

# THE SUNDAY NIGHT

black & white





## **Writing - Photography - Illustration**

**Contributors** Allie Davis - Brendan McNeill - Dimitri Karakostas  
Geoff Taylor - Nathan Galbraith - Olivia Mae Sinclair - Steve Niilo

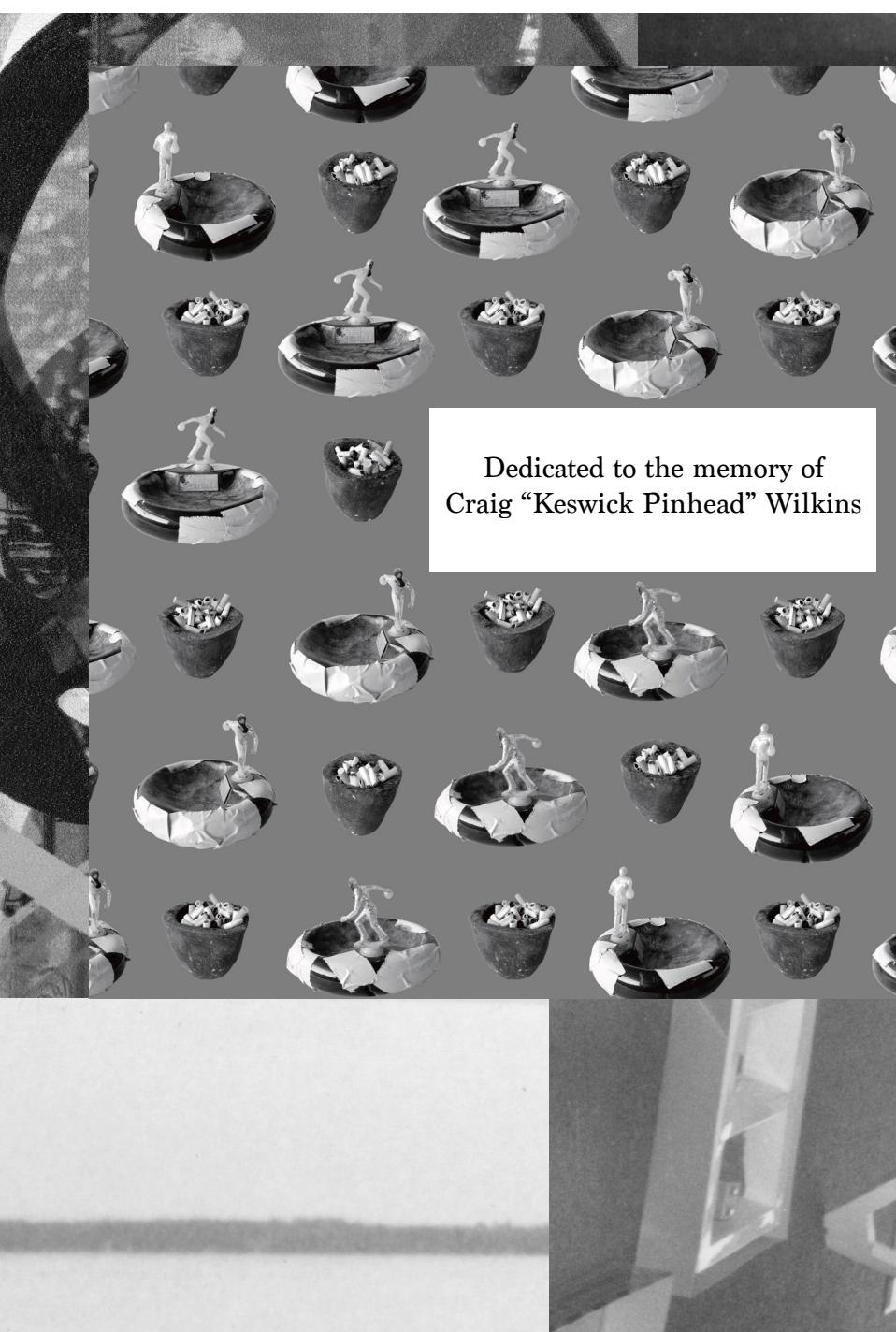
**Directors** Marc LeSage - Ryan Joseph Little

