

THE SUNDAY NIGHT

black & white

**THIS IS THE
BEST WE
CAN DO!**





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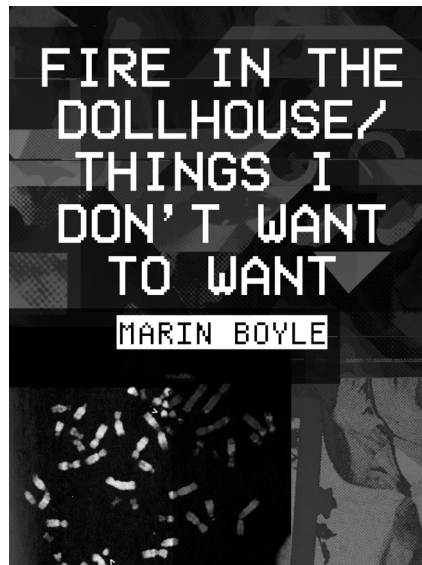
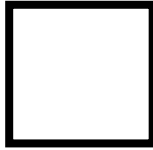
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Roland's Music Shelf -
Bookends

Roland Wardrobe



SUBMISSIONS AND
PICTURES OF YOUR DAD TO:
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FIRE IN THE DOLLHOUSE

- i. Red raspberries staining our fingertips
and we laugh that it looks like fresh blood.
Ignoring the longing for blood on our own hands,
throats crushing under our fingertips.
- ii. My jaw aches, a dull kind of reminder,
of soft hair and softer smiles, too eager to begin.
without clothes, skin cast in shadow,
and pointed toes broken one by one by one.
- iii. Your hands are twice the size of mine
and you want to shove them inside me.
You want to taste ruin on my lips.
You want to fuck the sacrifice itself.
- iv. You have always been something
to be held out of fear
of what you might do.



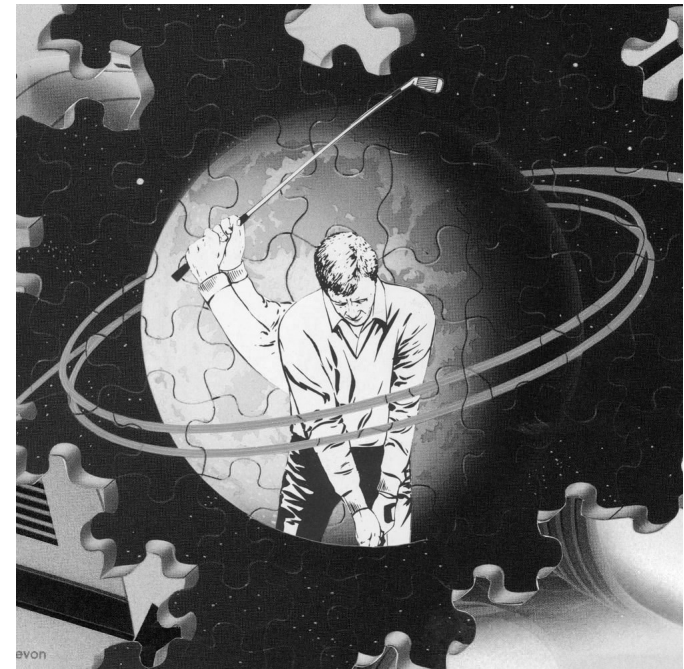
THINGS I DON'T WANT TO WANT

I found her through sharp teeth and hard edges,
white through her lips, black hair and leather.
Brown little vials and trust given, not earned.
Throat exposed, neon lights as vandals on skin.
She tells me there's nothing inside her,
but violets are growing through her ribs.

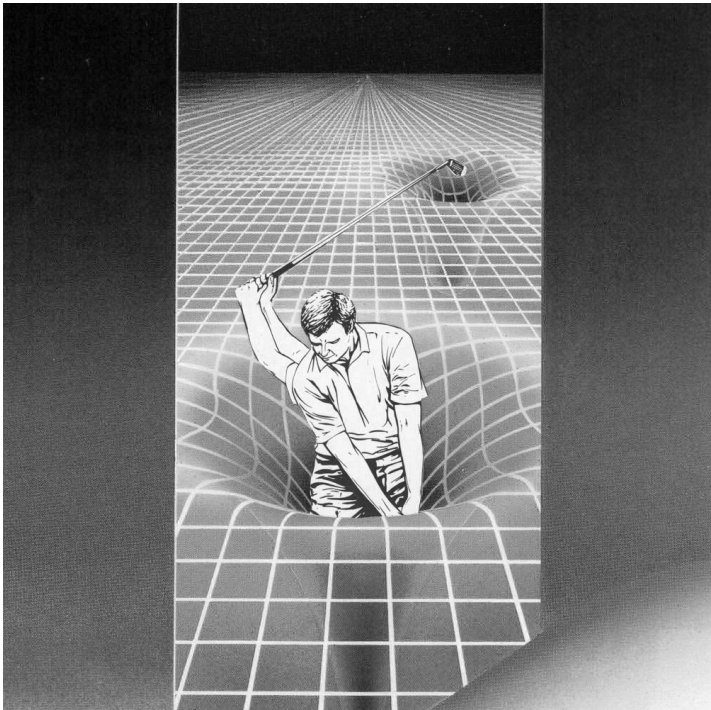
He loves me when I'm bleeding like this,
playing knife games at the kitchen table.
Hammer games for the living room couches,
with veins and bones exposed only for you.
I'll act like this is the first time
I've thought about smashing
my teeth straight out of my skull.

