

All-rounder Artist

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14 Chapter 13: Returning to Zero_1

A perfect chat group, almost ruined by Lin Yuan and Zheng Jing ——

Anyway, after Lin Yuan and Zheng Jing ended their conversation, it was dead silent in the group for a full two hours.

Not just in the group.

Even in the department, quite a few people occasionally stole glances at Lin Yuan with a somewhat strange look in their eyes.

Apparently, these people were also members of the Starlight composers' group and had seen Lin Yuan's comments in the group.

"You've unintentionally offended a lot of people."

Wu Yong could not help but warn Lin Yuan.

Although he thought Lin Yuan's way of speaking in the group was inappropriate, seeing the seriousness in the other's typing, he did not think Lin Yuan was deliberately making a spectacle.

"Why?"

Lin Yuan was puzzled.

Facing Lin Yuan's confusion, Wu Yong did not know how to explain it, so he could only give a bitter smile and said, "Perhaps many people can't stand the way you talk to Ms. Jing."

"Why?"

Lin Yuan still didn't understand.

Wu Yong could only helplessly spread his hands: "All I can say is, you're a little different from others."

"Oh."

This time Lin Yuan didn't ask anymore, although he still couldn't understand why being different from others would offend them.

"It's not a big deal, at least here in our composing department on the tenth floor, everyone is still very friendly to you."

Fearing that Lin Yuan's morale might be affected, Wu Yong comforted him, "After all, we are all artists, without too many ulterior motives. No one's going to trip you up just because they can't stand you. You work hard, even as a sophomore, you can write songs like "Life Like A Summer Flower", which shows your great potential! Once you write more great songs in the future, everyone will understand you. In Blue Star, any industry, it's the results that matter."

"Okay."

Lin Yuan nodded.

Seeing Lin Yuan was not hugely affected, Wu Yong felt relieved.

However, although he had comforted Lin Yuan, he also knew very well that writing a song like "Life Like A Summer Flower" was no easy task.

Everyone has their moments of inspiration.

As for when Lin Yuan could once again write a song of that level, who knows when that would be.

Or perhaps, Lin Yuan might not be able to write another song as good as "Life Like A Summer Flower" in his lifetime, and this song would become Lin Yuan's only representative work, which is a common phenomenon in the industry.

If that's the case, placing first on the new composers' chart will be the highlight of Lin Yuan's composing career.

Just then.

Ol' Zhou walked in from outside the door looking a bit unpleasant, and his voice carried a trace of anger: "All of you stop what you're doing immediately and have a meeting in the conference room!"

After saying that, Ol' Zhou strode into the conference room next door with a loud bang of the door.

"What's going on?"

"Who pissed off the boss?"

“Could it be because of what Lin Yuan said in the group...”

“I don’t know, but I have rarely seen the boss in such a bad mood.”

“Although Lin Yuan’s comments in the group are inappropriate, they can’t warrant this, right? He’s still a sophomore, it’s normal to lack experience in dealing with people.”

“That’s true.”

“Let’s stop guessing and go to the meeting.”

The sound of chairs scraping against the floor rang out as people from the composition department gradually got up and followed Ol’ Zhou into the conference room.

Lin Yuan also followed into the conference room.

However, some people worried that Ol’ Zhou’s anger was directed at Lin Yuan’s comments in the group, and in order to avoid getting dragged into it, nobody wanted to sit next to Lin Yuan.

Wu Yong hesitated for a moment then sat to the left of Lin Yuan.

Immediately afterwards, a man with long hair sat on the right of Lin Yuan and took the initiative to extend a hand to Lin Yuan: “My name is Zheng Han, a graduate from the Composition Department of Qin Continent Art Academy in the class of ’20.”

“Hello, senior.”

Lin Yuan politely shook his hand. Although he was not very talkative, he could pick up on some details.

“Is everyone here?”

Ol’ Zhou spoke with a stern voice: “I called you all here to talk about something. The music for “Dragon Fish Dance” has been returned to us again.”

“What?”

Everyone was taken aback.

It seems Ol’ Zhou’s anger had nothing to do with Lin Yuan.

“Come on, what can we do?”

Ol’ Zhou’s sharp eyes swept over everyone: “This is your business on the tenth floor, don’t force me to hand it over to other floors.”

No one dared to meet Ol' Zhou's eyes.

But when Ol' Zhou asked a question, everyone had to answer, so they each avoided Ol' Zhou's gaze and chattered their opinions:

"Boss, are the requirements for the song from "Dragon Fish Dance" too high? They are not a top-tier investment, just a medium-budget animation."

"This must be the fourteenth time they rejected our work, isn't it?"

"Is it so difficult that they want us to get the Maestro of the tenth floor to write personally?"

"The problem is, our Maestro definitely has no interest in this job."

"If we can't handle it, let other floors participate, or simply let them find another company to do it. Sand Sea, Dazzling Silver Glow, there are plenty of great composers on Qin Continent."

"How could the company agree to that? If Sand Sea or Dazzling Silver Glow produces it, won't it make Starlight look incompetent? It would be better to let other floors participate."

"..."

Lin Yuan was clueless.

He didn't know what everyone was talking about.

Wu Yong, who was assigned by Ol' Zhou to mentor Lin Yuan, began to explain, "Here is the thing, over on Qi Continent there is a large-scale animated film called "Dragon Fish Dance". Its post-production is almost completed, but it's still missing a core music piece. So they hired Starlight to produce this music, and this task eventually fell on us on the tenth floor. However, we have already submitted fourteen songs to them, all of which were returned!"

