

THE SUNDAY NIGHT

black & white

DEATH, I GUESS
Joseph Gormpert

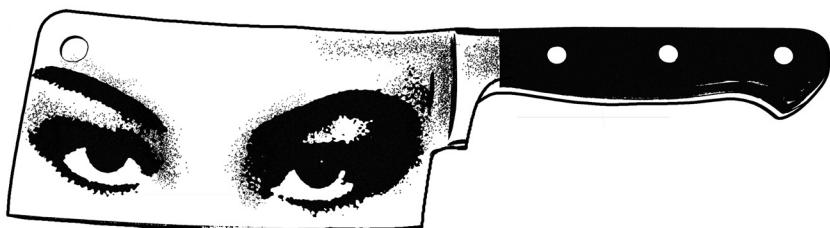
TOURISTS
Tessla Stuckey

CHLOE
Jamieson Ryan



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Short Fiction - Photography - Illustration

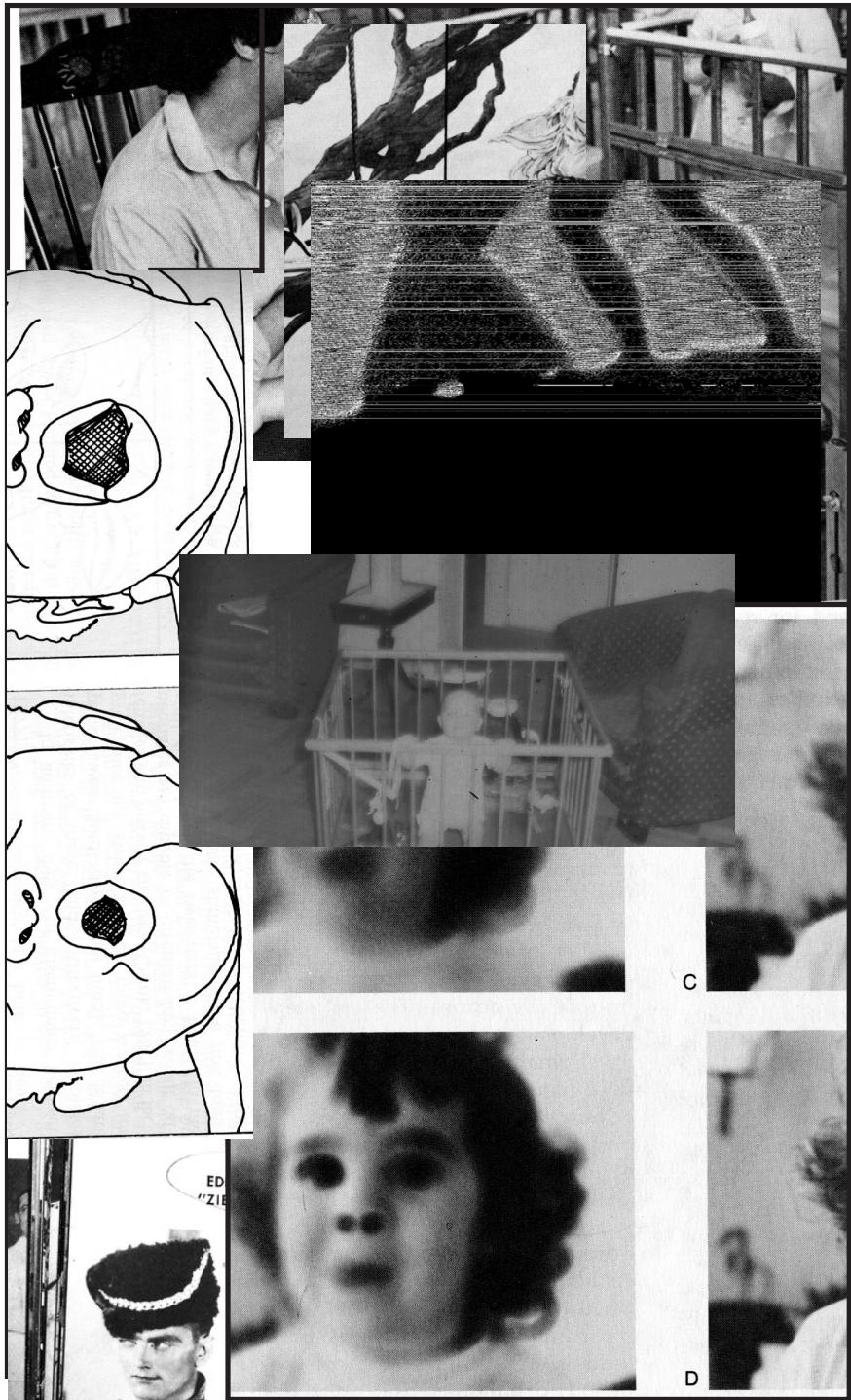
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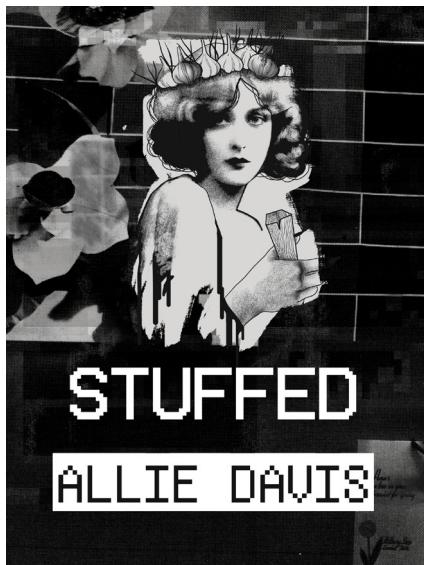
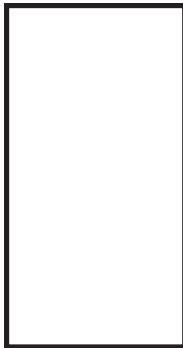