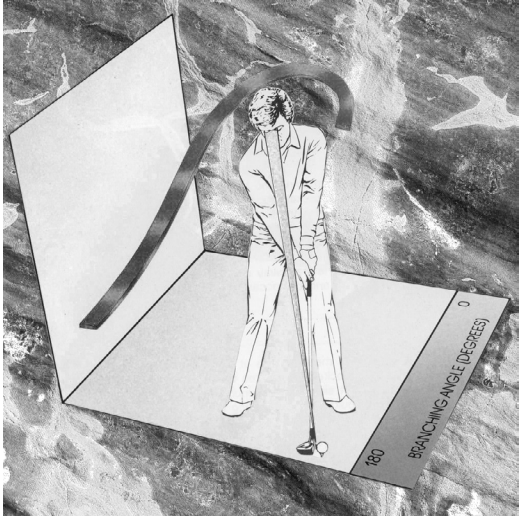
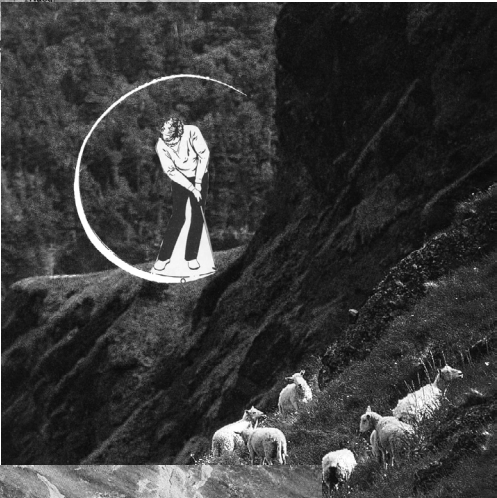
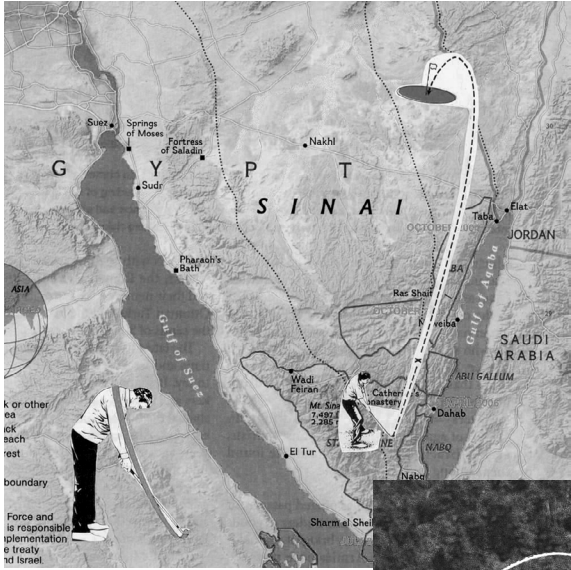
To be so ugly
that no one has
eyes for me but
you.
Then its just rain darkening sidewalks again.
Air hanging heavy around my throat.
Yesterdays naming themselves.

Deep down I am just a child
and I am mad at the world
for not spoiling me rotten.

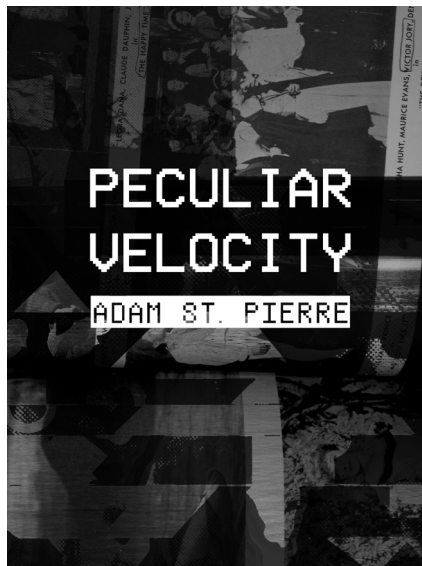












Mundy steps in with the mist. Seals the lock behind him and pulls back his hood to swallow a deep breath, “Mighty fine weather out there.”

Kaet can speak sarcasm. She hears the hale pelting the metal shell of the foreman’s shed. Can sense the ice collecting in the cold, dark shadows around the structure’s stilts. There wasn’t much else in the office to distract her, procedures being what they were.

“Better get out there and enjoy it then.”

He clicks off his gloves. “Cored out a bit of Dinkleberry Ridge for Jonna back home. Wanna see?” His inflated orange suit hisses O2 as he collapses in a chair, metal seals and buckles jangling together. He pulls two slim rectangles of translucent aqua-green from a breast pocket and sets them on her schedule planner.

“Think they’ll make for a decent necklace or bracelet.”

She clicks her pen to save her report and start a new one. “You know we got three SHELBYs down? And a fourth is stuck on some bad-rock. Can’t find a way around it.”