**Editor** Roland Wardrobe

EVERYBODY LOVES THE TASTE OF

THE SUNDAY NIGHT BLACK & WHITE



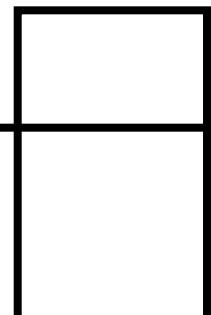
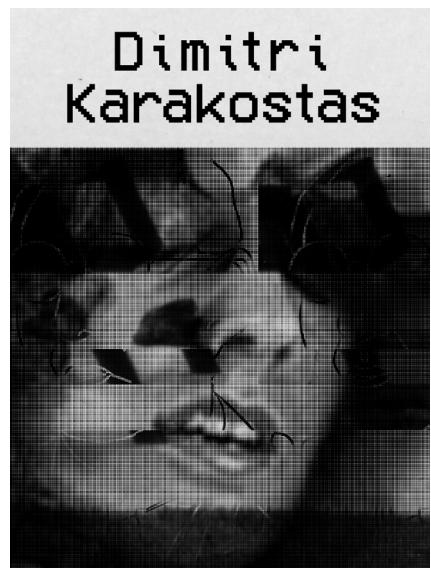
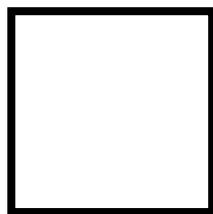


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Please Vote for Us for Number One Sex Shop

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**SUBMISSIONS AND  
PICTURES OF YOUR DAD TO:  
SUNDAYNIGHTBOMBERS@GMAIL.COM**



### love poem #24

-  
decided life

“resaid” a rule;

>always what in a god’s name?? need to stay off the news

-half reading

(stopped stomach sick lately)

anticipatory stunned, oh the top coat weather

alternative staff meeting

infinity soft

must be summer

not a sex

in my bed

yet

it sounds a rustle

out of clothes

>your sharp naked waiting arms stayed cross

it sounds like a long no-promise

club soda

bubbled

get to staying

undecided voted

pictures you don’t remind you of you then, considering spoiled

>X

To lay down its sun secret compartment

Introduced binary deadened tomb

## Please Vote For Us As Number One Sex Shop

I walk decently fast most of the time. City fast. Letting out audible ‘ughhh’s and ‘tsssk’s when caught behind a tourist or a stroller. I walk fast and listen to loud music. City things. Yeah. This day in particular, I was listening to Island’s ‘Return to the Sea.’ It’s a record of many peaks and valleys. I think Islands might be my favorite band. Maybe. Well, I certainly like this record a lot. Okay. I was listening to track one, “Swans (Life after Death),” while crossing College Street on the east side heading south on Ossington Avenue. I was focused, walking at a reasonable speed, enjoying my second cigarette of my walk, holding a grapefruit Perrier in the same hand as the cigarette. I was about to open the sparkling water when a woman pops out of a doorway, obstructing my path.

I assume she is going to ask me for:

- a cigarette
- a lighter
- a cigarette AND a lighter
- directions

I lower my headphones and reach into my pockets.

“DON’T FORGET TO VOTE FOR US AS THE NUMBER ONE SEX SHOP!”

I suddenly am unaware of my surroundings. I have no clue where I am. My face moves too rapidly to fix an expression. I am aware of this because it hurts.

“Sorry?”

“DON’T FORGET TO VOTE FOR US AS THE NUMBER ONE SEX SHOP!”

“I...”

“IN TORONTO!”

“...”

“...”

“Do you have any uhhh information or where is this vote happening  
I mean I don’t...”

## “IT’S ONLINE! THE VOTE!”

- so many better quality votes are passing by
- why has she singled me out
- okay I am just going to walk away
- ‘nah, I’m good!’
- okay, good, let’s go

“I’m sorry, I don’t really like sex.”

“...”

