

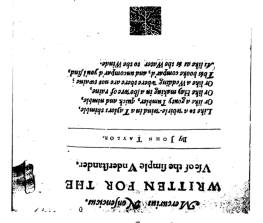
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OLD-TIMEY WEIRDOS



POETRY NO ONE ASKED FOR



Exploring the Wax Mansion

by Lynda Ralters
Investigative Reporter

WAX MANSION, Adventure Island (Earth VI, Disappearing Multiverse)

This week Disappearing editor Maria B. Root pulled me from my reporting beat and assigned me a new series: *Explorations of the Wax Mansion*. Over the course of the next year, I will be exploring the Wax Mansion and reporting what I find in the hopes that the investigation yields many discernible clues as to the true state of the Wax Mansion and its currently MIA titleowner, the Queen Bot of Earth VI.

On October 31, 3001 (last year on Earth VI) Bot was kidnapped under unclear circumstances and the original Wax Mansion disappeared into thin air. What many people don't realize is that the next day, a facsimile mansion was constructed in its place. Now that this information has been called to the public's attention, citizens have been disputing whether or not leaders of Earth VI should rename the replica.

Arguments for changing the name include "The name [Wax Mansion] is misleading," "[It] isn't even the same structure," and "[The building] has completely different properties than the original Wax Mansion." Those who wish to keep the name say it isn't worth the hassle and often lament, "can't people just read the news for Christ's sake?"

(Full disclosure: I was able to enter the Mansion by evading a squad patrolman who fell asleep on the job. Unable to wake him up, I decided it would be best to walk right in-- I mean, I had a job to do.) I noticed that, when I approached the Mansion, it appeared to be in perfect condition, but upon a closer look,

all of the outdoor fixtures were simply painted on. I reached for the knocker, but rammied my hand into the door (my middle finger still hurts, ow), realizing the bronze bar was simply a realistically painted adornment. I went into the first room on my right which happened to be the study. Three walls of the room were lined in books (which, upon closer inspection, were also painted on) and the fourth wall was plastered in maps depicting the geographical arrangement of the seven known Earths of the Hamun Pluse.

"What in the #@% is the Wax Mansion?"
- Jeremy Nonads (Earth IV)



The Wax Mansion circa 2777 Adventure Island. Photo credit: Randy Ralters.

Behind the shelves, I noticed a dissociation among the colors: the walls were several shades of grey as though they'd been soaked in water and purposely arrested in different stages of the drying process. I walked toward the wall as I was caught off guard by a thundering sound behind me. It was the the squad patrol guard who fell asleep on the job. So I ran.

Find out what happens next in Pulp Oddyssey issue 2!

* Illustration by Kelsey Carr

hibition of the exploding punk phenomenon, and their signaled a very punkish angle, reflecting the energy and their glumny rhythms and break-neck speed speakers in a NoBNA style that's undeniably. However, their signature song "Who is My Killer?" rips through the grasped a serious metallic sound right out of the gate, as of sounds than most of their contemporaries, the band Leaving off their enthusiasm for a wider variety and this Charlie Unger was born.

Denver and Steve Prohaska, named after a delicious around they had assembled the new group with Andy had done time previously in Yellow Bird, a glam rock band that released one sole single in 1974 and then fragmented vast output. Band founders Jeff Gibbs and Tony Sando Genie confines known as Charlie Unger, was among that Gen from a group half bent on shaking up the emerging attention of the new wave, and one little self-released "7" less imitators instantly, all unanimously clamoring for the higher end of the UK punk food chain, there were count- to be soon homogenized for the public. Apart from the deep most of which don't quite fit the mold of what generation full of anger and distrust, and when you look disperate to clump down on the raw nerves of a new possibly diverse sea of proper, mopps and dopers, all UK punk in the late 1970s was a vast and m-

by Aid Dan Rosenkowsk
of Victim of Time



Go to the Internets and type in www.victimof-time.com to see Charlie Unger's video "Who is My Killer?" and then order the archival EP from Hozac Records!!!



for Charlie Unger will not be understated. Just because you can't head starts thinking your Unger version of the House on Chester Road EP with one song UK chart action. Now we present to you, a slightly altered would slip through the cracks despite it's actual top 20 for many DJs of the era, assuring this little episodic gem small detail was enough to be followed out of the rotation EP was relegated to the dreaded "3pm 7" format. This would be, albeit lengthy, the song "Who is My Killer?" the leased debut EP but with the intricacies sewn into the professional studio session were used on their self-re- ly firmly in place. The three tracks they pulled from this studio with minimal overdubs and with their pure intens- a full LP worth of material, all knocked out in the

Agonist Studios with Tom Newman (producer of Mike Oldfield's Theatre Works EP), a singular session that yielded a small studio in 1977 and lay down a session of tracks at the band got a chance to go into a profes- derfully. Most sampletons just couldn't get their heads unique interplay between song styles, even the song as

Uncategorizable but will never leave you, Unger!

Excerpt from "The Mutation of Fortune" by Etela Adams, originally printed in Green Lantern Press (2010)

Their scattered bodies bloom in the dust, they seem quite alive. I will not bury the roosters—because, in the corner of my eye, as I swing my jump rope—like laseels. I don't cry; I swing the ends of my jump rope. It's quiet here, like the laughter before a joke. Now I have a landscape of feathers to call my own. Placed with the burial of three hundred, my roosters have died. At least there was a crowing. I have no secrets, no time for the dead, for

The Roosters

Things to do in the woods!

by Charley Cannon
Intern

The woods can be very confusing place.

You may find yourself asking questions such as: "Where are the outlets?" or "Where is the running water?" or "Can I close the window?" or thinking, boy, it feels like that bird is perched inside my ear.

The woods can deceive you. When it's nighttime, suddenly everything seems louder. Isn't the sun supposed to tell you what time it is or what direction you're looking?

Being in the woods is like being in a dream. Or living in a Thomas Kincaid painting.

Anyway, you have to think to yourself, have I ever been in the woods?

Maybe you have. Maybe you haven't. If you have been in the woods, we offer ideas that might ring a bell. If you haven't been in the woods before, we have some brand new recommendations for you. Here's our list!

1. Put your hands in the dirt

Some people say it's overrated, but putting your hands in the dirt is a classic first move. It's cold, it feels good. Putting your hands in the dirt can lead to other things—like finding things in the dirt, like even sticks and stones, but sometimes the

tiny bones of a bird or a wedding ring. Hey, you could even bury an object! See #4 for more information!

2. Do a handstand against a tree

You could climb a tree, sure. You could hang a monkey swing from a branch. Heck, you could build a house in one. But why put all that work into it when you could just do a handstand? Handstands are fun and they promote healthy blood flow. Pro-challenge: Do a handstand against a tree!

3. Tie some trees together

Bring some rope or thread, whatever you want to make a statement with. Tie some trees together. It helps them love each other more.

4. Bury an object

Take something you never want to see again, take something you want someone else to find. Dig a hole. Bury it.

5. Scream your own name 100 times

We hope this guide has found you and that you have found it helpful. The woods are weird. Sometimes you need to just say, "Hey woods, you're not gonna scare me. I'm gonna go into you. And I'm gonna come out a person who has just had a whole lot of fun."

Not said.

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