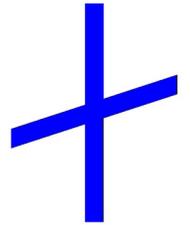


Aleksander Hardashnakov
'Weapon Beside the Bed'
March 5 - April 19, 2015

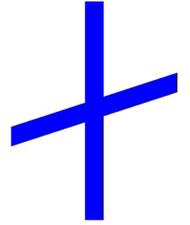


"Why did I set the fires when I set them? That's an all too familiar question that can not be understood if you don't know the story. There were different reasons for most of the fires. It could be because of one feeling the need to have power about something or someone... I don't want you driving that car so the fire becomes a weapon to destroy it. Or in case of some house fires - might like a particular style of a house and wish one day to own it (but it's only a dream). Fire is a tool to destroy and some house fires also becomes my phantasy of people scrambling to exit windows and sort-of feel like they need my help so I stay and watch. Then I'd masterbate over the fire while driving away from the schene."

"My whole life has been a phantasy."

Dave Jamieson. "Letters From an Arsonist: Thomas Sweatt Torched Washington for Decades. He Killed More People than We Thought. - Washington City Paper." 2007

Aleksander Hardashnakov
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Everybody's free, everybody's free, everybody's free
Everybody's free, everybody's free, to feel good, to feel good

Brother and sister, together, will make it through, oh, oh, yeah
Someday, a spirit will take you and guide you there
I know, you've been hurting but I've been waiting to be there for you
And I'll be there, just helping you out whenever I can

Everybody's free, everybody's free
(Everybody's free, ooh, yeah, yeah)
Everybody's free, everybody's free
(Oh, everybody's free, oh, yeah)
To feel good
(Ooh, to feel good)
(Ooh, to feel good)

"Everybody's Free (to Feel Good)" written by Cox, Tim / Swanston, Nigel Andrew.

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[Secret Original looks down on the living comic book from whence he came.]

Secret Original: Oh, Eve. If only I could see you. If only I could talk to you again, but I flew too high and broke against the walls of Heaven, Eve. You were right. I see the cruel reality behind all our hopes and dreams now. I know us for what we truly are. Not supermen but super-slaves in a synthetic prison. Playing out crummy meaningless adventures written by amoral monsters. They farm us, Eve; they farm us for the wonders we simply accept in our ignorance. There are even pornographic versions of our lives, my love. Alternative continuities where you let the entire Status Quorum gangbang you for money to pay your rent. Sick sex situations I'd never even thought of until I found Mercury's files... the sideways lives he'd written us to live... I pull out and run those rotten stories every night, Eve. I can't help it. I... I love to watch you lose your cool and your decency every night because it's the closest I can get... to how it once felt to love you. Man-Ro, help me. I keep thinking I'll find a way to save us all. Then I just waste another five hours checking out sleazy sex comix.

Grant Morrison, and Chris Weston. "Issue 3, Structures and Ultrastructures." *The Filth*. New York: DC Comics, 2004.