"The key is..."

Zheng Han on the right took over: "The fourteen songs that were returned, they were all done by the top composers on our tenth floor. Although their skills may not have reached the level of the Maestro yet, their quality is certainly not low. Normally, many big-name singers look to team up with these top composers."

Lin Yuan finally understood.

However, Lin Yuan chose to remain silent. If so many people on the tenth floor couldn't handle a client, he didn't think he could ——

He did have songs of his own.

But for a project like this, which required a specific kind of soundtrack, the mood and atmosphere of the song had to match that of the film. If someone filmed a melancholic love story, and you went ahead and offered them a rap or rock song, no matter how good it was, it would be pointless.

“Enough talking.”

Ol' Zhou rubbed his temples with a hint of a headache, “Consider this dead horse as a live horse to practice medicine on, everyone should give the soundtrack of ‘Dragon Fish Dance’ a try. The deadline is in one month. I will send you all the clients’ requirements, perhaps someone will come up with an idea. If nothing works then we’ll have to hand this order to other floors, as per the company rule.”

Inspiration is a mysterious thing.

That didn't mean Maestro's compositions were always the best.

Sometimes, even when Maestro couldn't solve a problem, another composer with lesser credentials could suddenly have an idea and produce a song that the client was satisfied with ——.

Things like this sometimes happened in the world of composition.

Just how Lin Yuan, who was only a sophomore, wrote “Life Like a Summer Flower”.

Part of it was his natural talent for composition, and another part was that Lin Yuan had a good idea and capitalized on this inspiration, which led to him writing the song.

This was also why Wu Yong believed that Lin Yuan might not be able to write another song like “Life Like a Summer Flower” in the future.

Because inspiration is a chance event!

Ol' Zhou's strategy of spreading a wide net was only because he had no other options, considering that he had almost exhausted all aces on the tenth floor. He couldn't possibly ask Maestro to take this on, could he?

Not that it couldn't be done.

But, it would cost more!

Perhaps the budget for “Dragon Fish Dance” was limited because the current offer from Qi Continent was not enough to justify Maestro’s involvement.

Soon.

Everyone received a sheet of paper detailing the requirements for the soundtrack of “Dragon Fish Dance”.

Lin Yuan got one too.

To avoid spoiling the plot, “Dragon Fish Dance” only provided a general outline of the story:

It is a fantastical story about a girl who saved a fish years ago. One day, the girl and her family find themselves in danger, and that fish, having leapt over the Dragon Gate, had become a powerful white dragon and reunited with the girl...

The requirements for the soundtrack were three-fold.

It needed to be ethereal, have depth, and aesthetics.

Once they received the requirements, a wave of despair swept over the meeting room.

“Could the client’s requirements be more vague? Ethereal, depth, aesthetics, this is too broad, isn’t it?”

“I don’t see a definitive point to base it on.”

“Plus, the given time is too short, only a month, a month, I won’t be able to complete it with my speed of composing.”

“A fantasy story, should the style of music be more open?”

“With the fish and the dragon, it should feel like soaring in the sky, right? Maybe use some oboes, seems fitting.”

“I think, it has to be a bit poignant, a bit melancholic? Should I add elements of a bamboo flute?”

“Don’t bother thinking, this problem is too difficult, I can’t solve it.”

“None of these are the point! The point is, we’ve heard the songs that were returned to us before! They already had a good feel! But Qi Continent rejected them anyway, this means, we have not yet met their standards perfectly.”

“ ... ”

To a composer, achieving ethereal qualities was easy, so was depth, and aesthetics.

Catching these three qualities was not difficult.

But to create a piece that touches the heart, that was not easy.

Just like when asked to create an uplifting and intense song.

Everyone present could probably write an uplifting and intense song, but this was only a direction for creation. Out of a thousand uplifting and intense songs, there may be only one or two that truly ignite the listener's passion.

A thought arose in Lin Yuan's mind.

Besides piano compositions, he had two other songs on hand.

One was "Easy to Ignite and Explode", which would definitely not work, as the mood didn't match.

But what about his other song, "Big Fish"?

The style of this song seemed to be along those lines.

Did the System predict this all along?

Whilst pondering, Lin Yuan heard Wu Yong complaining, "The client from Qi Continent is too picky! For a mere five million order, do they expect our Maestro from the tenth floor to personally take action? If they can't afford to impress Maestro, they shouldn't bid so high."

Lin Yuan quickly asked, "What did you just say?"

Wu Yong was taken aback: "If they can't afford to impress Maestro, they shouldn't bid so high?"

"The sentence before that!"

"Do they expect our Maestro to take action?"

"Before that!"

"For a mere five million order..."

It was this sentence that confirmed the information Lin Yuan needed. He nodded seriously, then swiftly picked up the calculator on the table and began to input numbers.

“Clear!”

The calculator beep was loud enough to interrupt the wailing in the meeting room, and everyone turned to look at Lin Yuan, including Manager Zhou.

But Lin Yuan didn't notice the attention around him.

His fingers moved quickly, pressing the calculator keys and its beeping filled the room.

“5000000 times 0.2 times 2 divided by 3 equals 666666.666666667.”

The room fell silent in an instant.

Only the calculator's counting could be heard.

Of course, everyone knew what Lin Yuan was calculating.

However, precisely because they knew, the room was full of strange looks.

Splitting it into 660,000 plus?

When the count was finally over, Lin Yuan happily turned off the calculator. He looked at Ol' Zhou and pronounced emphatically:

“I'll take this order.”