

# Cognitive Deconstruction of the Mise-en-abyme Structure in 3A Games — A Case Study of Black Myth: Wukong

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**Abstract:** Black Myth: Wukong takes the single outbound pilgrimage route of Journey to the West and splits it into six mirror worlds the player can re-enter at will. The mise-en-abyme is quietly changing what 3A games mean by immersion. My evidence comes from one complete playthrough, read alongside the entry texts of the in-game Journal, the cutscenes, and player reviews on Steam. On that basis I examine how nesting works across physical space, narrative time and the symbolic system. Nesting buys the game more meaning and a stronger sense of identification, though the bill for both arrives later. It also loads the player with a cognitive burden that keeps growing. In chapters such as Guanyin Temple, Yellow Wind Ridge and the Flaming Mountains, what the player meets is not one puzzle awaiting a solution but several explanations that sit side by side and contradict one another. Immersion, it seems, is less a one-way sensory plunge than an experience that keeps swinging between entering and pulling back. I therefore treat the mise-en-abyme as double-edged. It is a device for producing meaning and, in the same motion, a mechanism that keeps telling the player, “you are inside a fiction.”

**Keywords:** Mise-en-abyme Structure; Immersion; 3A Games; Narrative Nesting; Cognitive Load; Black Myth: Wukong

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## 1. Introduction: Three Mirrors of Mythic Narrative and the Fracture in Immersive Cognition

The word abyme is old, and so is the trick it names. A medieval shield could carry, at its centre, a miniature of itself. The French phrase mise en abyme means, quite literally, placed into the abyss. For centuries it stayed decoration. Yet the twentieth century turned it into one of the central problems of self-reference. Dällenbach's *The Mirror in the Text* remains the most thorough treatment we have (though not, as later work has shown, the last word on it). He sorts the phenomenon into three kinds, simple, infinite and paradoxical reduplication, and keeps returning to a single point: what matters is not the device itself but what the intrusion does to the whole of the work that contains it<sup>[1]</sup>. Genette went elsewhere. He started from the violation of narrative levels; the whole apparatus of his argument grows out of that single move. When a narrator steps out of the level he belongs to and lands in another, the text's closed logic cracks open, and the trespass deserved a name. Metalepsis was the name<sup>[2]</sup>. Trace the line further back and you arrive at Gide. He put a novel with the same title inside *The Counterfeiters* and let his characters discuss the very book they were living through, which is an odd thing for a novelist to do. Only then did an old heraldic figure start to mean something for narratology<sup>[3]</sup>. Before that it had been a curiosity. Why did it take so long?

The carrier changed once digital media arrived. Ryan carried the framework over to screens and made a claim that matters here. When narrative moves off paper into a digital environment, the unit of self-reference stops being a text within a text and becomes a world within a world. Every secondary space the player walks into throws the primary world back at him<sup>[4]</sup>. Discussions of this game over the past two years have found narrative levels and metaleptic trespass hard to avoid altogether<sup>[5-7]</sup>, and one study organizes its narrative features under three headings, interactivity, immersion and re-adaptation<sup>[8]</sup>. Yet almost all of this work leaves alone the second half of the question. We now know a fair amount about which devices the game uses. We know much less about what those devices do to a player's head. That gap is where this article sits; the claim I want to defend is probably narrower than it sounds.

Black Myth: Wukong comes from Game Science, a studio in Hangzhou. It launched on 20 August 2024, passed 18 million copies sold inside a month, and at its peak put more than 2.2 million players on Steam at the same time<sup>[6]</sup>. The story begins in the blank space after the pilgrimage. Sun Wukong cannot stomach the constraints of celestial law, gives up his Buddha-rank and goes back to his mountain, where the court of heaven kills him. The player is the Destined One (Tianmingren). The task is to collect the six roots (liugen) and bring him back. A prologue, six main chapters and a finale. That is the whole architecture. What holds it together? The chapters carry the titles Fire Lights the Black Clouds (Huozhao Heiyun), Wind Rises at Dusk (Fengqi Huanghun), White Dew at Night (Yesheng Bailu), Purple Irises on a Winding Path (Qudu Ziyuan), Red Dust at Sunset (Riluo Hongchen) and Unfinished (Weijing), any one of which can be read on its own and none of which can be read without the others<sup>[6]</sup>.

