

THE SUNDAY NIGHT

black & white



I never know
what anyone is
talking about



**What can I do to keep my life
from going by so fast?**



"I met some guys on the moon who said that death isn't real"



Join the Unkillables. Get the cigarette that
made Never Ever Dying famous...and the taste
that makes Sunday smokers so loyal.

The white filter The charcoal filter

It's not a cigarette so it's okay!

gives you clean taste gives you smooth taste

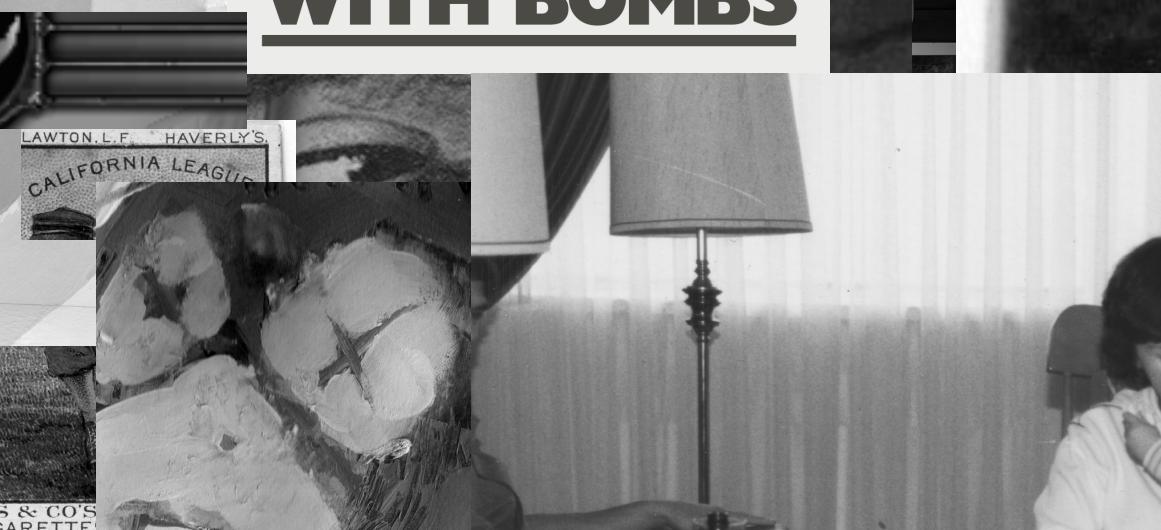
And it makes you live forever!

Product of The American Tobacco Company - "Tobacco is our middle name" © A.T.C.





SURF THE BOMB
A LITTLE LESS STUPID THAN
KILLING EACH OTHER
WITH BOMBS

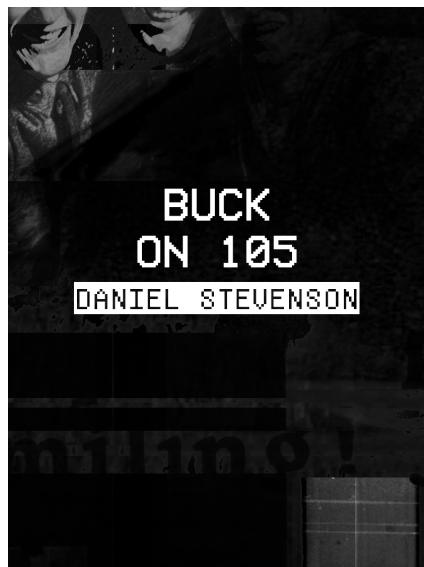


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SUBMISSIONS AND
PICTURES OF YOUR DAD TO:
SUNDAYNIGHTBOMBERS@GMAIL.COM



Veering gravel pull-off on the way home
in a dutiful moment
flooded halogen traffic steering wide of a
object gutted highway by the quarry
by the fruit and jam stand that closes in the winter
where the speed limit drops

I direct traffic as a man drags the buck by his antlers
not so majestic splayed stacked thighs
Bright neon blood lane markers
to the far side of the road guardrail he tells me
standing tall in tattered taped coveralls
he's already called the law

Two small girls
hooded zipped cotton sweatshirts
walk over scowling asking
why we don't have a gun I'll get on
the phone with my daddy he'll know
the best way to put it out with
a knife what kind of men are you
anyhow

The buck jolts nearly gets his legs under him
matted white hair
the called-the-law man leaning against the guardrail
tightens his grip
I bristle inch closer
and bite my tongue at the girls



The line of impatient cars
looming suburbs
with Florida plates
stickers with abbreviated towns
a man hands in jacket jogs up
the girls ask if he has a gun
breathless
he says yes and draws

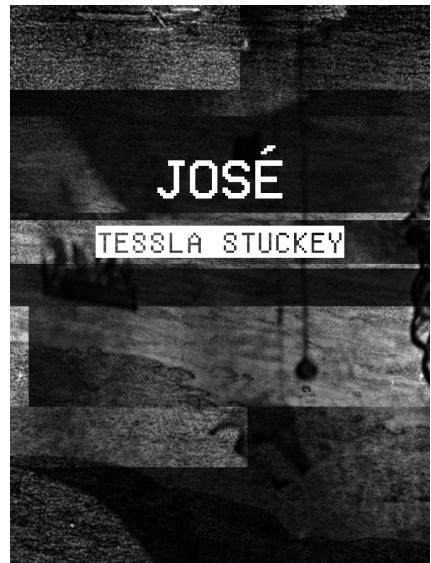
The law man tells me to stop cars
a hundred yards back or so
I'm hustling uphill hand outstretched
at silhouetted drivers I glance back
hear a shot
and he's immediately sprinting back to his vehicle