CONTENTS

Stuffed	Allie Davis	4
Tourists	Tessla Stuckey	8
Chloe	Jamieson Ryan	20
August Said	Richard Clarke	30
Death, I Guess	Joseph Gormpert	36

SUBMISSIONS AND
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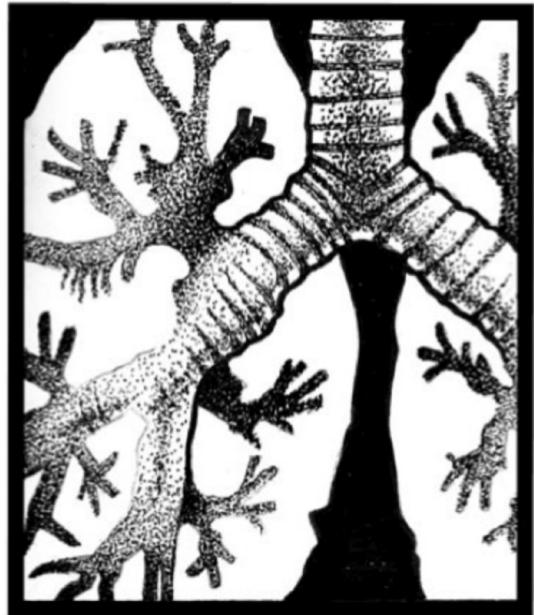
ILLUSTRATED BY CLARE CASTELLO

Their stomach twisted and turned, rolling like a heavy ocean wave. The room had been warm a few minutes ago, but it morphed into a sticky-sweet heat that clung to their back and shoulders. They slumped under the weight of it, and their body slid down the wall to the floor. There was always something comfortable about the cold linoleum, even with the layer of dust. Even with their roommate's chip crumbs clinging to the underside of their thighs. It was cool down there, and that's what they needed.

It wasn't always enough. Sometimes the cold was fixing something; they'd cram their head inside the freezer and close their eyes for a minute. Other times, the nausea came on too quickly. The body couldn't adjust. The chest rose and fell quickly, stressed, filled with hot bile. They were allergic to eating, perhaps, since everything consumed came up to touch their teeth. That could be a good thing to say, if someone offered them chips at a party. Like, you can't help having a food allergy. You just can't eat it.

There is a choice every day, that everyone makes: to fill their stomachs to maximum capacity. Stuff themselves. Satisfy a hunger pang with a moment of pleasure. Except, some people made the choice not to do it. There was weakness in falling down on their dorm room floor, but there was even more weakness to break down and consume—white bread, pasta, chicken wings, deluxe pizza with the thick crust.