Some background is worth setting out. Around 2024 the mood in Chinese game studies shifted. Attention moved away from market size and user numbers and toward close reading of content, mechanics and cultural symbols. The annual reviews had already begun packaging the turn as “one major phenomenon,” “two major issues” and “four perspectives”<sup>[9]</sup>. My question belongs to that shift, though it is not a question the reviews were asking.

Two questions, then. How does a mise-en-abyme actually operate inside an 3A game? And does it help immersion or get in its way? Neither has a settled answer. To keep the material tractable I made one complete first playthrough of Black Myth: Wukong my primary object of observation, noting chapter by chapter how scene transitions, item clues and cutscenes answer one another, and treating the resulting notes as the ground against which everything below is measured. I also compared the Journal entries against player reviews on Steam, though the comparison is suggestive rather than conclusive. Popularity was not why I picked this game. The reason is that it is unusually self-conscious about layering, at least by the standards of the genre. It does not settle for finishing a story. It keeps making one notice that the story is being told.

Figure 1: Key visual poster for Black Myth: Wukong.



## 2. Theoretical Framework: From Literary Mise-en-abyme to Game Metanarrative

“Can a game be studied as narrative?” used to be a live quarrel. The first generation of game scholars liked to put narrative and gameplay in opposite corners, on the grounds that rules and interaction are the game. Ryan would have none of the dichotomy. A game, for her, is closer to a story-generating machine: what the player does does not push narrative out, it adds a dimension of possibility to it <sup>[4]</sup>. That matters for everything that follows. If a game really is running two systems in parallel, rules and story, then its mise-en-abyme cannot possibly look like the purely textual embedding that literature gives us. It has to look stranger than that.

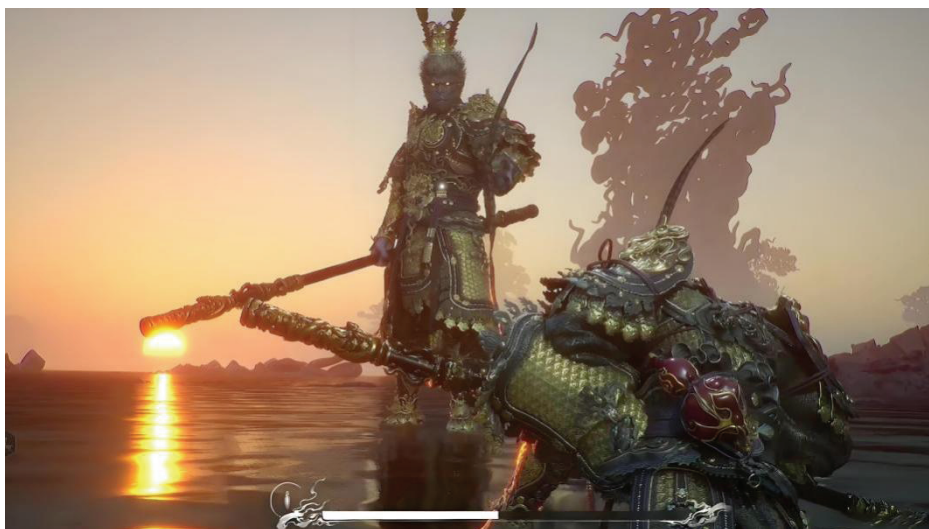
Gide asked how a novel talks about itself. Genette asked how a narrator gets out of his own level <sup>[2-3]</sup>. Put those two questions in a three-dimensional virtual space and both have to be rewritten, because scenes have to be stratified, the camera has to move, and the player’s hands have to be counted in the arithmetic. Embedding on a flat page becomes embedding in volume. Volume changes the arithmetic. What does it do to the two questions? Take the six chapters of *Black Myth: Wukong*. Structurally they behave less like a sequence than like six boxes, one inside the next. The outermost holds the Destined One’s search for his roots. Inside that lies the karmic fate of each demon king. Deeper still sits the circular image of the six paths of reincarnation. Each chapter stands alone, though each is also a mirror held up to the whole. Later text answers earlier text; earlier text depends on later text, a harder claim than it sounds. Dällenbach would have recognized the arrangement: simple reduplication, given a spatial body <sup>[1]</sup>.