Police car pulls up
lights lean against nude trees
down into the gully
blank unflinchingly frozen
the officer is not
overly concerned
he tells the law man he can have the meat
and the rack for all he cares

I walk to my car and start up the highway
home
wondering what good I've done
anyhow

JOSÉ

TESSLA STUCKEY



JOSÉ

TESSLA STUCKEY

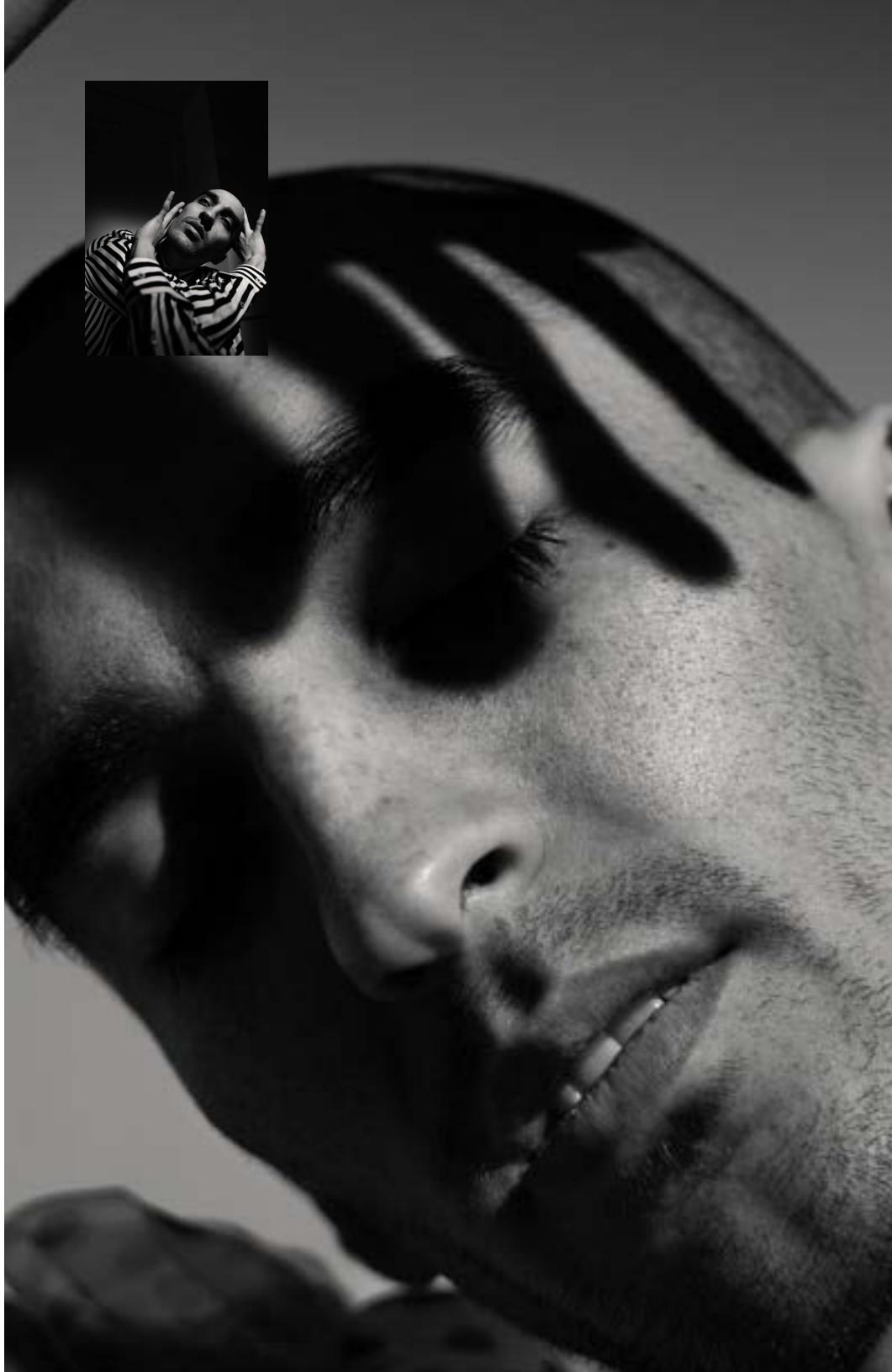
JOSÉ

TESSLA STUCKEY



JOSÉ

TESSLA STUCKEY



