

Galatea – Walkthroughs

The information are collected from various sites and my own playthroughs. Among notable sites are:

<https://web.archive.org/web/20180929015031/http://emshort.home.mindspring.com/cheats.htm>

http://ifwiki.org/index.php/User:Cassandra_Palop/Galatea

<https://rbishopgalatea.wordpress.com/endings/>

The list of possible endings is ordered after the list in the IF Wiki article.

The document is full of spoilers and before you proceed I want you to consider the following quote from the author of Galatea:

"I've said it over and over: I don't want people playing to particular endings. I want them to play the game and get whatever result comes naturally, because that is what the game is built for. It's a dispenser of stories, customized to the individual who is playing at the moment.

That's my vision as the author.

Players, however, seem to have a different idea: a lot of them want to see all the text, or at least all the endings. And I have to admit that, while I hate to provide helps to that end (as the author), I can also see their point (as a player of other games). Galatea is horribly Protean; her moods change and you don't always know exactly why; she responds differently to the same question at different times, and this makes it difficult to recover endings that one has already reached once. From my point of view as an author, these features were all desiderata, and I worked hard to produce them, in the name of realism and complexity and richness. From the point of view of the (re)player, they can get confusing after a while. And then there are some people who don't quite get the hang of how to play the game."

There's a couple of useful debugging commands available for those interested of the workings behind the scene:

- `topiclistx`: Lists all the topics in the game and the verbs that work with them.
- `visorx`: Changes the status bar to display statistics on the state of the conversation.

1. The protagonist grasps the curtain.

```
look behind curtain  
get curtain  
again
```

Not stopping to question the odd fixity of this idea, you reach out and grasp the curtain. Galatea gives a little gasp as you pull firmly; tiny gold tacks fly out of the wall and roll across the polished floor. And there's just blank plaster, and rows of holes where the tacks went...

You turn and find Galatea regarding you in some amusement from the pedestal. "Looking for something?"

You shrug, feeling like an idiot; in the distance you hear the heavy tread of approaching feet. You'll never be able to explain this: a compulsion that came from outside, totally out of character, like a command from God...

2. Galatea steps off the pedestal and walks away to show the protagonist that she is able to walk.

tell her about exhibit
ask her about pedestal

"Do you care for this pedestal? It seems a bit forced," you remark.

She shrugs.

"Just so you know," you say, "some of the other pieces are put right on the floor. In the next room there's a Komininsky--"

"Is this a test?" she interrupts. "Can your intelligent mannequins not move from their assigned places?" A pause. "Pray observe."

She gathers her gown in one fist so that she can step off the pedestal. An awkward movement -- it's too tall a platform, and she doesn't seem accustomed to the nuances of moving while wearing a gown.

But it is with great dignity that she walks away and rounds the corner, her bare feet making no sound on the wooden floor.

3. Galatea steps off the pedestal and the protagonist escorts her to another place so as to talk at length with her.

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???

4. Galatea breaks the wrist of the protagonist for turning her a few degrees toward himself (for the second time).

turn her
turn her

You take her by the elbow and turn her a few degrees towards yourself. Too quickly for you to react, she catches your wrist with her other hand, holding it so tightly that you fear for the bones.

"I told you," she says (slow, gravelly voice), "not to do that again."

Heat floods you. She shouldn't be able to do that, shouldn't touch the audience without permission, certainly shouldn't inflict pain or injury. Broken.

Spluttering, you speak an old reset code -- EUDOXIA -- but she doesn't respond. Other than with a positively ghoulish smile.

It's going to take a couple of shots of something strong to keep nightmares out of your head tonight.

5. Galatea steps off the pedestal to escort the protagonist to someplace so as to strip off her gown.

```
x placard
a him
z
z
a him
a waking
x her
touch back
x back
touch spine
x hair
touch hair
a hair
x dress
touch dress
a dress
x hand
touch hand
a hand
kiss hand
galatea, turn
g
g
look at her
touch mouth - Raises tension to considerably.
galatea, look at me
z (x100) - Her sympathy increases by one for every 5th turn and it needs to
           be 35 or higher.
galatea, take off dress
```

"Why don't you take off that dress?" you suggest (in what you hope is a casual tone of voice.)

Her eyes meet yours briefly. "What a suavely phrased request. Tell me, does it usually work?" There's a chuckle in her voice, and you flinch.

Unexpectedly she takes pity on you. "You don't have to answer that," she says. "It was a bit venomous, but you took me by surprise. It wasn't at all the kind of thing I would expect you to say."

"It's not. The kind of thing I would normally say. I don't know what's wrong with me. Other than an ill-timed sense of mischief, maybe."

"I see. And you have a good enough sense of me by now to know that I won't embarrass you by actually complying with such a request."

"Something like that."

She puts a hand on your shoulder, leans down, and whispers in your ear: "It's sewn on. But if you know of someplace quiet where there's a pair of scissors..."

Which just goes to show, you never can tell.

6. Galatea steps off the pedestal to run away from the tactless requests of the protagonist.

???

???

7. The protagonist challenges her to infringe the first law of robotics. Galatea justifies her aversion to violent behavior because she has the same moral opposition against violence as him.

t exhibition
Galatea, kill me

"You don't believe me when I tell you you're a machine, but here, I'll prove it to you," you say reasonably. "You have certain constraints that you can't go against. You can't harm a living person, for instance."

"What are you telling me to do?"

"Just try and hurt me."

She turns to face you, in a rustle of resettling skirts. "You're awfully confident."

You stand there smiling at her, and she sighs. "You're right, I can't do it. From where I stand it feels as though I simply have an objection to violence. Is that what it feels like, being a machine? Is your code disguised, from your point of view, as moral scruple?"

"How would I know?" you retort.

She tilts her head in acknowledgement. "My point exactly. Maybe we're both machines; maybe neither of us is; maybe this whole thing is itself a simulation inside a box somewhere."

"An unanswerable bit of Sophistry," you reply. "You win. For now." You execute a little

bow, and she laughs as you go out.

8. The protagonist goes away. Instead of writing a review he takes pity on her.

???

???

9. The protagonist goes away without writing a review and unable to deal with her.

???

???

10. The protagonist goes away. He feels remorseful about his poor review. He concludes with an adage, which expresses the value of details to distinguish the subtlety of things.

???

???