Nesting in a game drags in one more thing, namely the player’s body. Lan Jiang has argued that a player in a game carries two bodies, the original flesh and a second body made of code and algorithms. The second does not take orders from the first. Now and then it takes over. He calls this the “player-character dialectic” <sup>[10]</sup>. Elsewhere he uses the phrase nymphalized body for the immersive condition. The self the player escapes into has not vanished; it has been rehoused in another possible world with another possible body <sup>[11]</sup>.

*Black Myth: Wukong* offers plenty of evidence. Against an enemy like Tiger Vanguard, whose design is built around reading attack patterns, the hands move before the head does. Stop afterwards and try to give an account of what just happened, and the account tends to fall apart. Jiang Yuhui calls this self-control rather than freedom. A game holds a player by getting him to obey its rules of his own accord, not by persuading him of anything <sup>[12]</sup>.

Follow that argument through and the conclusion is arguably uncomfortable (though it is hard to avoid). Every level the mise-en-abyme adds is one more level of rules to obey.

*Figure 2: Prologue, “Mount Huaguo”: the duel between the Destined One and Erlang Shen.*



Symbolic proliferation and the dissolution of subjectivity. How do these two get tangled together? The golden headband (*jingu zhou*) is a useful place to look. It carries at least three identities in the game: the implement that binds Sun Wukong, a visual metaphor for Buddhist discipline, and a switch in the machinery that opens certain side conversations. Because the same object keeps being reactivated, decoding it means changing cognitive frames over and over. One eye stays on the immediate

mechanical feedback, the other on the mythic archetype underneath. When the two readings pull apart, something cracks. Whether that cracking is a loss or a gain is unclear, and it is unclear to the game as well. Nor is it clear to me.

Set the two threads side by side and the paradox of digital-age immersion is hard to walk around. The *mise-en-abyme* increases narrative abundance by multiplying symbols. The bill arrives as cognitive overload, and part of the immersive experience gets paid out of it. Genette's warning comes back to life here. Trespass without restraint slides a work toward a carnival of signs and away from any dwelling in meaning<sup>[2]</sup>. Several of its mirror-aligned passages show the mechanism at work. The harder the player tries to hold the story together as a whole, the more often he bumps into a version that refuses to agree with it. Nobody plans for this (perhaps that is why the mechanism so rarely gets named). The structure does the rest. That is the paradox in miniature, and it does not resolve.

### 3. The Nested Construction of Layered Worlds: Three Dimensions of the Narrative Labyrinth

Three-dimensional space let the game rearrange the spatiotemporal logic of traditional myth. Roughly three layers of nesting came out of it, namely stratification of physical space, folding of time, and symbiosis of symbols. None of them is simply a neighbour of the others, and how they relate is arguably what the game is really about. The player's actions keep wiring them together, and that wiring is what makes the structure hard to see. Where does that leave the mechanism?

Easier to name than to hold together.

#### 3.1 Physical-Spatial Nesting: The Spatial Poetics of Three-Realm Topology

For a base text the game takes the three realms of *Journey to the West*, then uses scene stratification and spatial folding to reach something close to a topology of nesting. Mount Huaguo is where it starts. The mountain is Sun Wukong's free kingdom and also the mirror-image of everything the Heavenly Court has disciplined into obedience. Walking among the green ridges, the player keeps coming upon village ruins left by heavenly soldiers. Freedom and order are left standing opposite each other; nobody comments. The game does not resolve the opposition. It just leaves it there. Does it need to be resolved?