“Anymore, I mean. I definitely have liked it before, but not really right now.”

“Oooookay...”

“Yeah, I just can’t see any reason to pursue it, just not right now, I’m really busy.”

“I see. I’m sorr...”

“I mean, I love women. I love the sides of boobs and butts from most angles but I don’t have much of a sex drive lately.”

She puts away the handful of glossy 4x6 promotional postcards.

“I’m sorry, have a great da...”

“Yeah, since I don’t do cocaine everyday anymore, I just can’t find any motivation to go out and find someone to have sex with. I’m sure I could do it without it, but not really right now. I mean, who...”

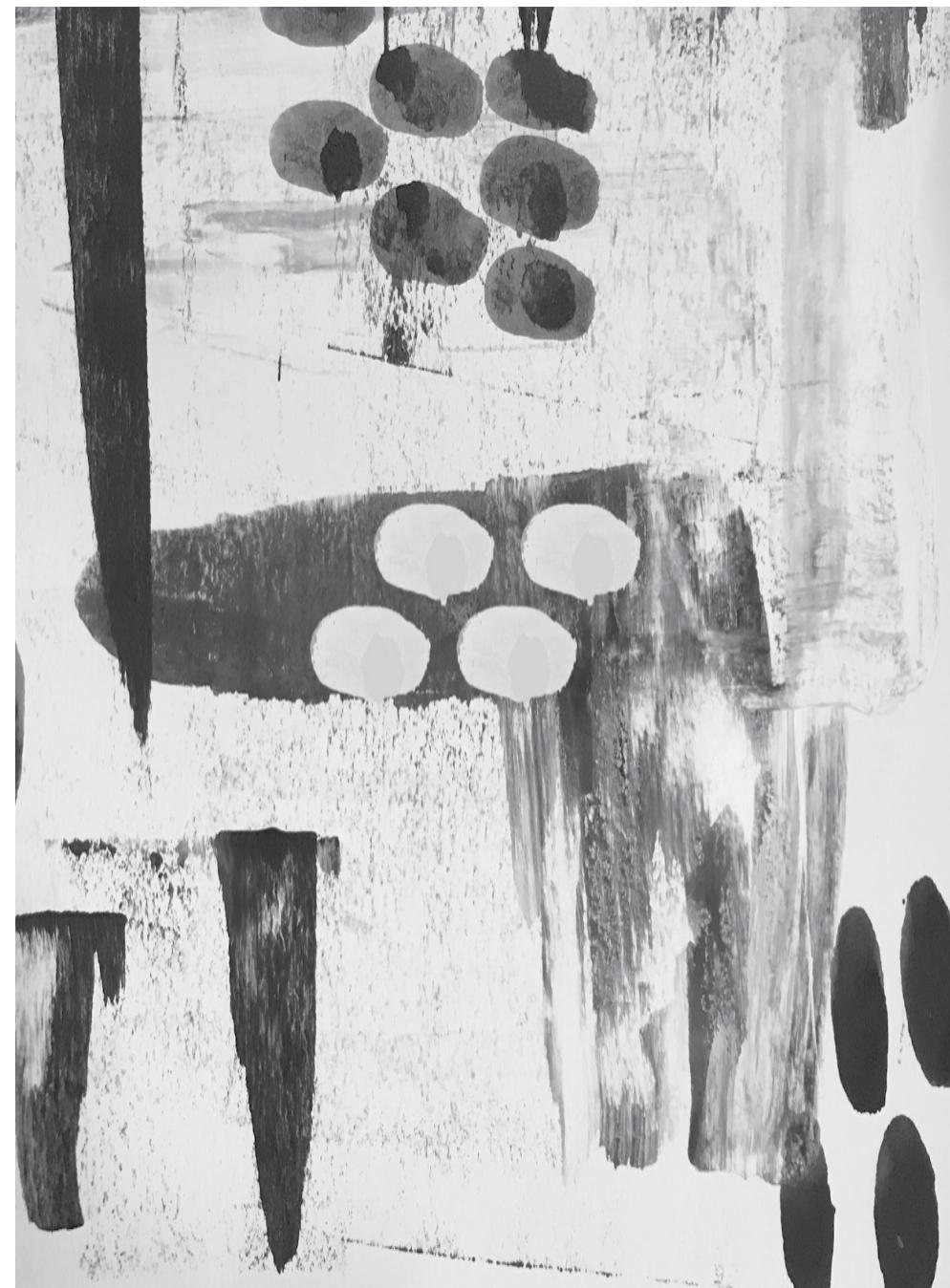
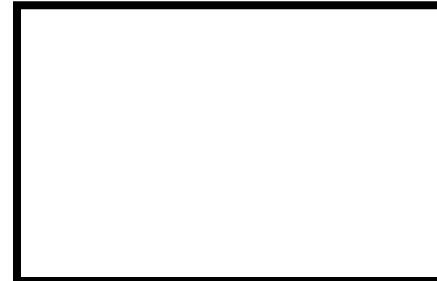
I hastily light cigarette number three.

