

L'AVENIR, AUJOURD'HUI!

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LE 28E MARS, IER ANNÉE DE LA GRANDE DÉCOUVERTE DE LA PIRAXE

NOUVELLES

PRÈS DE CHISS, Nouveau Monde, 28 Mars - Freedom is not free, even here on the freest frontiers of Piraxe. In **Krepost Gagarin** there have been reports from Société contacts of the sudden resignation and disappearance of M. Andrei Tachev, a member of the URSS government. While nothing especially new for the nation, this particular disappearance seems to have ruffled feathers within the Politburo such that it has reached our ears, and your eyes.

Le **Roi de la Loi d'Espace** has begun his search for a consort, as all royals do eventually. Rumours from his court tell of a lowborn, foreign demoiselle who it seems has caught his eye. This normally would be of no interest to the Société, however in the wake of the intense pacifistic movements in the Royaume, it gives hope for the possibility of a marriage which would only further the stability amongst the nations of Piraxe, especially given the wars which have nevertheless been waged, despite the virtuous peoples' desires.

The Société gives its condolences to learned peers of **Leng**, where a horrific blizzard struck, and only mere weeks after the departure of our expedition headed by Anais-Maiwenn from the city. The suddenness of the weather event prompted some to wonder at the cause of such an unprecedented storm,

but until the reconstruction is concluded, we will be unable to give any further explanation.

Finally, it would seem in the lands from which we last journeyed, an alliance of happenstance has joined the forces of the people of **Leng** and la **Loi d'Espace** in league against the **Hamsters d'Espace**. The Société hopes for a swift end to this war, and honourable behaviour on all sides.

- Saint-Antoine G.E.

DE FLORE ET FAUNE

KVASIRVÍNVIÐUR - L'ASTRIS DU NORD

PRÈS DE TÓRSHAVN, Nouveau Monde, 27 Mars - Friends, today I write from within a spartan chateau overlooking the vast vineyards of the "*Rúmlagen*" after some days' journeying in the forests therearound. The words elude me to describe the utmost hospitality I, Oscar, and Alexandre have received from the amiable, peaceable people of this land, nor to convey the communal bliss of the selfsame people working in harmony with La Nature upon the land before me. Thus, I pass the quill to Oscar who has written a pastoral most fitting.

But I digress even before I begin! The purpose of our journey to this part of the Nouveau Monde was in response to reports

from naturalists who wrote in to our last journal article about the Astris plant, and claimed they had discovered it in the lands of the north as well. More compellingly, they wrote that the people of this land had begun very early cultivation of the plant, and had discovered properties which even we had yet to discover! Upon arriving we were greeted by the kindly Mme. Yrsa and her subordinates, the assorted clergy of the religion of this land, who brought us to a flourishing grove upon the north side of the church. One of the minor priests, a certain M. Leif, informed us that one of his colleagues had read our article and advised them to plant the vines on the north side in concordance with *our* advice. However, upon seeing the plant up close, I noticed something strange. It was *not* an astris.

The misunderstanding was, funnily, understandable. It resembled the flower vine I had documented quite nearly, however its fruit was not the clear-blue I had seen, but rather a rich, intoxicating violet; its vines were not merely the evergreen I had written of, but an even deeper, nearly black, green! The flower itself, however, and its petals were much the same. I requested if I could take a sample to test which the priestess granted (though with a visible and completely relatable hesitance), and took the plant back to our residence to test.

I have determined this plant is likely akin to the Astris I have discovered, but substantially different, different enough to be categorised as a separate species. In honour of the people who have truly discovered it, therefore, I will document it with a fitting name, for though they have mistakenly referred to it as the astris, it deserves recognition. Oscar has come up with a most pleasant one, in the tongue of the locals even: kvasir vinviður, that is to say, vigne de Kvasir, or "vine of Kvasir".



The name is derived from its properties, relating to a story in the locals' mythologies of Kvasir and the mead of poetry/scholarship. In the mythology, the titular Kvasir was created by the spittle of the gods, the wisest man who could answer all questions. He was slain, and from his blood was made the legendary "mead of poetry" which would turn any who drank it into a poet or scholar. The wine of this vine has been similarly revered by the people here, for the effects of this plant are far stronger and slightly different than the mere awakening, refreshing sensation of the astris.