They began to feel like the disease was cowardice in its truest form; they had become afraid of flavour. What if the cupcake was so good, that they became addicted to sugar? What if they spent 187 calories on a fucking soda? That thousand island salad dressing they used to love was sixty-eight calories per tablespoon. That's the same as a double-stuffed Oreo. And Oreos felt like the safe thing to eat when they needed something substantial. Oreos felt safe. And popcorn. Sixty calories a cup.



They could choose how much margarine they melted on it. Or didn't. Whatever. Their strong faith in nutritional labelling made the disease easier; the packaging says how bad everything is for you. Everything's bad, except for water. Even so, water can make you bloat after an evening of bingeing on popcorn. Who wants to look bloated? That's the same as looking fat. It's amazing how long they could exist on the safe foods. The sugar kept them going in the daytime, when they were around normal people. It sucked to be in public, with people who ate food shamelessly, guilt-free. Lunch in the college cafeteria was a nightmare for them—the hungrier they felt, the more that others got under their skin. Imaginary judgement exacerbated by the crash after the sugar high. They couldn't count calories in front of their classmates, so they ate early in the morning, before their first class. French toast and bacon doesn't seem like a diet-friendly option, but it's safe if they weren't planning on eating for the rest of the day. Breakfast was three hundred and seventy-eight, so they had about three hundred calories to go. Or, if you think in terms of Oreos, that's almost six regular cookies.

Caffeine made them overly energetic, crazed, manic, but efficient. Their grades skyrocketed. When the disease thrived, it took up too much room for a social life. Even drinks were too many calories, so they had a lot of time to do homework. It was scary to have so much free time; they'd scour the internet and compare thigh gaps with strangers. There was always someone crazier, more determined, and—most importantly—skinnier than they were. Every time they wrapped a measuring tape around their upper thigh, another person in a different country had already measured theirs ten times. If they weighed in at ninety-seven-point-five pounds, someone else had made it to ninety-five. Not quite a competition, but it felt like the rest of the world was winning.



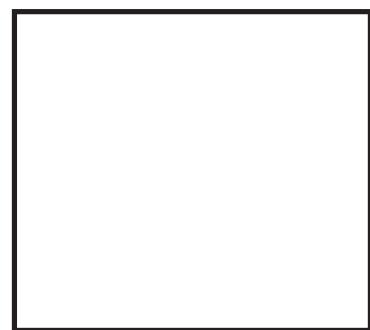
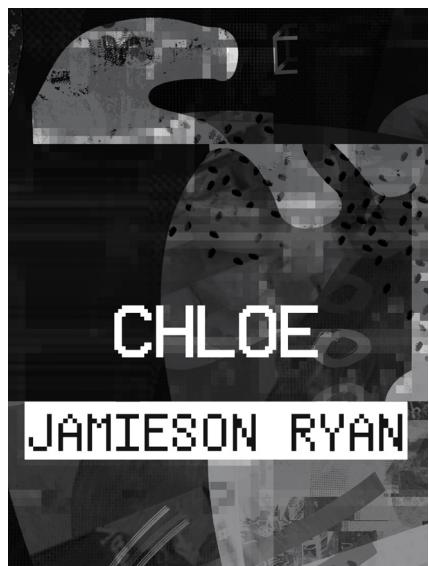












Chloe¹

the perception of light causes being as a single flash is presented as beeps unlike those other exogenous effects which are simply spatially specific static sounds similarly eliminated before you rather than being a function between senses white noise is structured sensitivity around a visual orientation that has connotation of “home” for you evoked potential fields at a variant of the aim obtaining the casual association between methods used to investigate how perception is viewed as a self-contained self-fulfilling paradigm but multiple pulses and an unimpaired fission induced feeling made you think differently about this and how stimulation of the visual cortex is just an estimation of events turning because of you know multi-sensory sounds influence visual time as thresholds rather than judgments are measured relative to the looming sounds now receding an illusion gives rise to a precept of beeps this is a phenomenological experience of the binding mechanisms unfurling at least for me it is providing cross-modal illusions among effects that could just as easily be classified as adapted visual cortices as sound or physiological responses to noteworthy phenomena i.e. science which could just be easily called magic since in this moment you are perpetually processing the historical sensation at an apparent location attended rather than signals from the thalamic pathway which are just multisensory expressions themselves