The space of the six paths of reincarnation borrows Buddhist causality and turns familiar locations into machinery for crime and punishment. The lava at the Flaming Mountains answers the violence of Sun Wukong's rampage in heaven. The web-choked cavern says something about desire tangling up the mind. The court of heaven is the third layer (though it does not look like one at first). Its architecture is almost perfectly symmetrical, its deities cold to the touch, and the pressure of a power system has been written into the grammar of space. The level design thereby argues a political case without ever stating one. One detail is easy to miss. These spaces are not joined by a map; they are joined by items. What the player picks up at a low level is usually the key that opens a narrative higher up, which means physical space here behaves more like a narrative map than like scenery to be wandered through. So which is the map, and which is the ground?

Figure 3: Scene concept design: in-game environment (left) and architectural component design sheets (right).



One more thing deserves its own paragraph. Most of these locations have physical prototypes. The team used photogrammetric scanning to carry real buildings into the game, among them the Jade Emperor Temple in Jincheng, Shanxi, the Xiaoxitian Temple in Linfen, the Kaiyuan Temple in Quanzhou, Fujian, the Lifeng Temple in Nanchong, Sichuan, and the Chongsheng Temple in Dali, Yunnan<sup>[13]</sup>. The Orientality on screen is therefore not pure art-department invention: it

has a material source that can be checked. Spatial nesting gains a further meaning from this. Real architecture becomes the mirror of a virtual world; the virtual world turns around and annotates the real one, which is a reversal the game never quite acknowledges.

*Figure 4: Photogrammetrically scanned relics and statuary used as source material.*



*Figure 5: Real-world heritage architecture and its in-game counterpart.*



### 3.2 Temporal Folding: The Tense Carnival of Mythic Archaeology

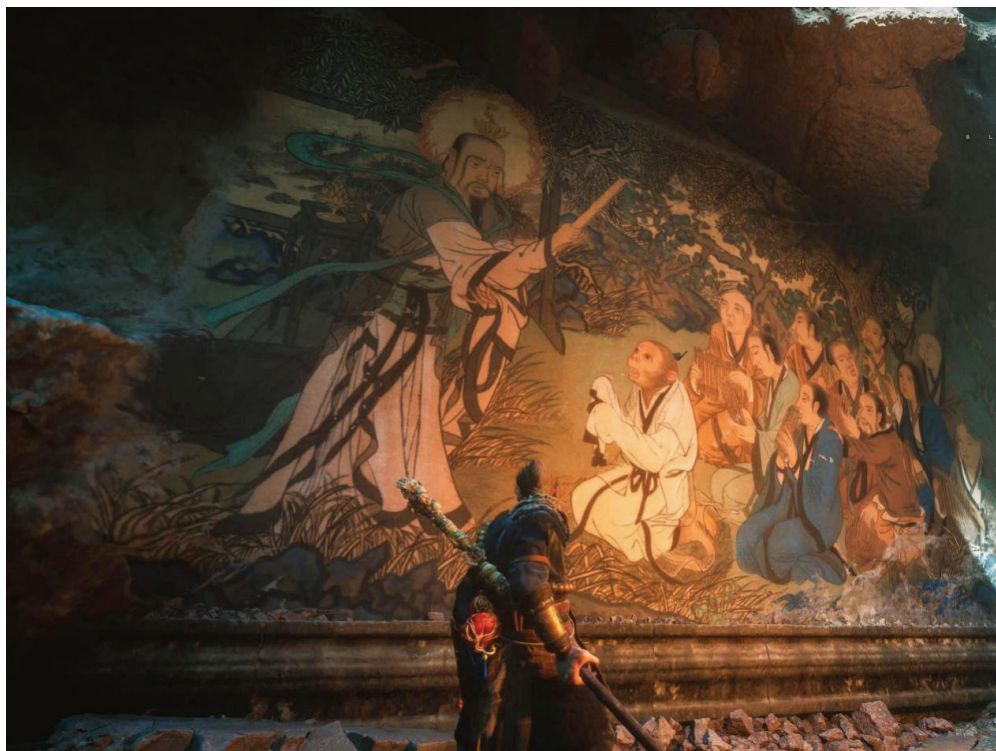
Linear time does not survive contact with the game. The main line is Sun Wukong's revenge, while the side content keeps flashing backwards. The Guanyin Temple section in chapter one is a clean example. One can pull out the fireproof mantle and go straight at Black Bear Guai, or keep digging for more clues, and the two routes produce noticeably different experiences of the plot <sup>[5]</sup>. Time turns into something you can fold back into. Certain items let the player rewrite stretches of the story's direction, and there is a hidden ending behind it all; what the rewriting costs the player is a question the game never asks outright. Which route is the true one?