Notably, whilst our attempts at creating wine from the astris have been successful in making an alcohol, its product is not so effective at inducing the sensation of drunkenness (although the consumer IS inebriated and should not drive, operate machinery, etc.; it merely tricks the body due to the aforementioned awakening and stimulating nature of the fruit), whereas the fruit of the the kvasirvigne has no such contradiction. Indeed, when consumed in its raw state or inhaled, rather than a stimulating wakedness, the plant produces a more... colourful experience. In moderate amounts it seems to induce a calm, relaxed sort of focus, whilst when consumed heavily (and particularly in its alcoholic form) it induces strong tiredness, extreme

inebriation (even for the most toughened drinkers of la Loi d'Espace), and according to many, intense, vision-like dreams, and in the extremes, a hallucinogenic high whilst awake. Such is the strength of the plant, its tenders and harvesters here on the vineyard work very particular shifts to prevent them from becoming... distracted from inhalation.

These rumours, of course, required testing, and so noble Alexandre volunteered. In a festive night with our hosts, he indulged in a good number of litres of kvasirvin, until he passed out. This was not requested of him, but he is a man of intense passion in his studies, and something of a reveller. When he awoke (we had note-taking materials prepared) he told of dreams of a great face in the sky which, as it opened its mouth to speak, was silent, and instead words appeared from it. And yet as the words appeared, they were manifested into what the words described, and the shape of the world shifted about him as they passed, and he travelled from the vineyards, to the forests, to the mountains, to la Patrie, and saw a great many things. The record of this statement in its entirety, however, shall be kept private for the sake of Alexandre, though its contents we have (with his permission) shared with his therapist, and indeed, we believe may serve as a helpful psychological means of investigation and interpretation.

Physically, he was in rough shape, and told of a pounding headache like no other, though he remarked he did not feel at all nauseous, and indeed, even the headache passed after around an hour, by which time he seemed in perfectly usual shape. It is no wonder then why this vine has taken so swiftly to the locals' society, and is a staple of their festivals, religious ceremonies, and all other forms of gathering, even though they seem to look down upon wine as "feminine"

(and in this sense, I am most content to be a lady, let the fools reject the fineries of life; all the more for me!).

As for the cultivation of the plant, it is not quite the same as the astris. It seems the plant can survive the sunslight fairly well, and indeed requires very little in the way of starlight, though the priests have remarked those vines grown in accordance with our stipulations for the astris are regarded to have better quality fruit and finer wine, which I believe is the result of the kinship of the plants. However, it seems whatever has caused this difference has removed many of the medicinal benefits of the plant, which is no longer so soothing nor antibiotic.

Finally, as we finished our studies, we planned out improvements we thought could be made to the functions of the vineyards. The farmers and vintners have already discovered the ease of this strain of the plant to be cultivated, however in order to produce generally higher quality vintage, we have advised the rearrangement of vineyards in all locations to a north-south linear pattern if possible to equalise exposure to the sunslight. Additionally, in our tests we found that the vine itself when decayed serves as an excellent fertiliser for the plant itself when carefully mixed with a small amount of kvasirvin; a recipe we have shared amongst the vintners here.

Thus, to La Loi d'Espace we say: Santé! May your vines be fruitful and your vintage fine!

É. Gagné

DES ARTS ET LA CULTURE

LA CINÉMA

LA HACHE ÉTERNELLE

by Oscar d'Comtois

The director's debut work, the film was produced in cooperation with various avant-garde filmmakers from the URSS, intended to be an almost operatic, mythological epic. The director himself, our M. d'Comtois, however, made no secret of his disdain for the URSS Politburo to their faces, and throughout the production would consistently butt heads with the censors and advisors of the state assisting with the film. Nevertheless, the film made it through its development hell and has been released!

How to describe this grand story-saga? Our story follows the deeds of the mythical god Rod, of ancient Slavic mythology on Terre, here played by [Aleksandr Kovalyov], a pure and heroic young god who seeks to bring order to the chaotic state of primeval nature after witnessing the non-malicious evils of Man in a state of nature. He embarks on a divine quest to bring the order of love, compassion, and freedom to the world, going to the legendary world-oak and taking a branch from it to form his contract-axe, by which he will bind the beings of the world to a universal law through the formation of contracts. This he does, and the world begins to improve, and he is happy.

But tragedy strikes slowly, and his utopia is poisoned when he strikes a contract with the god of the underworld, Veles, played by the impeccable [Fyodor Voronin], who with twisted words and dark advice increasingly separates Rod from the world he ostensibly protects, forming deceitful contracts and culminating in his advice that the god build a majestic fortress in the heavens to rule

with proper majesty, to "complete his creation". Rod, deceived and overcome with the corruption of power, would rely upon his court of Veles and the other corrupt gods, to administer the world whilst he managed the increasingly vain and petty matters within the palace. These cruel gods would abuse the contracts which Veles had written to be malleable and would begin to extort and exploit Mankind. Rod was nevertheless blind to this, as the world grew increasingly evil and wretched.