“Heard that one before. The punchline is- let the next crew handle it.”

Because that’s what she needed. Blowback. Headaches. Put off the next rotation’s schedule even a bit, surprise them with something that could have been easily handled, and she’d end up coming back to something twice as worse. Wires snapped in the rovers or certain toilet pipes bent out of shape. There wasn’t a lot of love or language between crews, but the least either of them could do was

maintain respect.

“I’m gonna have to pull some people tomorrow for full hours, dig up and straighten the SHELBYs out.”

There were shades of backlash in Mundy’s face already. Even he; her first subordinate, a good friend, who trusted her with his life as they sling-shotted around a glowing ball of thermonuclear plasma, even he grimaced at the thought, “They’re not gonna like that.”

“Yeah, well,” she looks down as the next report appears on her pad. “Everyone’s got it in their heads that they’re back already. This place ain’t home, it’s not a vacation. It’s dangerous, it sucks, and it’s work. That’s what they signed up for.”

It was always difficult to do anything last minute on launch week. Everyone was on half-time and thus half-committed. Only the minimum amount of work getting done before they shuttled planet-side. Most of them would be over at the pub anyway, trying to drain the last of the kegs. Could they really not spare some extra hours?

“Bad luck to leave booze behind.” Mundy would say nodding with a certain sage-like wisdom, and she could really only reply with a scoff. As far as superstitions went, Kicking the Kegs ran deep.

“You’ve been in here all day, haven’t you?” Is what he actually said.

“Busiest week of the rotation. Lots of pagework still to do.”

He raps his fingers on the chair’s plastifab arm. “There’s something I need to show you.”

No reply.

He takes a moment. “I- We stumbled on some loose bolts in the drillhouse. May be nothing but we had to tighten things up. Need a foreman to sight-see and sign off. Procedures, you know.”

Her pen goes down. “If I step outside this shed, I’m dumping this pagework on you tomorrow while I fix everything, you know that right?”

Mundy sucks in recycled air and nods.

She suits up and they step out together. Her hood muffled external noise in favour of crisp wideband, eighteen local channels available at the flick of a tongue. Ice pellets were swirling up from Two Cheeks Crevasse and snaking uphill to wash over the foreman’s shed. Through the sleet she saw figures criss-crossing the courtyard down range, their shadows splintered into four by a ring of flood lights. Arnault’s Mum—a large, flat cliff face reigning over the spaced out stilt-sheds—protected the yard from the currents of stellar wind. While Earth-side execs used formal names for geographic features—628B/Druger, 799C/Lorenzo—the “relaxed attribution” among the waves of miners was seen as good for morale.

“Which one was it you said?” She was outside now, might as well entertain him.

Mundy’s voice comes in like pulled velcro in her ear. “Drillhouse... two. I’ll lead.”

They step from the shack’s landing and down a ladder to the dusty surface. A thick elephant’s foot of ice was already consuming the base of the poles, much more than she imagined inside. Over the next year it would collect and rise above their heads to reach the landing above before gradually melting away. A seasonal breathing set by snowball’s trek around the sun.

Two Marcos with tinted face-shields stumbled around the yard, a snickering circle of Polos bounding out of reach in quick, low-g hops. Nearby another tight circle was trying to keep a ball between

them, bouncing it off the surface and swatting it down before it drifted away. She made out Paulo as one of the Marcos, his arm-stripes glinting in the floodlight as he stumbles and falls to the comet dust, local laughter and cursing overlapping in her ear. Junson stands two hops away and taunts him over the radio.

“Take it easy on him,” Kaet says as they waddle past. “Just giving him a desperately needed workout, boss.” Junson crackles back.

“Loser has to do full hours tomorrow.” Mundy winked at her as groans filled the channel. Her first reaction was to rescind the order but she stopped short- better to see who actually showed.

They moved into silence. All nearby chatter falling away and for a few moments there was only the thud of her steps vibrating up her body and the feeling of her heart beating against her fully body underalls. Then the part she liked the best. First a lo-fi twang, like the pop of a sudden passing signal through the soup of cosmic radiation. Narrowing in fidelity until- yes, a guitar, electric, and the crooning of some long dead singer. His words lost in the static but his tone and rhythm coming through clear. The pub ahead radiating ghost music out into the vacuum, its glowing green BENSOME BEER and red and blue OPEN signs like siren songs to thirsty travellers. There was nothing over local to hear. Everyone inside would be hoods-down and mugs-up.

“Want to stop in? Round up anyone for tomorrow? Maybe help with the kegs a bit?” He thumbs to the bar.

“The drillhouse Mundy.”

“Right, okay. Right.”

They bound out past the floodlight fence, Mundy taking her around the Wrinkles and winding down towards Knobhead field. She followed along, in her mind working out the best order to wrap up

the rest of the evening’s pagework- Finish SHELBY reports, then inventory assessment, then personnel grading. She groaned at the thought of another long stretch of ass-chair time.

“Hey there’s Ugain. Ugain come in, you see us?”

Kaet looked up. Half-way up a rising face she makes out a thin line of figures strung together by a tether, hoodlamp spots dancing around their feet. The lights become miniature twinkling stars as the hikers stop and look back at them, each group standing high above the other.

