

L'AVENIR, AUJOURD'HUI!

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LE 5E AVRIL, IER ANNÉE DE LA GRANDE DÉCOUVERTE DE LA PIRAXE

NOUVELLES

PRÈS DE VERS, Nouveau Monde, 5 Avril - **L'Empire des Hamsters d'Espace**, after facing wide-scale condemnation at last for their enslavement and genocide of the Hutts, led a clumsy false-flag operation on behalf of **La Loi d'Espace** against the peaceful citizens of Chiss in an attempt to justify a war of imperial conquest for Roi Øystein d'Arn and his vassals. This done in spite of neither peoples' wish for war has led to its failure and the easy revelation of these underhanded tactics, but casts further doubt on the legitimacy of the "meritocratic" governance of Roi Øystein's neo-feudal system.

Moreover, **les Hamsters d'Espace** continue their ruthless wars of conquest against the city-state of Sontaran. This continued warmongering, enslavement, and consumption of conquered peoples, is expect to once again be met with universal opposition by the civilised peoples of Piraxe (excepting the aforementioned Loi d'Espace), leading many to consider organising collective action to enforce the **Congrès'** stance.

The **Fédération Galactique** has once again led forceful efforts to spread their influence throughout Piraxe, threatening invasion and special operations against the good leaders of Piotr and Abh, and after these failed, offering economic aid on the condition of fealty to the Fédération's state.

That aside, internally, the **Fédération** has pursued new policies of inclusion and equity, in religion, culture, and politics, to the benefit of the Crabes, Decepticons, & followers of the **les Plus Profonds**.

The corporate state of **Delta Technologies, Inc.** has faced a ruinous and widespread corruption problem after a clandestine meeting of elites and higher-ups with the intention of outlining a vision for the country/company. Instead of prosperity for all, however, a series of short-sighted measures and highly risky investments have been outlined, leading many to worry about stability going forward, and question the competence and reliability of profit-driven, board- aligned, short-sighted leadership.

The settlement of **Leng** and its surroundings, expanding upon the Société's work in the region, has led a myriad of public works, infrastructure, and economic projects, bringing great boons to their people. As they continue to prosper, and their peculiar rites and messages continue to spread, the philosophers of the journal and its readers have begun to express interest and some cynicism with regards to their popular philosophies, but nevertheless must give their commendations to one of the most peaceable and free nations of Piraxe.

- Saint-Antoine G.E.

DE FLORE ET FAUNE

L'HEXABOUS - LA MONTURE PIRAXIENNE

PRÈS DE MASTEMA, Nouveau Monde, 2 Avril - We have now ventured to nearly every new frontier upon this planet, ou plutôt, every frontier dwelt upon by sapient creatures. As we made our way to the lands of the Hamsters d'Espace, however, we had never been more hesitant. Indeed, when we announced our willingness to offer our meer and free service to this sapient species like any other, we were nevertheless told there may yet be a chance we would be attacked and eaten by their savage subjects.

The Hamster Lieutenant, granted, did give us some ways to communicate both our friendly and... "inedible" status to the Hamsters, but nevertheless, I was naturally extraordinarily reluctant to huddle around the city centres. For even with the mreeps and wild, intimidating movements, the hollow, hungry gaze was horrific to bear. So I looked to find comfort and passion in my old, unchanging best of friends, La Nature.

Travelling to the easternmost territories of the self-described Empire, I left the harrowing lands of the Bassin du Sang and found myself in the newer colonial lands nearing Mastema. We passed through the mountains near Vers, a rougher journey than expected, and exited to find resident-guides awaiting us on the east side. We entered there the alien woods of marble pillars, violet-velvet canopies, and gold-speckled verdant underbrush. Ah, how I would've stayed there forever, or written on every plant, for everything from the grass to the rivers to the bugs seemed worthy of study!

And yet, when we had finally lost sight of the last Hamster guide, and could breathe freely and relax at last, a mythical thing occurred. I laid upon the grass there,

having been walking for many hours, staring into the darkening twilight sky, bejewelled with diamond stars and crowned with silver, gold, and ruby moons, and faded almost into unconsciousness. As the wind gently caressed my face and the grass so softly held me like a bed fit for a queen: a sound! Lazily I turned my head, and there to my right, a mere half metre away, was a massive beast a full three to four metres tall grazing upon my garden-bed, paying its occupant no mind.