Eventually, the oldest goddess of Terre Mokosh [Darya Alekseyeva] would appear before Rod and show him how his creation had fallen and his dream had been ruined and corrupted, but he would be powerless to right his wrongs, for by his contracts he could not force Veles nor the other gods to change, for they had violated no law and were the ministers of his power. To act against them would break all his contracts at once, shattering his axe...

Rod would in desperation finally leave the heavenly fortress, wandering the world in search of a solution, along the way falling in love with the brave and heroic mortal woman Morana, played by [Ksenia Lebedeva]. Reminded of the love which had driven him at first, when she bears his child he realises that this is fate, and he abandons her and his child, understanding that the child would be the only hero who could overthrow Veles without shattering the axe, so long as Rod did not sway his mind and he remained an independent, uncontracted actor.

The boy, who Morana would name Perun, is played by [Maksim Morosov], who's performance truly embodies youthful, mythological heroism; joyous and fearless and just a little unwise, but altogether beloved. Morana would die as she gave birth to Perun, but as she died she would with the strength of her own will bind an agent of Veles to raise her son to be free and

strong. The agent [Leontiy Zaytsev] would be a vicious and sadistic guardian, but nevertheless Perun would grow into an ideal hero, being raised instead by the wilderness he would often venture to flee from his guardian.

When he was nearly of age, and the agent who now wished to kill him's contract was nearly up, he slew the agent first, and at last flew out into the world and encountered the rest of Mankind. All of this Rod watched from his fortress, in anguish and pride for his son, powerless.

Perun finds the state of Man unacceptable, and tries to organise them to overthrow the gods. Veles hears of it and descends down and kills the young hero, yet with his death, Mankind is inspired, and rises up against the gods. Rod, in his last act, binds all the gods to remain in the fortress, as the people set fire to the fortress and proclaim they shall create a world of true love, compassion, and freedom.

The film is a visual wonder, incorporating many experimental and quite avant-garde styles of cinematography. There is a clear inspiration from surrealism, and even from strange animation perhaps from cinema on Terre, and the Soviet cinematographers deserve all the commendations I can offer. However, the most compelling and beautiful part of the film is the score, composed by both Oscar d'Comtois himself and the chief composer, clearly inspired by the work of Richard Wagner in *Der Ring Des Nibelungen* and the leitmotivic methods therein. Whilst there are those who fairly complain it is slightly too long, finishing up at just over three and a half hours, I cannot see how it could be any shorter without losing so much of its emotional power.

It is certainly a musical drama, a must-see for any who wish to understand the sensation, and a wondrous addition to the

human experience. Would that I could see it for the first time twice! I am eager to see what the filmmakers and writers of the rest of this Nouveau Monde have in store...

- Saint-Antoine G.E.

LA POÉSIE

UNE PASTORALE

*Purest, pale plant 'pon verdant fruitvine:
The gift of the gods, their wondrous wine,
Row after row of silv'ry, sublime
Bushels by bondsmen are tended with time,
care, and concern, 'neath sunlight's soft shine,
As scarlet leaves fall from the trees. A fair sign
Of autumn's embrace, summer past, nearing rime
Of winter's harsh weather, Torshavn's cool clime.*

*The image idyllic, from romances wrought
The commoners cheery, one or two there besot
With blessed godsbreath, laid down in their cot,
Merry laughter & music, the bliss all have sought!*

[Learned friends, I must admit I am something out of practice... Do not tell Eglantine, though, she seems not to notice!
- Oscar d'Comtois]

ÉDITORIAUX

DE LA JUSTICE ET LA VERTU

At the first landing of the nations upon Piraxe, our learned friend Oscar d'Comtois had published an article titled '*L'Esprit de Demain*' calling upon the novice nations to turn their back on the systems of old, to embrace the opportunity before them, and to realise the dreams of our predecessors. At the time, his words concerning his own vision, his own idea of what this meant, was cut in the interest of journalistic neutrality, much to his chagrin. And yet we see now, in la Loi d'Espace, the realisation of those perhaps misinterpreted ideals.

The *ancien regime* to the people of Tórshavn, to the subjects of Son Altesse Roi Øystein d'Arn, was certainly one full of contradiction on ancien Terre; it was an aristocracy in the traditionalist sense, a realm of birthright and blood feud and the idiocies of nobility and its privileges. And yet, here on Piraxe, they still have a Roi! But it is not the same. And yet, here on Piraxe, they are still ruled by Jarls! And yet they are not the same. And yet, here on Piraxe, the common man is still sidelined, ruled over by aristocrats and magnates. True, one must concede to reality, and yet still it is not the same.

