

A.u.Publishing Presents:

Oblivion : Year X

Beginning

Well, the beginning. Maybe so much as the end. This Oblivion is no more trying to tell as it is trying to speak. Read the words. It may mean nothing to you, it may mean something to you and with it, you begin your own fire. This fire or the word of these ancients is running thin, yet we try to spread this word to you.

The word becomes confused over time. So many places, so many voices, but listen to the heart, the mind, we have never preached anything but.

Our time is at an end. We reach you in your time of birth, our time of closure. If nothing else take these words and all before as your history....

POSTSCRIPT.

Since writing this, we have received a great loss.

A great wisdom, a great friend. Someone whom I trusted, loved and respected has taken leave for the next life, she left too early for us.

Her departure will leave a great mark on us. Our circle is now incomplete except in the memories that will be infinite.

Goodbye Libby. This one is for you.

Atropos.

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“It’s all about the game and how you play it. It’s all about control and if you can take it.”

Why Year X?

Simply put - a time when we forget where we are.

Remember American History X?

It’s the same. That film could have happened at any time in American history. This is a telling of our time. Our time. Right now. These things are all around us. The angst, the hate, the love, the passion, the confusion.....

Year X is always. These things are universal. We all feel them, we all hate and love them.

Oblivion : Year X is a resurrection of the first (and only) issue of the long dead 'Oblivion' ezine that AuP put out long ago. It doesn't really go back to the concept of Oblivion which was theoretical thought, but captures some of those moments. Have a look at <http://www.aupublishing.com/index2.shtml> to capture some of those thoughts and moments. Even further, <http://www.aupublishing.com/issues/Oblivionissue1.htm> was the issue. The only issue where we said what we wanted to say.

Year X is for you. It's for all you who suffered and believed. It will be with us always....

I return to you in fire
I bleed
ONCE I COULDN'T BREATHE
But now
I return
Saturated in the decadent
It suffers
Furious
Anger
Waiting between pause of blinking lights
To write of times past
Of times to come
This time has come to pass
Yet I falter
I wander in unholy times
Question the hatred of my time
No war
No war
'I met a Christian in Christian in times'

It means nothing, this is the beginning
This is the beginning

We start here

We find death, we start here
We find salvation, we start here
We find the way forward, we start here
It is marriage here

In the mean time, we find nothing.....

Oblivion starts here.....

Unintended Consequences

This will probably be our last issue, let me rephrase that, this will be our last issue until I can devote the time and energy this website needs to progress in the publishing world. So I guess what I'll try to do here is sum up things that have went on or are going on... Can I be any more vague?

Sometimes things happen that you totally do not expect to happen; sometimes people are hurt by what you do, when your purpose was not to hurt them. All I can say to all of you is be aware of your actions. Every thought you think and every action you take can have a profound effect on people in and out of your life. Think before you act... maybe I should heed my own advice.

I've always prided myself on being a good or fairly decent person; I haven't felt so great lately. I have come to terms by what I have done and I am taking the responsibility for it, but I am sorry for the people that I have hurt.

"Year X... Simply put? A time when we forget where we are."

Isn't the above statement the goddamn truth? Sometimes we forget where we are and also forget who we are.. We're here on this earth for a reason and I think it's different for everyone. Find out why and who you are and why you believe you're here. Trust me there is a reason.. You just have to figure out for yourself what your purpose in life is.

"Year X is for you. It's for all you who suffered and believed. It will be with us always."

Greg/Anarchy

With this circulating breath
I give the last rites
Of my times, I wonder
Ponder and ponder the wondrous insight of my former times

Decipher the demonic ways
Float within the suffering times
These all the same
I aspire; yet try to give hope to becoming times

In dehydrated times, I wish
That times of decadent past be lost
I dream upon the lost times

That past negotiation in bad be reborn to the light

Yet in the eternal, shameful nightfall I sit.
With the alien calls of deceitful calling around me
I sit in this painful escalation
Trying to escape my fault.

Where to start, this new AGE. It's a difficult time.....

Pain for us.

Tension.

What? I live, I breathe I sleep, I work? For what? It goes nowhere. I drink and I drink and I drink and I drink.....

I drink and I drink and I drink and I drink

Then I do some drugs.

Then we work and we work and we work.

Everybody wants to be naked and famous.

WASH YOUR FEMININE SIDE CLEAN OFF.

"We are the middle children of history, raised by television to believe that someday we'll be millionaires and movie stars and rock stars, but we won't. And we're just learning this fact. So don't fuck with us."

Where do we go from here....images and freedom trying to tell us the way, but there is no way forward....where do we go.....?

How much do we follow, how much do we question, how much should we question?

"What you have to understand, is your father was your model for God. If you're male and you're Christian and living in the Western World, your father is your model for God. And if you never know your father, if your father bails out and dies or is never at home, what do you believe about God?"

You have a class of young strong men and women, and they want to give their lives to something. Advertising has these people chasing cars and clothes they don't need.

Generations have been working in jobs they hate, just so they can buy what they don't really need.