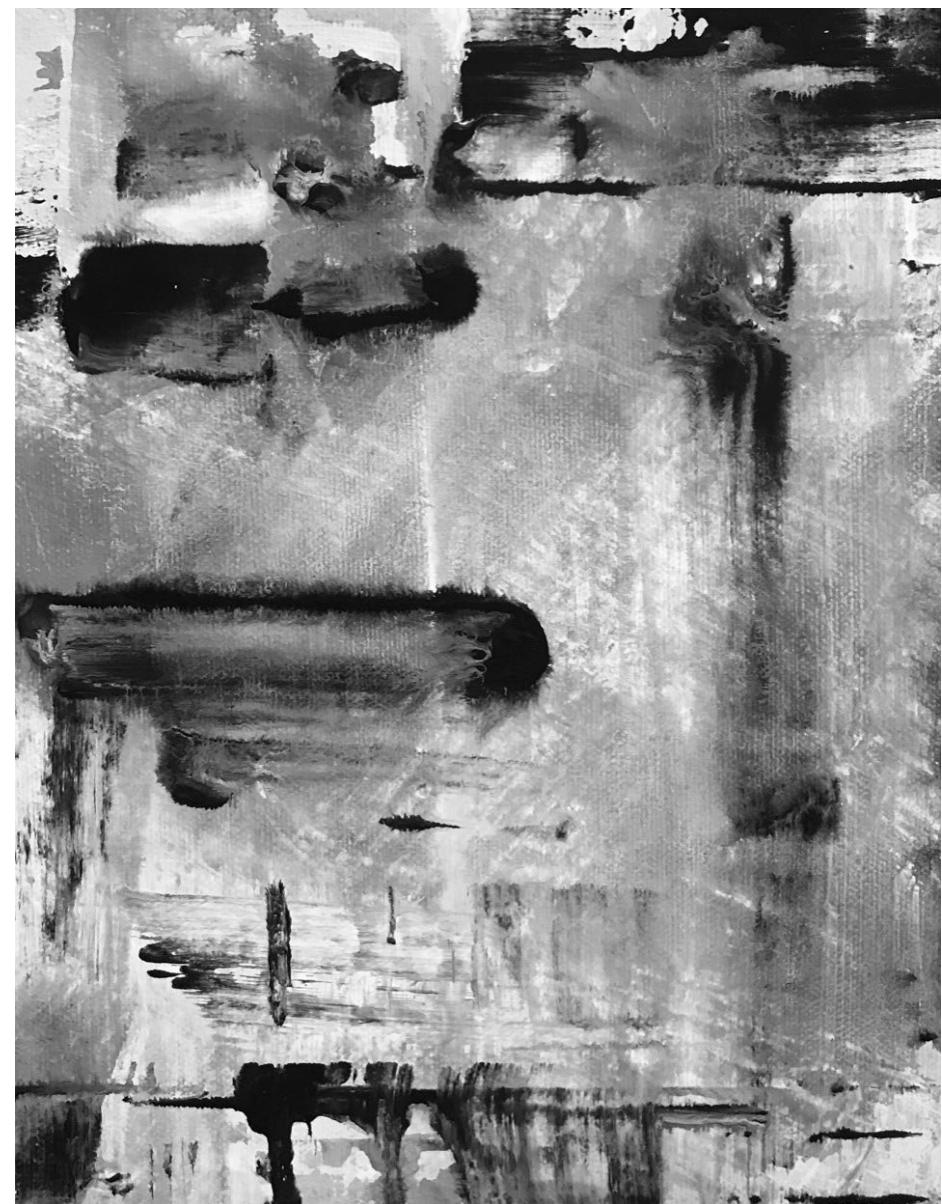
“who... who has sex sober? Fucking sickos.”