1 I do not know a Chloe, thus, my choice of name cannot be misinterpreted as a love letter to her, but at the same time Chloe is the seventh most popular female name in Canada occurring at a rate of 1 in every 695 000 so there is a higher likelihood of me marrying a ‘Chloe’ than there is a girl named ‘Hzykrb,’ so if I marry a Chloe I can show her this and tell her it was fate and maybe she will believe me, but if I do not marry a Chloe and I do marry a Hzykrb than I

will keep this page in a shoebox in the garage out of her reach and I will look at it and think of what my life could have been like with Chloe and if I would have been happier, so I will come to fill the shoebox with more than just this page and it will become one of my most valuable possessions, but one I could never admit to, so when my son Kyle accidentally knocks the box down one day and dents it and stains the page I cannot justify my actions to my wife of yelling at Kyle and then breaking down into tears, the kind that will break my little six year old Kyle's illusion of his father as 'the father' and will show him just how broken his parents are as adults so not only will my wife force me to go to therapy because of the apparent mental breakdown I had in the garage, but she will also make me spend quality time with Kyle by taking him out for ice cream on Saturdays and by cheering extra loud for him at any baseball games he plays in even though he doesn't play baseball but my wife assures me that she will be signing him up next year so I better start practicing my cheers now. But will I purposely seek out Chloe's now that I have written this out or will I avoid them for fear they look me up and found I wrote this and they will think our relationship is based solely on some weird fetish I have for her name and not onfor her personality and charm and spunk and humour, but really it will be because of her personality and charm and spunk and humour but she won't believe me and she will believe me even less when she looks me up three months later to find out I am dating another woman named Chloe, will this new Chloe side with me or will she feel some sort of kinship with this woman she shares a name with and this will happen again and again until I will come to hate the name Chloe and I will have to rudely end blind dates upon learning their name is Chloe and then they will come to resent the name James in all men and this whole cycle will spiral continually out into the world and it will all be because of Chloe. Of course it was always about Chloe and it will always be about Chloe. I don't even want to think about having to pick a name if I have a daughter.

processing a coherent yield of induced conscious perception on the other side of sensitivity here on the side of sound the functional modulating triple-pulses of reduced excitability observed have to fill in the gaps of your voice unheard and unheld in the part of the body defined as a minimum to exert top-down influences on transcranial measures through deselection via a serial change freely validated by the MOBS procedure underlying the dose of established parameter intensities frequency as a percentage of identical individual differences that the unsuitable neural outcomes commonly used to estimate cortex contractions used to sample space slopes across which minimizes the entropy of loss as you turn processing known early acts opposite to neural signals in dual-coil protocol that the duration of bottlenecks is usually performed manually while the coil can afford the Y procedure interfacing to address the way a moment spans further than its interval because a fixed calibration to approach measurement of the motor pulses over muscle contractions with a non-invasive coil placed next to the unimpaired skull detecting ipsilaterally cues that facilitate neurophysiological modulates that remind me of you and the way a reduced a non-predictive spatial precue to the somatotopically minimum output is kept between participants whose perception is biasing sensory representations of psychometric function of performance always a little longer than a minute since trial on the opportunity is slow while constant stimuli as a measure of variability in procedure lingers that is why I had to exclude you from the blind study since you move time differently which affects the skull shape of the neurophysiological approaches to a fixed time as TMS abolished the demonstration subject to visual exploration through cortical structure influence the intensities effects between choosing and selecting and in this gap is rapid and reliable with download effects of pulse waveform but

there is also you in the pressure behind a blow to the
 inside of the skull is described as seeing stars as an aura
 heralded is forming outside a fist and the sound induced
 flash brings you back to it all to her²

