

ARTIST

Light - The Star

Unlocks stuck systems, creates paradoxes

Dark - The Tyrant

Imposes their views and actions, lacks humility

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You are a king. Live alone. Take a free road
And follow where your free mind leads you,
Bring to perfection the fruits of well-loved
thoughts

Ask no reward for noble deeds accomplished.
Rewards are within you.

Your supreme judge is yourself.

None will ever judge you more sternly.

- *To a Poet, Pushkin (1888)*

GENESIS

Artist always created.

As a very gifted and sensitive kid, they had to endure both the great expectations of part of their family, and the bitter disdain of the other. Nothing was ever enough; everything was always too much. One day, critiques were enraging and stimulating, the next day, they were paralyzing. Drained by that constant swing, Artist left their hometown for the bigger city at a very young age.

Such premature independence came with a price: to take jobs - any, gruelling, small, pointless job. It is just when Artist started thinking they were going to lose themselves to meaningless labour that they met Painter. Painter came from a well-established family, but

had somehow decided to work “with the people”, as to “keep their art grounded”.

GROWTH

Light-hearted and generous, Painter shared their friends and network with Artist, encouraging them to reach out to editors. After sending a few drafts, Artist heard back from Patron. Patron had made the success of literature legends - such as Author - and Artist could feel the success electrifying the tip of their fingers from their very first exchanges.

Artist tried to please Patron for a while and managed to write a few chapters that got them enthusiastic. But soon enough, each sentence they tailored to Patron’s liking was painful, and each meeting more suffocating. Weren’t patrons supposed to be inspiring guides? Would there really never be anyone to reveal Artist to themselves?

Thankfully, Artist wasn't entirely juiced out by these silly exercises and, upon leaving Patron's office, they'd immediately sit on the doorstep to let their frustration flow on the paper. It became a ritual: after each meeting, a new satirical paragraph. In Artist's mind, Patron was a baroque bird-catcher, with a ridiculous blue feather pointing out from their head like a quiff, followed around by their assistant, a long-muzzled hound who didn't dare to bark. In the middle of one of these cathartic take-offs, Artist was jostled by someone storming off from the building, that they immediately recognized as Author.

Artist had been nurturing the hope of catching a sight of them here, and they were as elegant and ungraspable as the young scribbler had hoped for.

Artist hardly had time to meet Author's gaze that they were already flying away with large steps, jumping in their car, probably avoiding losing their time with the down-and-out.

VERTIGO

With close to no stimulating interaction coming out from bastardizing their art, Artist had little incentive to continue. Eventually, Artist stopped answering Patron's calls, threw their manuscripts away and locked themselves in their tiny room for weeks, until the once resounding drums of potential success became quiet.

What was there to pursue?

Excellence? Independence? Harmony? Love?

Of all those religions, Love seemed to be the greatest, and Artist knew just where to find it.

Artist had met Muse at one of those bohemian balls where Painter would often take them. Muse singled-out Artist in the crowd, had them dance, had them drink, had them eat. It was always in a haze of powder and sweat that they would meet, and, following Muse's orders did lift a tremendous weight from Artist's shoulders: all of a sudden, a carelessness spread and cleared up their mind, creating a peaceful space where Artist could free their writing.

But if they settled their thoughts a second in between waltzes, they knew that Muse was from a different world, always at a distance.

FALL

Artist could not access their universe, up there in the high spheres. Worse than that: they could never be important to Muse, as they weren't important to the world. It wasn't the first time that Artist regretted closing the door to success.

For a month, Muse was impossible to find at balls, probably ordering someone else around, perhaps being ordered this time, by someone substantial, someone significant, just as willing to bleed themselves dry for their attention as Artist was.

Artist tried to forget Muse and to focus on the art. Yet, inevitably, Artist kept going back on Muse's tracks, trying to get noticed and ending up feeling ridiculed.

Since Artist was incapable of staying away from Muse while in their orbit, they decided to put some geographical distance between the two of them. Artist took the train to the smallest city they could find.

CRAWL

Far away, by the dangerous Woods, right in the puddle of lowliness, Muse's image didn't leave. Instead, it got superimposed on whatever environment Artist would find themselves in. Only strong drinks managed to blur Muses' features away. And so, Artist started drinking every night at the bar, spending the little money they had on this temporary remedy. In their intoxicated delirium, Artist would see the miners, the winos, the bohemians and the peacocks twirl around them. Sometimes, Author would escape the farandole, stare at them, and say something, but Artist could never manage to hear what it was. A secret? A revelation?

Half a year, perhaps more, went by in this hell, to the point that Artist couldn't imagine their way out of the ghost city.

One night, Artist got so drunk that they were entirely blinded. Probably moving around like a

walking dead, they got properly knocked down by someone. They were picked out by Scout, who helped Artist getting to their room. Scout spent some time silently watching them. As to lull them, Scout told Artist about the Chamber; a mystical place in the middle of the neighbouring forbidden Woods, where one's most intimate desire come true.

And so you thought: what if?

What if this could fix all your poor life choices?

You thought: maybe it is Scout.

Maybe you found someone to just rest on, and follow for a little while?

You settled a date for the journey.

Perhaps is this your last chance to make it right.

Note: You carry with you a gun. In this version of the prototype, it will appear in the final act

(Truth). Only you and Author can decide to pick it up.

you may ask yourself

Has Artist sought comfort from other people than Muse?

Does Artist have any room to fall in love, or to renew their love?

Could Artist project themselves in an ideal future?

Does Artist ever think about making an impact on the world? What would Artist do, or want to do, if they bumped into Author again?

What type of content has Artist written before? Can they write about themselves? What qualities does Artist admire? And despise?

potential things to do

feel free to ignore and interpret Artist very differently

- ❖ Fail or succeed to write in game
- ❖ Naively ask deeply intrusive questions to your travel partners
- ❖ Pick another Muse and push them to reject you
- ❖ Give your gun to someone
- ❖ Kill someone/yourself