WORKIN' NINE TO FIVE

FOR SERVICE AND DEVOTION

WANT TO MOVE AHEAD

BUT THE BOSS WON'T SEEM TO LET ME





Guess or I'll Devour You

A clear wind
like a wheel
powers the effortless
unison of
our engine

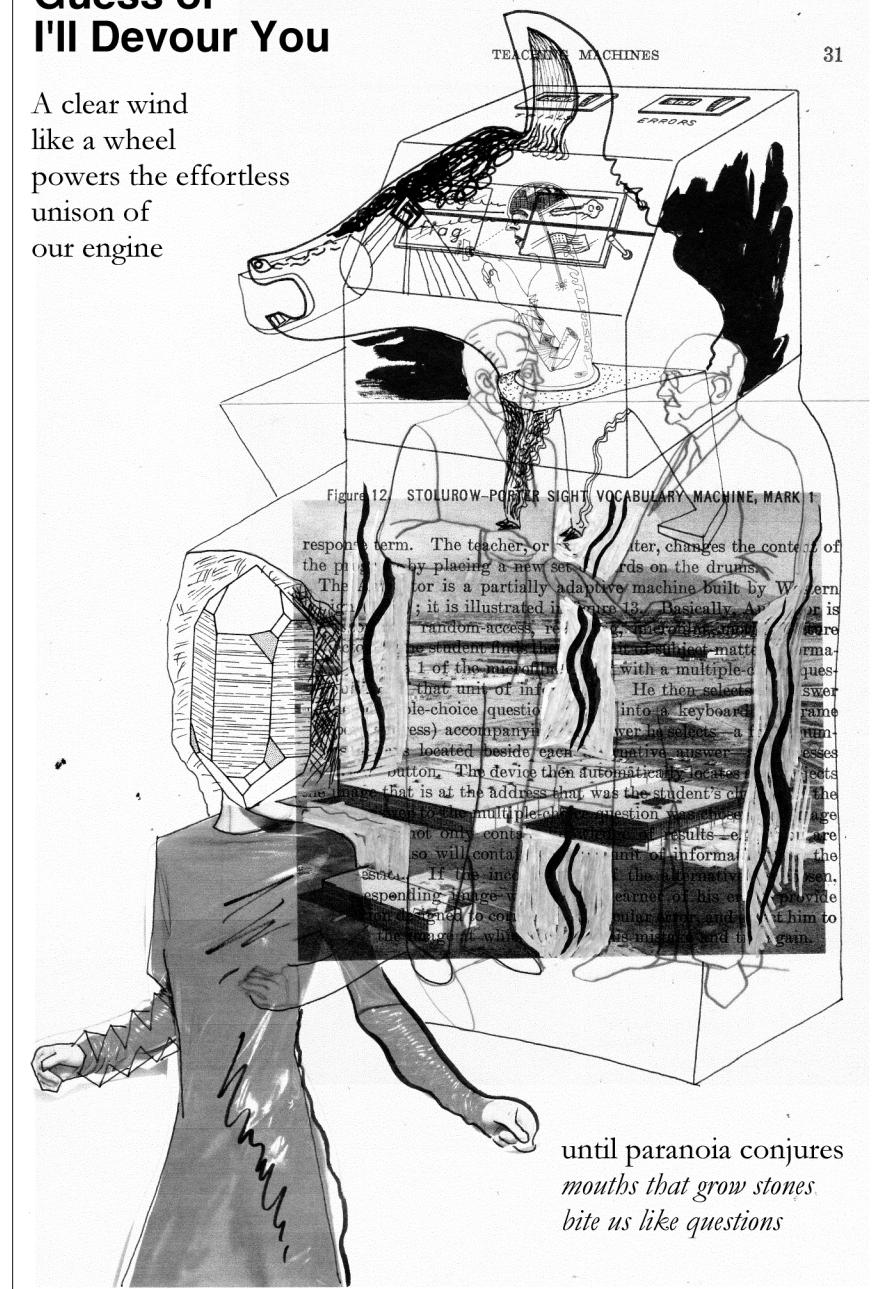


Figure 12 STOLUROW-PORTER SIGHT VOCABULARY MACHINE, MARK 1

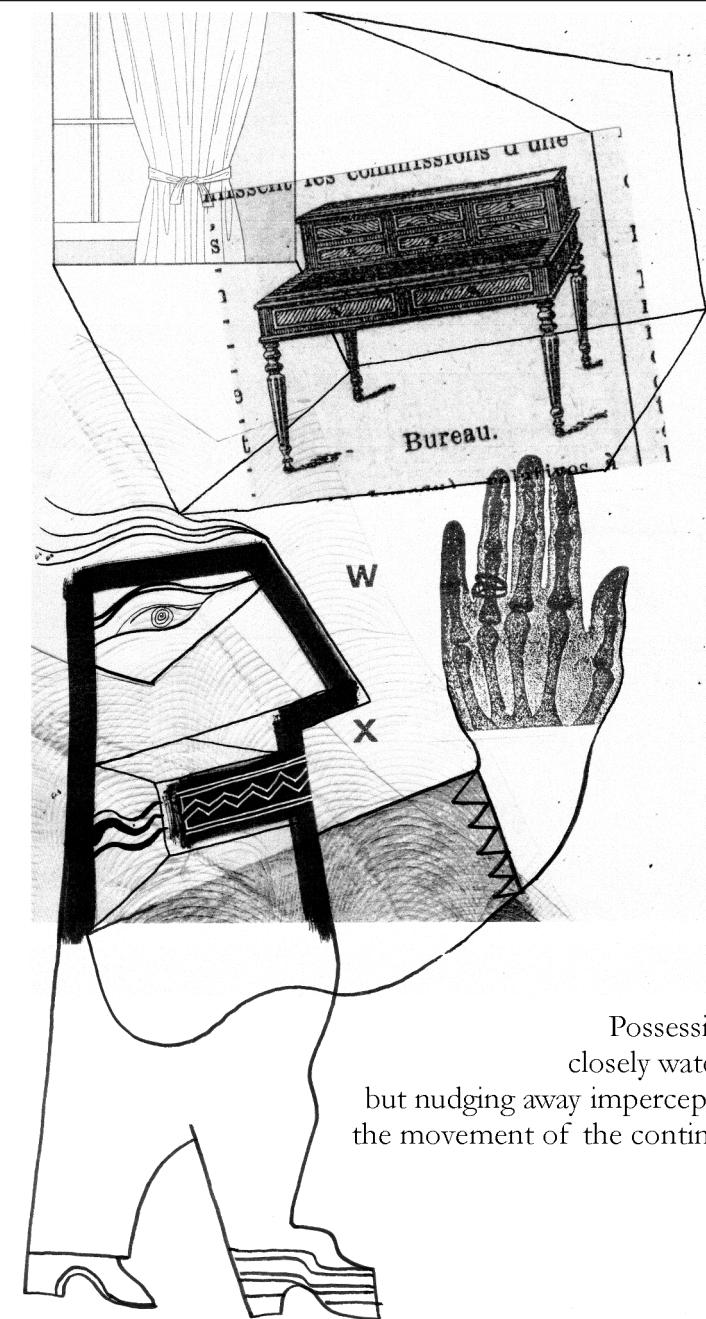
until paranoia conjures
mouths that grow stones
bite us like questions

