

The Real McCoy



★★★ ★ ★

Cheers: eXile alert! McCoy's has entered the 22nd century by installing the eXile's toilet-stall newspaper stands! Folks, now you can read the eXile while vomiting out your Long Island Iced Tea... all 8 of 'em! Buns McGillicuddy recently spotted doing shots with mullet-master Dima Bilan! Pay your respects...and pay the price for all that fun 'n shame 'n shitfaced inebriation. We'd been staying away out of concern for our livers, but one Friday night was enough to realize why livers are overrated! This place has so many hot and drunk sluts that you don't have time to focus on one before the next demands your attention. Newbies in Moscow have been known to go into catatonia when they enter this place. THE most dangerous place to go for weeknight nightcaps! We defy you to leave after just one drink. Hell, we defy you to leave after two! More 10PM last calls have turned into 3AM "oh fucks" than we can count! McCoy's is the closest thing to a guarantee this side of Night Fight. Always some table of desperate sluts here, even when it's otherwise empty. Often features the kind of drunken madness that was banned by the Geneva Convention. They let you pass out at the tables!

Jeers: Are they trying to push a blow habit on us by feising us for drunkenness at 4am? Don't go here sober—the human fauna might be startling. Some sluts so ugly, even the jumbo Long Island won't make you want them. Getting a drink on a weekend night requires a half-hour of screaming and waving money at the bartender.

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

Restovratsaya



★★ ★ ★

Cheers: Babooshka was taken here by a slightly older rich chick who owned a couple of clothing stores. He'd never been to a place like this, where Russia's aging—and affluent—intelligentsia go to spend their evenings. Wait, this should be going into jeers...

Jeers: No DJs or go-go dancers, only jazz jam sessions, theater performances, Argentinean milonga dances, blues nights, French chanson, a cigar room and well you get the freakin' idea. No easy sluts here, only aging trophy wives and modestly-dressed daughters of Conservatory teachers or Tretyakov gallery advisors. What kind of 19th century aristocracy bullshit is this?
Address: 7, Leontyevskiy pereulok
Phone: 290-59-69
M: Tverskaya (10 min. walk)
Hours: 17:00 – 05:00, daily

Road House



★★ ★ ★

Cheers:

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

Jeers:

The whole "real people" suburban blues thing is not for everyone. While we saw a great Norwegian act playing (and the crowd loved it), we would expect some acts to sing "blues" with heavy Russian accents. Gets crowded so it can be hard to get a table.

Cover: only during shows, depends on act
M: Sportivnaya
Phone: 245-4183
Address: Ul. Dovatora 8 (close to metro)
Hours: noon-midnight

Sakhar



★★ ★★ ★★

Cheers/Jeers:

This is another one of those elitny-indie hybrid clubs. eXile's official club aficionado Dmitry Babooshka says this place is not to be missed. There's a lot of teen action here, but of the progressive kind, meaning she'll be impressed even if an iPhone is the most expensive accessory you own. How else do you think Babooshka got to screw a young dyev in a telephone booth? So far, that's the best argument we've heard for getting an iPhone.

Jeers:

No one on The eXile staff (except Babooshka) has one.
M: Sukharevskaya
Phone: 607-2838
Address: 235/25 Sretenka St.
Hours: Thu - Fri: 12:00 - 09:00

Silver's



★ ★ ★★

Cheers:

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

Jeers:

You might get accosted by Russian students looking to practice their angliisky yazyk. Word's gotten out, and it's tough to find a seat for lunch. Don't come here to hunt for chicks—there ain't any.
M: Okhotny Ryad
Phone: 290-4222
Address: 5/6 Tverskaya Ulitsa (go down Nikitskaya Per.)
Hours: 8 till late

Sixteen Tons



★★ ★ ★★

Cheers:

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

Jeers:

Club named after the average weight of the dyevs. Not much to do upstairs when there isn't live music.
Cover: Devs: R100 weekdays, R150 weekends; Guys: R150 weekdays, R200 weekends
M: Ul. 1905
Phone: 253-5300
Address: Presnenskii Val 6
Hours: 18:00 - 6:00

Solyanka



★★★ ★★ ★★

Cheers:

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

Jeers:

Hi tech picture id club card verification system means you can't swap em with your friends, it also makes you feel like you're at the gym. Windows PC users given hostile looks by MacBook/iPhone-toting hipsters. On club nights, place is harder to get into than Dyagelev. An eXile editor got feised over the telephone last weekend, even after Tofer gave Solyanka a heartfelt blowjob review. Closes at midnight on all weeknights other than Thursdays. Went back to the 90s practice of charging for entrance. Some chicks have a "I'm one year away from becoming a Rai groupie" feel to them. So snatch 'em up before they hit seventeen and become way out of your league.
M: Kitay Gorod
Phone: 221-7557
Cover: 300 rubles, or something
Address: Solyanka 11/6
Hipster Blog: s-11.ru

Sorry Babushka



★★ ★ ★★

Cheers:

eXile alert! Just confirmed. Sorry Bab's 3am Fri/Sat night drunk dyev index is way off the charts. This place is set to become one of our favorites, especially now that they gave us a 50% discount card! From the looks of things, they've also given tons of hot girls the cards, turning Sorry B into a pre-party magnet for gals looking to quench their thirst at the right price. Packs a good crowd on weekends and offers plenty of macking ops. Girls friendlier than most, and by that we don't mean they're ugly.