Whatever the nature of this alien, ancien regime, its boons have been felt and celebrated by its people. La Loi d'Espace is perhaps the most prosperous of the nations of Piraxe, and the people of Piraxe and beyond have flooded to it. To this end, the Département des Sciences Humaines and our Oscar d'Comtois sought to outline the structure of this system, and to attempt to identify the virtues of the system, whilst looking for ways it might also be reformed. We have studied the system and interviewed its leaders to this end. [[Full interview](#)]

To begin, we must outline the general structure of the state, for the processes of this unconstituted and traditional regime are not necessarily commonly known or understood. The state might best be described as a semi-constitutional or an absolute monarchy; the Roi is limited only by Jarls, and only insofar as they advise him and have the power to overthrow him, a power derived from their local powers as nobles. In our interview with the Roi, he phrased it thusly: "If you mean to ask whether my power is checked in any way, the answer is yes. The Jarls- that is, the regional leaders in the Rúmlagen [la Loi d'Espace], have the power to see me deposed, and begin an election for a new Konungr. To refuse would be treason, of course."

This is, however, not truly the case; this is no more a basis for real limitation than the law of the sword was for the ancient Rois d'Angleterre. One cannot really say it is treason to refuse to be deposed, on the condition that the deposition is only lawful when the deponents are strong enough to depose. To quote the revered J.J. Rousseau: "If force creates right, the effect changes with the cause: every force that is greater than the first succeeds to its right. As soon as it is possible to disobey with impunity, disobedience is legitimate; and, the strongest being always in the right, the only thing that matters is to act so as to become the strongest. But what kind of right is that which perishes when force fails? If we must obey perforce, there is no need to obey because we ought; and if we are not forced to obey, we are under no obligation to do so."

And yet, despite this, Son Altesse believes there to be such a check, and so there is. And its boons we must, in fairness, applaud. But before that, we must answer this: who are the Jarls and from where is their power derived?

The Jarls, the nobility, the aristocracy and electorate of the elective monarchy of la Loi d'Espace, is composed of "powerful individuals from the many walks of life", to, again, quote Son Altesse le Roi. Son Altesse acknowledges the nation is too young to have a real, entrenched nobility, just as Oscar had imagined in his article, and thus the noble class of this nascent monarchy would be one of merit. To be specific, it is made up of "...high-ranking military officials, the most successful entrepreneurs, whether they be industrial magnates or otherwise- the burghers, if you will- then, widely recognized contributors to the fields of research and arts. This combination ensures a wide variety of viewpoints."

In our studies and interviews, the Roi and his attendants spoke very highly of this system, and seemed proud of the supposed meritocracy they upheld, but here I am forced to point out that such has been the foundation of *most* aristocracies. Trace every cruel and perverse dynasty back to its source and you will find a "high-ranking military official", a "most successful entrepreneur", a "burgher", or a "widely-recognized contributor to the fields of research and art".

The vice of these dynasties is ever the very existence of their distinction. Every artist made into a noble is separated from the commoners and has his vision disoriented. Every scholar housed in a palace is detached from La Nature and his fellow man and has his discoveries hindered and misused. Every burgher who wears a signet is ensnared in the squabbles of power and the court. And of the high-ranking military officials, their vice is almost innate, and their vainglory and warmongery is apparent. There is virtue in the state today, and yet vice in the system. This is made most clear in the

issues of the day: the housing-population crisis and the popular pacifist movements.

For the former, the population crisis is nothing if not a sign of the virtue of the state, a state so utterly popular and well-run, that it has attracted the masses from all-Piraxe, that its people flourish beneath it. Despite its near-perfection in administration, from the foundation of the colonies to the current day-to-day governance, it still faces this problem. And even in the face of this, it remains virtuous, as Son Altesse declared to us, "As for the housing crisis. We have plans to invest greatly in improving the conditions for the poorest, to mitigate- and hopefully- crush the crisis. We were admittedly not prepared for such a vast population. I am willing to admit that. But we will certainly not stand by idly."

And yet, on the latter matter, the vice is made all too clear. The people of this land admirable yearn for peace with all sapient life, and honourably tend to their fields and live in prosperity. Yet what is seen on their borders? War. Despite the wishes of the people, the Jarls, subject to the will of no one but power itself, sought the glory of conquest and marched against the Hamsters d'Espace. The Roi himself admitted when questioned, "I assure you, the commanders responsible for the recent skirmishes upon our borders with the Hamsters will be punished duly. Rùmlagen [la Loi d'Espace] has no place for what amounts to warlords. Taking matters into their own hands in this way is of course unacceptable."