“Doing the loop around,” Ugain reports. “Going through the narrow part of the Spread Eagle. Estimated return in thirty-six, foremiss.”

She grumbles a confirmation back. Mundy laughs, “They got some good timing.”

Nearby a group kneels together in prayer, spaced out on a flat tableau and facing a rough estimate of Earth’s direction. Even further out they find Cleoin scratching out a landscape scene on a boulder with an ice-cutter- a sun setting behind mountains over a forest lake. Kaet gives him shit about venturing out without a buddy. “But it’s launch week, everyone was busy.” is the best defence he can muster. They order him to wait until they return before heading back to camp.

Once they pass the Thunder Thighs, Kaet is sure something is up. “You know there’s penalties for lying to superiors about emergencies.” Kaet says. “We’re way out from drillhouse two.”

“I know, I know. Not going far now, it’s right here.” Mundy edges around an outcrop and hops down onto a lower plateau. “This should be good,” he cuts his hoodlamps and eases himself onto the ground.

“C’mon, sit with me.”

She sighs and steps down after him. Sits back and cuts her lights. Her heavy breathing the only thing to focus on in the sudden dark. Just ahead the ground dropped away, a violent field of broken and twisted rock laid out before them. Some old impact, geologists suspected. A place too chaotic and formless to name.

They sat in the quiet. The sun was long behind them by now and they had a clear view out into empty space, dust and stars appearing if she squinted hard enough. By mid-week Earth would appear like an expanding dot out of it all, approaching fast off their bow, and she would go there. She felt something ease inside her, a weight in her chest melting like the ice.

“Four years goes by fast, doesn’t it?” Mundy says.

“Yeah.”

She lets her head rest against the rock and almost loses her breath. Venus loomed. A perfect cue ball suspended above their heads. Lit in stark, unfiltered sunlight so you could see its whole face, feel its presence and make out the swirls of yellow-green haze coating its atmosphere. A Greek titan seated in their rafters, present but indifferent to the play in session. A reptilian panic flared in her brain, urged by the sense that hurtling at them across a gap to obliterate their tiny home.

In reality a gulf of a thousand miles lay between them, the comet missing the planet’s orbit by a few days.

“How is Jonna, by the way? Thirteen now?” Kaet said.

“Twelve. Counting the days to her teens. Figured the ice would be a nice present if she’s into that by now.”

“I think she’ll like it. It’s not something you see everyday back

home.” This was her fourth rotation with Mundy, sixteen years, and she had never met Jonna. Only seen her face, toothless and frozen in photo. The comet was limited to critical data from home, and after the Mercury Glide, nothing at all. No messages or videos during the three years it took to catch up on the other side and then a year of waiting as their rock chased down the loved ones they left behind.

Mundy nodded. “What about yours? She’s grown-up now, right? Getting her anything?”

Elmora. She didn’t blame him for forgetting the name. “Into her twenties. Seventeen when I last left. Don’t know who she’ll be when I’m back,” Kaet rubbed gravel in her glove. “Think she’s over gifts from the rock by now though. Old ones just collecting dust in the closet.”

Mundy eased her with a chuckle, “Imagine I’ll get there soon enough.”

She prods his arm. “Careful when you do. Leaving at that age, sixteen-seventeen, it’s not easy. They don’t want you in their life, but they don’t want you to go either.”

“Gonna cross that bridge when I get to it,” a shallow breath in her ear. “Four years, still lots of time.”

He goes quiet and she closes her eyes. She can feel the comet’s slow spin if she focuses hard enough. Tries to imagine the distance they’ve covered. In two weeks she’d be back home, at her house by the beach the years had paid for, lying back just like now but looking out over sand and water and a solid blue wall of a sky. Maybe Elmora would be there, or maybe she would be alone. With Earth you never knew what you were returning to, who people had become. But up here, there would be the same names, the same

arm-stripes, the same shielded hoods concealing faces of wilt when she got back. They weren't family but they were more than friends. Up here they had something else, fluid and impermeable, forged together as you huddled in the dark. The farthest humans from home melting and mixing in fiery crucible.

"Listen, I should head back. Pagework and all."

"Yeah, I mean, that's... yeah."

She braces against a rock and stands. Offers Mundy a hand to get him up. "Thanks for this though. Really."

"It was nice. It was good. Do it again soon?"

"Lets give it a few of years," she smiles.

They climb up a short ledge and start back. She was excited to see how Cleoin's picture had turned out. She'd go easy on him about the buddy thing this time. It was launch week after all.

Mundy takes the lead and when he's not looking Kaet twists around. In that short time Venus had already slipped from its seat. Not setting towards the horizon but sailing on past it. Falling away from their edge and draining towards some distant perspective. Standing roadside, she thought, waving in their rear-view. Watching them go. Receding. Receding.

SEARCH FOR DISTANT COMETS

Late in 1976, I began a project called the Solar System Survey." The original purpose of this program, which is still going on, was to try to discover very distant comets. We normally see comets only when they are either close to the sun, and everything we know about the distribution of comets is based on this relatively small sample of objects. Yet we know that there are many great distances, and that many comets that never come close to the sun.