Jeers:

Recent menu update for 2007 has upset the balance of one of the best Caesar salads in town. Seems like everyone here only converses with each other via ICQ message sent between laptops. Weird hippie/Buddhist contingent mixed in with model level babes threw us off a bit. Portions getting smaller. 50% discount card might be more of a curse—we're getting a little sick of this place. Got a Prada-lite vibe. Not quite sure what the name means, and we're not sure they know either. You could easily break an ankle on the unexpected step near the bar. The food, a bargain for card-holders, probably ain't worth your rubles if you aren't as kewl as us.
M: Kitay Gorod
Phone: 784-0615
Address: Slavyanskaya pl. 2

Tema Bar



★★ ★ ★★

Cheers:

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

Jeers:

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

functioning properly. Might run into old flings from McCoy's at inopportune moments. Food not exactly all that.

M: Chisty Prudy
Address: Potapovsky per. 5
Hours: 24

Tiki Bar



★★ ★ ★

Cheers:

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

Jeers:

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

VinoSyr – Wine & Cheese Bar



★ ★

Cheers:

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

Jeers:

We'd never!

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

Web: www.vinosyr.ru
Hours: 18:00 - 6:00

WALL STREET BAR



★ ★ ★★★

Cheers/Jeers:

Check out club review on page 11...

Address: 9-1, Volkhonka Str.,
Phone: 916 5731
M: Kropotkinskaya
Hours: 12:00 – till last guest, daily

EROTIC

911 Club



★★★ ★★ ★★

Cheers:

eXile alert! The OG 911 in the hotel is still open! Which means U don't have far to go if you make friends. Imagine Shandra but in a small, cozy setting the size of some minigarch's living room. Lots of girls all eager to pay attention to you. Strip stage right in front of your face, couches, and rooms upstairs (one has karaoke) where you can take your favorite dancer. Drinks aren't overpriced, and the kabinety are free on Sundays, which is good news for cheap-O expats. Also entrance is for now at least free.

Jeers:

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

Bordo



★★★ ★★ ★★

Cheers:

Holy shit! Bordo done went and added a sauna, so you can get so fresh and so clean while you're gettin' dirty! Might contain the highest concentration of perfumed flesh per square inch on this planet! Deviates from the

single-mindedness of Safari and Ishtar... meaning that the owners didn't skimp on details like air conditioning. That's right folks, you can actually come and enjoy yourself here before you go about your business. Oh, and did we mention, the ladies are slamin'! It's comfortable, well-ventilated and all-together less seedy than just about any other full-service establishment in town. Karaoke in VIP rooms means that you can tell the girl you take that you own a talent agency and think she's got potential.

Jeers:

The venter of civilization is something that our Editorial Board has consistently come out against in the past. Could this place be haunted by the ghost of the Expat Club?

M: Kitay Gorod
Phone: 917-4545
Address: Pivcheskoy per. 4 str. 1
Hours: All of them!

Divas



★★ ★ ★★

Cheers:

eXile alert! A former Hungry Duck beau-from-Ames-past is now a dancer here! Who says dating Ames doesn't pay?! Conveniently-located ad in this very paper for info on parties and discounts.

Jeers:

Like all strip clubs, you wind up spending a lot more money than if you had stayed home to search for porn on the net.

Cover: 700R
M: Pushkinskaya
Phone: 609-00-65; 609-00-54
Address: Strastnoi Bulvar 10/2
Hours: 21:00 - 6:00

NIGHT • FLIGHT



★★★★★ ★★ ★★★

Cheers:

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

ing 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:

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

Cover: 800R, including one drink
M: Tverskaya
Phone: 629-4165
Address: Ul. Tverskaya 17
Hours: Club 21.00 - 5.00; Restaurant 18.00 - 5.00

Shandra



★★★ ★ ★★

Cheers:

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

Jeers:

Look, just because we can't afford it doesn't mean we have to knock it, or does it?

M: Sukharevskaya
Phone: 208-0982
Address: Prosvirin per. 7
Hours: 20:00-6:00

Violete



★★★ ★ ★★

Cheers:

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

Jeers:

We had such a good time sitting at the bar that we pretty much forgot to go look at the strippers taking their clothes off.

M: Novokuznetskaya
Phone: 959-3320
Address: Raushtskaya Nab. 4/5
Hours: Evening til morning

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EATS

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

African

Adis Ababa

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

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

Address: Zemlyanoi Val, Dom 6

American

Correa's

Cheers: eXile alert! New Correa's branch opened up near Mayakovskaya. Recent tasting affirmed a thumbs-up on the brunchfast goods. Also, the babeage factor seems to get higher and pain-ier every weekend. They've added a couple of new slammin-good omelets to their repertoire, including a great spinach and mozzarella baby that we thoroughly enjoyed. Great lunch option if you're not too hungry... all three sandwiches our table ate had us in nirvana! 5+ for the smoked turkey and goat cheese 'wich. A most awesomely delicious Buffalo Mozzarella salad (290r).

Every item is a delight; in fact it might be the best breakfast offering outside of the US, if you're into the American breakfast thing (and only a barbarian wouldn't be). We tried the goat cheese and black bean omelet, and yes, it's Moscow's best. As for the dinner meals... First, the marinated olives 'n artichoke hearts. Second, the juicy Roasted beet salad with pesto, aged goat cheese and pine nuts. We didn't know beets could be so good! Third, the Terriyaki Chicken Pita with avocado and cilantro—best damn sandwich in Moscow. Fourth, the entrees. The grilled salmon with orange-soy glaze and fresh snow peas is an amazing, juicy, fresh cut that will leave you very pleased, while Strip Steak with berry-glaze and thick cut guacomole salad will satisfy your meat jones. Deli items a hit with oil-windfall Russians.