11. The protagonist goes away. He feels remorseful about his poor review. He acknowledges that he has sufficient data about Galatea to form an opinion.

???

???

12. The protagonist goes away. He ponders the details of his evaluation and feels that he overlooked something.

???

???

13. The protagonist goes away. He ponders the details of his evaluation and reaches a conclusion.

???

???

14. They both end up talking about their countless experiences. The protagonist notes down his phone number to her.

"Friendship, with potential: like the former, but not."

x her. touch her. galatea, hello. touch back. touch hair. x back. touch spine.
a her. read placard. a waking. experience. z. x her. touch ear. a life.
a childhood. a him. a nightmares. a her. z. z. galatea, turn around.
touch chin. stare at her. g. galatea, turn around. x her. x eyes.

stare at her.galatea, look at me. t childhood in general. t family.
t relatives.

She sits down on the pedestal, drawing her knees up to her chest. ("Have you no respect for that gorgeous dress?" "None.") Her bare feet poke out; she's painted the toenails a ruddy shade of bronze, and she studies the effect whenever she isn't looking at you.

Eventually she begins to talk too: about her first encounter with a northern rain; the frustration of trying to watch the television in her hotel room...

So when the gallery owners come to make sure everyone has gone home, that is how they find you: you in your shirtsleeves -- your jacket having been long since tossed over the placard stand -- and her with her head on your shoulder, her gown bunched and crumpled around her. Conscious of their ironic regard, you leave her with your number (scribbled on a cocktail napkin) and instructions on how to dial a telephone.

The faint clean scent of the ocean lingers all the way home.

15. They both end up talking about their countless experiences. The protagonist does not mind hugging her in front of the caterers.

"Friendship: confiding in her."

a her. read it. t me. a waking. experience. z. a life. a childhood.
t childhood. t family. t parents.

Alternative:

t me
t family
again

She sits down on the pedestal, drawing her knees up to her chest. ("Have you no respect for that gorgeous dress?" "None.") Her bare feet poke out; she's painted the toenails a ruddy shade of bronze, and she studies the effect whenever she isn't looking at you.

Eventually she begins to talk too: about her first encounter with a northern rain; the frustration of trying to watch the television in her hotel room...

And that's where you find yourselves when the lights blink and the owners come to send everyone home: sitting shoulder to shoulder, shading your eyes from that hard downglare. You stand; a happy exhaustion sets in, so you're too tired to be self-conscious about hugging her goodbye under the skeptical gaze of the caterers.

16. The protagonist takes her place on the pedestal: he receives deficient reviews and Galatea is hired as a helper on the gallery.

"Exchange of Places: making yourself the object of inspection."

x galatea. touch her. galatea, hello. x placard. a waking. z. a artist. g.
a sale. a inspection. a travel. a customs. a owners. a exhibit. t exhibit.
t suicide. hug her. think about owners. enter pedestal.

"Hey," you say. "Trade you places."

She turns to face you, in a rustle of resettling skirts. "What?" she asks, startled.

"Come on, get down. You can wander around. Talk to people. Look at things."

She just looks at you speculatively, her forehead creased.

"Very well," she says finally. She steps down, and you climb up in her place -- first hanging your jacket strategically over the placard.

Which is how it comes about that you spend the rest of the night sitting on the pedestal. It's rather amusing, in fact; your long familiarity with animate behavior styles makes it easy to emulate one.

Of course you are a bit piqued by your reviews: "Supplied only with esoteric data... personable in a self-deprecating way, but unexciting... breaking no important barriers in the development of more human-like animates." Damn critics.

From the same source, you read that the gallery hired a new assistant. In the photo she's looking severely at the camera, her pure-blond hair taken up in a French twist. It's already occupied, and there's certainly no room for two. Interesting statement though that might make.

17. While hugging her, Galatea steps off the pedestal and into his arms. The protagonist can not leave Galatea there, so he takes her with him.

"Hug: ending up on friendly terms, in a different form."

This is only one of MANY ways to reach this conclusion. In general, you can get this ending by hugging Galatea at any time when Mood is not Hostile or Sad and Sympathy is more than 35. (To get a readout of these and other values, type visorx at any time.) It takes a fair amount of talking to raise Sympathy to that level, however.

x her. a her. read placard. a artist. z. z. a cyprus. a garden. a flowers.
a smell. a stone. a quarries. a carving. z. a secrets. a carving. x her.
a punch. a tools. a chisel. g. a polish. a hammer. a marble. a reliefs.
think about tools. a claw. a drill. a hand. x hand. touch hand. a doubt.
look at her. a backdrop. g. a pedestal. a spotlight. a air conditioner.
look. a artist. a sale. a him. a death. t death. z. a screaming. a nightmares.
a shades. a afterlife. a gods. a prayers. a muses. a madness. a drink.
a prophecy. a apollo. a delphi. a pythia. a priests. a hexameters.
a civilization. a anarchy. think about anarchy. think about gods. a aphrodite.
a love. a pantheon. a hades. z. galatea, turn around. a artemis. a zeus. z.
a hera. a seduction. a dionysus. a drama. a illusions. a freedom. a grief.
touch her. t grief. t jenny. a him. Recap. think about zeus. a justice.
a vocabulary. a speech. a breathing. x her. x eyes. x face.

think about sculpture. a sculpture. a art. a painting. a woman.
galatea, sorry. hug her.

It's a bit awkward at this angle -- the best you can manage is to put your arm around her at the waist. With a sigh, she steps off the pedestal entirely and into your arms.

No one has ever hugged her before. The certainty makes you want to weep for her. You hold her longer than you should; longer than is honest, considering the ambivalence of your feelings toward her.

"Come on." You disengage at last, but only enough to lead her. She comes with you, still leaning on your shoulder.

You may not be able to mend the world for her -- in fact, you may end by hurting her quite desperately, by failing to be what she needs. But you also can't leave her standing there forever.

Her gown hushes on the pale floor as you turn the corner, back to the main gallery. Sometimes there's no right way to do what needs to be done.

18. *The candor of Galatea comes to the surface, she steps out the pedestal and the protagonist takes her to another place in order to talk at length with her.*

???

???

19. *The protagonist goes away, scared of his own sinister impulse to kill her.*

"Shame: running up against your own less pleasant qualities."

x her. a backdrop. a placard. read placard. a carving. g. a pain. a drill.
x hands. a hands. a fear. a waking. a death. kill her.

