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Aleksander Hardashnakov

Mood

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It wasn't a choice. He fell in love with an escort and could not afford her time. He began robbing banks to pay for it. He robbed something like 12 banks before turning himself in, knowing his capture was imminent. I didn't see him for a while. One day walking to the store I heard my name called. I turned back, saw him and walked over to say hi. He had gained some weight. Before I could say hello he said excitedly, "I recognized you by your gait!" It was strange, in a nice way. No one had ever said that to me. I looked back to where I'd just been walking and tried to see myself walk away from myself, hoping to see with his eyes.

I remembered how when I was 13 or so, having a particular gait—especially a cool one—was important. You must have style and grace in everything you do. It can't be too affected but it has to be slick nonetheless. I remembered when I was 8, watching an older kid walk around the playground pigeon toed. Despite his awkward gait he was cool. He had confidence. I went home and toyed with the idea of adopting his style, knowing full well that he hadn't chose to walk that way. I thought better of it: no, I need my own style. I hadn't recognized that I already had it.

I wondered how he had served such a short prison sentence. I think it was something about using a note and no weapon. something about a mood disorder.

Aleksander Hardashnakov

About the artist

Aleksander Hardashnakov (born 1982, Toronto, Canada) lives and Works in Toronto, Canada

Recent and upcoming exhibitions include Tomorrow Gallery (New York), Doom: Surface Control at Le Magasin (Grenoble), For This World at Galerie Rodolphe Janssen (Brussels) and From Whose Ground Heaven and Hell Compare at Croy Nielsen (Berlin). Along with Tara Downs and Hugh-Scott Douglas, Aleksander was one of the founders of Tomorrow Gallery, Toronto, Canada.