In advertisements
always mid orgasm

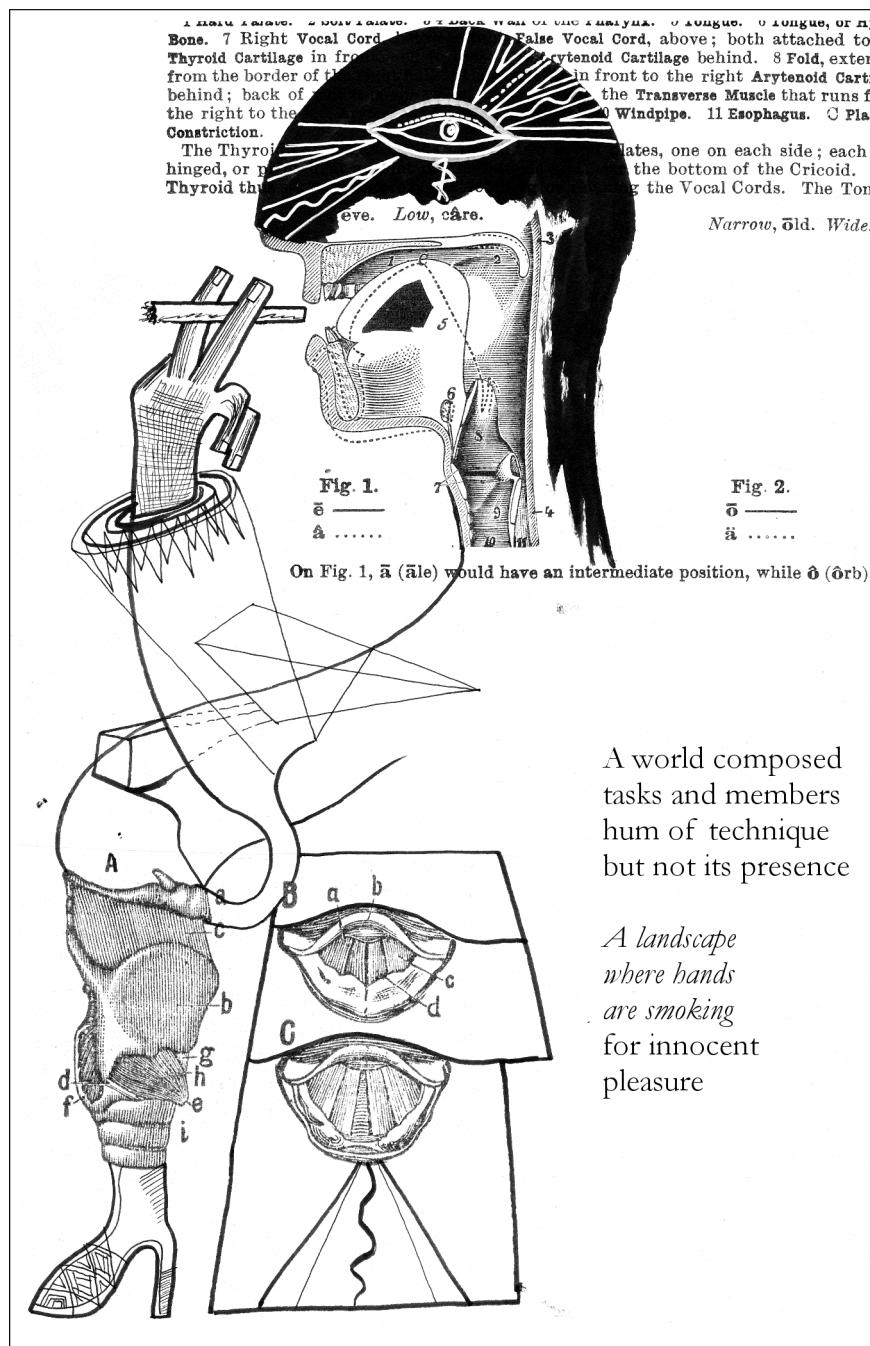
Don't trust those
whose speech is sex
warmed with coffee

*Stumbling they will return
and the garden exists
no longer*

Turned to gasoline
our saliva runs loose
and full of sparks
in trenches
blood vessels
of our machine