You don't, of course. But the impulse takes you off guard.

You wonder what it is about her that provokes such undeserved wrath -- maybe the perplexing mixture of pride and vulnerability, the sense at one moment that she's leading you by the nose and the next that she has no idea what she's up to.

Or maybe it's the way she looks: as though slightest touch would bruise her. As though wringing her neck would be as easy, as gratifying, as juicing an orange.

The taste in the back of your throat makes you wonder if you're going to be ill. (Is this really you? This nasty-minded brute? We're dark inside, all of us, but you'd thought more of yourself.)

You don't stay to look longer -- later you may regret the cowardice that prevents you from

looking in this particular mirror, but there are limits to endurance.

20. Galatea admits that she was in love with the artist, the remainder of her existence being only incidental. To the protagonist this is the end of her performance: he couldn't care less.

hello
wait
a love

"Were you in love with him?"

She turns to face you, in a rustle of resettling skirts.

"I know I loved him," she answers. "And there was a time when I might even have said that he loved me, too. Things seemed simpler before I began to move, before I woke up. I didn't realize that you could loathe your own creation."

"So now you know. That's all there is -- my one and only secret." She smiles, but it doesn't reach her eyes. "All the rest of my life's just circumstance."

A closing line if you ever heard one. You give her a nod and walk away, half your mind already on the buffet in the next room, and what you're going to say about her, in there.

21. Galatea admits that she was in love with the artist, the remainder of her existence being only incidental. The protagonist corrects her final statement: her life has been incidental up to now; and his last words finally give back a proper smile to Galatea.

x her. a her. read placard. a pygmalion. g. a loneliness. a suicide. a suicide.
think about her. touch her. touch back. touch gown. a gown. a owners.
a backdrop. x cheek. touch cheek. a carving. g. a pain. a polish. a him.
a love.

"Were you in love with him?"

She turns so that she is looking at you straight on -- level gaze, smoky eyes, brows pale and washed out in the light. Not her most beautiful angle, which might be why she avoids it.

"I know I loved him," she answers. "And there was a time when I might even have said that he loved me, too. Things seemed simpler before I began to move, before I woke up. I didn't realize that you could loathe your own creation."

"So now you know. That's all there is -- my one and only secret." She smiles, but it doesn't reach her eyes. "All the rest of my life's just circumstance."

"So far," you reply. And she smiles again, this time for real.

22. The protagonist hurts her feelings and she invites him to leave her alone.

x placard
t it
a him
a him

"There must be more you can tell me about the artist," you press her.

"No," she says. Her voice is hard. "If you've any further curiosity on the topic, you'll have to ask someone else. Please -- just leave me alone now."

You nod and go. She doesn't have the look of someone inclined to talk further.

23. While the protagonist is pondering whether to kiss her or not, Galatea kisses him instead. She is crying. He takes her to another place in order to talk at length with her.

"Kiss: just what it sounds like."

This is only one of MANY ways to reach this conclusion. In general, you can get this ending by kissing Galatea at any time when: you have decided she is not an animate; you have a three-quarter view or better; and Tension is Considerable. (To get a readout of these and other values, type visorx at any time.)

x her. a her. touch her. touch her back. a artist. z. z. a studio. a ocean. z.
x her. x hair. touch hair. a hair. x hand. touch hand. a hand. x her.
kiss hand. a backdrop. x ear. touch ear. x cheek. touch cheek.
think about animates. think about her. read placard. a waking experience.
galatea, turn around. kiss her. g.

Her eyes meet yours; she seems to read what you're thinking, because she bends down, putting a hand on your shoulder to steady herself.

... When she pulls away, her eyes meet yours with unexpected candor. She looks more human than she has all evening.

"Come on." You give a little tug, and she steps down from the pedestal. "There are things we should discuss, and this is not the place."

24. The protagonist goes away. Galatea remains indifferent to him.

???

???

25. The protagonist goes away. Galatea says goodbye and hopes for the protagonist's return. However, his mind is already on the forthcoming buffet.

???

???

26. The protagonist goes away. Galatea says goodbye but he answers with dull politeness.

???

???

27. The protagonist goes away. Galatea says goodbye in such a tone as if he was a burden.

???

???

28. The protagonist goes away. Galatea asks the protagonist whether he is bored. He answers that he has other exhibits to look at. He finally remarks that even her artist would notice that she has to polish up her skills.

leave

You turn away, suddenly tired of this exhibit.

"Bored so soon?" she asks, in a flat voice.

You turn and look at her one last time. "I have other things to do," you say. "And even your creator would admit that you're -- shall we say a bit rough around the edges?"

She doesn't have any response to that. You head off to get yourself another glass of champagne.

29. The protagonist goes away. Galatea asks the protagonist whether he is bored. He answers that he has other exhibits to look at, and that surely, someone else will find her soon.

Sympathy needs to be 6 or over.

read placard
a him
again
a her
x her
touch her
touch back
x back
touch spine
x hair
touch hair
leave

You turn away, suddenly tired of this exhibit.

"Bored so soon?" she asks, in a flat voice.

"There are other exhibits to see," you reply without looking back. "But don't worry. I'm sure someone else will find you before too much longer."

30. *The protagonist goes away. Galatea thanks the protagonist for the information provided about Pygmalion. But the protagonist does not bat an eyelid as he walks out.*

read placard
t placard
leave

You turn away, suddenly tired of this exhibit.

"Thanks for telling me about Pygmalion," she says -- and you realize that it's the first time she's referred to him by name.

You don't even break your stride, walking out.

31. *The protagonist goes away. Galatea thanks the protagonist for the information provided about Pygmalion. Although the protagonist hesitates briefly, he compels himself not to get involved in Galatea's misfortunes.*

Sympathy 6 or over and she have been told about suicide.

read placard
a him
again
t suicide
x her
a her
touch her
touch back
x back
touch spine
leave

You turn away, suddenly tired of this exhibit.

"Thanks for telling me about Pygmalion," she says -- and you realize that it's the first time she's referred to him by name.

You stop for half a second, then keep going. This is not your tragedy, you tell yourself firmly...

32. The protagonist goes away while Galatea tries to say nothing to hold him there.

t exhibit
t komininsky

"Don't tell me," she says. "I don't want to know about my competition."