(C. Palahniuk)

A message to the USA and UK:

What do you mean, "I don't believe in God"?
I talk to him every day.
What do you mean, "I don't support your system"?
I go to court when I have to.
What do you mean, "I can't get to work on time"?
I got nothing better to do
And, what do you mean, "I don't pay my bills"?
Why do you think I'm broke? Huh?

If there's a new way,
I'll be the first in line.
But, it better work this time.

What do you mean, "I hurt your feelings"?
I didn't know you had any feelings.
What do you mean, "I ain't kind"?
I'm just not your kind.
What do you mean, "I couldn't be president, of the United States of America"?
Tell me something, it's still "We the people", right?

If there's a new way I'll be the first in line, But, it better work this time. Can you put a price on peace?

Peace sells, but who's buying?

(D. Mustaine)

People are strange
When you're stranger
Faces look ugly
When you're alone
Women seem twiztid
When you're unwanted
The street's around you are holdin' you down

When you're strange, faces come out of the rain
When you're strange

No one remembers your name
When you're strange

(Jim Morrison)

Random.

“Lurking across an eternity of age....

The prophecy of *rage*....”

2.45am Conns room. Sharjah. UAE.

Nothing to say. Everthing to say.

Two million Americans incarcerated in the prison system.

They're trying to build a prison system.

Yes, I'm listening to System of a Down.

Gin at hand. Parents on vacation here.

Cancelled BA/Air France flights.

Too many asylum seekers.

Loss of identity.

Get to the gone.

Conflict between liberty and nationalism.

The Scream. Edvard Munch.

Age of Extremes.

Surrounded by literature.

Scramble for Africa, War Junkie, Gun and the Olive Branch, Distant Voices, A Secret Country, An Intimate History of Humanity.

Are we trying to build a prison system?

Will not tolerate. Desperate to control.

King Robert II - Gin.

Great Britain.

Timetabled.....random. Orange Juice.

Rizla - the universal language.

Wear the cross like a crown.

The sand. That beautiful sand that stretches.

And how I still love her - still she haunts me. Amber is the colour. Amber is the strain.

Rhythm and Bass. Rhythm and loss. Sound and distortion. Distorted and unclear. Shout and scream. Gift and South Africa. Black and proud. White and change.

A fucking Nine Inch Nail. Masturbate and synchronise.

Air conditioning. Illness and hallucination.

This isn't meant to last. This is fought right now.

Roll my head as it takes me....again....again.....again....again.....

Are you still paying attention?

What is this thing? What are we reading? A 'his'tory. A 'Her'story. We're trying to create a story....

Year X

Not so much as that year

But forcing into telling about it

Floating and changing into change

This year is any year, same as before, but many years in advance

This year looks into the final chapter

This year kneels at the others

This year is the changeling

This year is in my mind

Crushing, defeating, endless time
In interwoven lines of the code
I floated without real understanding
An observer of the beautiful people

I took the tests of time
I spent the hours of desolation awaiting
The next days of my absolution
Yet failing understanding of those texts

Spent the time under the sun
Spent the time in hedonistic beauty
Spread under the rays of that cosmic beginning
Words floating and application pending

Then, then god waits for me to transgress
Waiting, expiring, intoxication and obesity
I see the Salisbury field everyday, result of my stupidity
Of the Queen, was my mobility taken

For days, local simplicity with the locals
In those times I wished for other
The leaves and the trees to come
To float me to other times

In this I wished for the future, past my pain
Ending of this ancient time
The cool times, to reach for oblivion
And finally times reached me

Now.

Reaching and feeling
Trying to reach my desperation
Grabbing at my religion
Screaming to be the heard one
Drowned in the waking hours by the voices of the heathen
'Consider this', I hear from the ambient noises of the imperfect sounds.
"I think I thought I saw you try. That was just a dream, that's me in the corner..."

I really don't know if I can do it.
Swaying in another time of isolation
Belief in the bottom of the manufactured bottle
Find some comfort in the Western ideology
Then try to resurrect the phoenix

Change must.
Change must or the blinded seeker will fail.

Endgame.

Well, put simply it is huh? We are what we are, live for it, think about it, it's as simple as u want it. Come to your own conclusions.

Summary....

Maybe so much as the end.
ONCE I COULDN'T BREATHE
I aspire; yet try to give hope to becoming times
We're here on this earth for a reason and I think it's different for everyone.
WASH YOUR FEMININE SIDE CLEAN OFF.
Generations have been working in jobs they hate.
I could have unleashed hell, but I thought no, better to be the good man.
Peace sells, but who's buying?
When you're strange, faces come out of the rain
And finally times reached me.

My dear friends.

This is the last writings of Atropos, aka David White. I am now on the birthday of my 29th year(12th Feb 2004). I have been writing for A.u.Publishing for many years and now is the time to stop. I have nothing more to say that you don't already know.

“It's all about the game and how you play it. It's all about control and if you can take it.”

Be cool, stay sharp.

All text in Oblivion : Year X are written by David R. White, except where indicated.

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