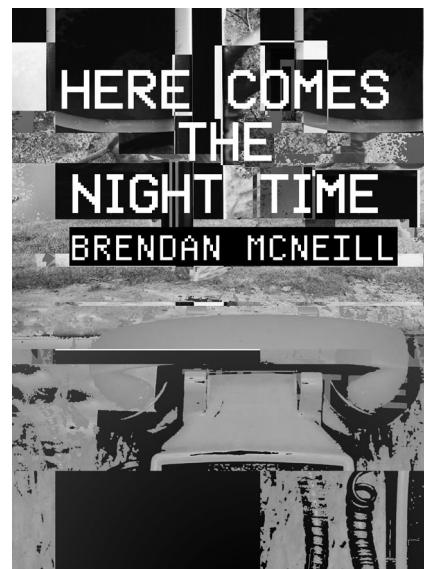
“Yeah, I mean, yeah – well, uh, have a nice day!”

“...fucking sickos.”

I put my headphones back on, but change the track to Mr. Oizo’s “Dry Run,” off his 2014 record “The Church.” I needed something more UMPH. I wonder if that girl wanted to have sex with me. Fucking sicko.







HERE COMES THE NIGHT TIME

BRENDAN MCNEILL

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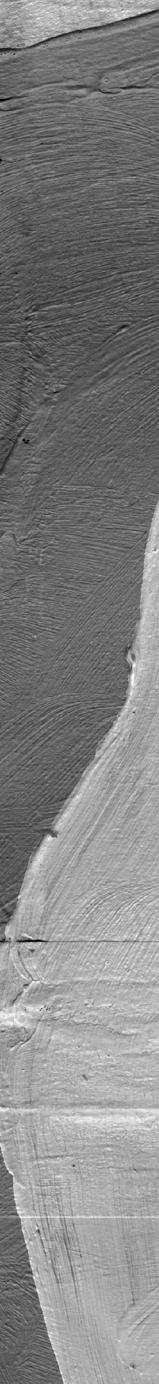
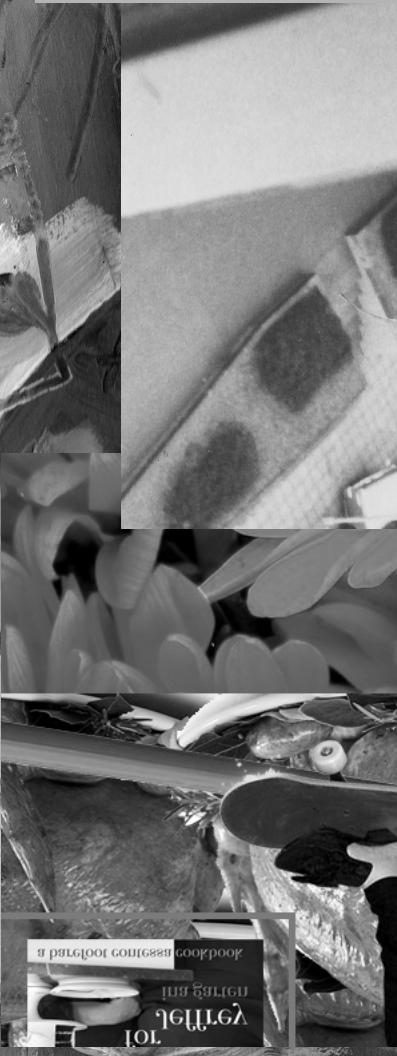
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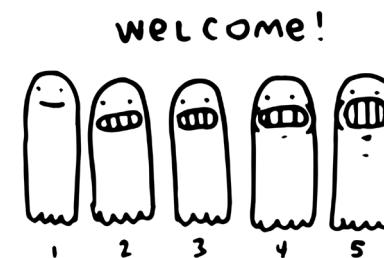
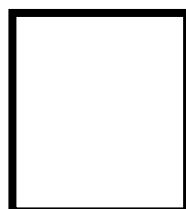
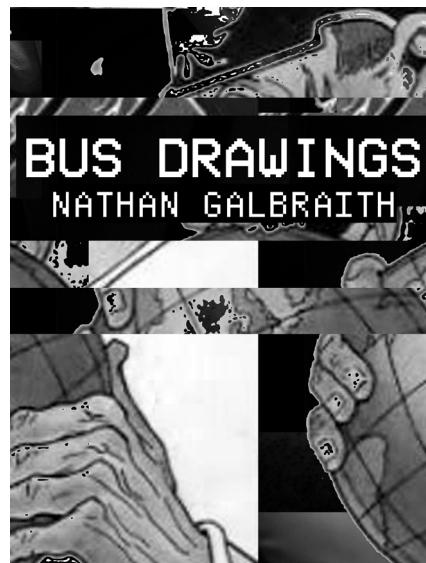
HERE COMES THE NIGHT TIME