"Why do you ask me?" Her voice snaps like breaking crystal. "All I can tell you is whatever has been fed into my database, right? My collection of facts to share?"

(Damn. You've reached a stage where she's simply uncooperative, it would seem. It annoys you extremely when artists create pieces that can get into this state.)

You can detect a certain amount of tension in her stance. When you turn and walk away, she says nothing at all.

33. The protagonist invites Galatea to step out of the pedestal. She, modestly, but confident in his words, finally descends from the platform.

"Invitation: asking her to step out of her milieu."

x her. a her. read placard. a suicide. t suicide. galatea, get down. g.

Alternative:

x placard
t placard
galatea, down
again

"Standing up there isn't going to make this easier," you say. "No one owns you, but as long as you treat yourself like a work of art, you won't be able to come to terms with your own humanity."

"He didn't want me to be alive," she says. "Not fully. Not as a human being. He didn't know how to deal with that. If I'd stayed still, and silent, he could have gone on telling me things. And maybe if he'd had that outlet, he wouldn't--"

"That he didn't want you to be alive was his failing, not yours."

(The words ring in your ears after you speak. Would you want any creation of yours to come to life and start talking to you? Much easier to think of this in terms of gender politics.)

She turns so that she is looking at you straight on -- level gaze, smoky eyes, brows pale and washed out in the light. Not her most beautiful angle, which might be why she avoids it. "And so what would you have me do? I have no skills, no family, no money, no possessions other than the clothes I'm standing in --" she makes a dismissive gesture that takes in all the yards of glinting green fabric -- "and though I have reason to think that it

was expensive, something tells me it isn't practical for everyday use."

You smile at the image of her trying to file papers or wash a car in that dress. It's on your lips to say you'll look after her -- you more or less have to offer, don't you? No matter how inconvenient that might eventually prove. And perhaps it will come to that in a few minutes. But it's not what she needs to hear at the moment.

"Leap of faith," you say.

Her mouth quirks. "All right, then," she says. "Here we go." Catching up the excess of her gown, she jumps off, ignoring the hand you extend in support. The two of you walk out without looking back.

34. The protagonist invites Galatea to step out of the pedestal. She, bravely, descends from the platform asking about the artist. Galatea, nearly obsessed with her artist finally leaves the protagonist out.

???

???

35. The protagonist invites Galatea to step out of the pedestal. She, bravely, descends from the platform asking about the artist. She is joyful and has the intention to reprimand the artist.

a journey
a customs
a sex
galatea, down

"Why don't you come down from there?" you ask. "It can't be comfortable."

She looks at you in surprise. The air stirs, cool on your cheek. "But I --" She frowns slightly, evaluating what she was about to say. "Yes. Yes. After all, why not?"

Catching up the excess of her gown in one hand, she steps down, ignoring the hand you extend in support.

"Won't this surprise them," she says. "Did you see him here? The artist? You know what he looks like, don't you?"

"I don't know," you reply.

"Well, whether he is or not, I've got some things to say to him. And maybe this'll shock the gallery into writing him a letter, or something. I'd like to see him come back and try to make me behave." Her eyes laugh, and you watch with amusement as she turns and walks down the hallway. She seems younger than she did a moment ago, but very much more

alive.

36. Galatea kills the protagonist.

"Pushing Your Luck Too Far: getting yourself killed."

x her. touch her. read placard. t suicide. a exhibit. t exhibit. a carving.
g. g. g. a placard.

"So what if the placard's a trick?" you say. "Pygmalion might actually be alive and well, and the whole point of this is for me to tell you and garner a reaction."

She turns to face you, in a rustle of resettling skirts. "So you're saying that I'm just programmed to respond to the idea that he committed suicide, and everything is just a show."

You nod a little apologetically. "You know, there are some points on which your responses are vague or odd. I wouldn't say you exactly pass the Turing Test."

Her eyes shutter, go dark. "I could prove it to you if I wanted to," she says. "I bet none of your clever mechanical people is allowed to hurt someone. Am I right? No violence. That wouldn't be part of the programming." Her voice takes on a distinct menace. "And to be honest, it has a certain appeal. Since you've been every kind of an ass -- don't look so surprised that I know the word!"

You stand there calmly, admiring the sophistication of this argument and wondering what went into programming it. So it takes you by surprise when she reaches out (disproportionately long arms, she has!) and catches you around the throat...

37. Galatea kills herself (even if the protagonist is worried about her/because of the artist/to demonstrate the protagonist that she is not an animate/because of her state of affairs/because she is, altogether, only marble).

"Delusions: challenging Galatea about her own status."

x her
galatea, hello
read placard
a exhibit
t exhibit
think about exhibit
think about komininsky
think about galatea
galatea, look at galatea

Alternative:

read placard
t placard
a marble

"Have a look at yourself," you say. "Do you look like a human being? Only in the most

superficial sense."

Not answering, she extends her bare arms, running one thumb along the length of the opposite forearm. She stops when she reaches the hollow of her elbow. Head bent. Light gleaming in her hair like a halo.

"I know I'm not human," she replies slowly. "There's no pulse, there are no veins. But that does not make me what you say I am."

"I could prove it to you if I wanted to," she says. "I bet none of your clever mechanical people is allowed to hurt someone. Am I right? No violence. That wouldn't be part of the programming."

She sighs. "But there's another way, and at the moment I think it's the one I prefer. I've had enough of this-- all this."

You shiver in a sudden blast of air conditioning.

You watch, bemused, wondering what sort of stunt this is.

And then you're alone. There's only the marble, still and cold and awkward in its gown. (Later, you'll see her in a picture: they'll have taken the dress off and started to display her naked again.) Now, though -- now you can't stand here, looking, any longer. It's like being with a dead body. And you powerfully need a drink.

38. Galatea gets angry with the protagonist because he considers her an animate.

???

???

39. Without warning, Galatea kisses the protagonist in the mouth.

"Exchange of Glances: extremely thorough inspection of the piece."

x her
a curtain
x her
x cheek
x ear
touch ear
touch cheek
x her
x cheek
touch cheek
x gown
x back
x spine
x head

x arms
x mole
a mole
x hand
a hand
a tools
a chisel
a eyes
a drill
galatea, turn
x her
x throat
x chin
x nose
x mouth
touch mouth
galatea, turn
x her
x eyes
x eyelids
x face
galatea, look at me
look at her
look at eyes
galatea, look at me
again

"Galatea. Look at me."