What Son Altesse seems to fail to see is that this is the inevitable result of such a system. He attributes it to bad actors: "This period of peace is excellent for a reorganization of the higher echelons of the military... They too must understand that they are not exempt from responsibility," and yet to whom are they responsible? Son Altesse?

And when you have passed and your successor, elected by them, reigns?

Nevertheless, one cannot look upon la Loi d'Espace and be remotely alarmist, nor denounce the regime entirely. And this is for one reason: the Atlas who bears the weight of this heaven is yet virtuous. Therefore, and without, hopefully, impolitely diving too far into his character, we must discuss the nature of Son Altesse, le Roi de la Loi d'Espace.

The best way to get a view of Son Altesse's character would be to consider the rumours of late, his pursuit of a consort. Whilst it disappointed the most romantic amongst our paper to hear that the story of a foreign peasant maid sweeping the Roi head-over-heels and being raised from the fields to court was false, it nevertheless seems the young Roi is driven by sincere and authentic romantic love. Not because there were some slight questions as to her foreign status, as these were easily passed over, she is functionally a princess, and certainly a noble by the standards of la Loi d'Espace, but rather because it seems he was sincerely blindsided by the idea she might be undue towards Son Altesse and his subjects.

Throughout our interview, Son Altesse continually demonstrated an earnest care for his people, and the energy and power to see those cares assuaged, and in this way has shown great promise, and leaves the future of la Loi d'Espace bright. But his naivete remains a concern, and his apparent preference for the undemocratic exercise of power MUST be critiqued. No matter how excellent the administration, Son Altesse's government shall never be exercising any real right, any justice, so long as the commoner is de facto excluded from power. So long as that is true, the virtue of the state remains at the whims of its elites; not just Son Altesse, and not even just his

Jarls, but any who could find the power today or in the days to come to act with impunity.

We wish Son Altesse a long and prosperous reign, and again thank him for the privilege to interview him, and applaud his bravery and honesty in answering us.

To our learned friends, we wish you to take away the right lessons from the reign of Roi Øystain d'Arn; not to yearn for a virtuous dictator, but rather to yearn for a state that obeys the desires of the people. This, Øystain has done, and by this he has reigned well and prosperously, and when his Jarls have strayed, it has been to the detriment of this prosperity. Here, suspendu dans la vide, Man is unbound; every one of us is made equal and every one of us is born free - let us not now revive the distinctions which only this great work, this colonisation of the Nouveau Monde, this culmination of millenia of human progress, allowed us to escape.

Signé, le Département des Sciences Humaines:

- *Saint-Antoine G.E.*

Guillaume de Jegellac-

Aimée le Y.

et:

- *Oscar d'Comtois*

LES DISPARUS

In the wake of a series of concerning reports from contacts in the URSS, we wished to follow up on the disappearance and death of M. Tachev, and the rumours surrounding M. Andropov. In light of our investigations and interviews with state officials, we have come away with no reason to believe there was any more than usual foul play in the case of M. Tachev, who was tried in a military court and summarily executed in accordance with his much limited rights in

the URSS, and in the case of M. Andropov we can know nothing for now. We desperately hope the URSS will begin to take some liberalising reforms...

TRIBUNE LIBRE

"An Ode to Gorgonzola

*There once was a tale often told,
Of freedom that's bought and then sold,
With promises grand,
It swept through the land,
Till chaos replaced the controlled."*

[We publish the above letter after much hesitance and consideration, and much suspicion towards its sender. You will note it is not under La Poésie, where works of this nature would normally fall. This is because we have strong reason to believe this is a work of generative AI, a method of "artistic" production antithetical to the idea of art and the very human experience itself. We publish it only that it may be mocked and torn to pieces by our learned friends and readership, and that its corpse hoisted upon the pike raised upon this bastion of scholarly journalism might dissuade further soulless beasts from seeking to poison the well of artistic inspiration. Behold, its meaninglessness. Harrow at its hollow words. Spit upon its visage and curse its creator, who is No-one and shall forever be No-one, for there is no expressor from which this has come who may be mocked or pitied for being mocked. It is an accident of cosmic creation unworthy of existence, unable even to, like sapient creatures and their works, assign itself an arbitrary meaning which gives it purpose and beauty. It is the only truly beautyless poem, the only truly meaningless work. One cannot truly know the meaning of the word "void" until he considers and interprets this work; as he falls into the pit within himself, of dreaded emptiness and blinding, deafening nothingness, and grasps on to words without worth, phrases without purpose. Submit no such things again to our Société. - *Saint-Antoine G.E. - Oscar d'Comtois*]