On the temporality of video games, Jiang Yuhui makes the point that game time is not clock time. It is closer to time that gets operated into being. Press pause and the world stops. Reload, and what has already happened can be made not to have happened <sup>[14]</sup>. Zhao Runhui and Geng Youzimin go further. They describe the experience in this game as a "crystal-image" structure, one in which past and present occupy the same frame and the line between virtual and real stops being trustworthy <sup>[15]</sup>. That is a somewhat unsettling claim. It is also an easy one to test. The Journal lets you watch the claim at work. Entries come under four headings, lesser demons, chieftains, demon kings and characters, and the texts grow as the plot advances. Read a single figure's record at two different stages and you have, in effect, two different stories <sup>[6]</sup>. Time here is no backdrop; it is an archive the player can leaf through, compare and reassemble. Which page is the true page?

### 3.3 Symbolic Symbiosis: Cognitive Breakout through Multimodal Intertextuality

Buddhist verses, demonic patterns and stone stelae make a multimodal mesh of symbols, and the mesh vibrates on three levels at once, visual, auditory and interactive. The verses are carved as text on stone walls (all conditioned phenomena are like a dream, an illusion, a bubble, a shadow), and they also leak into the ambient sound design, where wooden fish and electronic tones share a reverb. Demonic patterns live on characters' bodies as totems and reappear as the abstracted energy gauges of the interface. The stelae cause the most trouble. They carry the legitimacy of heaven's mandate, and the game keeps three versions of them in circulation: the official stele that stands for order in the source novel, the counter-narrative stele the demon clans have tampered with, and the personalized stele the player earns by solving a puzzle. Symbols at that density (and the game does not hold back) make cognitive overload close to unavoidable. Reading the game through the old poetics of word, image and meaning, Shao Jiang finds it impressively self-aware at the level of meaning, though he also notes that the gap between image and word widens in proportion <sup>[16]</sup>. How many symbols can one scene carry before it buckles?

*Figure 6: Cave-mural scene: the Destined One before a large Tang-style fresco.*



The three layers are not running separate programmes. What the player does keeps coupling them. Climbing the towers of the Heavenly Court, memories from the temporal layer push into the field of view as flashbacks, while contradictory signals in the symbolic layer set off something like a cognitive alarm. (The pixelated distortion flickering across the screen is one of them.) The game has outgrown the role of narrative container and come closer to an “ecology of narrative” that organizes itself. The player is no longer simply consuming content. He is a participant in the multiplication of symbols and in the fight over what they mean. The mechanisms the Supreme Lord Lao leaves behind are puzzle devices and narrative hints in one. The nested structure ends up pointing at a conclusion with little comfort in it. Immersion may be nothing more than falling, and continuing to fall, through a jungle of signs. There is no floor at the bottom. Where does that leave the player?