Her eyes flicker up and meet yours. There's a strange blend of emotions in that look -- something akin to cruelty foremost, and under that a hint of fellow-feeling; and something else smoky and elusive, to which you'd be embarrassed to put a name.

With no particular warning, she dips her head and kisses you full on the mouth.

40. Galatea steps off the pedestal, curious, seeking for the other exhibits; the protagonist will be her guide.

"Curiosity: getting Galatea interested in something other than herself."

galatea, hello
t job
x galatea
x shoulder
touch shoulder
think about hazar
t hazar
a her
read placard
a marble
think about vanitallie
t vanitallie
touch back
x back
touch spine

think about animates
think about exhibit
a exhibit
t exhibit
kiss hand
galatea, sorry
t hazar
think about exhibit
think about her
x her
galatea, turn around
g
x face
think
think about exhibit
t fairy queen
z
t bhattacharyya
t komininsky

"There's a piece by Komininsky in the next room," you volunteer. "Mingling with the guests. He, ah, brought her as his date, actually." You and Mike go way back: you've always been fascinated by his genius for subversion.

"Oh?" Still that low voice.

"It means that he can mediate between her and anyone who tries to talk to her. Being able to control the input gives him an unfair advantage. Most of the fun is watching them interact with each other, in fact."

"All right," she remarks. "Enough of this. I need to see these pieces myself. I'm bored, and you've persuaded me."

Without waiting for an answer, she gathers her dress in one hand and jumps lightly off the pedestal.

At the corner she stops and looks back at you, tilting her head. "Well? Are you going to give me the tour?"

41. Galatea becomes sad after the protagonist confesses that he is a critic.

???

???

42. Galatea prays to Zeus and He makes her human. Afterwards she pukes all over the protagonist.

"Mortality: appealing to higher powers."

a her. x placard. a him. a afterward. a him. a woman. a church. a exorcism.

a god. a prayers. a muses. a madness. a prophecy. think about the gods.
a pantheon. a artemis. a zeus. a hera. think about pantheon. a hades. a death.
t death. touch her. galatea, sorry. a her. a stories. a travels. a numen.
x her. galatea, turn. a memories. z. a loneliness. z. think. think about her.
galatea, turn. a death. a thasos. think about gods. galatea, pray to zeus.

To your surprise, she takes you seriously. "Zeus all-father," she says, "if ever Pygmalion who made me pleased you with an offering of wine, if ever he burnt the fat of a cow in your honor, hear me now. I am given life, but not life as others know it. Give me a mortal body. Make me human."

Silence. Light moves along her arms, gilding her. The sheen vanishes from her skin. A flush of blood shows under her cheeks. She turns to you, her eyes wide.

"Galatea--" You put out your hand to catch her -- she seems to have lost her balance -- and she leans toward you just in time to be sick all over your jacket and shirt.

"I'm so sorry. Oh, gods, what is this stuff?" Her hair is sticking to her forehead. She looks like a child with a fever, and she keeps making faces, trying to get the taste out of her mouth.

You just shake your head, gingerly stripping off the jacket. "As an introduction to the capacities of a mortal body," you remark, "that was perhaps a bit harsh."

She laughs a little unsteadily. "He always said the gods never give an unmixed gift."

43. Galatea prays to Aphrodite. The goddess materializes and expresses condolences to Galatea on death of the artist.

"Address to Kypris: catching the attention of a deity."

x her. x placard. a artist. a carving. z. a him. a fits. a secrets. a pirates.
a dionysus. a anarchy. a suicide. t suicide. z. a nightmares. a moon. a gods.
a aphrodite. g.

"Well, she sounds like a harmless and pleasant sort."

She turns so that she is looking at you straight on -- level gaze, smoky eyes, brows pale and washed out in the light. Not her most beautiful angle, which might be why she avoids it. "Pleasant and harmless," she repeats in a dull voice. "She's the one who sent Helen to Troy; she's the one who made Zeus chase after all sorts of mortal women, to their disadvantage and Hera's fury. If it weren't for her and her tricks and her cruelty--"

She pauses, her eyes flickering up to something behind you. You turn.

"It is unwise," says the newcomer, "to rail against the gods. Especially against those who have done you favors." She walks toward where you are standing: from a distance she looks like one of the gallery owners, but when she is beside you you realize that this is an illusion: close up you notice how tall she is, and how the light seems to follow her of its

own accord. There's a smell of something sweet and unfamiliar.

You move back, nervous. But Galatea stares the goddess down.

"There's nothing you can take from me that I have not already lost," she says. "If it is indeed you who are responsible for my being alive, then it is a pitiful gift -- since at the same time you took away the only person I cared about."

To your surprise, Aphrodite frowns. "I did not take him away. He took himself away -- and I am sorry, indeed. He was one of my favorites among men. But I cannot bring him back to you." She reaches up and with one hand wipes away the tears from Galatea's face. "I truly am sorry, my dear."

44. Galatea prays to Aphrodite. The goddess materializes and expresses condolences to Galatea on death of the artist. As long as there is life, there is hope for Galatea, and the hope is there: it is the protagonist himself.

Mood: Sad, Sympathy: 20, Tension: Considerably, Segue distance: 2

a aphrodite

"Well, she sounds like a harmless and pleasant sort."

Her eyes meet yours briefly. "Pleasant and harmless," she repeats in a dull voice. "She's the one who sent Helen to Troy; she's the one who made Zeus chase after all sorts of mortal women, to their disadvantage and Hera's fury. If it weren't for her and her tricks and her cruelty--"

She pauses, her eyes flickering up to something behind you. You turn.

"It is unwise," says the newcomer, "to rail against the gods. Especially against those who have done you favors." She walks toward where you are standing: from a distance she looks like one of the gallery owners, but when she is beside you you realize that this is an illusion: close up you notice how tall she is, and how the light seems to follow her of its own accord. There's a smell of something sweet and unfamiliar.

You move back, nervous. But Galatea stares the goddess down.

"There's nothing you can take from me that I have not already lost," she says. "If it is indeed you who are responsible for my being alive, then it is a pitiful gift -- since at the same time you took away the only person I cared about."