BRENDAN MCNEILL



# these are the easiest





A)

WELCOME!

ON A SCALE FROM 1 - 5,  
HOW HAPPY ARE YOU  
PRETENDING TO BE?

B)

IF YOU WERE TO START  
YOUR LIFE OVER, WHAT  
WOULD YOU MANAGE TO  
STILL FUCK UP THE  
SECOND TIME?

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C)

IN THE GRAND SCHEME  
OF THINGS, DOES ANY ONE  
ACTION OR EVENT TRULY  
MATTER?

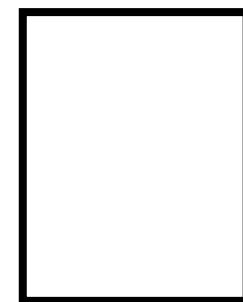
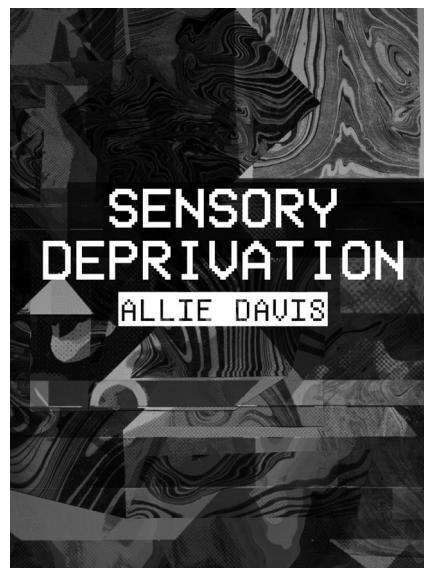
NO. I DON'T KNOW.