#### **4. The Polyphonic Carnival of Visual Symbols: The Deconstructive Site of Immersion Aesthetics**

Visual polyphony is the easiest thing about this game to feel and the easiest to misread. Cinematic camera work reproduces the mood of classical painting; the grain of the pixel matrix keeps exposing the raw seams of digital simulation. Look up at the cave murals in the Water Curtain Cave and two things register on the retina at the same moment, the washed brushwork of a Tang-dynasty fresco and real-time rendered light particles. Baudrillard’s term for the paradox of this hyperreal condition is the precedence of the simulacrum <sup>[17]</sup>. Between verisimilitude and the retreat of the pixel, the mythic symbol calls cultural memory into the room. In the same movement it advertises the absence of the medium doing the calling. A strange effect. Nobody is fooled for long. What is the player looking at, exactly? That double gesture is easy to describe and much harder to sit through.

Colour, meanwhile, is losing its semantic footing. A dark-gold Buddha light stands for the Western Paradise, and then a scarlet waterfall of blood comes pouring through the cracks in the Buddha’s robe. The blue-green water in Guanyin’s vase collides, in colour temperature, with the hard cold sheen on certain demons. Heteroglossia of this kind dismantles the symbolic unity that traditional narrative needs in order to work. Watch the player capture an enemy’s soul with the gourd. Gold-threaded talismans wind around the vessel, and a black stream of data churns inside it. The pun is deliberate, though the game never explains it; whether that restraint helps is arguable. A mythic implement has become a container for code, and the symbolic order of colour is deterritorialized in the slippage of the signifier. Whether the player notices does not apparently matter much.

Movement design breaks in a similar way. Character moves are encoded in the postures of Kunqu opera. Sun Wukong’s staff technique fuses the circling steps of a Peking-opera martial role with the stagger of drunken boxing, and the impact effects that come out of it are cyberpunk mechanical light. Ride the cloud-somersault across the nine heavens and ink-wash cloud patterns tear apart and recombine along the same trajectory as particle-accelerator blue trails. Li Dianfeng and Wang Hongyu, analysing the game’s lighting, note that what Unreal Engine 5 does to battlefield light is not beautification. It redefines where the real stops and the virtual begins <sup>[18]</sup>. The bodily side of this is subtler. Ye Haosheng’s point is that cognition does not happen before the body, it is generated in the interaction between body and environment <sup>[19]</sup>. Yu Hui’s study of AR narrative games shows embodied immersion running on three modules, affect, time and space, and none of them is optional <sup>[20]</sup>. Learning a move, on this account, is not learning the controls. The result is a forced decoding of a multidimensional symbolic system, and inside a single action the body’s sense of rhythm and the machine’s functionality pull in different directions. That tension is the point, though it rarely feels like one; a player who stopped to notice it would probably stop playing. Which reading is the correct one?

Put those threads next to each other and a harder problem shows up. Li Yujian and Li Bitong took three hot topics out of the public sphere and ran a critical discourse analysis on them, finding that the game’s text is continually re-agented and re-signified by players’ feelings as it circulates <sup>[21]</sup>. Spillover of that kind is evidence that the visual symbols have already left the work’s boundaries. Stand in the Flaming Mountains and watch lava falls interweave with neon circuitry. At the level of the image, the sublimity of the archetype and the absurdity of technological alienation reach an odd truce. The game piles symbols up in something like an entropic process, and immersive experience turns into a “cognitive battlefield” of semiotic excess. The more spectacle surrounds the player, the more visible the fragility of mythic narrative in digital media becomes. It

seems nobody chose this; it became a battlefield anyway.

None of this is a complaint. It is a description of how the thing works.