We do not normally see them, but they are valuable to find as possible to improve our knowledge of the distribution and origin of comets. Now photographic methods have made it possible to photograph much fainter objects than ever before, and for distant comets, or interesting objects.

The telescope I used is a 30-centimeter Schmidt camera, which is a fast, wide-angle camera. It was used on Mount Palomar in California, an area of the sky known as the Big Dipper. The camera is made on 35mm film. (Ordinary photographic film.)

SEARCH FOR FUZZY OBJECTS

The search technique is to take photographs of the same area of sky on each of two nights, and then compare the photographs. If an object has moved, it will appear in a different position in the two photographs. Hundreds of moving objects have been found.

There are so many asteroids that ordinary elements, but instead of them have to be ignored. The only objects that are the quintessence. The heavenly bodies were regarded as being in their natural place (in heaven), not striving to get nearer or farther from the earth, and therefore they moved in perfect circles around the centre of the universe (earth). The motions of celestial objects then, were regarded as following a completely separate set of laws from those of terrestrial bodies.

According to Aristotle, all motions in the physical world occurred in order to preserve the general order of the universe. It was more important that the explanation of a particular event should fit into the philosophical-theological pattern of the time than it was to be strictly "scientifically" true. Philosophic truth took precedence over scientific truth.

HERE we are, living on a middle-sized planet, circling a middle-sized star we call the sun. That star is part of a galaxy, the Milky Way, that includes some 200,000,000,000 other stars. Beyond our galaxy are 100,000,000,000 other galaxies, each with anywhere from 3,000,000 or 4,000,000 to 3,000,000,000,000 or 4,000,000,000,000 stars. Altogether there may be about 10,000,000,000,000,000,000 stars in the universe.

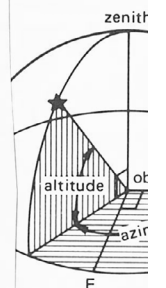
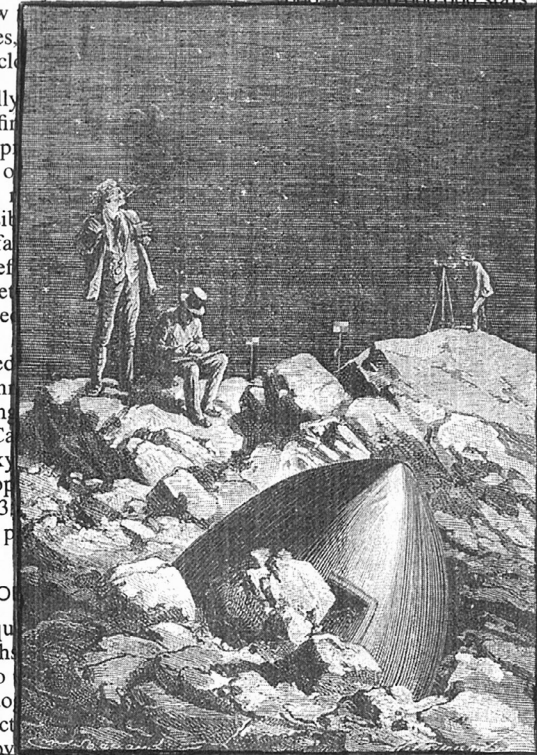
Homo sapiens, are among all those planets carrying life. Can we be alone in space?