To your surprise, Aphrodite frowns. "I did not take him away. He took himself away -- and I am sorry, indeed. He was one of my favorites among men. But I cannot bring him back to you." She reaches up and with one hand wipes away the tears from Galatea's face. "But while you are alive there are always consolations."

The goddess leans forward and says something else, in too low a voice for you to make it out. But you see Galatea's gaze flicker towards you.

45. Galatea prays to Aphrodite. The goddess materializes and takes the life of Galatea, turning her into a statue. The protagonist complains and then falls silent.

???

???

46. Galatea prays to Aphrodite. The goddess materializes and takes the life of Galatea, turning her into a statue. The protagonist complains. Aphrodite, for her part, ironically reminds him that there are plenty more fish in the sea.

Same as 5 but instead of the last 'galatea, take off dress' ask her about Aphrodite instead.

a aphrodite
a aphrodite

"Well, she sounds like a harmless and pleasant sort."

Her eyes meet yours briefly. "Pleasant and harmless," she repeats in a dull voice. "She's the one who sent Helen to Troy; she's the one who made Zeus chase after all sorts of mortal women, to their disadvantage and Hera's fury. If it weren't for her and her tricks and her cruelty--"

She pauses, her eyes flickering up to something behind you. You turn.

"It is unwise," says the newcomer, "to rail against the gods. Especially against those who have done you favors." She walks toward where you are standing: from a distance she looks like one of the gallery owners, but when she is beside you you realize that this is an illusion: close up you notice how tall she is, and how the light seems to follow her of its own accord. There's a smell of something sweet and unfamiliar.

You move back, nervous. But the goddess seems hardly to notice you. She touches Galatea with one finger and instantly the life is gone from her: there is only a statue on the pedestal, perfect, still.

"You killed her!" you exclaim, horrified.

The golden gaze turns on you, lovely, quelling. "Oh, did you want her?" She smiles nastily. "There are plenty of other women in the world." And she goes out, leaving you there alone.

47. Galatea prays to Aphrodite. The goddess materializes and takes the life of Galatea, turning her into a statue. The protagonist, shocked and unable to speak, finally curls up against the wall. Then Aphrodite leaves.

a aphrodite
again

"Well, she sounds like a harmless and pleasant sort."

She turns so that she is looking at you straight on -- level gaze, smoky eyes, brows pale and washed out in the light. Not her most beautiful angle, which might be why she avoids it. "Pleasant and harmless," she repeats in a dull voice. "She's the one who sent Helen to Troy; she's the one who made Zeus chase after all sorts of mortal women, to their disadvantage and Hera's fury. If it weren't for her and her tricks and her cruelty--"

She pauses, her eyes flickering up to something behind you. You turn.

"It is unwise," says the newcomer, "to rail against the gods. Especially against those who have done you favors." She walks toward where you are standing: from a distance she looks like one of the gallery owners, but when she is beside you you realize that this is an illusion: close up you notice how tall she is, and how the light seems to follow her of its own accord. There's a smell of something sweet and unfamiliar.

You move back, nervous. But the goddess seems hardly to notice you. She touches Galatea with one finger and instantly the life is gone from her: there is only a statue on the pedestal, perfect, still.

Too appalled and too miserable to speak, you huddle against the wall. Aphrodite glances once, contemptuously, in your direction, as she goes out.

48. Yeah, Galatea has something to say about sex, but the protagonist finally loses the interest in her because the portrayal of sexual sorrows is usually a very boring issue.

a sex

The question startles even you, the moment you've uttered it. She turns so that she is looking at you straight on -- level gaze, smoky eyes, brows pale and washed out in the light. Not her most beautiful angle, which might be why she avoids it.

"If you mean, did he sleep with me-- no, he didn't."

No. He wouldn't have. Just look at her: she's beautiful in a crystalline way, but the more you look at particulars, the more they disturb. No one is so sleek, so unforgiving. The proportions are subtly wrong, too -- the size of the head, the shape and width of the mouth...

That's it, then. You could stay and question her, and maybe find out more -- if she knows more -- about the tortured persona of the artist. But you're bored with sexual angst. It's one of those topics that everyone uses and no one has anything interesting to say about.

49. Galatea prays to Dionysus. The god takes her with him and makes the same offer to the protagonist. However either the self-discipline of the protagonist or his reluctance is incompatible with the proposal and the god departs.

"Bacchanal: catching the attention of a different deity."

x placard. a thasos. a gods. a muses. a apollo. a dionysus. a bonds.
a inhibition. a pain. galatea, pray to dionysus.

She turns so that she is looking at you straight on -- level gaze, smoky eyes, brows pale and washed out in the light. Not her most beautiful angle, which might be why she avoids it. "Io, Bacchus!" she shouts, so loudly that the sound echoes off the walls.

What happens next comes all at once. There is a tremor in the floor like the beating of drums. The air conditioner rattles, the vent disgorges dozens of emerald snakes. The curtain becomes a tangle of vines.

A man steps through them, a young man, with curling blond hair and a smooth face, carrying a strange rod with a pine cone at the end. When he sees you, he smiles -- a sweet menacing smile that makes you take a step back.

His attention turns to her. He taps her with the end of the wand, and the stiffness and the posed quality leave her. She follows him. Called to, she does not turn around. The vines part. She is gone.

"What have you done to her?" you demand.

"Set her free. I could do the same for you. But I forget: you value your-- self-control." He salutes you, a mocking gesture, and follows Galatea through into the darkness.

You stare, disoriented, at the moon, vivid through the ceiling. Then it fades, and there is only the spotlight, and the white walls, and the empty pedestal.

50. Galatea prays to Dionysus. The god takes her with him and makes the same offer to the protagonist. The protagonist willingly chooses to follow the god and receives his divine touch.

a dionysus
galatea, pray
yes

She turns so that she is looking at you straight on -- level gaze, smoky eyes, brows pale and washed out in the light. Not her most beautiful angle, which might be why she avoids it. "Io, Bacchus!" she shouts, so loudly that the sound echoes off the walls.

What happens next comes all at once. There is a tremor in the floor like the beating of drums. The air conditioner rattles, the vent disgorges dozens of emerald snakes. The curtain becomes a tangle of vines.

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His attention turns to her. He taps her with the end of the wand, and the stiffness and the posed quality leave her. She follows him. Called to, she does not turn around. The vines part. She is gone.

