

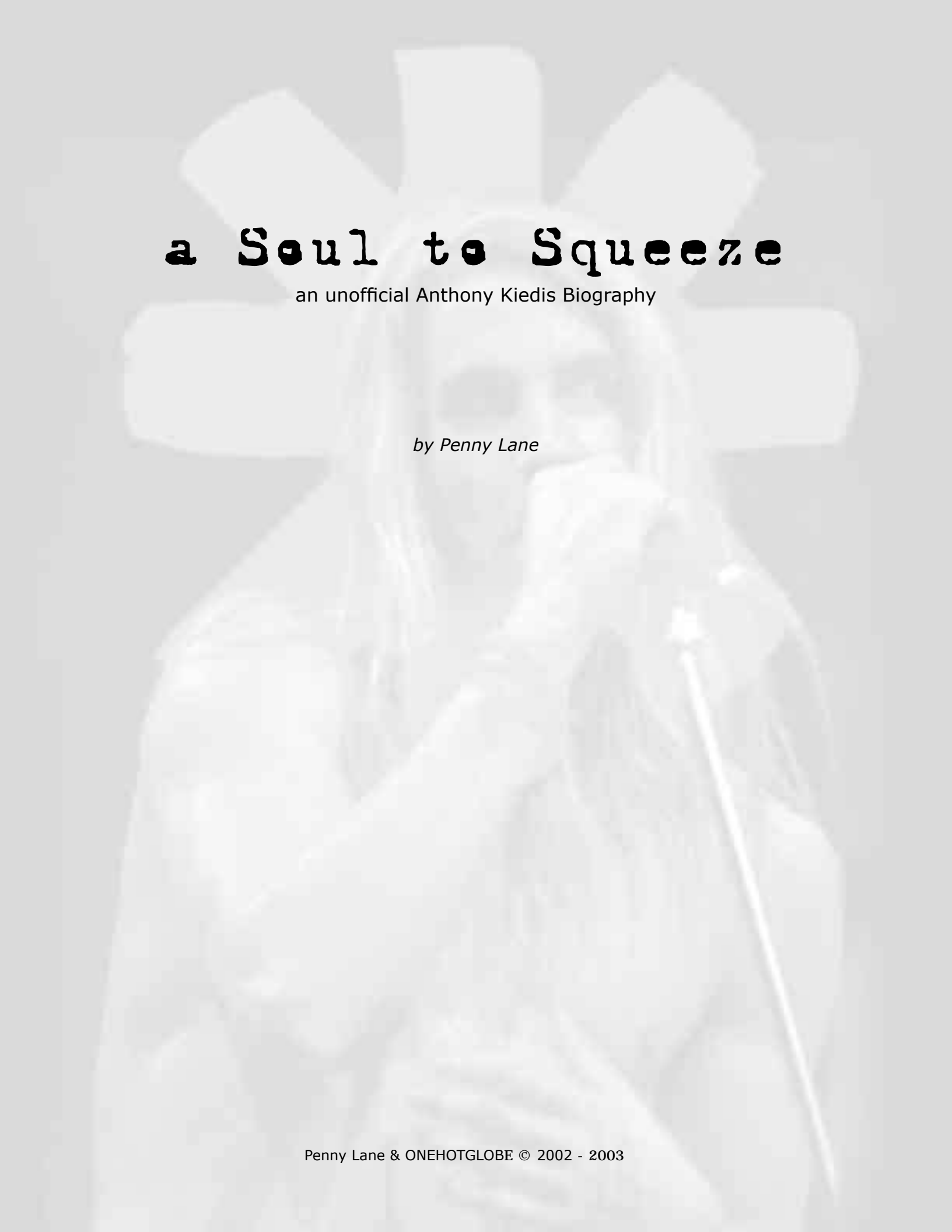
SOUL TO SQUEEZE : CHAPTER 5

ME AND MY FRIENDS

BY PENNY LANE




WWW.ONEHOTGLOBE.COM



a Soul to Squeeze

an unofficial Anthony Kiedis Biography

by Penny Lane



First of all I would like to thank Pascale and Maria for giving me the info I requested.

Secondly, I would like to dedicate this pamphlet to all the Red Hot Chili Peppers fans in the world and particularly to those who've been with me in this adventure which has been going on for 12 years now, to Jason, Yvette, Michelle, Zoe and all my friends of The Red Hot Chili Peppers Forum/Ezboard and One Hot Globe Forum.

And last but not least, everybody do a jig for my editor, the Great Ardnac.