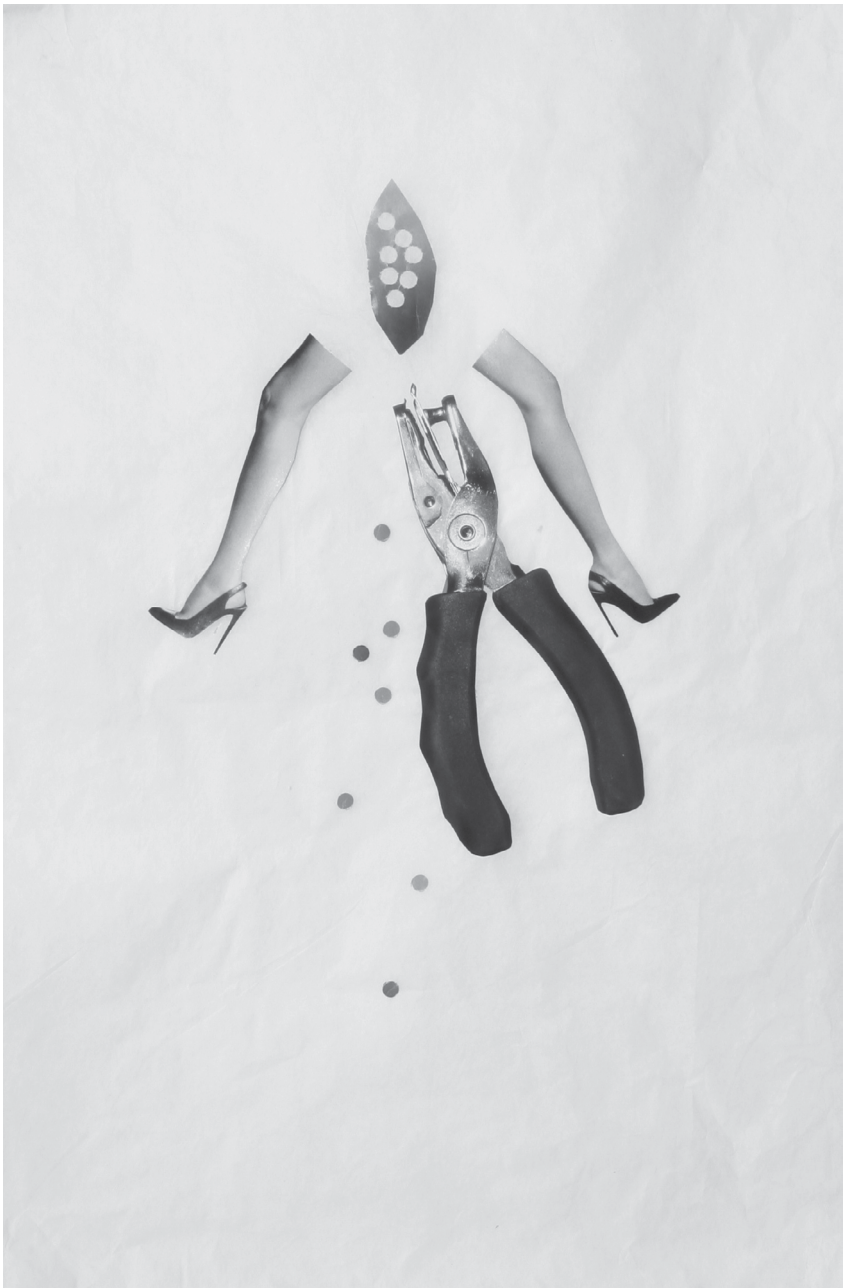
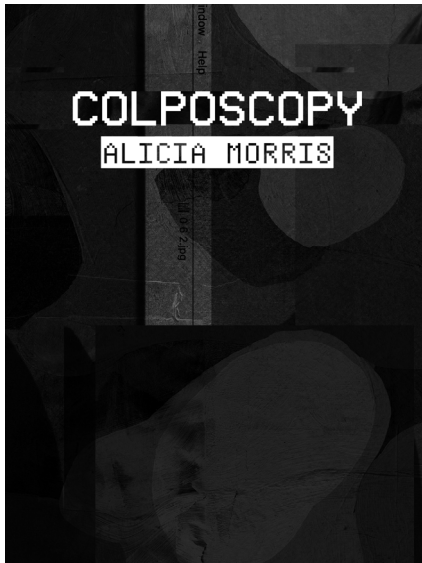
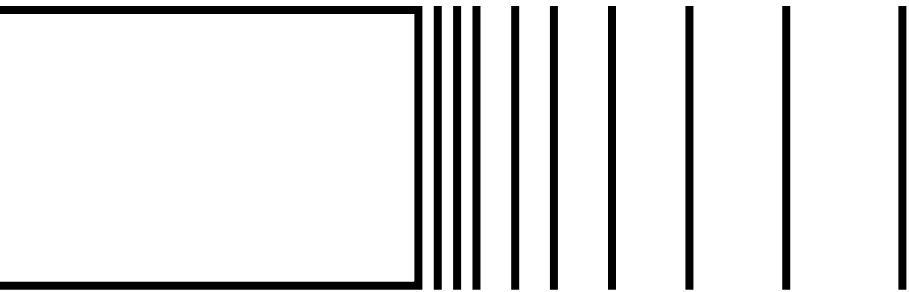
Alone, if we have that some of the

