

Cultural Daily

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They Write by Night: Noir Takes on Art or Good Times for Dark Times

Suzanne Lummis · Friday, January 30th, 2026

Noirairians, the whole damn world's going to hell in a little red wheel barrel. However, noir's doing O.K., cracking and popping, lurking and stalking. Also, it's expanding. For the first time, TWBN phones in to another location in LA—a pay phone of course—to reach this episode's poet, Lois P. Jones, in the booth. The wooden phone booth at Philippe the Original, East Downtown LA.

Also, for the first time I introduce an area of exploration that might interest the art aficionados milling around out there.

Art.

The world's going to hell, and many sensible people would agree this country's bolted ahead of some others. And yet, still, there's poetry, there're movies. And art. And They Write by Night has all that sort of thing. Additionally, this episode includes solid advice.

Beware Great Artists Who are Bad Boyfriends.

Plot Update: For those who've missed a couple episodes, I, the protagonist, am no longer underground around the clock in order to avoid the Feds. In this episode I've emerged from my secret location and am above ground, but in a clever disguise.

— Suzanne Lummis

(Top image credit to [Poetry.LA](#))

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