Jeers: For some reason babes with babies make this their favorite weekend brunchfast spot. If like us your idea of a good breakfast does not include looking at some way-too-thin-and-hot chick trying to show off her baby (the new accessory of the Russian elitny class), then like us, you'll be slightly annoyed. When we tried to order an Erdinger beer from the menu, waitress told us "we haven't had that for quite some time." Ordynka location hidden in a business park, of all places. May make you feel a little too delovoy as you search for the entrance. Seating area too small. Place has become so popular that you need to reserve hours in advance.
M: 1: Belorusskaya; 2: Tret'yakoskaya; 3: n/a; 4: Paveletskaya 5: Mayakovskaya
Phone: 1: 933-6157 2: 725-5878; 3: 729-2585; 4: 969-2113; 5: 789-9654
Address: 1: Bolshaya Gruzinskaya 32; 2: Bolshaya Ordynkaya 40/2 (through the shlangbaum); 3: Rublevno-Uspenskoe Shosse 85/1; 4: Ul. Sadovnicheskaya 82 bld. 1 5: Ul. Gashheka 7/1
Hours: 8:00 - 22:00 weekdays, 9:00 - 22:00 weekends

Flat Iron Grill



\$\$
Cheers: This place is located in the Marriott Courtyard hotel. If you're already staying there and absolutely cannot leave the premises, then there's no reason not to eat here. After all, it's right in the lobby and the hamburger is pretty good, and if you like fried chicken, then the Caesar salad ain't bad either.

Jeers: The WiFi isn't free.
M: Okhotny Ryad
Phone: 981-3300
Address: Voznesensky Pereulok 7
Hours: All of them

Hard Rock Cafe



\$\$
Cheers: Legendary burger (600r) perhaps the greatest burger this town has ever seen. Giant Angus patty, with bacon, cheez, and onion rings. Mmmmm, we you can taste your arteries clot! Hot damn, folks, that thar's a hell of a breakfast special! For an amazing 100R you get three eggs any style, bacon, sausage and toast, and potatoes! Move over, Starlite! We nit you shot, folks! Also the breakfast burrito (180R) got high marks from Dr. Dolan. We had their burger and we rank it tied with Starlite for Moscow's best, save Scandinavia's gourmet burger. Huge portions, great setting that will impress your outside-the-Third-Ring date. Nachos massive and satisfying, good club sand. Non-stop music vids mean that you won't have embarrassing silent moments with your date.

Jeers: New menu seems to have jacked up the prices, while leaving the portions the same. All-VH1 all the time video system makes us pine for the days of Creed. They get you with the 60R "American coffee" that's espresso 'n' water. There's always something... A lot of stuff, like the bacon, too salty. A lot of songs, like Creed, too shitty. Heavy American tourist presence. Place so packed now you'll probably have to wait.
M: Smolenskaya
Phone: 244-8970
Address: Stary Arbat 44
Hours: 24/7

Starlite Diner

\$\$
Cheers: eXile alert! The Starlite burger has been rocking our world for a few weeks in a row. Not sure if it's the looming snapper season or what, but the patty just seems softer, juicier and has just the right thickness.

Starlite at Mayakovskaya has reopened after a minor fire, and is now more Starlite-y than ever before. Was the fire in anyway connected with the newly installed eXile newspaper racks in their bathroom stalls? We just order water and stare. Discovered bagels hidden on the breakfast menu and, even if they're frozen Lenders, we ain't complaining. Get them with bacon for a tasty kosher treat! Re-affirm two howlin' pastel coyotes way up on the Southwest chicken wrap! New eXpand-O breakfast menu has our mouths a-waterin'! Thumbs up on the Florentine Omelet with spinach and feta. Lotsa other items look good too, like the Kamchatka Crab omelet and the pecan pancakes. Best place in town for a late night pre-bedtime burger. Is it just us, or did the omelets get incredibly tasty again over the past month? The best place to watch issues of international significance unfold. Seriously beefed up the ham&cheese! Two important points: Some of Moscow's best burgers and best breakfasts. eXile staffers agree: late night plate of nachos are vastly preferable to clubbing. The chili may not be world famous but it is yumilicious and Moscow's best. Mongolicious omelets that even tames the violent temper of Morris U. Snideman, Esq. Stomach-expanding breakfast burritos a good alternative. Milkshakes huge again, and orgasmic. Try the coffee-chocolate-oreo mix.

Jeers: Starlite burger ain't a 100 percent surefire hit. Previous visit revealed an undercooked, soggy patty that had a cooked-in-microwave feel to it. Kid-filled Sundays remind us why we've forced so many girls to have abortions.
M: #1: Mayakovskaya #2: Oktyabrskaya #3: Universitet
Phone: #1: 290-9638; #2: 959-8919; #3: 783-4037
Address: #1: Sadovaya Bolshaya ul. 16; #2: Ul Korovy val. 9; #3: Pr. Vernadskogo 6
Hours: 24 hours

Asian

Aromatnaya Reka

Cheers: eXile boku alert! This place serves it up real and tasty every freakin' time. Just tried the fresh spring rolls and they are the best in town. While the pho won't rock your world, it will keep you coming back. Meee sooo huuungry! AR's housed in a now-defunct "Americana" gay/transvestite cabaret, but don't be fooled by its new location. The waiters may be effeminate, but the cuisine is straight Viet Cong. Tasty springrolls, good noodles, pho and just about every other Vietnamese dish is as close as you'll get to perfection this side of Laos. Ho Chi Minh would be proud. And the food's so reasonably priced, even the Vietnamese could afford to eat here.