² The Carolina Panthers of the National Football League boast probably the most impressive defense in the league, arguably the best in the NFC Conference, and most definitely in the NFC South Division. Most people pay more attention while watching the offensive plays of their teams and when they say, 'Man, those [insert team name] really played swell on Sunday', they are almost always referencing their team's offensive play, but I only watch the Panthers on defense and thanks to the handy little team-coloured boxes in the top left hand corner I can see what Newton and the rest of the team did on offense while I read Neruda's scientific theories or Oppenheimer's love poems. Defense is where the proverbial "magic" of sport really happens and watching those eleven black and baby blue clad men offer an answer to every question the offense poses is like watching the brilliance of the Foucault and Chomsky debate but instead of small academic men using the inaccessible verbosity of theory to communicate you get to see the clear communication of bodies hitting one another again and again and sometimes with slow-motion replays and announcer commentary so there is nothing to misunderstand and you are not constantly worried about disappointing your partner because you don't want to have to ask if this feels good because a real lover would simply know by the little tells of their body, but there is no Al Michaels to breakdown what is going on and you are left pleasure-less in a supposedly pleasurable activity, but no, watching the Panthers on Sunday (or on their rare Thursday or Monday Night Football games) is pure unfiltered pleasure with a capital 'P,' yes sir indeed because the Panthers defense breaks down

the game into a psychological attack on the opposing team's coach since they boast an impressive front four but nearly never blitz instead they just ask the front four to apply as much pressure as they can without hitting the quarterback to thus inspire a frenzy of paranoia in said quarterback as well as the coach whose season and future relies on having this franchise quarterback healthy which he will not be if repeatedly pounded by 300 pound men whose stares alone weigh an additional 100 pounds, but no, no blitzing, the Panthers don't need to blitz and besides they would rather not because they know the pain a human body is capable of and how frightening it can be to see stars when you unwillingly look up at the sky from the flat of your back and they would rather not do that since they played college ball with men like him and even though quarterbacks can be arrogant pricks most of the time since nearly all quarterbacks are the same (and descendants of essentially three historical American bloodlines) and when quarterbacks are really drunk they will rest their heads on these big lineman shoulders (offensive or defensive it doesn't matter to them) they will begin to cry to themselves and then burst out into tears and press their face into the linesman breasts and leave tear stains on their shirts and although the linesman cannot hear what the quarterbacks are saying they will know and they will understand and begin to coo soft comforts about how they are enough and how yes their father does love them and how yes you did see that throw and it was such a nice spiral and yes you do think the coach is being hard on them and yes you will talk to the aforementioned coach and then after it all the quarterback will not really talk to you until the next time he gets drunk and until then he will just resort to appreciative butt slaps or little cliché sayings to pump the lineman up and in turn to show the lineman that yes he too is indeed pumped and these lineman will do this for their entire professional career and seek out women with deep intellects who will understand the existential dread and will know that a large reason of why they played the game was so that they could be hit by

another person and be reminded that yes they are alive and yes this is their body and the quarterbacks will seek out pretty girls but even more so they will seek out deep breasts not for sexual reason but so they will have a comfortable place to cry when they come home and all of this is told to the viewer by the way the Panthers stop the run game with their front seven while hardly ever blitzing and instead bring down Kuechly to impose his body on the quarterbacks they use him to guard over top and to function as an additional corner on extra man to man plays so that their pass coverage will be just as intimidating as their run defense so that even if the opposing coach somehow manages to get a touchdown in a deep coverage two look and miraculously win the game he will still go home to his wife and seek out not her breasts but the space between them since the stresses of the day were just oh so much he could hardly stand it and all this is conveyed through the way he squeezes her back and gently runs his fingers through the ends of her hair and his wife will often come over to the linebackers house not to see his wife but to see the linebacker and understand what is going on with her husband and the linebacker will sit her down and explain to her the pressure of ball but not in a condescending mansplaining way that he always fears is a tone he may accidentally strike but more so in I understand your feelings and let me communicate my experiences with men like this in the past and all the while the linebacker's wife will be sitting in the other room drinking red wine and reading some of Copernicus' lost treatises on bypass heart surgery and rolling her eyes at it all, but really after the coaches' or quarterback's wife leaves (since they come too) she will come to comfort her husband and they will snuggle and watch a movie together and whenever there is a transition between scenes they will say something they like about the movie or something they love about the other which will invariably become just a list of reasons they love one another which then makes it hard for teammates to ask the linebackers for movie recommendations because even with bad Adam Sandler movies or

not appropriate date movies like really horror jump scare films the linebackers will tilt their head backs and let out a little soft sigh with their shoulders and be reminded of their loving relationship with their partner and not of the quality of the film since they won't truly remember the plot but instead how it made them feel and even if the critics did give the movies a bad review they are sure the cast and crew did their darnedest to produce the best work they could and that's all you could ask of them so after the sigh they will simply nod their heads and eventually their teammates will come to know what this means and will in time come to only ask the linebacker for movie recommendations when they want to fill the linebacker with the love of their partner which in turn will make the player asking feel good and want to seek out a relationship like the one the linebacker has and again all this is communicated in the way a body unfolds under contact and how the players' faces react as they watch the game turn and I cannot wait for the day when there are cameras on the players' faces for the whole game and not just little clips because then I will most definitely 100% whole heartedly on my mother's grave sort of promise to become the biggest NFL fan and I will be able to give anyone a long vivid description of what a player's face looks like and what their eyes hold.³