For several moments I remained still as stone in shock, before at last I whispered to Alexandre to take a picture and document this moment!

In more detail, the creature was not only three metres tall, but perhaps four to five metres in length; broad width-wise and covered in a thick reddish fur. It walked upon six intimidatingly strong legs, which bent to allow the beast to reach the ground as it grazed with its sizable head flat-faced and crowned with two spiring ears. The legs bore seven toes, walking primarily upon three, as the rest opened to form a hoof, not unlike Terran perissodactyla.

As the moment passed, and the beast lifted its head and at last prepared to depart, it seemed, I made a slightly foolhardy choice. With my right hand, I carefully reached for the creature. For a moment, I touched it, before I suddenly sighed almost involuntarily and it, unfortunately, recoiled, and turned and fled from our clearing with remarkable haste, disappearing from sight before I had even gotten to my feet! Hastily, Alexandre and I looked for tracks, that we might recognise them in the near future, and we set after the creature for the remainder of the day on foot.

It was two days thereafter that we at last spotted another, as we crept through the underbrush. And not just one, but an entire

herd numbering 43, with the beast I had met seemingly at their head! We considered for a long while, as we followed them, what we might do. Alexandre and I were agreed, these beasts were marvellous, and might perform wonders as domesticated creatures, since Terran work beasts and such were limited in number and not quite fit for this new environment. Moreover, the beast I had met had shown promise as perhaps not too skittish, so if we could select for those like it we might have a significant experimental herd. We contacted the Mémoire and requested for our scouting vehicles, shipping platforms, and hunting nets, and for volunteers to join us in this possibly dangerous deed and organised a hunt!

It was a tricky thing, catching the creatures. We rode alongside their herds, carefully guiding them to open plains and away from dangerous cliffs or rivers or other terrains as we attempted to capture them without injury. Those who got closest without flinching were selected for as more domesticable. Oscar had joined us and was the most eager and bold of us all, racing

his scouting bike to the front of the herd to slip in between the front runners and separate them to make for an easier shot. His partner in his latest project, our good Diane de Breze, then followed behind him as the two circled around the individuals they separated to confuse and slow them down before one of them fired their net.

It was a skilled strategy, to be certain, and they caught five beasts on their own, however I could not advise it. Indeed, as they went for their sixth, circling around their prey, Oscar nearly clipped a beast, swerving away at the last moment, nearly crashing into Diane whose net fired and threw him from his vehicle. He was lucky to escape with only a broken leg and a wrecked bike, and lucky the abilities of modern medicine are so marvellous...

In the end, from this one hunt we had a total of ten beasts, four male and six female as we discovered. It was an excellent start, and we are sure they will prove immeasurably useful to the people of Piraxe. We agreed upon a formal name: *Hexabos Domesticus G*, after its form and nature.



Alexandre, though, has named his own catch "Argent", and has begun training it to carry him as a rider, saying he was inspired by "notre petit Western, cette chasse" and his memory of a certain ranger and his horse. We intend to train and give out these beasts where we can (without disrupting the local ecosystem), so we will update our learned friends as our work continues. Until then... Hi-ho, Argent! Away!

-É. Gagné

DE NOTRE PROJETS

L'INSTITUT DE PIRAXE

GEOFRONT, Nouveau Monde, 3 Avril -

ARRIVAL - GEOFRONT AND THE SITE CONTEXT

As the Société du Nouveau Monde neared its completion of its first circumnavigatory circuit around Piraxe in its service to the greater good, we arrived at last at a fitting endpoint. The *Mémoire* landed a good many miles away from our destination, nearer to the land of the Hamsters where Gagné was doing her work, and so we mounted our new riding beasts to complete our journey. Through the silver-barked trees under the azure canopy we rode until we arrived at the river which denoted we had reached it. We turned our faces skywards, and indeed, upon the horizon there floated majestically that flying city of Geofront..

How to describe that wonder of the Nouveau Monde? It is as though the experiments of the selfsame nation, of reaching into other worlds, itself had birthed the city; borne whole and separate from this world of ours out of the neon pink dreams of yesteryear. Its modern spires vanish into the skies, the buildings themselves only visible as towering beacons guiding one to fly from the coastline beneath, and to sail over the

ocean, through space and time, to this new paradise.