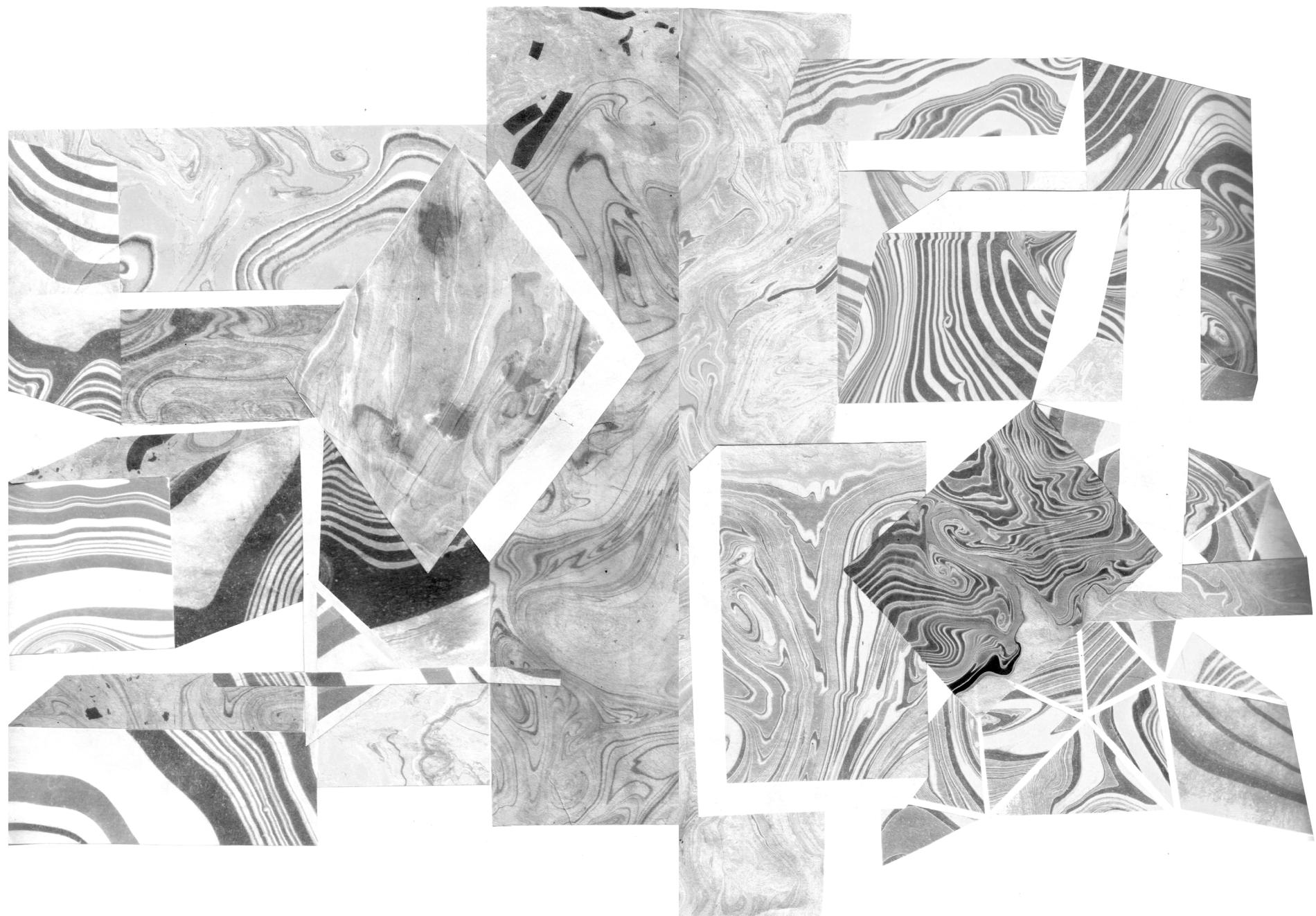
WHEN YOU ARE DONE, TAG #DEATHISINEVITABLE AND RAISE YOUR HAND.

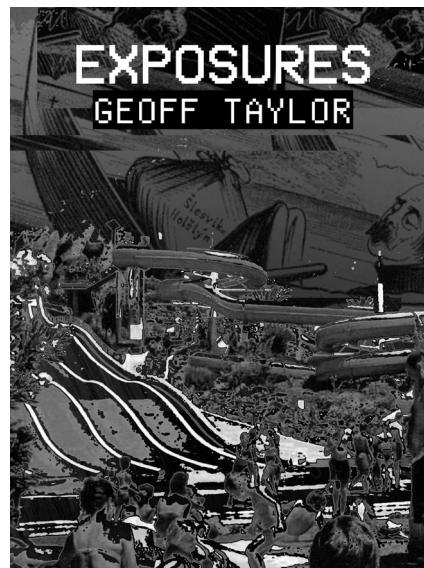
nathangalbraith.com

















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**Inside Covers - Steve Niilo**

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