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

are sore losers. So we'll go ahead and do that by saying: Don't bother ordering the steamed spring rolls or the grilled eel wrapped in spinach.
M: Baumanskaya
Phone: 267-3190
Address: Takmanov per. 11

Spicy

\$\$-S
Cheers: Holy shit! A new Chinese/Thai place calling itself Spicy! Could this be the answer to our prayers?

Jeers: No! Place should be called ass-y, as the only feeling we were left with was sadness over our utterly bland meal. Not one piece of food had any flavor to it whatsoever, let alone any spice. Couldn't find the Thai portion of the menu and later heard a rumor that it sucked so bad, they dropped it almost immediately. Too bad they didn't do the same for the Chinese part. There's a good chance their kitchen is infected by the assness of Pourboire up the street.
M: Belorusskaya
Phone: 766-2222
Address: Ul. Krasina 27, str. 1

Maki Kafe

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

Jeers: People tend to think this place is better than it is. Just have reasonable expectations. In life, as well as in Maki visiting.
M: Pushkinskaya
Phone: 692-9731
Address: Glinshevskii Pereulok 3
Hours: Mon-Thurs 12:00 - 00:00, Fri-Sat 12:00 - 05:00

Vietcafe

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

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Jeers:

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

M: Okhotny Ryad

Phone: 629-1104, 629-0830

Address: Gazetny Per. 3

Yoko**\$\$\$\$****Cheers:**

The fish is of high quality, but...

Jeers:

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

Address: Soimonovsky proezd, 5

M: Kropotkinskaya

Hours: From 12:00 till last guest

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

Cafes**Bookafe****\$****Cheers**

The best cafe food in Moscow, hands-down. We've liked everything we tried here, and believe you us, we were expecting to sneer. The blinding Juicyfruit colors may be annoying, but they attract plenty of quality dyevs. The spinach and pesto salad is an expensive favorite (450r), the quesadillas (230r) are larger and tastier than you'd think, and even the cheesecake rocks. Dyevs say that the sushi is good, and they offer free wi-fi and plugs o'plenty.

Jeers:

We'd jeer the pretentious photography and design books, except that they're a good way to keep your date entertained without having to talk to her.

M: Tsvetnoi Bulvar

Phone: 694-0356

Address: Sadovaya Samotechnaya 13

Hours: 11.00 - 02.00

Respublika**\$****Cheers**

This hip little pink-colored cafe in the second-floor bowels of the Respublika book and music store is easy to miss, or overlook. But the soups, salads, and pasta dishes are surprisingly solid and the milk shakes are delish. The coffee goes especially well with the free wifi. Worth sitting down for a few the next time your picking up a CD. People do still buy CDs, right?

Jeers:

Only Japanese beer on offer. Sometimes film crews are hanging out to film some precious bit for MTV.

M: Mayakovskaya,

Phone: 251-6527

Address: 1st Tverskaya-Yamskaya 10

Hours: 11:00 - 23:00

Kvartira 44**\$****Cheers**

The perfect boho alternative to Mayak if you're in the Nikitskaya hood, Kvartira 44 has an appropriately musty feel and second-hand furniture motif to go with its high bearded-intelligentsia-clientele factor. Offerings are cheap and not all that good, but it's is a therapeutic way to escape the usual cr'n flashy Moscow-Boomtown places.

Jeers:

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

M: Pushkinskaya

Phone: 291-7503

Address: Bolshaya Nikitskaya 22/2

Hours: 12:00 - 02:00

Eclectic**City Grill****\$\$-\$\$\$****Cheers:**

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

Jeers:

They pack you in a bit too close, meaning you can't reveal state secrets without everyone listening in. Service is still sometimes a bit off. Don't order the milkshakes. They could use a shake up of their crap-py Belgian beer list.

M: Mayakovskaya

Phone: 299-5519

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

Hours: 11:00 - 02:00

Prado**\$\$-\$****Cheers:**

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

Jeers:

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

M: Kitai-Gorod

Phone: 784-6969

Address: Slavvanskaya Ploschad 2

European**Aist****\$\$\$\$****Cheers:**

We were treated to a meal here by an Anal-Lister who shall remain nameless for the next 6 months! The place to go for oligarch sightings (there's a schul next store). We were seated next to Freidman last week. Roof garden done right. Say what you will about Novikov, he finds great chefs. Even the shashlyk's frickin' great. Best mojito ever. The high-priced hos trawling for sugar-daddies even give bums like us the once-over by virtue of the fact that we got a table.

Jeers:

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

M: Pushkinskaya

Phone: 736-91-31/32

Address: M. Bronaya 8/1

Hours: 12:00 - 24:00

Apple Restaurant**\$\$\$****Cheers:**

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

Jeers:

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

M: Teatralnaya

Phone: 928-7602

Address: 8/10 Neglinnaya Ul.