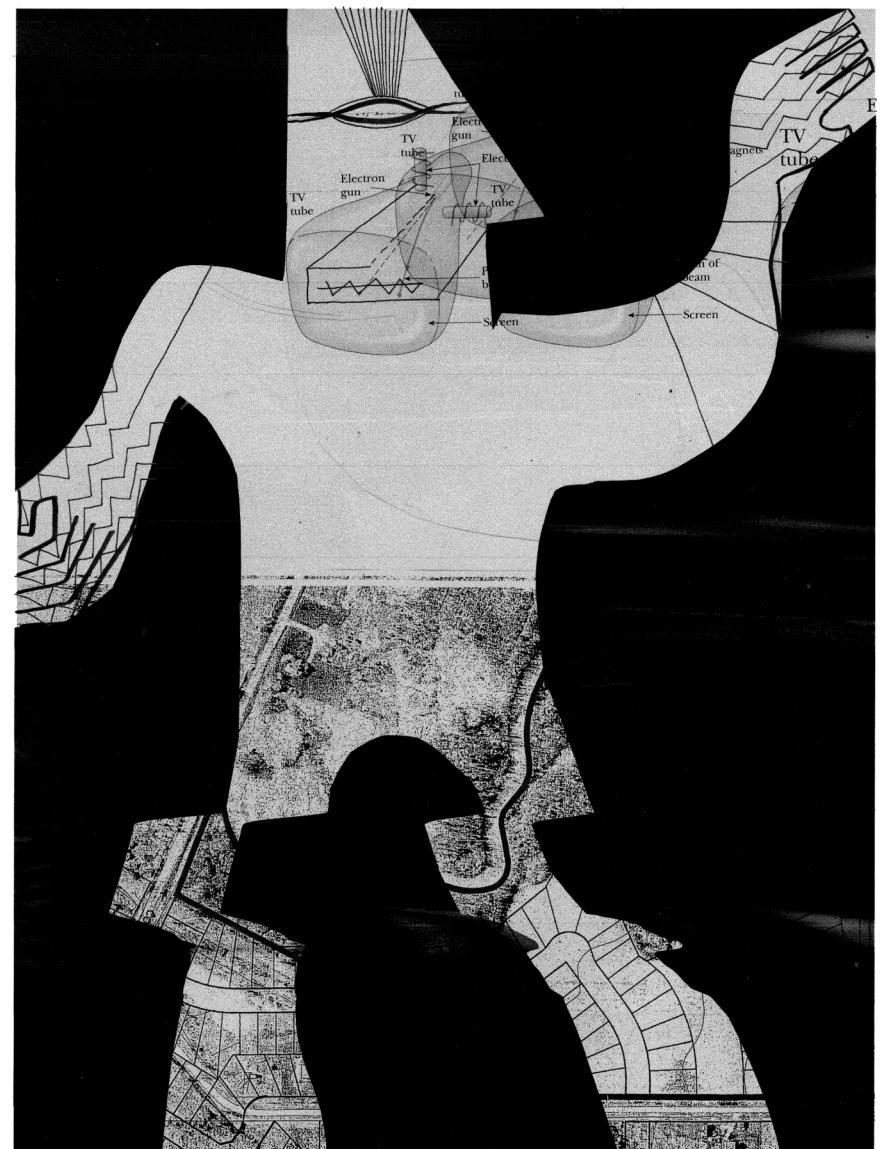
Possessions
closely watched
but nudging away imperceptibly
the movement of the continents