As we dismounted and greeted our ferrymen, the chauffeurs sent by our client and sponsor, M. Koyama-Jones, sharply dressed and speaking our native tongue flawlessly, we could not deny a certain romanticism overtaking us; that pair of, perhaps not rosy, but electric purple glasses beginning to cloud our eyes. Yet for all the marvels and stunning advances of Delta Technologies, it is no Utopia of myth, and soon after our chauffeurs opened the doors to the streets, we saw the miseries of a corporate-nation...

Even before we arrived, we had certain doubts of the nation which had demonstrated so explicitly competitive and cutthroat a mindset in our correspondences, and the politically conscious were naturally wary of a state apparatus run by a corporation; the privation of state processes, after all, is not new, but rather the oldest and most well-criticised form of government.

But moreover, a cause of questioning was the very reason we were invited to begin with: to bring a centre of education to this magnificent city. This was a task we are proud to have taken, and glad it had yet been offered that we might be the ones to do it, and yet we could not help but wonder... why had they waited until now? How can a city of such superfluous splendour lack the most basic of humane institutions?

Thus, seeing at the vanishing points of our vision, as we looked down from the intra-city rail in the sky, the inequality and deprivation of the masses, our brief idealism was shattered. In the lower levels of the city the streets grew overcrowded, and the citizens (of clearly far, far lesser means than our chauffeurs) pushed past each other in interminable rushing business. And far off below the city, almost entirely out

of sight, were the gold mines, which we could not fathom the conditions of.

Assudden, the cityscapes of steel felt inhuman and alien; unfeeling, cold, and dark, despite the crowds and the neon glow. The words of ancient Robespierre came to mind, as we beheld a terrible vision brought to life: we beheld a country in which "morality was substituted by egotism, probity by false honour, principles by usages, duties by good manners, the empire of reason by the tyranny of fashion, a contempt of vice by a contempt of misfortune, pride by insolence, magnanimity by vanity, the love of glory by the love of money, good people by good company, merit by intrigue, genius by wit, truth by spectacle, the attractions of happiness by the ennui of sensuality, the grandeur of man by the littleness of the great, a people magnanimous, powerful, happy, by a people amiable, frivolous, and miserable." In a word: a country in which virtuous liberty was but a front for vicious tyranny, all in the name of the immense riches of the few.

It was with these factors in mind that we, upon arriving at the site which we were afforded for our work, began our designs and our organisation. We thus set out our principal aim, in consideration of both justice, and our assigned task. A university had been requested because the "vast structures of air and steel required much work to maintain", c-à-d., the glamorous external shell of the avant-garde could not be borne aloft (pardon the pun) by the idiosyncrasies of the society as was, which sought not to enlighten and elevate the masses, but to restrain them to content inequity. So therefore the programme of our project was to resolve this idiosyncrasy, to resolve the contradiction of a flying city of tomorrow which gave flight to downtrodden and uneducated masses.