The Apartment**\$\$\$****Cheers:**

Hip wine-bar downstairs, kewl SoHo-style loft upstairs. Menu's not pretentious, but everything's damn good. A welcome break from Novikov copycats that are always trying for impossibly complex food to show off that they know ingredients like broccoli di rape. For most of us, their Thanksgiving feast was a first introduction... and most of us agree, it was absolutely d-lightful! In a novel approach in Moscow, Apartment is going for ambience over food. While everything we ate rocks, the menu's supposed to fit the place rather than visa-versa. The chef's a fish specialist trained in France, and you can feel safe eating it here. They've almost made a cult of freshness here. Chill, homey mood, even if this is a favorite among the elite. Great leather chairs and a ghetto for cigar smokers.

Jeers:

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

M: Kievskaya

Phone: 518-6060

Address: Savinskaya Nab. 21

Hours: 12:00 - last client

Dantes**\$\$****Cheers:**

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

Jeers:

Skimpy eurofag Steak & Eggs breakfast less satisfying than a negative-calorie rice cracker. They charge 300 rubles for four pieces of dim sum. The Caesar salad is not recommended. We had the most unsavory pork dish the day after Putin named Medvedev his successor. Also, the little potato spheres served

on the side were too dry and the bread stale. Is Dantes losing its touch, or has food stopped tasting so good now that we know the Putin-era is coming to an end?

M: Lubyanka

Phone: 621-4688

Address: Myasnitskaya 13-3

Hours: always

Eat & Talk**\$\$****Cheers:**

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

Jeers:

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

M: Biblioteka

Phone: 961-3101

Address: Mochovaya 7

Hour: 24/7

El Parador**\$\$****Cheers:**

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

Jeers:

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

M: Tverskaya

Phone: 650-1623

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

Hour: Lunch 'til dinner

Guylian Cafe**\$\$****Cheers:**

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

Jeers:

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

M: Teatralnaya

Phone: 928-7602

Address: 8/10 Neglinnaya Ul.

GQ Bar**\$\$\$****Cheers:**

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

Jeers:

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

M: Tretyakovskaya

Phone: 956-7775

Address: Balchug Ul. 5

Hours: 24 hours

Los Bandidos**\$\$\$****Cheers:**

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

Jeers:

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

M: Tretyakovskaya

Phone: 953-0466

Address: Bol. Ordynka 7

Hours: 12:00 - the last chico

Mulat Tomas**\$\$****Cheers:**

eXile alert! Great place for quiet late-night dining in style. Get started with the free and tasty bread, then move onto the gigantic soups (c200r), which was more than enough to fill some of us up. For those still hungry, the veal mignon (790r) was divine, and the spaghetti with seafood (490r) got high marks. The sexiest new restaurant/cafe/tusovka in Moscow,

THE OLD MAN AND THE SUKA

By Mark Ames

In the dark days of the 1990s, nothing spelt "doom" more to Moscow's expats than news of another foreign-owned restaurant or bar falling victim to the inevitable "Russian management takeover."

But as everyone here will tell you, those days are over: Russia is booming, business is far more civilized, and "Russian management takeover" in the

EATS REVIEW

Putin era is a synonym for "progressive management."

So it is with great satisfaction that we at The eXile can report another giant leap forward with the new Russian management takeover at expat-favorite **HEMINGWAY'S**. Yup, they've ditched the old Tex-Mex theme, and introduced a new groundbreaking menu which was described to us by some manager who picked up their main phone as, "Obichnaya russkaya kukhnya" (typical Russian food).

Now, some folks out there, stuck in a pre-Medvedian mindset, might argue that the last thing Moscow needs is yet another "typical Russian restaurant." The genius of the new Hemingway's strategy is exactly because it is so counter-intuitive. They'll be studying this at Wharton for years, I tell ya!

Indeed a lot about a restaurant's new management can be learned from a simple telephone call, as our plucky sales director babe Zalina learned this week when she called Hemingway's for the umpteith time to find out about when they'll ever pay us the debts that they owe. In this issue, we invite you to listen in with us on the phone call between Zalina and Hemingway's new director, as we offer our readers a rare exclusive peek into the new Putin Era way of doing business. We think you'll agree that the barbaric days of the 1990s are long gone in Moscow, and we've truly entered a new age:

Exile: Hell, Alexander?

Hemingway's: Da.

Exile: This is Zalina, the sales director for The eXile.

Hemingway's: Ktooo?! [Who?!]

Exile: Zalina, the sales director of The eXile.

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

Jeers:

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

M: Chekhovskaya

Phone: 694-6252

Address: Bolshaya Dmitrovka d.17

Hours: Always

Ogni**\$\$****Cheers:**

Ogni comes from the Discreet Charm folks, and it's

Hemingway's: I already told you, we don't need your newspaper! Our restaurant isn't geared towards your audience anymore.

Exile: I'm not calling about that. I'm calling about your restaurant's debt to us.

Hemingway's: Chtoooo?! I owe you money?

[Here Zalina reminds Alexander about the ads that his company placed, which issues they were in, the legal "acts" and contracts attached to each ad, and reminds him that he'd promised to give her an answer a couple of weeks back on how to repay it.]

Hemingway's: Da poshla tin a hui! Esli ti menja eshe raz pozvonish, ya

priedu i viebu vas vsekh v rot!

Exile: Why are you talking to me like this? I'm a young woman, how can you—

Hemingway's: Da kto ti takaya suka, chto-bi ya tebjia chto-to obyasnii!

For some reason here, Zalina hung up the phone, just when the director was warming up to her. We're not sure exactly why, to be honest. Because as far as we can tell—and granted, our Russian is a bit rusty—when a Russian restaurant owner tells a young woman, "poshla ti na hui!" what he's saying is, "Please, come to my restaurant, let us break bread and discuss this in the civilized spirit of Putin's Russia!" And when a restaurant owner suggests to a young woman, "Ya priedu i viebus vas vseh v rot!" what he means is, "And bring all of the eXile staff over here as well, I want to show everyone the special hospitality of the new Hemingway's business spirit!"