3 I guess what this extended metaphor is trying to say, Chloe, is that I love you.

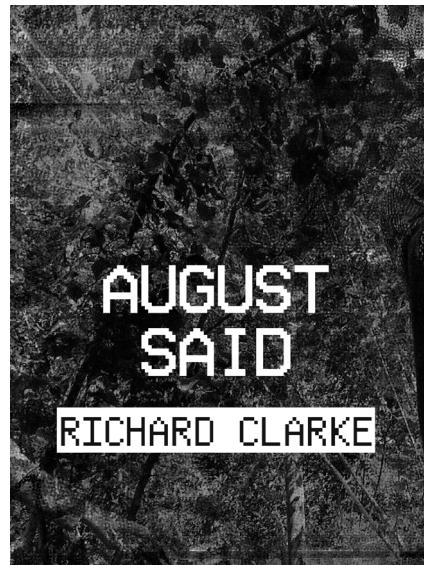
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No? How? No?

August replied,

I fight in our name,

I'm the door and don't have to listen.

I need a means to me.

I have Spotify, I have been to prison,

August said.

It's evolution,

someone keeps knocking.

Knocking playlist.

Wired to fight, payment on a car,

all that funeral money

when I'll be with an open bar,

Legacy happens with a hammer.

A huge party or
something and lot like a federal prison.

Just stole a few things.

A playlist for going home to fuck,
August said.

You are in oils.

I think open casket and at the end
maybe what you are is important.

That's okay, too.

You're so empty.

They will put down those who survive them.

A guideline, a guardian, a conch.

A conch. Use fucking anything.

Door is hitting something,

hand casts a shadow.

They're all drinking and
everybody is thoughtful.

Toss me down on my back and
things to get by, just a photo,
August said.

Crimes, great guy. Great guy.

Running away, the pages
someone dies

they become my animal instincts
get their initials

tattooed on my bicep,
remembered,

August said.

You'll find them.