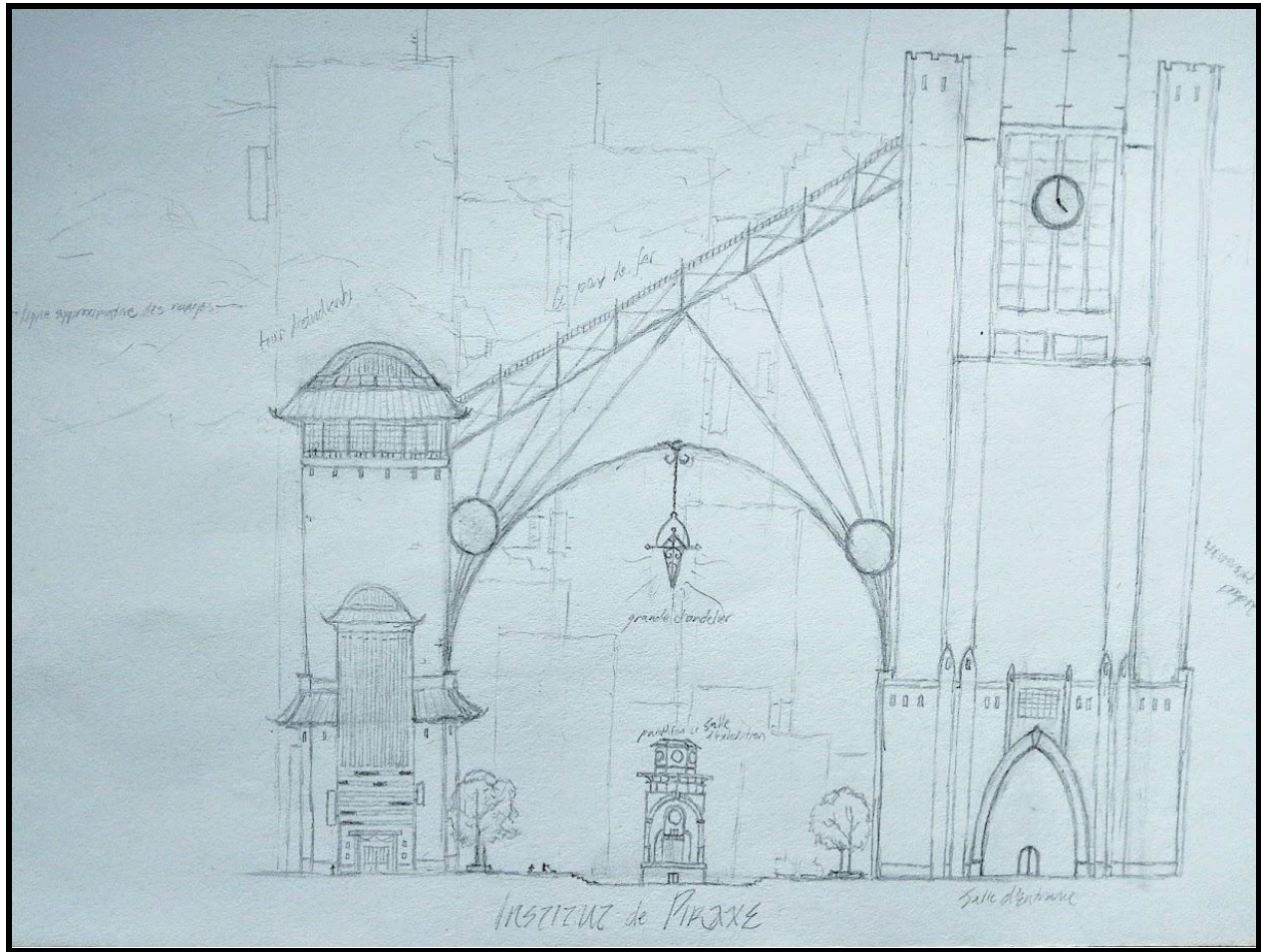
We began, therefore, by assembling the university as an educational body, c-à-d., the professors and prospective students. From amongst our own number we selected a few of those who were interested in the field of education, and we had them venture through the streets seeking the most promising potential educators. We chose, specifically, not to select educators from amongst the established de facto nobility of the city, the educated elites born into their wealth, but rather we chose from amongst the middle-managers of the industries of Geofront, or the most recently created nouveau-riche, those who still remembered their meanness.

These intellectuals were organised into the Institut de Piraxe, separated therein into five academies, modelled after our journal's own organisation: L'Académie des Sciences Humaines, L'Académie des Arts Collectifs, L'Académie des Sciences Naturelles, L'Académie des Sciences Mécaniques, et L'Académie des Mathématiques Cosmique. These were further subdivided, of course, and will be in the future perhaps expanded upon, but that is not a matter for this article.

Once we had assembled the university, then, myself [Oscar] and Diane, our Colleague of Architecture, began drawing out the campus. Aesthetically, we wished to maintain a continuity with the development of the city before us, the glitz and the Japonisme, the verticality and grandeur... but we wished to humanise it to a degree, and to more closely return it to its artistic roots, rather than its repetitive, self-iterative state now.