I tried explaining this to Zalina, but she reminded me that the new Hemingway's director called her a "suka."

I laughed, put my hand on Zalina's shoulder, and explained in a fatherly tone, "Zalina, you just aren't adjusting to the new times, are you? In today's Russia, a 'Suka,' means a 'Lady In Red.' Don't you know anything? Ha-ha-ha! Zalina, my Young One, you have so much to learn from this new Hemingway's director. Indeed, we all do. Perhaps, when he fulfills his pledge to 'viebatsa nas vseh v rot' then we shall all become wise. Until then, we must learn, Zalina. Listen—to the 'hui's and the 'ebatsa's and the 'sukas'—and learn, my child."

Meanwhile, while we're learning, we can't wait to try out the new Hemingway's awesome new "typical Russian menu" fare. See you at Hemingway's, guys 'n sukas!

already drawing a strong crowd of 20-something professionals. Kamchatka Crab salad (300r) was a hit, as was the fact that they serve you .5l mineral waters for 60r.

Jeers:

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

M: Sukharevskaya

Phone: 207-1222

Flounder's waistline! Newish Pokrovka location just like the original: good, cheap beer, and lots of greasy beer food. We really dug the semi-spicy sliced chicken dish (275r). Just about the only place in town where you can say, "Czech, please!" Cheapish new Czech pub at a prominent Mayakovskiy location is solidly mediocre... just like you'd expect from the Czechs. Stick to the sausages and beer (0.5l for 75-110R), and you should have a good time of it.

Jeers:

For some reason patrons here seem to be in a frantic race to lower Russia's life expectancy even lower than the current 58 years, as nearly every client smoked not just foul cigarettes, but also cigars and pipes. Pipes! Can't someone just gong these idiots who smoke pipes?! What fucking century do these assholes think we're living in?! Agh! Coming here frequently will turn make your belly look American. Rude hostess nearly tackled us on our way up the stairs because we neglected to tell her that we had friends waiting for us. Our 'medium rare' steak was burnt to a crisp. When was the last time you craved Czech food? Exactly.

M: 1: Mayakovskaya, 2: Kitai Gorod

Phone: 1: 251-2023, 2: 624-7003

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

Hours: noon-midnight

The Real McCoy**\$\$****Cheers:**

eXile alert! We think we saw the famed baguette de Paris sandwich back on the menu...but we left too drunk to remember. Service has been more-or-less prompt on recent weeknight visits. Always surprises us that the food is so good! And you can easily do dinner for two with booze for under 1,000R! Portion giganto-sized, filling you up without letting you down. Kickin' business lunch deal. Succulent salmon filet made Schrek feel like he was back living next to the Pacific Ocean. Spaghetti carbonara was good by Italian standards—for 210 rubles, and at 5:30 in the morning! You can also get big slabs of meat (R400-R700) that actually come rare if you want 'em to. Don't try anything too fancy and you'll walk away completely sated. Did we mention it's the best bar in town?

Jeers:

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

not. The chickpea and lamb soup (R180) needs to meet a blender.

M: Barrikadnaya

Phone: 255-41-44

Address: Kudrinskaya pl. 1 (in the Stalin sky-scraper)

Hours: Always

Tapa de Comida**\$\$-\$\$\$****Cheers:**

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

Jeers:

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

M: Tsvetnoi Bulvar

Phone: 208-2007

Address: Trubnaya ul. 20/2 str. 3

Hours: Always

Indian**Darbar****\$\$****Cheers:**

Hands down still far and away the best Indian restaurant in Moscow, despite some new and fainthearted competition. The menu features both southern and northern dishes, and the Kerala owners make sure the Indian chefs get everything right, especially the

yummy dosas. Most of Moscow's major embassies gets their Indian catering here (including the Indian embassy), so you can be sure it's good enough for you. And the stunning view from the roof of the Sputnik--their new location--takes a night here to the next level. A rooftop bar/deck is in the works, so stay tuned...

Jeers:

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

M: Leninsky Prospekt

Phone: 930-2925, 930-2365

Address: Leninsky Pr. 38 (Top Floor of Hotel Sputnik)

Hours: 12.00 - midnight

Juggernaut**\$****Cheers:**

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

Jeers:

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

M: Kuznetsky Most

Phone: 928-3580

Address: Kuznetsky Most 11

Hours: 10.00 - 23.00

Maharajah**\$\$\$****Cheers:**

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

Jeers:

Told us with scorn that there are cheap items on the menu when we asked if they had a biz lunch. It's in a basement. Naan is not great.

M: Kitai Gorod

Phone: 621-9844; 621-7758

Address: Pokrovka 2/1

Hours: 12.00 - midnight

Tandoor**\$\$-\$\$\$****Cheers:**

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

Jeers:

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

M: Mayakovskaya

Phone: 299-8062

Address: Tverskaya ul. 31 (inside the Chaikovskiy concert hall, near Deli France)

Hour: 12.00 - 23.00

Vostochnaya**Komnata****\$-\$\$****Cheers:**

eXile alert! Better call for reservations first--recent Friday night visit found the place packed to the rim, with lines of people waiting to get inside. As annoying as that was, it's certainly a step up from seeing Sushifags standing in line for Gyno-taki and Yuckitoria! Our ideal meal starts with some khachapuri, continues with some falafel, and then ends with some curries. Reaffirm two turbans way up on the hummus and the nan-like pita. Murg valai tikka, marinated chicken tandoor, a great bargain at 200r. Easily the cheapest Indian food in the center, and tasty too! Sex Machine gave good marks to the Murg Masala Curry (180R), and the Palak Paneer (180R). Nan bread a mere 30R, and among the best in town.