"What have you done to her?" you demand.

"Set her free. I could do the same for you. If you like."

You stare at the vegetation, embarrassed -- by your sudden longing to follow Galatea, by your doubts, by your inability to understand what the god is offering you.

"Choose, but choose now," he says. "Yes or no?" > yes

"Yes." For half a moment it flashes before you what you have to lose -- your life, your sanity, your position -- and then

in the darkness, drums and flutes
on the ground honey and a sweet flow of wine
and all around dancers, hands and eyes

51. Galatea prays to Dionysus. The god takes her with him and makes the same offer to the protagonist. The protagonist hesitates but finally agrees. His soul, his reason and his status is lost in the process. (Alternatively, the protagonist may pray to Dionysus. The god won't take Galatea with him... but the final outcome is similar.)

???

???

52. The protagonist discovers that Galatea is an avatar after all. Finally he meets the artist.

"Wizard of Oz: the "avatar" ending."

x galatea. galatea, hello. x dress. a artist. a waking. z. a him. a fits.
a nightmares. a shades. a afterlife. a gods. a apollo. a dionysus.
a illusions. z. a masks.

"Is there something you're trying to tell me?" you ask suspiciously. "Speaking of stepping out of character..."

She turns so that she is looking at you straight on -- level gaze, smoky eyes, brows pale and washed out in the light. Not her most beautiful angle, which might be why she avoids it. For a moment she doesn't say anything, and you wonder if you've made a mistake. And then you remember an article you were reading last month--

"You're an avatar, you've got someone controlling you in realtime!"

The reply, when it comes, is not from Galatea. The velvet curtain moves violently; tiny gold tacks shower out of the wall; half the backdrop wrenches free, thanks to the opening of a door beyond.

"Hi," says the newcomer. "Behold the Great and Powerful Oz," she adds under her breath.

"What?" You stare down at her: she's rather short, a little on the dumpy side, and dressed in a ripped pair of blue jeans. An unlikely source for that performance you just observed.

She cocks her head to one side. "Sorry to disappoint, " she says with a smile. "It was an experiment that -- well, it seemed like a good idea at the time. I was curious what people would say. Hope you don't take it personally."

You glance at Galatea -- lifeless now that her controls have been switched off -- and then back at the artist. "You could start by telling me your real name."

53. The protagonist gets angry with Galatea because she is not able to understand his opinion against suicides.

???

???

54. The protagonist is obsessed with the artist until Galatea gets sick of hearing so much questions. Finally, she asks him to leave her alone.

???

???

55. The protagonist is imbued with the sense of weirdness that stem from the anecdotes of the artist, which are narrated by Galatea. He finally reaches a superior sensitivity and recognizes every trivial prodigy and sign.

"Portents and Omens: access to strange visions."

x her. a her. read placard. a artist. z. z. z. a reliefs. a childhood. z.

If she talks about the Tiber: a bridge.
If she talks about the mountains: a lightning.
If she talks about the Piraeus: a ferry.

She falls silent and thoughtful, and then after a moment she goes on to other anecdotes: plotless, rambling, visions rather than events. And you have a sense of overwhelming strangeness -- most of all when she speaks of places that are familiar to you, of Pygmalion's adventures in your own country. Everything was a portent or an omen to him.

The effect stays with you for days, for weeks. Things catch your eye. Windows watch you, doors fly open of their own accord, trash arranges itself into inscrutable sigils. Winds trouble you. Trees stretch and touch your shoulder as you pass, but when you turn your head, they have nothing to say. And night by night you wake, tangled, with the moon on your face.

56. Galatea burst into tears remembering the artist's travel to Crete. The protagonist briefly assesses the aesthetic value of the scene with a frivolous remark and then he averts his eyes from her.

???

???

57. Galatea burst into tears remembering the artist's travel to Crete. The protagonist urges her with a severe voice tone not to act in the same thoughtless way as her artist. But then she freezes and reacts no more.

???

???

58. Galatea burst into tears remembering the artist's travel to Crete. The protagonist urges her with a severe voice tone not to act in the same thoughtless way as her artist. When the protagonist touches her shoulder and repeats his request again, Galatea finally recovers from the shock. Then for a lengthy period he comforts her with a hug and a soothing murmur.

???

???

59. Asked about her nature, Galatea responds with multiple transformations (wood, water, flame, salt, glass, void). Finally a hollow voice says that she is what the protagonist think she is.

"Reflection: confronting her inherent strangeness."

x galatea
touch back
touch spine

a her
read placard
a marble
a sparkle

"What ARE you?" you demand. "How can you make your skin sparkle, and your shape change, and then change back?"

"I'm not dangerous to you." She gives you a look that seems almost pitying. "Except perhaps to your sanity. But you seem hardy enough."

"But that doesn't explain anything," you complain. She is silent, apparently reluctant.

"Are you made of some kind of new material?" you demand, casting about. "Somehow become self-aware? A shape-shifter?"

Her silence persists.

"A daemon?"

She laughs. "That's a closer explanation than any other that you are likely to come up with," she says. "And if you're willing to entertain the notion--"

You aren't, of course, not really, but it's too late to tell her that now, too late to cram reality back into its box. With a laugh like that of a child being let outside, she turns -- to wood, the color and style of a product of Old Kingdom Egypt. To glass, faceted, her hair scattering the downshot light to a thousand tiny points. To a sculpture of sand, to a pillar of salt, to flowing water, to flame.

And finally her substance has fled entirely, and she is only a shadow, passing around you in a cool whisper.

"I am what you think I am; I am what your treatment makes of me."

60. The protagonist condemns the artist's behavior towards Galatea until she raises her self-esteem.

???

???

61. Galatea confesses that she did not like the artist very much; however she was in love with the artist's energy. She does not want to lower her expectations.

???

???

62. The protagonist persuades Galatea to eat something. Cheese.

"Stilton: getting her to eat."

galatea, hello. read placard. t suicide. hug her. a her. a waking. a sight. a hearing. a sleeping. g. a food. g. g. z. z. t processes.

"It's not entirely awful being human," you point out. "Eating can be quite pleasant. A nice loaf of fresh bread, or a good cheese... It would be foolish to let too fastidious an aesthetic sense stand in the way of your trying it."