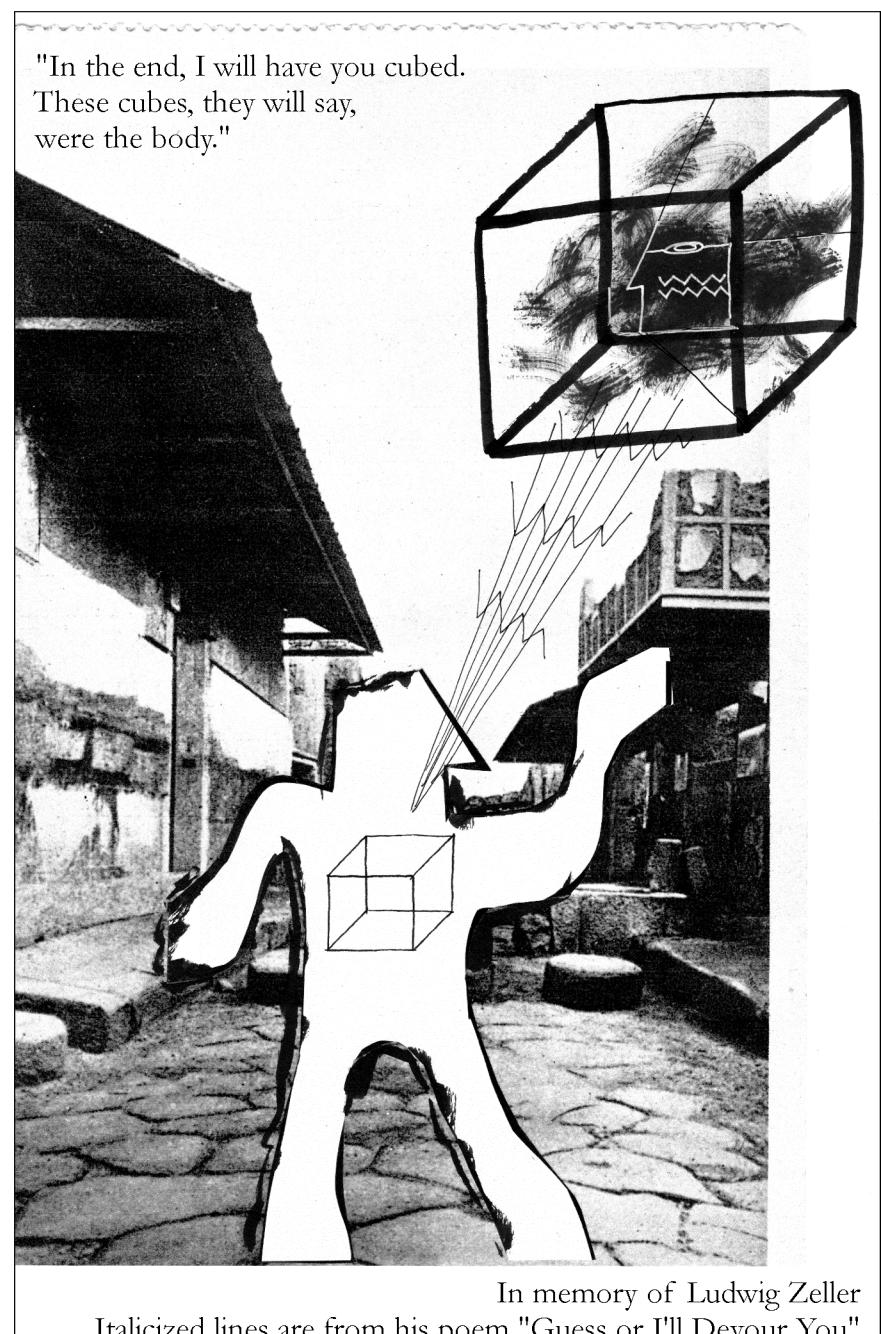
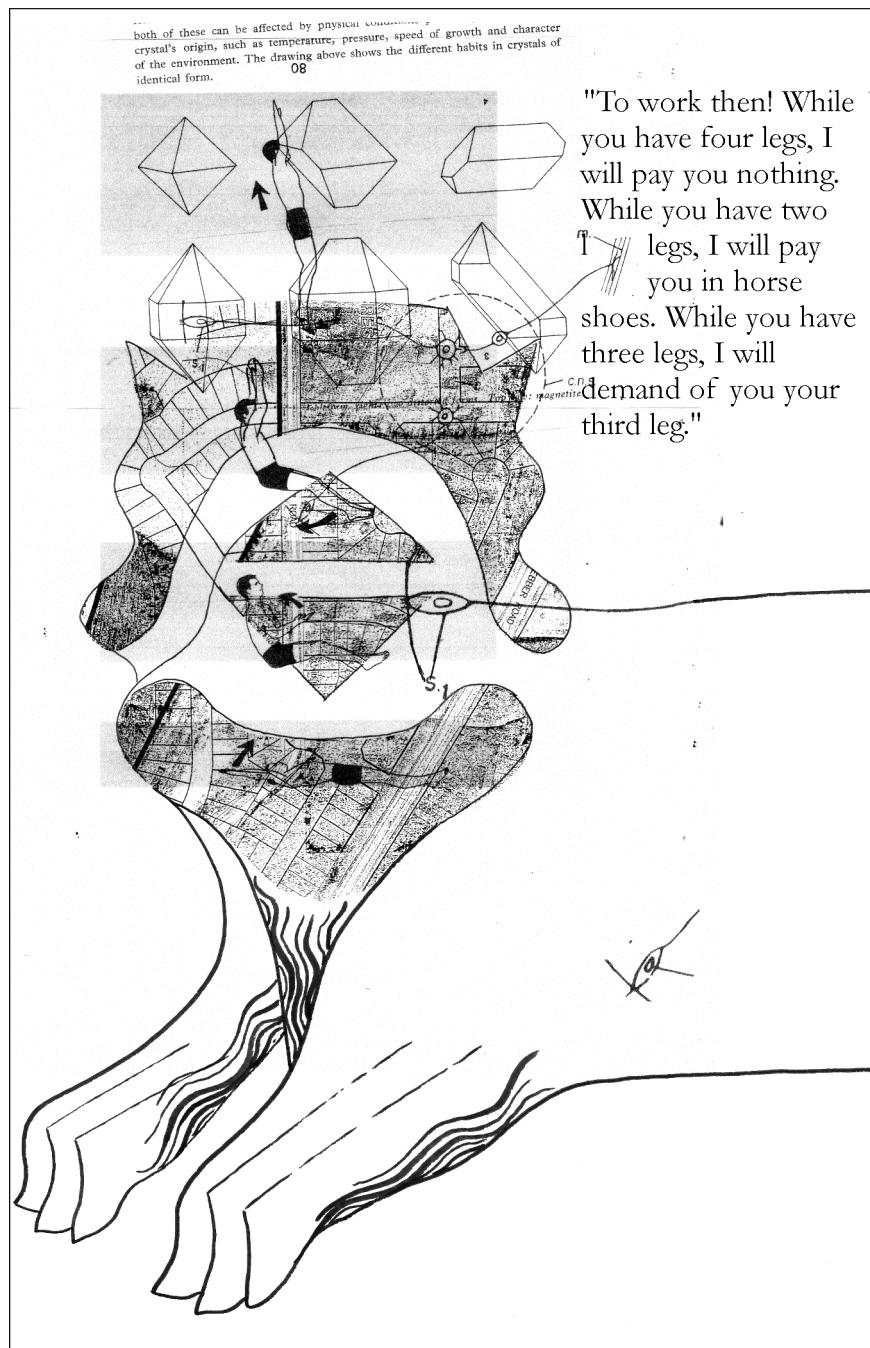
A world composed
tasks and members
hum of technique
but not its presence