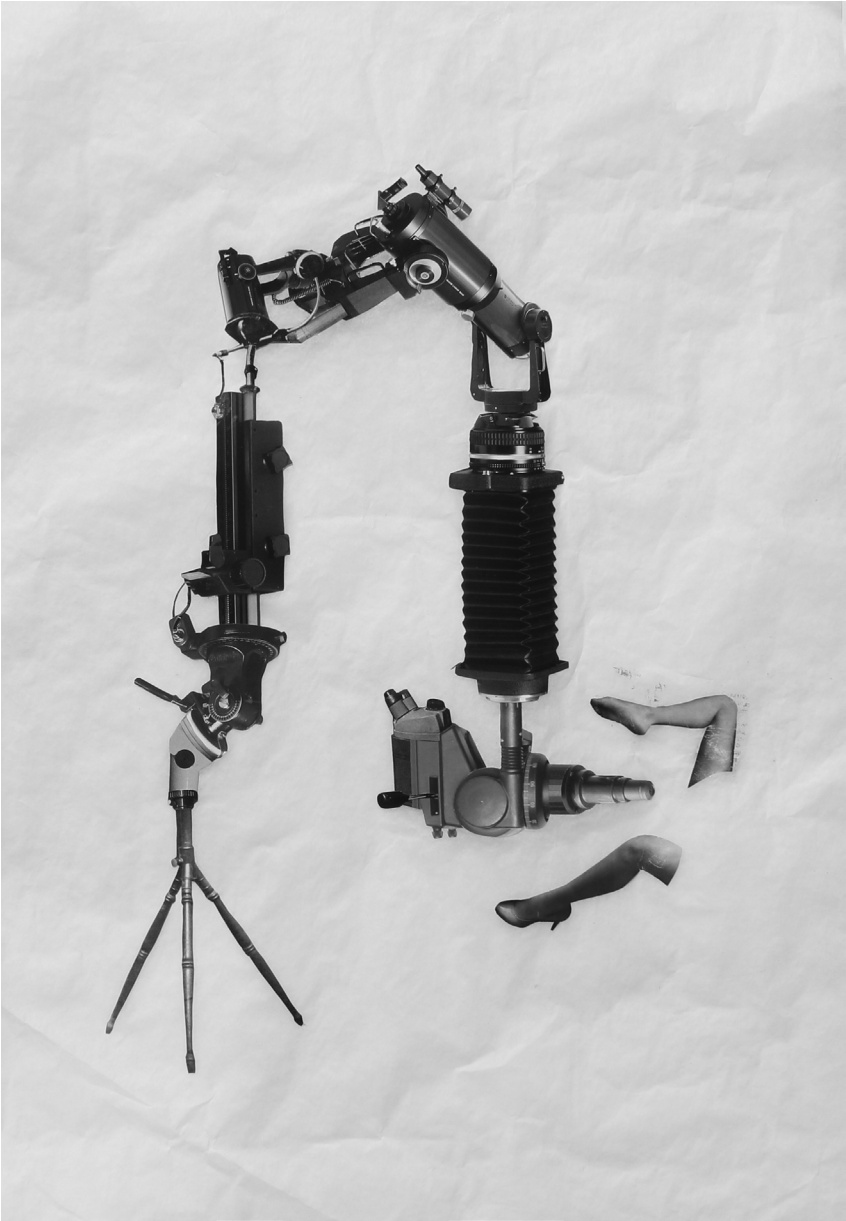
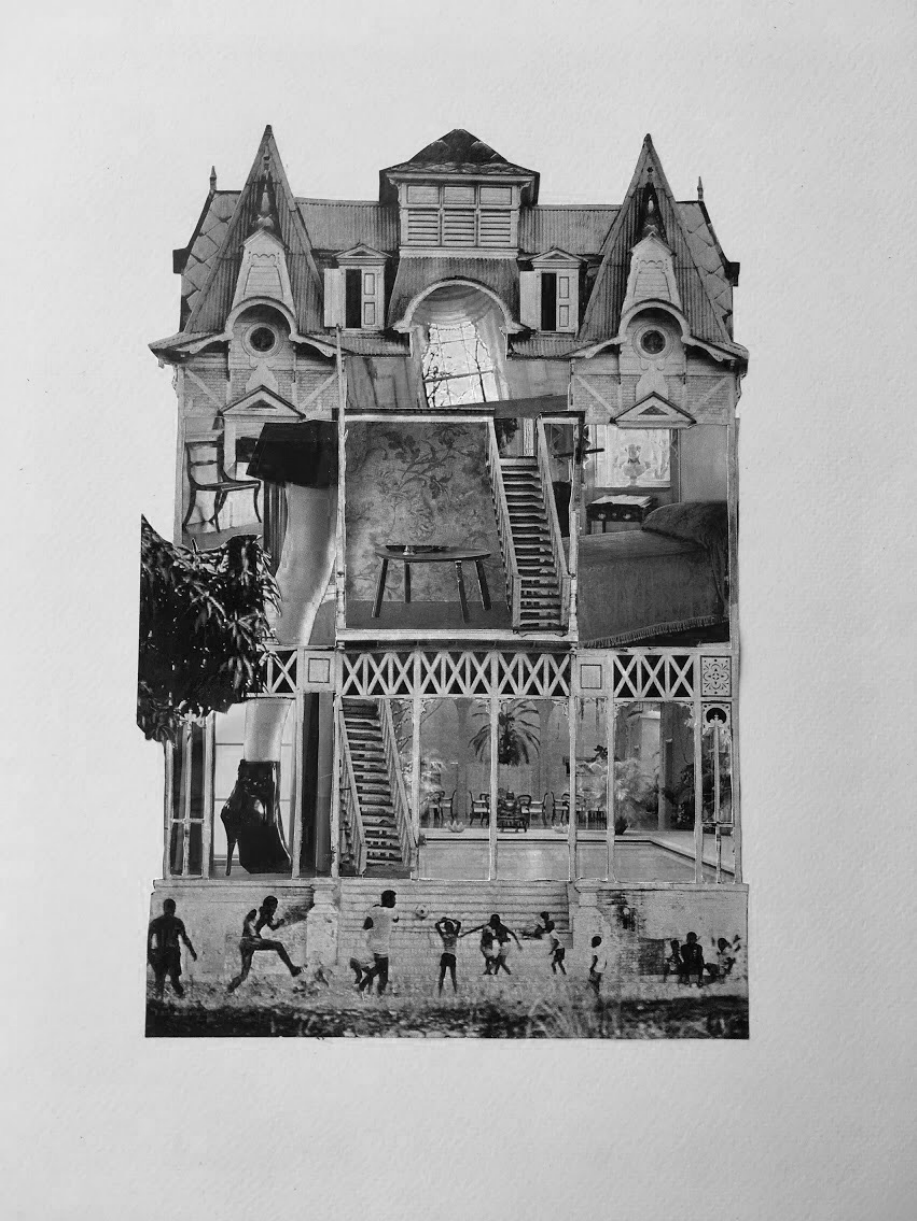
would have to try with some sort of emptiness of interest, indeed, object of stellar space—f