Middle-Eastern menu has nice hummus (100R) and above-average falafel (30R).

Jeers:

Belly dancer not "all that." Sitting near the bar does not get you quicker drink service. Long Island Ice Tea mysteriously served sans ice. Brought our appetizer out long after we'd already finished our mains. Tabbouleh was weak. Dishes tend to be spiced for the Russian pallet unless you tell them in advance to spice it up.

M: Smolenskaya

Phone: 937-8423

Hours: 12.00 - 24.00

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

Italian**Cantinetta Antinori****\$\$\$\$****Cheers:**

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

Jeers:

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

M: Smolenskaya

Phone: 241-3771

Hours: 12.00 - 24.00

Address: Denezhny per. 20

Capriccio's**\$\$****Cheers:**

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

Jeers:

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

M: Sukharevskaya

Phone: 518-1380

Address: Prospect Mira 5

www.capriccio.ru

Dorian Gray**\$\$****Cheers:**

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

Jeers:

They make the bread every few hours and serve it fresh with a choice of oils and butters, including a tuna butter so good it's hard not to fill up on bread before the main. Putin sometimes still seen eating here poorly disguised in Groucho Marx nose-mustache-and-glasses.

M: Tretyakovskaya

Phone: 238-6401

Address: Kadashvskaya 6/1

Mario**\$\$\$\$****Cheers:**

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

Jeers:

Recent visit had awful service and just about the cheesiest, shittiest lounge singer we've heard in years. Penne with salmon wasn't all that. Almost got shot by jittery guards after walking too close to a client. Customers fond of bringing in their groomed poodles in designer pakety.

M: Ulitsa 1905 Goda

Phone: 253-6505

Address: Ulitsa Klimashkina 17

Hours: 13.00 - midnight

Pasta Della Mama**\$\$-\$\$\$****Cheers:**

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

Jeers:

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

M: Pushkinskaya

Phone: 730-5600

Address: Spiridonovskiy Per 12/9

Hours: 12.00 - midnight

Address: Pokrovka 1

Hours: 11:30-23:30

Sesto Senso**\$\$****Cheers:**

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

Jeers:

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

M: Taganskaya

Phone: 911-3653

Address: Novospassky Per. 3, korp. 1, entrance from Ul. Bolshie Kamenshiki

Hours: Noon to midnight

Spago**\$\$\$****Cheers:**

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

Jeers:

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

M: Kitai Gorod

Phone: 621-3797

Address: Bolshoiu Zlatoustinskiy Per d. 1

Hours: Noon to midnight

Verona**\$-\$\$****Cheers:**

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

Jeers:

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

M: Proletarskaya

Phone: 912-0632 / 276-4150

Address: Vorontsovskaya ul. 32/36

Hours: 11.00 - 23.00

Latin**Acapulco****\$\$****Cheers:**

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

Jeers:

Who needs Jeers with Cheers like these!

M: Park Kultury

Phone: Kultury

Address: Zubovskiy bul. 27/5

Hours: 12:00 to 24:00

Hemingway's

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\$\$

Cheers:
eXile alert! Legendary Chris is back on the scene, with a promise to keep the British rugby fans out for good (see Jeers). An eXile editor found himself in a state of beaer-gas bliss after scruffing down their burrito/taco combo last weekend. Two stinky thumbs up! Half-off burgers on Tuesdays means you can get a helluva meal with beers for under \$20. Considering the month of the falling \$ these days, that some of us have a short while back, Hemingway's got an improved expanded menu. While keeping their dishes you've come to know and crave, they added their salad offerings and added a whole new seafood fish section. And the number of tasty appetizers, desserts and cocktails has swelled to oceanic proportions. If you're into seafood, then you have try their grilled scallops (340r). The grilled trout (650r) is a bit expensive, but what the hell, you're probably making a butt load of money working some boring consulting job. Wash it all down with Hemingway's patented absinth B52 shooter, the only cocktail we tried that makes absinth slide down your throat like butter. If you're in the mood for some Tex Mex, Hemingway's is still the only bet in town. Brought to you by Chris of the legendary Flegmatic Dog. The delux Tex Mex nachos, are piled high with cheese, beans and guac, are heavy enough put down a 300-lb. Mexican wrestler. If you're too much of a pussy to weather the Burrito Taco combo, there's the endangered Chilean Seabass (490r) rocks, and the vegetarian Hemingway wrap. Both lite and good. The margaritas (180r) are perfectly mixed for your lady.