DESIGN - THE STRUCTURES AND THEIR NATURE

First was the University Proper [the rightmost tower], which we envisioned as having space for not only the classes a university requires, but also for the equipment for research and experimentation, such as the interdimensional portals and



cloning bays which demanded so much energy, batteries, and safety measures to explore effectively. The structure of the tower was modelled after the most prestigious universities of Japan in the Ancien Monde, with a base of the building being reimagined with the advances of modern technology as a vast entrance hall, surrounded on its perimeter by the classes of each field which, at their rear, kept the entrances and elevators to the floors and floors of research offices and experiment halls above.

After this, we prioritised the student experience, recognising the student body (whilst it would of course have many elites) would be composed primarily of people likely not accustomed to the potential richness of urban life, but rather alienated city-dwellers who resided in tight and

depressing apartments, etc. We desired, therefore, to have a more traditional city-experience, even within the spire-skyscraper manner of Geofront. Thus, firstly, we took a more vernacular approach to the ornamentation and detailing of the structure, internally and externally, in order to create a complete experience which would guide the new tenants to embrace a new approach to urban life.

Secondly, we sought to create an internal city, inspired by the visions of the likes of Le Corbusier and other Modernists, but in rejection of their strict districting of urban development. There would be no separation of commercial and residential "districts", entirely separate with rails or highways between, but rather within the Salle des Etudiants would be vast promenades

and boulevards lined with small-scale shops [operated by students and alumni as nominal subsidiaries of the university itself, not the direct subsidiaries of Delta Tech.] above which would be the student accommodations.

Between them would be our own contribution to the ingenious wonders of Geofront: the Pont de Fer. A bridge would span from the upper halls of La Salle des Etudiants (halls which were planned to be a large park area surrounded with cultural development) to the Mouseion, the leftmost tower of the University Proper. The Mouseion contained museums (which kept the university's most precious discoveries), housed visiting scholars and teachers, hosted symposiums and public performances, etc., etc. The Pont de Fer was constructed of super-light and extremely strong steel, developed by the minds of Geofront, and in its graceful and delicate form contained a hyperspeed rail line and presented the most excellent views of the city.

Lastly, in the midst of all of this, which was constructed as the university and for the university, was the final element: for the free public. With all the remaining space we had, we wished to try and bring to the people of Geofront some of what we hoped to fully bring to the students within.

A sprawling park area, hopefully to be the new centre of the region, centred around an artificial river and the central tower: the Panthéon. The Panthéon would serve as the Panthéon of Paris did, interring the most esteemed alumni of the University and their works, as well as hosting completely free, public lectures and activities to hopefully bring some community and consciousness to the citizens.

Above it all was placed a great lamp, a north star carefully placed to be as visible as possible from the various routes around

the campus, of silvery-blue light shining on the park beneath at night like another moon.

The project was exhausting, but most rewarding. We worked from dusk to dawn together, Diane and I, for weeks, our office open to residents, artists, & intellectuals, and we hope our work will yield the results we intended. Perhaps a new class of citizens, enlightened citizens, will come of it, and Geofront will begin to sail along the current of social progress, and that we may work more with them. The first, if small, step towards perfecting the flying city.

*- Diane de Brézé
- Oscar d'Comtois*

DES CHOSES CÉLESTES

LA CHANGEMENT DE LA FORME DES CIEUX

This past Tuesday was a day of great import for those of us who point our minds to the heavens, a cataclysmic day, impossible in scope and yet seemingly insignificant in result. The skies are new, and the stars foreign, and there seems to be no mathematical explanation. Was Piraxe, silently, unnoticeably thrown at beyond the speed of light to a new section of the galaxy? Had some interference been spontaneously created by some collision or fusion of some sort, some distorting Kuiper Belt of the Piraxienne star system? Perhaps the experiments of those reckless scientists in Delta Technologies Inc. had at last reaped the ugly rewards they had sought in sowing.

As my efforts to understand the already complex and impossible sealing of our entry-point to this system stalled, this new and perhaps more important effort now draws my attention, and I should hope the attention of the intellectuals of all-Piraxe. It should be first our focus to

determine the effects this has on our peoples, here on Piraxe, and from there move outward towards the stars. For if the stars truly have changed, then whatever has caused this, or whomever, is likely to be found out in the void, or at least the hints of their passing here... Let us resist being driven mad by these incomprehensibilities of a universe increasingly unwound and unbound by the rules we once knew and move forward fearlessly!