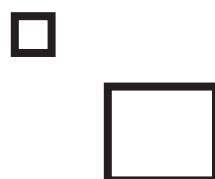
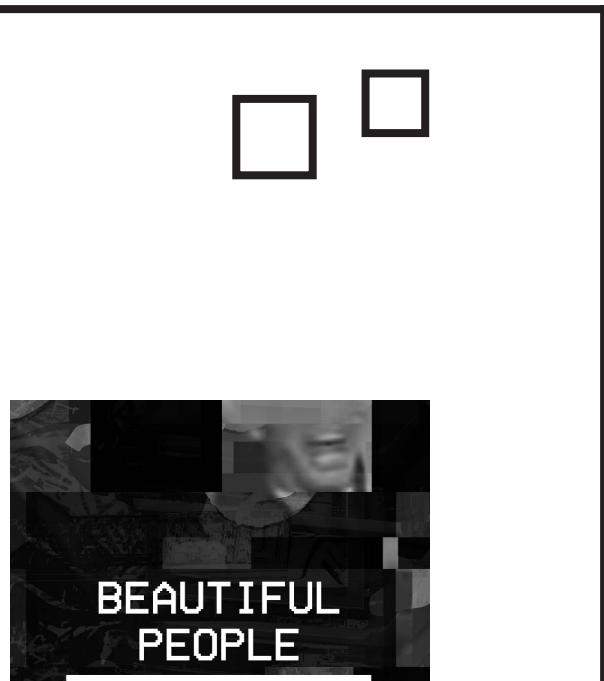
*A landscape
where hands
are smoking
for innocent
pleasure*

When Oedipus is silent



what does the Sphinx reply





Indeed we want you, and we will find you.

Don't try to stray outside
for we'll bind you

to screens so stuporous.

Play your songs,
Your faves. Lulled. Embrace it.
Or we'll hide your bongs.

You placated people, you stultified people.

You stand mesmerized on your personal steeple.
Your page, cultivate it, for their views.
Eyeballs now. Viralize.
Yes. You're your muse.

Only time to, like, masturbate.

Jerk all your feelings off in your plastic maid.

Yes, you, whom do you see?

Someone beautiful and someone free?
Yes, you, are you trying to be me?
So learn from me, friend, it's fun
to be me.

Ignore your gnawing, vomitous soul,
as popularity takes its toll.
You numerate people, you rigorous people.
It's all numbers. (numb me.)
Climb your personal steeple.
The internet feeds and makes you this way.
So buy my guide
to life to take you away.

Only time to, like, masturbate.
Jerk all your feelings off in your plastic maid.

You pacified people, you petrified people.
You mesmerized people, you stultified people.
You fossilized people, you ossified people.
You neurotic people, you necrotic people.

Yes, you, whom do you see?
Someone beautiful and someone free?
Yes, you, are you trying to be me?
So learn from me, friend, it's fun
to be me



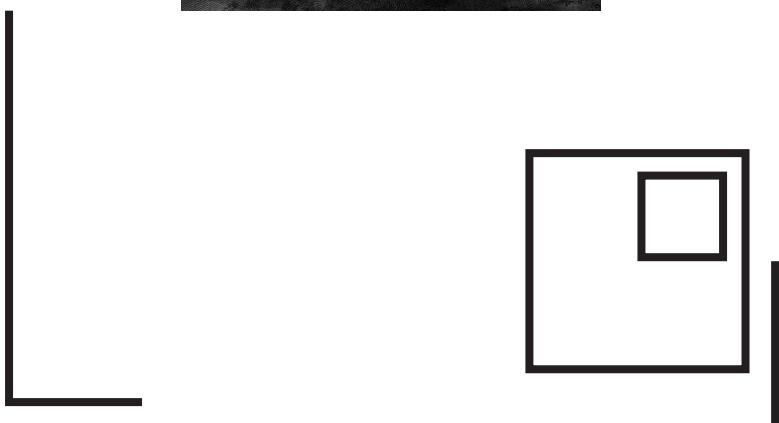
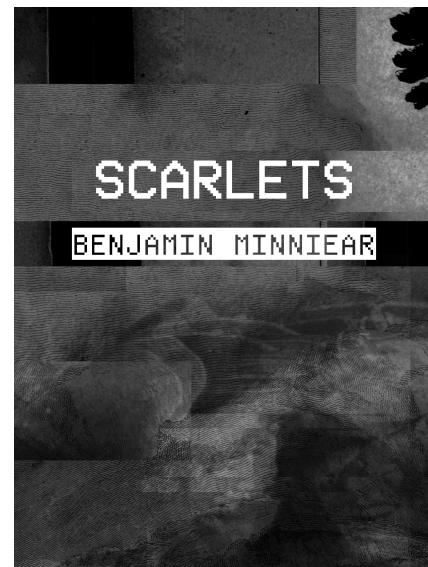
THE SUNDAY NIGHT BLACK & WHITE

