***NICK CAVE***

*Films:*

*Ghosts … of the Civil Dead*

*20,000 Days on Earth*

*One more time with feeling*

*Wings of Desire*

The screenplay was inspired by In the Belly of the Beast, a collection of letters written by American criminal-cum-author Jack Henry Abbott. He became a star on the literary scene after being released from a long stint in prison in the early 1980s but was far from rehabilitated: after six weeks as a free man, Abbott stabbed a waiter to death, went back inside and committed suicide in 2002.

* Jack Henry Abbott was a cause celeb of Norman Mailer, who connected with Jack when he was researching a book that dealt with prison.
* Christmas Island Detention Center (near Indonesisa but Australian territory)
  + In early 2014, about 375 detainees went on a hunger strike, seven stitching their lips together as a cry for freedom and a sign of solidarity for Iranian asylum seeker [Reza Barati](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Reza_Barati).[[6]](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Christmas_Island_Detention_Centre#cite_note-smh-lips-6)

06/28/2021

Thank you, Nick. Thank you, Warren. Thank you, Bad Seeds. Thank you for seeing me through my midlife crisis. Thank you for reshaping your parental pain into a power that has made me a better person, a better father.

I am writing now, finally writing. Your *Red Hand Files* has been an absolute lifeline. A cherished conversation that has so far blown my understanding of *fandom* or following. Your mysterious art nurtures me and speaks to my humanity in a the kindest sort of totality.

Writing. Something I have done my whole adult life and have felt bad about, failing. Attempting to preserve home and my loyalty to home even as my life had planted my loyalties elsewhere. The world had recalibrated and I was caught in a cycle of self-punishment catalyzed by my perceived and received messages of disloyalty as I have matured into someone who is politically and spiritually alienated from his family, his child home, while still, as yet, not full rooting down and establishing his adult home—practically, yes, but intellectually, vocationally his “new home” is inchoate and without mold—a feeling of freedom is not found in this. This is a capitulation, a surrender, a release. I am on a suicide mission now, I have burnt the ships and I am imploding in upon myself. An ego flipped inside out. Destroyed.