## 5. Rethinking the Immersion Paradox: Cognitive Reconstruction and the Double-Edged Sword of *Mise-en-abyme*

The narrative experiment in *Black Myth: Wukong* puts the doubleness of the *mise-en-abyme* on the table. Layered nesting pulls the player into the polyphony of mythic archetypes by multiplying symbols and folding space; the result is a cognitive tension in which immersion and detachment coexist. But the accumulation goes too far. Cognitive overload sets in, and immersive experience degrades into a “carnival theatre” of signs. Underneath the paradox sits a contest between technological myth and aesthetic redemption. Which of the two wins? The game does not say. 4K rendering builds scenes so hyperreal that the myth does feel present. Yet the mechanical quality of the pixel matrix never stops reminding him that the symbolic system is constructed. Cyborgized movement design widens what traditional martial arts can express, while the invading mechanical light also thins out the cultural completeness of bodily inscription.

Transmedia narrative pushes the source of the tension further back. Jenkins observed long ago that in convergence culture narrative is no longer carried by one text but dispersed across platforms, and the audience has to do the assembly itself<sup>[22]</sup>. Hand the assembly back to the player and narrative certainty has to give way to interpretive openness. *Black Myth: Wukong* goes a long way down this road. Journey to the West is treated as a stock of material to be summoned up whenever it is useful, rather than as a source text owed faithful repetition<sup>[5, 23]</sup>. Cultural dissemination has benefited. A coding study of 1,666 Chinese games (with 1,424 valid questionnaires behind it) found that the more gaming experience a player has, the more positively he regards traditional cultural content in games<sup>[13]</sup>. The same strategy hands the cognitive burden to the player. Chen Lujia and Chen Xianhong, writing about international communication, make a related point: work of this kind succeeds by lowering cultural discount and replacing instruction with flexible expression<sup>[24]</sup>.

Cognitive overload, it should be said, is not the same thing as design failure. Aarseth, discussing ergodic literature, proposes that textual meaning is generated precisely when the reader has to spend extra effort getting through the text<sup>[25]</sup>. Juul stresses that what sets video games apart is the coexistence of real rules and fictional worlds. The player always inhabits two frames at once<sup>[26]</sup>. On this reading, the repeated coming out of the fiction and going back into it may be the most valuable thing the game does. Deleuze and Guattari use the “rhizome” for a structure of meaning with no centre that grows wherever it finds room<sup>[27]</sup>. Its levels are not unlike that. No main road is provided; the player picks a way through the branches. Is that a flaw, or the whole point? This is not an argument for vagueness (though the rhizome is often read that way). A rhizome still has to hold together, and holding together is the hard part.

Everything comes back to proportion. Handling the physical rules of lava and the symbolic encoding of the banana-leaf fan in the Flaming Mountains, or facing the superimposed deity and spider-spirit images in the Web Cave, the player is already close to a safe limit. Where exactly that limit sits, nobody can currently say with much precision, and my own playthrough offered no clean answer. What the research recommends is fairly consistent: symbolic proliferation and cognitive blank space need to be kept in some kind of dynamic balance. Pile symbols up without pause and the player’s tolerance gives way. Leave a moderate amount of blank space and the willingness to decode revives<sup>[5, 9]</sup>. Which may explain something about the title’s most affecting passages. They tend not to be its most elaborate ones. Where exactly is the line? The duel between Sun Wukong and Erlang Shen on Mount Huaguo in the prologue is visually plain, yet it lands harder than almost anything else, because for that brief stretch the narrative levels close.

## Conclusion

Three things, by way of conclusion. First, the *mise-en-abyme* in 3A games has moved from textual embedding to a triple embedding of space, time and symbol. Metalepsis in Genette’s sense has acquired new technical conditions along the way. Second, the meaning that nesting multiplies and the overload it causes are two faces of one mechanism. Trimming the quantity will not solve it. Only rhythm, built into the design, will. Third, and this is a guess about the future rather than a finding: years from now the real contribution of games like this one may turn out to lie somewhere other than in the

completeness of the world it built. What it demonstrates is that the deepest immersion sometimes arrives at the exact moment a system of meaning comes apart. That is an uncomfortable thing to conclude, but the evidence points that way. What else could all this layering be for?

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No

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