MY NAME IS ... Diesel Remnick DISCIPLINE AND I AM . . A pailed rock musician PERMANENT MADNESS CURRENT EXHAUSTION WHAT'S BEEN KEEPING YOU AWAKE? A combination of stimulants, regret, and bad debts to worse people. My music career's in tatters, and I seriously overspent myself, getting in hock to a RESPONSES bunch of sharks. They're after me. FIGHT? OR FLIGHT? WHAT JUST HAPPENED TO YOU? I've been hiding out at Jimmy's place for the past few days. Jimmy's messed TALENTS up just as much as I am. Ran out to get a sandwich and move my van to EXHAUSTION TALENT a new location to avoid parking tickets. Came back; Jimmy's brains are splattered all over the wall, and the cops are pounding on the door. Breaking Things. I'm good at smashing things to bits. WHAT'S ON THE SURFACE? MADNESS TALENT Drug habit grunge chic. Piercings, "att" hair style, leather jacket, some kind Rhythm Nation. I can hear the secret heartbeat of everything, of musical instrument or prop close at hand. and can rigure out its tempo, how to take advantage of it, and how to change it with a song. This can be as small as a man WHAT LIES BENEATH? [@ madness] or as big as a neighborhood [@ madness] so long Broken home; product of child abuse; a walking, talking caularon of rage. as it's all part of a conceptual whole. Without my music to purge it all, I end up poisoning myself, turning the rade SCARS into destruction, both inward and outward WHAT'S YOUR PATH? I've got to clean myself up, and make it in the music industry - or failing that, simply make it in my own life. Right now I'm on a spiral of doom, and either I break the cycle, or I lose myself to it forever. Problem is... the spiral

is kind of exciting - I might be addicted to it.