

Vitaly Bezpалov

*Salt Seller*

Nov 7–30, 2019

An unfinished game. And such a good one! Yet it's not clear when what we wanna finish is really over. Forget about it, you know, these things I saw, they were just asking to be joined together, so I put them together, and in the future I see myself doing what I'm doing now. It's like I can simply hear the moves in the most obvious and one of the oldest affairs. My salary and your salary, they both stem from the practice of paying soldiers in salt. **Sal** became **solde**, meaning pay, which is the origin of the word soldier. What a game, what a game. Combinations like melodies.

It all became clear to me when they blew up the Marseille Bridge, and still we had to make a shortcut to reach our company in time. Loaded with salt bags, crusty and dead tired I was crossing the stream with my squad, when I slipped. A great deal of salt got dissolved in the water and my load became oh so very light, so very, very light. (*To uncomprehending man*). Merchant du Sel, Marcel Du fucking champ, chess champignon and salt seller. (*He picks up the salt shaker on the table*). Salt cellar... Infinite possibilities. Great sandwiches and coffee.

Ilya S. 1045PM Nov 4, Moscow

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