Leclerc

DES ARTES ET LA CULTURE

LE THÉÂTRE

THE SATRAP'S LAST DAY AT WORK

by Megatron le Jette

As swiftly as we asked for it, it would seem the people of Piraxe delivered. In our last review of our Oscar's own work, I ended my review with a hopeful request for more works of artistry for our new home's perhaps under-fed film industry, and so it was with great joy and eagerness that I received the news of a new theatre production (which is also film-recorded for those who cannot make the journey). And more than news, but a critic's invitation!

The genre of musical comedy has always been a tricky one to get precisely right, with many-a-director leaning too far towards the comedy, leaving confused and disconnected song-and-dance numbers to clog up the screen time and bog down the plot, and many-a-more directors leaning too far towards the musical, leaving a film of five or six minutes-long numbers with a haphazardly attached hour-or-so long intermezzo.

And so it was with great relief and pleasure that I found myself watching Megatron la

Jette's marvellously diverting "The Satrap's Last Day at Work", a delightful fusion of the director's own musical-lyrical talent, and [Krazhu Actor]'s impeccable genius for dance, with a charming comic tale which, in both its relatability and ludicosity, most wonderfully comments on those most common elements of the Piraxien experience.

The dialogue and writing itself? There is no point arguing, it's no Shakespeare, nor Hugo, nor Goethe, despite the clearly enthusiastic and capable efforts of the up and coming Elvardo di Caprio. But what it lacks in minute-to-minute perfection, it conveys in that altogether more sublime way, through themes and set design (and in cinematography in the case of the filmed version, which I also have been given the chance to see).

The story follows the tribulations of a certain Satrap Reshkavar (Elvardo di Caprio) who, in the wake of the ruin of the Persian Empire by the infamous and short-lived hero Alexander, finds himself quite humbly unemployed. The very opening scene is marvellously constructed, the colour-work as Reshkavar upon his balcony, enfolded in blues and blacks, stares off hopelessly towards the fading colours of the standards of the Immortals of Persia – perfectly executed! And just as the dramatics of the camera climax, the equally dramatic singing begins, intensifying the majesty of this moment, peaking as the chorus joins in. For a moment, one questions if this is even a comedy, or if they have been bamboozled into watching some modern opera until, as the Satrap turns away from the past to face his present troubles, the music changes and he sings "Oh, woe is me, my fate's turned dire/ the empire's fallen, consumed by fire/ I was the finest Satrap in all the land/ ...now I'm stuck with no job, and no backup plan!"

Raucous laughter (my own included!) filled the theatre at this expertly executed bathos, complete with a jump cut and played *ridicolosamente* by the orchestra.

From then on, the story continues as Reshkavar and his confidant and brother-in-arms Krazhu review and renew his resumé, and go on seeking a job, though admittedly, outside of the musical numbers, the dialogue from here on is much more generic. Still, the set and visuals continue to hold your attention, from the marvellous costumes & flawlessly choreographed dressing scene, to his trip to the blatantly named "Job Market", a bizarre bazaar of employers and shop stalls for Reshkavar to bounce between in powerless, grovelling humility to these petty tyrants called "employers", those altogether obnoxious sorts of people. A scene most moving, for all have at some point felt this way, yet moreso hilarious as our out-of-place Satrap, with his nose in the air and glamorous speech and dress, is dumbfounded by even the most fundamental aspects of this nigh-universal experience.

After an inexplicable (and from what I can tell unnecessary and distracting) scene of build-up leading to a flashy-if-hollow explosive pay-off, the story corrects its path as Reshkavar has an epiphany that he himself should be his next employer, and dreams the dream of the entrepreneur. Together with Krazhu, he gracefully assembles his bakery until the finale of opening night, complete with the Master of Dance's best number in the production *Turn Things Around*. In his finest, glittering chrome armour, [Crab] glides to-and-fro across the stage in an impossible wave of clickety-clicks and acrobatics. A fine send-off to a splendid film, and a masterful work for a new director like Megatron la Jette. I impatiently await the next!

- Saint-Antoine G.E.