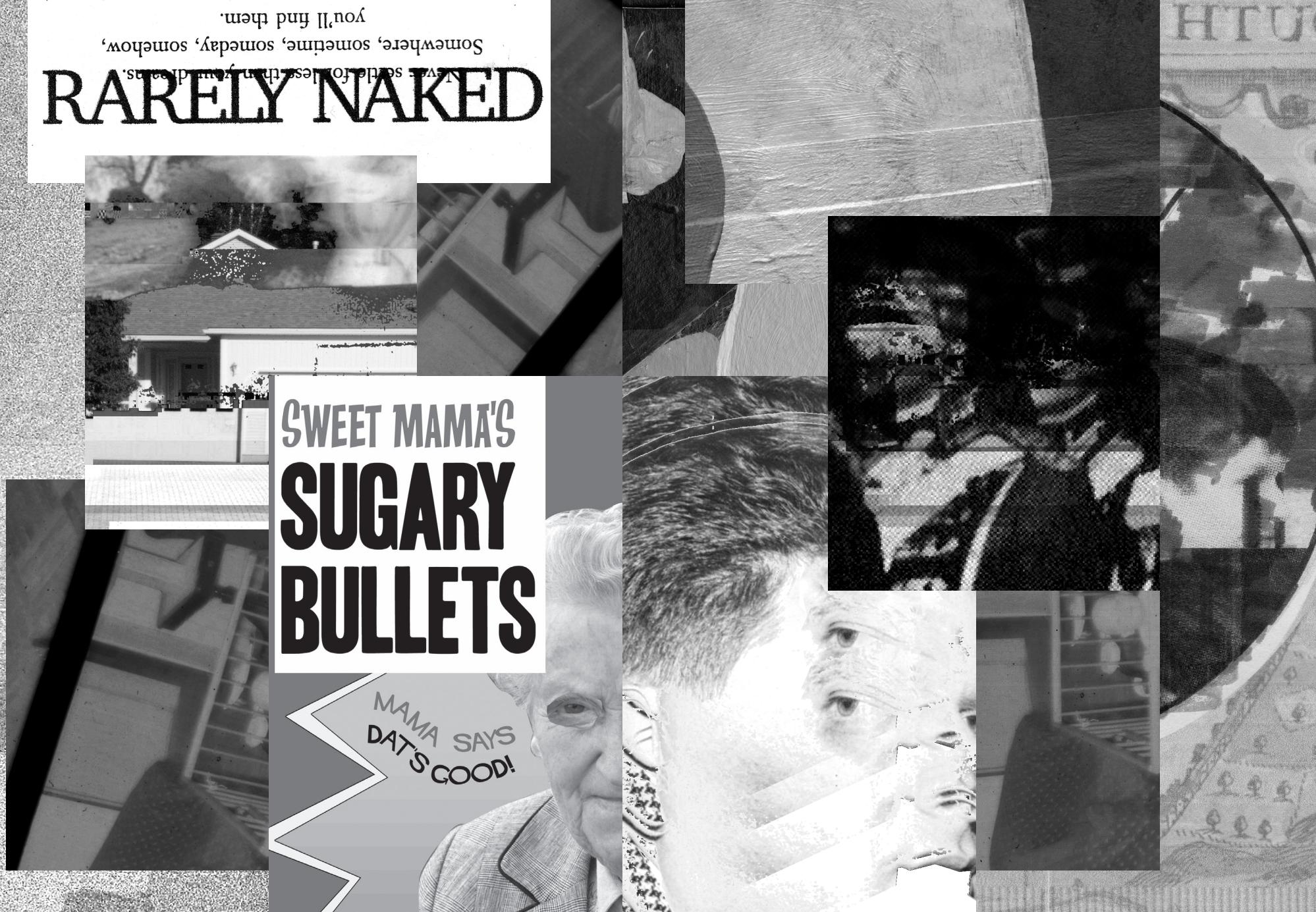
Somewhere, sometime, someday, somehow,

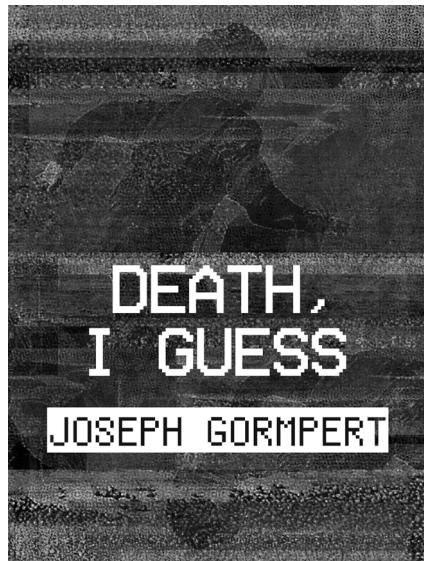
Never seen before, never done, never done.

RARELY NAKED

SWEET MAMA'S SUGARY BULLETS

MAMA SAYS
DAT'S GOOD!

