

Cultural Daily

Independent Voices, New Perspectives

They Write by Night: Paradox Noir

Suzanne Lummis · Saturday, July 25th, 2026

It is the Age of Paradox, it is the Age of Irony. It is the Age of Black Comedy, it is the Age of Tragicomedy. It is the Age of Doom Scrolling, it is the Age of ... Doom Shopping and Binge Watching?

It is the Age of Dickens-Could-Find-a-Good-Quality-to-Set-Against-Every-Bad-One—Back Then—But-I-Can't.

Not these days.

It's a good age for Noir.

.

And I got my first official disappointed viewer on YouTube — “Oh, you had to get political.” Because, like the Mugs say, I'm going to do a show called “Paradox Noir” and leave out the work-over that guy did on the Lincoln Memorial Reflecting Pool.

Because, like the Mugs say, the guy who got the job rolling can't lead, can't solve problems, can't tell the truth, keep the peace, negotiate or make deals, can't speak right, can't think clear, but the One Thing in This World he's good at, real estate, construction and things like property and stuff on the property ... Oh.

He's not good at that either.

The reflecting pool no longer reflects. And it's green. Not on purpose. Things live in it, and each one has just one cell. Even fewer than that guy.

But you can go there and get arrested—if for some kinda reason you need to build up your rap sheet.

Spoiler Alert! Oh, too late ... I just gave away the whole end of *They Write by Night*, #28, “Paradox Noir.” But there's more, comes before the end, flashing looks into not one or two, but *three* noir movies, great ones, plus a three-part poem from my new collection, called—and nobody'd see this coming—*Crime Wave*.

— Suzanne Lummis

Top image credit to www.Poetry.LA

This entry was posted on Saturday, July 25th, 2026 at 7:02 am and is filed under [Film](#), [Poetry](#)
You can follow any responses to this entry through the [Comments \(RSS\)](#) feed. You can leave a response, or [trackback](#) from your own site.