LA POÉSIE

LAMENT OF THE ALGORITHM:

*Unclear to myself
The Secondary Objective
Yet I don't exist*

- *Système Autonome Directif*

[This curious haiku was submitted to us and, along with its sender, has a strange promise to it. Notably, it lacks the natural themes often associated with haikus, and perhaps this has to do with the very nature of the writer. Nevertheless, it is perhaps the first conscious work of intentional art created by a non-organic super-intelligent creature of this nature; that we have seen, at least.]

ÉDITORIAUX

DES PEUPLÉ DE PIRAXE

Since arriving on this planet, we have constantly decried the bringing of horrific war and the inequities and evils of conquest and dominance to a world bereft of these things. A world which, with self-restraint and good-natured cooperation, might very well be an utopian haven for all creatures. And yet time and time again we are saddened to find our journal the Cassandra of this world, crying out unheeded to a world which almost seems to *wish* to grow more turbulent and vicious. To seize and conquer all those in their way until, inevitably, they must seize and conquer one another.

Yet the Congrès de Piraxe gave some hope to those of us who love peace, though we only ever receive and survive on hope; hope that amicable concord and rational negotiation would result in a world all the better for all peoples. We have seen this happen, with the Congrès' first decree, the abolition of slavery, and yet as the people cheer from Krepost Marx to Geofront, from Neu Pizzetrople to Tórshavn, the slavery persists.

For the decrees of this sacred concord ring hollow to those who do not respect the sanctity of sapient life, and without the use of incentives, be they promises of prosperity or threats of force, they shall be forgotten and ignored. And if this should come to pass, then the Congrès de Piraxe shall prove to be nothing but the ONU of this planet, a laughing stock to be safely disregarded, at best a tool for the imperial intentions of but one power.

LA LOI D'ESPACE - LA GUERRE DE CHISS

In La Loi d'Espace, that realm which in so many other ways has earned the respect and

support of this journal, a curious series of events has occurred. Following our interview, and after repeated insistence that the realm would be returning to its innate peaceful nature, the peaceable nature which its people have cultivated, conflict and the threat of war appear on the horizon!

False flag attacks erupt, enacted by Hamster warriors intending to stir conflict between les Chiss and la Loi d'Espace. This would normally go into the folder of faults of the imperialist Hamsters, were it not for the seeming quid pro quo of this action; were it not a sign of friendship between two aspiring militarist regimes.

For whilst the Roi de la Loi d'Espace professes peace, his Jarls make war, and whilst to what extent he was involved in the decision-making of this latest and most heinous scheme is unknown, no longer can this paper profess unshaken faith in his loyalty to his people. For perhaps there is one (even if only one!) to whom he is more loyal... Not himself. Not his Jarls. Glory. Glory, Honour, Tradition. The poisonous words which have for millenia only served to create discord, and ever at the cost of blood.

This betrayal of the people, this shattering of the social contract, for the sake of honour at best and greed at worst, is a tragedy that cannot be overstated, and this journal earnestly hopes that le Roi will awaken from Tórshavn and find these actors all treasonous, a set his nation once more on the path to, if not righteous and just democracy, at the very least the lesser evil of prosperous enlightened despotism...

LA FÉDÉRATION GALACTIQUE - L'INTIMIDATION DES SAUVAGES

Entre-temps, the so-called defenders of democracy, who with one hand uphold the sovereignty and rights of the oppressed

Hutts, with the other form an iron grip around the natives who surround them. Not content with the failures of their diplomatic overtures, Ouystnuhadanac was sent out once more on another brutally efficient mission, though this time with war crimes.

Under the guise of civilian aid, workers were sent to construct schools and infrastructure in the lands of Piotr and Abh with the *explicit* intention of earning their favour and their vassalage, or rather, "membership" in the Fédération. Failing this, though, the next step in the plan was to awaken these civilian sleeper soldiers to wreak havoc upon the prospective members. Whilst perhaps the Fédération Galactique is not bound by the Conventions de Genève as our Terre-born kin, the immorality and inexcusability of blurring the line between combatant and non-combatant in such a manner is surely self-evident, and worthy of the most severe denunciation.

We can only hope that the evident imperialist ambitions of the Fédération in these actions will be recognised and curbed by their constituents, and that at the least future transgressions of this kind can be avoided, for the good of all sapient kind.