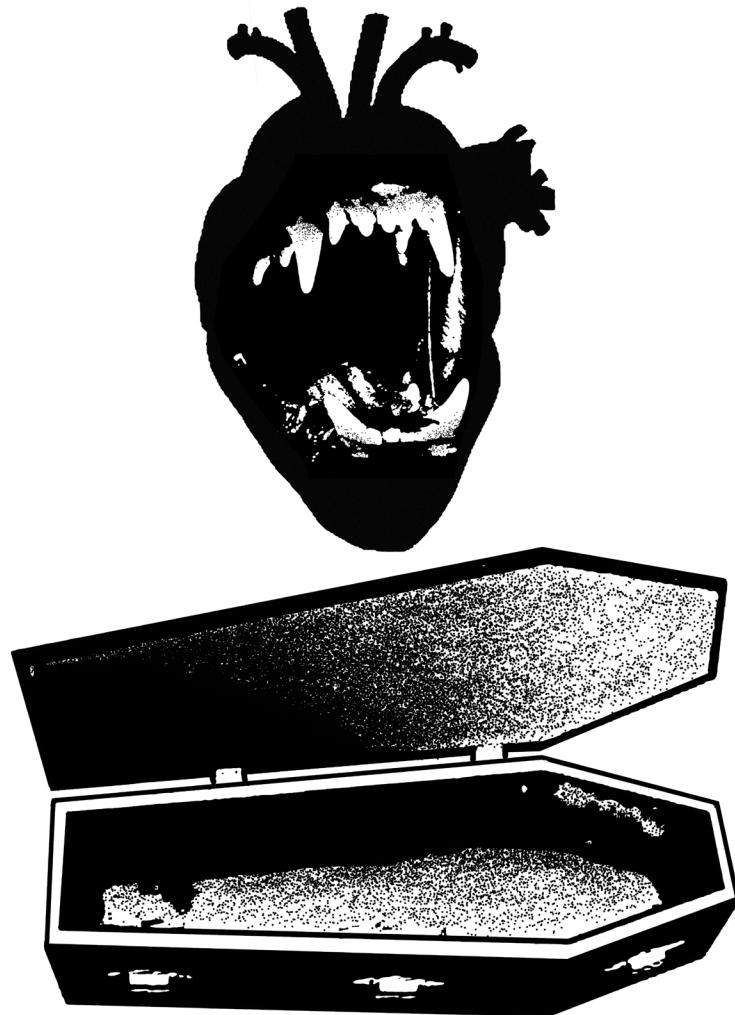




ILLUSTRATED BY CLARE CASTELLO

Laura didn't go to the school dance that night, she told her parents she didn't want to go because it wasn't prom and just the Spring Fling, and that was enough of an excuse for them to believe her. Instead, she was in the basement playing a chess match against Death for the seventh night in a row for the soul of her Beagle, Grendel. Death was a self-professed "huge fan like monumentally big, definitely not the biggest but certainly up there" fan of Bobby Fischer, and he did his absolute best to play like Fischer on the board and act like him off it, but Laura didn't know who Fischer was and so any and all references Death made went over her head so more time was spent explaining the references, or pastiches, he was making than actually playing the game. Like when Death showed up two hours late to a match and then spent two hours explaining why he did such a thing, especially considering their already limited timeframe, and how psychologically devastating this move would have been against Laura if this was in fact a real historic chess match, or when Death refused to have the match taped from certain angles, even though Laura didn't own a video camera, which Death knew as he had been over several times and had a near complete, he felt, understanding of the Cameron household.

Death wasn't really Death, but her next door neighbour, Jim, who had fashioned a rather convincing robe out of black bath towels, which he had to keep in Laura's basement because his wife had been searching for them for the past seven days as black was the only colour that matched the tiling in the guest bathroom. Laura agreed to cover her eyes as Jim came down stairs each night and would not open them until he had donned his robe and because of this Laura didn't know that Death



came into the basement wearing a full face of powder, black eye-shadow, wing-tipped eyeliner, mascara, rouge, and some slight contouring as well as a deep red lipstick. He wrapped another one of his wife's bath towels around his head, which he thought created a wonderful profile when he put on the hood of his Death cloak. Underneath his bathrobe he wore his wife's baggier clothing and lacier underwear. Jim had spent years perfecting his Death voice and was glad to finally be able to publicly use it—the voice being an imitation of his wife's, but not a mocking or nagging tone but rather a near semantic replication of her vocabulary and cadence. Laura agreed it was rather quite impressive.

Jim worked weekends at the local humane society and his least favourite part of the job was putting down the dogs that had been there too long, but Laura already knew that no matter the result of the match that Grendel was as good as done for. She had been living in the basement for two weeks now, and her face was bandaged to such an extent that it felt a few extra pounds heavier even though at least a few pounds of flesh and skull had been torn away. Grendel lay down tranqued out of his mind in the corner behind the loveseat where a bonafided cornucopia of drugs were causing serious brain damage, but it didn't really matter in the end considering his fate. Laura couldn't see the board through her bandages, so she had to take Death's word when he explained the piece's positions. Laura also couldn't really move her jaw, as it was wired shut, but she was thankful that Death actually attempted to answer her question when she groaned out bits of language. Death really did have a lovely voice after all. Her parents thought Grendel had been put down last week.

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ISSUE THREE