She turns so that she is looking at you straight on -- level gaze, smoky eyes, brows pale and washed out in the light. Not her most beautiful angle, which might be why she avoids it. The air conditioner chooses this moment to blast you with cold air.

"Okay," she says. "Where's some food? You have any?"

"What? No, not -- not with me. There's some in the other room, if you like."

"Excellent."

Bemused, you follow her into the other room, where (disregarding the stares of everyone around her) she helps herself to two handfuls of crackers, a whole wedge of Stilton, and enough caviar to recolonize the Dead Sea.

Her bravado wears off a little when it comes to actually eating the stuff, and she carries her plate back into the other room and sits consciously on the pedestal. "So what do I do?"

"Take something, put it in your mouth. Chew. Swallow."

She still looks confused, so you fix up one of the crackers. "The Stilton's a bit of an acquired taste--" But she seems to be choking, so you skip the monologue and hand her the bottled water you had the prescience to pick up.

"You okay?"

She swallows, with difficulty; looks at you teary-eyed; and says, "This is AMAZING."

"Welcome to humanity," you say.

63. Galatea feels guilty for treating the protagonist improperly and unfairly; however she does not like her role there and asks him to leave her alone with her thoughts.

???

???

64. Galatea talks without break. Noticing her lack of knowledge, the protagonist devotedly decides to assume her instruction.

"Patience: becoming her confidant and teacher."

x her. a her. x placard. a artist. a strangeness. a him. t suicide. z. a her.
a stories. a maxims. a personality. z. z.

You take a deep breath.

Your patient silence seems to act as a kind of catalyst: when Galatea realizes that you aren't going to interrupt, she talks and talks -- about her trip over from Cyprus, about what it's like to live here and be in the gallery, about things she's seen and wondered about. Her ignorance is encyclopedic, she has a child's curiosity, but she is as logical and articulate as most adults.

By the end of the evening, you're sitting beside her on the pedestal, and you've started a list of things that she needs to see, books she ought to read... Educating her is going to be a long but highly amusing project, you can see that.

65. The protagonist forces himself to evoke the distressing details of his sister's illness but it turns out not to be the best moment to do so. From the initial warning signs of the disease to the ill-fated conclusion, the protagonist recalls again his painful feelings and the following void in his existence. Even though Galatea, who is worried about the protagonist, is approaching him he turns aside from her.

"Upset: raising some memories you can't quite handle."

x her. a her. read placard. a artist. hug her. attack her. think about cancer.

Remembering, on purpose, is not something you've forced yourself to do for a long time. And it is perhaps not a good idea, even now. Worries, first symptoms, diagnosis, despair. Standing in the hospital parking lot in the whirling snow, watching the lights go out on her floor. The hours and hours consumed by intractable emotions.

And then when she was gone, the utter solitude in your life.

"Are you all right?" Galatea is reaching towards you, but you turn away.

66. The protagonist uses Galatea as an ELIZA computer program therapist. He finally thinks that whoever wrote such program for animates would make him/her rich.

"Eliza: using her as a psychiatry program."

x galatea. x backdrop. a her. read placard. a artist. a waking. a pain.
a artist. a loneliness. t suicide. z. a him. a fits. a childhood. z.
a memories. t me. t family. t parents.

Alternative:

t me

t sister

t family

As you talk, she sinks to sit on the pedestal, her skirts billowing around her. She only says enough to let you know that she's still listening. You find yourself pouring out all your losses, disappointments, frustrations. And last and deepest, that sense of isolation that has never left you since Jenny died.

By the end of the evening you feel as though you've been through a wringer, and at the same time strangely healed. (Someone should write a psychologist program for animates. It would make millions.)

67. The protagonist uses Galatea as an ELIZA computer program therapist. But the protagonist has somewhat disappointed her.

???

???

68. The player uses knowledge obtainable only from a previous session and orders the protagonist to pronounce the old reset code (eudoxia). Galatea, in turn, asks the protagonist whether or not she must list the different scenarios. If answered in the affirmative she reveals only eight of the possibly scenarios before her voice module stops working.

eudoxia

yes

You speak the old reset code; she freezes, face and body motionless, and there's almost a palpable chill in the air as her internal motors turn off and she stops generating heat.

"List Scenarios?" she asks in a frosty voice.

YES OR NO?> yes

"Yes," you reply; and she lists them:

First, that she kills herself.

Second, that she kills you.

Third, that she departs, seeking her artist.

Fourth, that she departs, seeking other exhibits.

Fifth, that you end as friends and confidants.

Sixth, that you end as lovers.

Seventh, that you take her place on the pedestal.

Eighth, that you offer her a home with yourself.

But whatever the ninth and further scenarios might be, it seems you are doomed not to hear of them: her vocal program stutters, and after a moment or two of waiting, you depart disappointed.

69. The player uses knowledge obtainable only from a previous session and orders the protagonist to pronounce the old reset code (eudoxia). Galatea, in turn, asks the protagonist whether or not she must list the different scenarios. If answered in the negative the protagonist goes away. She resets herself and, while she is at it, she erases her memory.

eudoxia
no

You speak the old reset code; she freezes, face and body motionless, and there's almost a palpable chill in the air as her internal motors turn off and she stops generating heat.

"List Scenarios?" she asks in a frosty voice.

YES OR NO?> no

"No," you say, and turn away, down the echoing hall, as she begins the process of resetting herself for the next visitor, forgetting all you said and did.

70. The player orders the protagonist to pronounce one of the following magic words: xyzyzy, zork or plugh... and therefore breaks the fourth wall.

xyzyzy

You feel your mouth form the beginning of the word...

...and there's that funny feeling of disconnect as you break the fourth wall, force information into your avatar that isn't part of the program, that comes from outside. For just a moment the avatar circuits register doubt, confusion, a hint of self-awareness...

And then you're sitting back in the control room, scrubbing at your eyes with the palm of your hand. Someone holds a cup of water under your nose.

"You didn't finish the scenario," says a voice, up and to the left.

A cool reassuring hand on the back of your neck, another voice answering: "Leave her alone for a minute! God!"

You don't answer either of them. Your gaze is fixed on the monitors: in the test room your avatar has fallen slack, no longer receiving your commands. You sip at the water, trying to feel like yourself again.

"I don't know," you say finally. "I don't think it's going to sell. Too cerebral."