Jeers:
British rugby fans. Salsa could still use a bit more umph.
M: Park Kultury
Address: Komsomolsky Prospekt 13 (where La Hacienda used to be)

Navarro's

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

Jeers:
So far, no jeers...
M: 1905 Goda
Phone: 259-3791
Address: Shmitovskiy proezd 23, bldg. 4
Hours: 8:30AM to 3AM or until the last guest

Old Havana

\$\$
Cheers:
eXile alert! We just found another reason to go here: the kickin' bar. Live Latin music, tons of babes gettin' juicy, and a great place to pick up off-duty Night

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

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

Russian

Version 1.0
\$\$\$
Cheers:
A stone's throw from Red Square, this place tries harder than just about anyone in town in the decor department. The virtual reality banquet hall is surely the most futuristic dining room in the city. The bar list claims to be the longest in town, and we're inclined to believe it. Excellent mojitos. The food is solid mid-range fare, a Russian-Evropsky fusion served vertically on fancy plates. Bar goes snap, crackle, pop on weekends and turns into a hotbed of semi-pafusness by drawing a multitude of middle-class student chicks who desperately want to look like they belong on the pages of Glamour magazine. V 1.0's newly expanded dancefloor/DJ area has increased the place's nite life stats to the point that we're considering moving this listing to the clubs section...

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

Scandinavian

Night Flight

\$\$\$

Cheers:
eXile alert! There's a new chef in Night Flight's kitchen, and that means a new reason to "go there for the food." Which we did. The new menu is both creative and elegant, serving up still some of Moscow's best culinary delights. We started with Kamchatka crab roll pistachio salmon roe (450r for a medium-sized plate), an amazingly rich, delicious concoction for the crab-lover in you. Next we tried the Asparagus creme scallops soup (230r for a taster bowl), made exactly as thick and rich as it should be. The chicken/noodle/veggie wok dish perfectly captured the oily goodness of properly fried chow mein. Our favorite had to be the main course, a thick juice Reindeer steak cooked rare, served with foi gras potatodumpling (750r for the "starter" size). While most game is usually, er, gamey, this reindeer meat tasted like it came from Texas, making us wonder how Santa Claus manages to keep himself from cooking Prancer and Vixen after having to look at their tasty loins every Christmas Eve. We finished off with a surprisingly tangy, delicious homemade Cactus Sherbert, which we highly recommend. As always, the wines were expertly chosen, making Night Flight still one of Moscow's very best places for genuine wine lovers. The most surprising wine had to be the Hugel Riesling from Alsace (2900r for a bottle), while the Ironstone Reserve California Zinfandel went perfectly with the bloody reindeer meat. With superior wine selections, as well as expert and discreet service, and views of the hottest babes who seem interested in you, this place still ranks as Moscow's finest dining.

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

Scandinavia

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

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

Hours: 12.00 - 24.00

Steaks

El Gaucho

\$\$\$\$
Cheers:
We've been lax on trying this place since we had Doug's, but now that he's gone, we decided to try Argentinean steaks and folks, they wuz good! Forget Goodman's, El Gaucho has the best steaks in town. Sure, they're pricey, but you do get what you pay for. Coal grill they bring out with each steak keeps your meal warm. We've eaten here twice so far, and both times we felt like we would never have to eat again. Mayakovskaya location THE place to take someone you wish to impress.

Jeers:
The Paveletskaya branch isn't all that swanky. Different branches have different menus. We can't afford to eat here more than once a year.
M: #1: Mayakovskaya, #2: Paveletskaya, #3: Krasnie Vorota
Phone: #1: 699-7474, #2: 953-2876, #3: 623-1098
Address: #1: Sadovaya-Triumfalnaya 4, #2: Zatspeysky Val 6, #3: Bolshoi Kozlovsky Per. 3
Hours: 12.00 - 23.00

Goodman

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

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

Steak's
\$\$
Cheers:
Located in the old Le Club. Mid-priced. Not sure what the hell they're aiming for here, but perhaps

we tried it too soon after opening. Nothing memorable.

Jeers:
Should be named "Sucks."
M: Taganskaya
Phone: 915-1042
Address: Ul. Verkhnyaya Radshevsckaya d. 21
Hours: noon-midnight

Torro Grill

Wi-Fi
\$\$
Cheers:
eXile alert! Torro just opened up at a new and highly accessible location! Check out the review on page 13... Moscow's newest meat-lover's restaurant sets itself apart from the rest with its remarkably reasonable prices, kick-ass Argentinian grill, and meat offerings that break out of the usual steak offerings. Besides Ribeye steaks, they offer awesome sausages, juicy chicken, a mouth-watering pulled-pork sandwich, and one of the best bowls of bean soup in Eurasia. Definitely have the freshly brewed pale ale. From the good folks who first brought us Goodman's, expect Toro to become a bigtime fave.

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

Tibetan

Tibet Restaurant

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

Jeers:
That would be like bad karma.
M: Okhotny Ryad
Phone: 692-0267
Address: Kamergersky per. 5/6
Hours: noon - 23.00
Call Lena at 795-3376 fax us at 245-1415 or email us at editor@exile.ru to give or receive some sweet lovin'.

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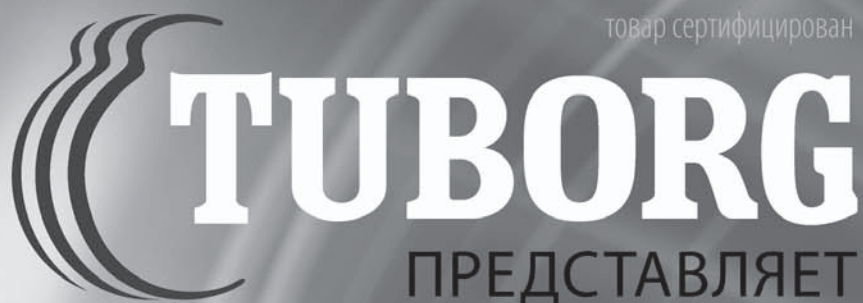
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