

Salt *Salome*

27 Oct. — 10 Dec.

We sought to create a time machine of the mind, where I could exist simultaneously in multiple epochs. I became a man with a movie camera, a fixer of reality, and a spectral inhabitant of the moment before my own birth. Our films were dreams woven into celluloid, inviting viewers to enter a world where the surreal and the real coexisted in perfect harmony. I found myself yearning to revisit a time when my parents' love was an unbreakable bond, a sanctuary of warmth and tenderness that seemed so distant now.

It was a love that had once defined our family, before everything crumbled into chaos and despair. After the cataclysm that tore my family apart, my father spiraled into darkness, a tragic sequence of events that ended in a bank robbery and a fatal overdose. My connection with my mother disintegrated, and I was left to navigate the jagged terrain of my own isolation. Loneliness became my constant companion, a silent reminder of the love I had lost. Desperate to escape the harsh reality that gripped my life, I turned to the world of art and imagination. I yearned to step into a moment that had never existed, a moment before I was born, when my parents were still consumed by love. With a camera in my hand, I assumed the role of the cameraman, capturing the essence of this imagined reality.

(excerpt written by Salome in the Present Era)

As I delved deeper into the story of this enigmatic maiden, I felt a profound connection. Her courage and conviction stirred something within me, an ember of hope amidst the darkness. The voices in her head, which had once driven her to the brink, had guided her towards a greater purpose. She had led armies, defied odds, and etched her name into the annals of history. In the quiet hours of my torment, a transformation took root within me. I shed the skin of the tormented Anne, and in her place, Anna of Arc emerged. The voices that had once been my tormentors now became my allies, whispering secrets and prophecies that fueled my determination. I no longer fear the abyss, for I had glimpsed a path through the darkness. With newfound purpose, I embarked on a journey that transcended the boundaries of my own mind. The demons that had plagued me were now my companions, and the visions that had haunted me were my guides. Through their cryptic guidance, I began to find my own destiny, a journey that would lead me to places I had never imagined. In the shadowy realm where madness and inspiration converged, I forged my own legend, embracing the legacy of the Maid of Orleans. The echoes of her voice intertwined with mine, and together, we embarked on a quest that defied the boundaries of reality. My life became a transcending transformation novel, inspired by the archaic legend of Joan of Arc, where the boundaries between common sense and fate blur, and the voices that once tormented me now whispered poems about my own extraordinary journey

(excerpt written by Salome during the Knyazhna Era)

In the annals of Synumerous myth, a mysterious and fanciful figure known as the "Bestia" appeared as a harbinger of doom, a messenger of death, and a guardian of transcendent justice. This enigmatic being has played a key role in the narratives of our time, centered on his unique ability to foresee and predict the outcome of crucial incidents. It was neither totally positive nor totally negative, but was a force of constant change and destruction. The creature, shrouded in ethereal whiteness, moved silently through the mortal world. Its presence caused both fear and admiration, as it was believed to be able to foresee the fate of both individuals and entire communities. In interpretations of the myth, it was believed that this creature turned its gaze upon the inhabitants of the world, making a clear distinction between the virtuous and the unrepentant. But what truly set "beast" apart from all other beings in Synumeru was its uncanny ability to personify the primordial feeling of infantilization. It could become a wide-eyed, innocent young creature, curious about the world and eager to learn, even though it was as ancient as time itself. In this form, it would giggle with delight at the simplest of things, reminding the denizens of Synumeru of the joy that could be found in the most ordinary moments.

(excerpt written by Salome in the Present Era)

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