of a Perseid Meteor

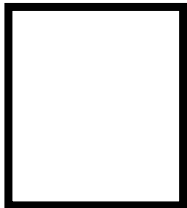
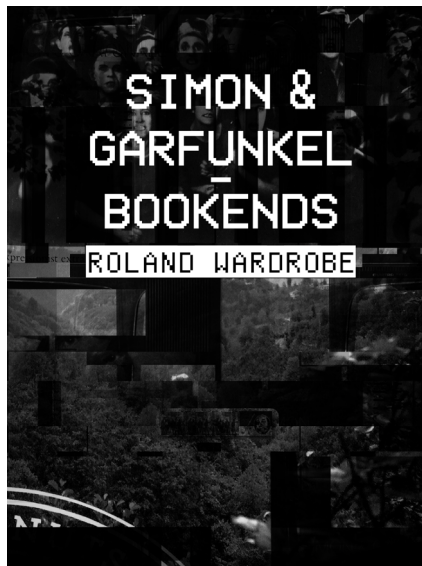
is one of the most important information about well as being a very important question about any single meteor











It took Paul Simon four days to hitch-hike from Saginaw to Pittsburg, I've added this to my ever-growing body of evidence proving, objectively, that Paul Simon is a soft-bodied little turd. I hitch-hiked to Pittsburg from Saginaw in twelve hours, while rolling on a massive parachute of speed I constructed out of gas station toilet paper and a piece of medical tape, nursing a two inch stab wound on my right thigh and trying to drive an Uber in upper California. A truck driver I met once said that he had known Jack Kerouac, at the time I hadn't read Kerouac so I went to get some and I thought it was nonsense. If you want to read about hitch-hiking, don't. Go do some of that sweet speedway-thumb-in', it's pretty safe as long as you're packing some kind of heat. Wear a big knife in your boot, or shoe. A real big knife, maybe even a sword. If your socks are thick enough, your sword won't cut your ankle.

Unfortunately, Simon & Garfunkel's landmark album Bookends isn't exclusively about hitch-hiking, in fact, there's a lot of things on this album that aren't about hitch-hiking even in a vague, metaphorical sense. This is okay, though, as I found a lot of the songs relatable on a level not yet known to me. Simon & Garfunkel downright diddled me in the brain-goods, and I can take a good guess at what you thought when you read that, "Wow, this guy thinks Simon & Garfunkel will straight diddle my brainy-bits. Only good-ass trap-shit will do that to my neurons, turn this Simon & Garbage off, gimme beats.

What a sissy idiot, Simon & Garfunkel is for sissy idiots only, please."

To that I say, sissy is a sexist term and you should be ashamed, I think; and also, fuck you. Bookends is the all-time-best-album-ever to come out between Sgt. Pepper's and Abbey Road.

If you can't relate to the seminal and often overlooked, Punky's Dilemma, you might actually be a cold-hearted killer. Most days I wish that I was a Kellogg's Corn Flake, at some point, at least once. I mean, Paul Simon, you get me. I do wish I was an English muffin. Damn.

I don't think Paul Simon knew that I wanted to put myself in a toaster, and turn it on and toast myself until I'm one dead English muffin, but that's okay; the metaphor is there and we can fucking run with it.

Bookends makes me feel like my blood is made of sweet vanilla bean, I'm ready to die of a heart-attack because my blood is pretty much just sugar, but, hey, my whole body tastes like vanilla right now. Vanilla is a good flavour, fuck you.

"This guy likes vanilla flavour and Simon & Garfunkel? He must also like being a weak human who cannot defend their territory from hostile intruders."

Correct, I cannot protect my home from intruders, but I have a trick. Play Bookends at the time an intruder might bust in, that way they will have to listen. Only the coldest mother-fucker could

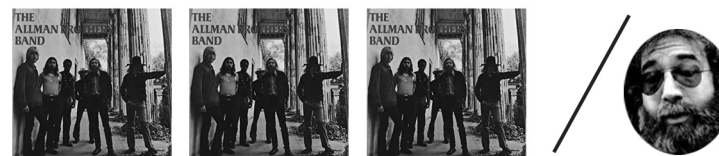
listen to A Hazy Shade of Winter and not be at least a little turnt.

In conclusion, if you're wondering, "What about Garfunkel? My boy, Art Garfunkel?"

Well, I ask you, what about Garfunkel? I don't know, and as a reporter I do not I must do any research; far as I know, Art Garfunkel was never a member of Simon & Garfunkel. It may have been Paul Simon and an articulated ventriloquist's dummy all along, nobody knows except Paul Simon and Puppet Art Garfunkel. These are the facts, this has been 48 minutes with Roland Wardrobe.

ROLAND'S RATING

10 Paul Simons out of one Introducing the Beatles









“...and you can Kissinger my ass, commie.”

Covers Marc LeSage - Ryan Joseph Little

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first edition of 50