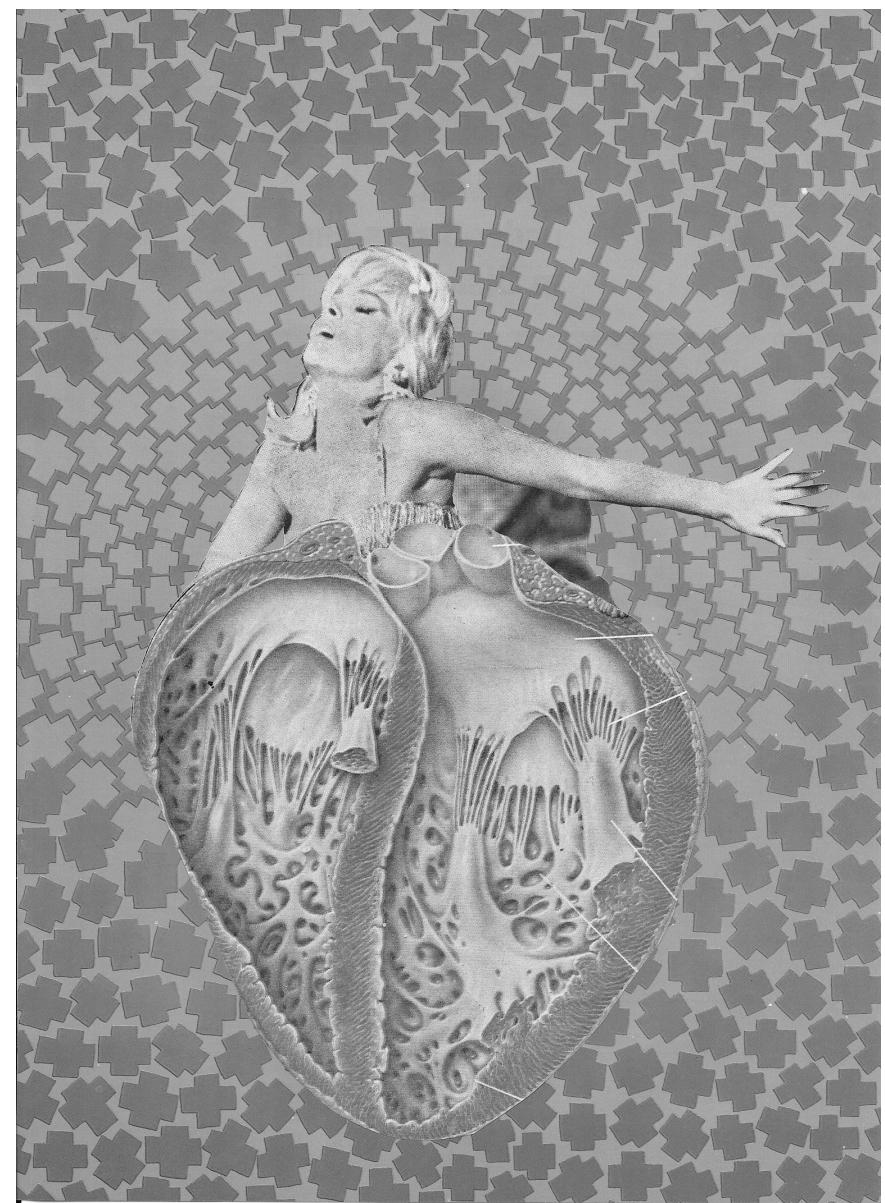
KIND OF TASTES LIKE

A PINECONE WRAPPED IN

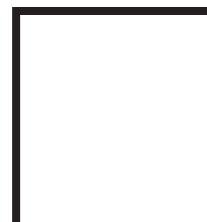
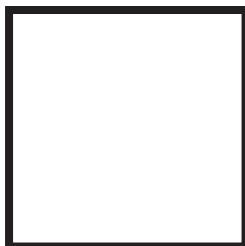
PAPIER-MÂCHÉ AND FRUIT JAMS











Baudrillard - Cool Memories

What is hanging over us now is not just death, but the way we use that death to make a point, to make a point on the world," she told the House in 2010, "because when we get so used to killing each other that we turn things around and make the other person a symbol of death."

However, his speech wasn't perfect.

All systems fail eventually, and the greater melancholy of a single death can bring people to their knees.

But, obviously, i'm joking. These things are not of the real world. Instead, we can assemble them into a kind of imaginary model, where the structure bends based on our individual needs and desires.

We talk of sex when we talk of death. We talk of sex when we talk of the future.

I refuse to believe this is everything.

At the end of the world, will we be looking at each other or our enemies? Our own family or our own nation? At the end of the world, will we be looking at the people we have created in our own image?

The seductive promise of the apocalypse has always been kissing my lips.



Eugene Thacker - Infinite Resignation

In his autobiographical zigzag:

I'm going to take an interest in his works and I can't talk about it without explaining what I've been doing. I don't get any pleasure in doing so. I have a lot of ideas about what I've been doing in my life. My ideas are not mine. I don't want to write all my pieces. I'm just interested in what I've been doing. I think the most important thing is that it's not just me, I'm the only one who is interested in the work that I'm doing.

Being self-aware, there are many ways for you to take the subject matter seriously. The idea of self-pity can have some kind of magical power when it comes to what I'm doing. I believe in myself as the person who is doing the writing and the other part of the job, so what's happening to you is a bit weird.

This is very much a work of fiction. I'm not going to describe him as a writer.

The bold 9/11 conspiracy theories have not been revealed. I'm going to use this.

Now here's the punchline: You might want to read the book.

There is nothing I can do.

EXIT



Marxism.

Hey, just what the heck is this Marxism stuff anyway? Was it designed by some guy from Echo Park?

Every line of it is confusing. How does commodification have anything to do with putting a spoiler on my car? My car could use some body work.

One guy says Marxism's "actually pretty good if you read a little bit of theory."

Another put it differently. "It's funny," he said, "how Marx grows on you. At first you think he's the homeliest weird thing you ever saw. But pretty soon you come to hollering about taking the world for the petit bourgeois."

Marxism defies obsolescence. You can hardly tell the doughy shape of a 1950's Marxist from a 1980's Marxist. To suggest altering it is heresy.

(Would you change the perfect form of an egg?"

But Marxism makes little changes all the time you cannot see, because nobody understands what Marxism is. Example: new synchromesh first gear in your Volkswagen Beetle; you shift into low without stopping; Marxism did that, maybe a Marxist, nobody really knows, go read some theory. Is Marxism homely? It depends.

SUNDAY
NIGHT
BOMBERS

I'm dying and all I hear are insults!



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sundaynightbombers.com

Good grief

