
Cultural Daily

Independent Voices, New Perspectives

They Write by Night, Season 2, Episode 2

Suzanne Lummis · Wednesday, June 10th, 2020

Noir by Birthright

Where am I? Not inspecting my bunker. In a rooming house, \$27.50 a week, behind some gas station. Guy named Jeff Bailey runs it. What a boring life he has. What's Not boring? Two things: the times we're living in, and David St. John's poem. What a poem. What a ride.

Wayne did the pictures, moving ones. This is why they used to call them The Moving Pictures. Then, after a while, they just called them The Pictures. Now, we just call them Movies.

Because during the worldwide pandemic, the badass Vulnerable Gang — Wayne Lindberg, Hilda Weiss and me — couldn't meet face-to-face, I phoned it in. The phrase "phoning it in" will never be the same.

– Suzanne Lummis

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