

Biography

1985 was an excellent year to be born in, so I did it. After getting out of the lousy obscurity, I immediately began to grow up. Fortunately, Perestroika soon started in Soviet Moscow, so I had to hurry up with that and my intellectual growth began. Though, it ended badly as I was given colored pencils in my hands. There was no manual to them and only scribbles came out. I could not agree with such a course of my development therefore just gripped the pencils harder in my fists. This did not help me to get better in drawing just permanently deformed my brain tissue. To the amusement of my classmates in high school #1143, the most I could do since then was to receive poor grades and consider having a plan “B” for my life. It was gloomy and dismal all around, so I had to carry a pocket lighter with me to light the way to creative existence.

Happily, plan “B” meant “for Better”, so in 2002 I applied to a school for fools. At the GITIS Theatre Academy, I was professionally clowning around, making all kinds of indecent grimaces in front of an astonished audience. The spectators liked it - they moaned. This went on for four years. One day, I was walking along the boulevard bearing name of a deceased person and suddenly saw Papiotti Rist and Bill Viola alive. The Second Moscow Biennale of Contemporary Art featured their’s works. It was 2007, I was an about to be graduate in tomfoolery when all of a sudden my art view was shattered and rolled somewhere. The world turned upside down and twisted along with my neck. It doesn’t look good, so I had to hide my defect in public libraries by doing studies of modern arts. My personality immediately splintered and duplicated itself in variable activities, including photography, drawing, painting, set design, play writing, book publishing, and other improvisations I shouldn’t even mention here.

But then the film director Ivan Vyrypaev passed by, and shouted to me - “Stay where you stood, I’ll shoot you!” - I stayed where I stood and was shot. To my great luck, the art group AES + F landed from the open space to resurrect me and ordered me to perform in theirs “The Feast of Trimalchio” for The 53rd Venice Biennale. Then Dmitry Krymov, a theater captain with huge spectacles on his long face, knocked on the open door of my artistic aspirations and directed me to immediately join his theatrical boat. For seven years we have sailed the seas of theater festivals and received international recognition as valuable mariners. In between my sea voyages, with an infant terrible Emmanuel Durand, we made Frederick Paulsen’s dreams come true and published several travel non-fiction books and photo albums.

2014 is known for the fact that my Moscow-New York plane landed at the appointed place at the appointed time. It came as a surprise, so I began to laugh neurotically and indecently right in public. It frightened passers-by, they poked their fingers at me, but I dodged. At that moment, a naked red-haired girl noticed me, took my hand and led me to what later became our Neverland - an East Village neighborhood. Together with a crowd of inexorably aging Peter Pans like us, we immersed ourselves in ritual mysteries of our street performances and lasted almost two years as a collective. On Seventh street we were known us The Unemployed Porn-Stars.

At the age of 31, I settled down and attended drawing and painting classes at The Art Students League of New York. Portraits of my wife did not resemble the original and caused aroused suspicions of substituting of my heroine. In order to improve my family life, I had to go to practice on professionally motionless models at the Florence Academy of Art US. And in three years I trained so well, that my family didn’t let me back home anymore, telling me to stay a hungry artist somewhere else.

Post Scriptum: I’m still looking for a roof over the heads of my art projects, they are now only two and a half years old, but they have rather voracious mouths. If you know anyone who is interested the works with a touch of artist’s aplomb and a sign of authenticity in her idiocy - let me know. We need to make this person smile, then cry, then smile and cry again.