NOTE OF THE AUTHOR

This biography is mainly based on interviews and facts I have read on the press and that to my opinion are reasonably reliable; I have just briefly hinted at a few things I've heard with my ears from the man himself or from people close to him. Of course some things might be missing or inaccurate, but nothing has been made up. While reading on you will notice I have written some dialogs between Anthony and Flea, or Anthony and Hillel or other people. Of course those dialogs have been made up because I wasn't there and even if I had been there I would have needed a tape recorder with me to report them faithfully. However, the reason for those conversations is mainly to lighten up the story and to add something fresh to things we already know (you will notice the dialogs are inserted mostly in the points of the story all the world already knows about) cause repeating the same things over and over again would be rather boring. But once again, also those conversations are based on true facts and are written with a style echoing the typical way of expressing of the people involved. Also Dave Thompson, in his book about the Red Hot Chili Peppers, had to insert dialogs based on his intuition. I have followed the same rule.

Penny Lane



Chapter 5 : Me and My Friends

The producer the Red Hot Chili Peppers chose after an endless series of interviews was named Michael Beinhorn and he had already worked with Nona Hendrix and Herbie Hancock. A jazz-oriented producer then. Beinhorn had met the guys and had received a good vibe. The fact that two of them were clearly stoned didn't scare him at all. He would have made them go straight, that was for sure.

On April 1st 1987 Hillel wrote "Beinhorn is very enthusiastic as is everybody else more or less...". The producer was known for his quasi militaristic discipline and came to the point of moving temporarily in a house next to Anthony's so that he could control him from a short distance. "When we were working with George Clinton" said Flea "we would spend a lot of time relaxing and having fun. With Michael Beinhorn everything had to be very efficient. We worked hard".

Anthony was less verbose: "Beinhorn is anally retentive", he said and that was apparently the worst insult he could ever imagine.

The band had completed five songs but to Beinhorn it wasn't enough. Those guys needed someone to kick their ass!



Michael Beinhorn (left) with his assistant

"Fuck drugs!" Hillel kept writing "Music is my destiny... I pray that Anthony returns to cosmic soulness and a new love and respect will happen".

In the first months of 1987 it was clear to everyone that the happy post-rehab spell of Anthony's was over and the singer had fallen again in a total drug dependency. "I don't preach about our mutual well being regarding drugs" Hillel mused about his best friend "and I don't point fingers but with myself I find hypocrisy".

Anthony had broken up with Jennifer but she was still a great friend and was helping him a lot both in his struggles to stay clean and in his struggles to find the best stuff.

Hillel had broken up with Maggie too.

That summer was mainly spent in the studio, working like mad on a record everybody knew would have been crucial. When at last "The uplift mofo party plan" was completed the band started celebrating. "We were all very tickled by how good our record was" Anthony told "I was especially blessed because some time earlier I had been kicked out of the band for being too wrapped up in drug addiction to rock out. This was the time for celebration and elation". "The Uplift Mofo Party Plan" was released in September 1987, preceded by a single, "Fight like a brave". For this latter was shot a funny video which, if certainly did not exhaust MTV's airwaves, at least it was aired much more than its predecessors. And a few days later the traveling circus started again.



The Uplift Mofo Party Plan

On October 13th Hillel wrote: "On the 21st we leave for a 2 month tour with 3 days off... Faith no more will open up... We travel in a yet big mobile home - definitely stylin'... I feel in a way that my time is limited".

Anthony was sure he was in love again. There was this girlie, he liked her so much. He had met her at a party soon after the release of "Uplift" and since then he hadn't stopped thinking about her.

"Fuck, Anthony, she's 16" his friends would tell him. "So what? She fucks as if she was ten years older. Come on, look at Flea and Loesha, she's a teen as well and yet they're all happy. And if we wanna be correct, Ione is 17".

Ione Skye, born in London but naturalized American, was a promising actress and was also a famous daughter: her father was popular Scottish Bob Dylan-clone Donovan, her mother Linda a well-known ex-groupie of the fabulous sixties. A small brunette with large green eyes, Ione wasn't exactly beautiful but certainly pretty. Besides, she had that kind of clean innocent girlie's face which helped her to obtain some important roles in many teenage movies of late 80s-early 90s.

The clean innocent girlie's face of course was purely apparent; at 17 Ione was not a junkie, but she dug pot, alcohol, going to parties, having sex with young actors and rock musicians, and she didn't even say no to homosexual adventures. But Anthony Kiedis was so damn attractive and he seemed so terribly taken by her. He kept calling her and sending her huge bunches of flowers. Was it the case to ponder about it a lot? Fuck. A few weeks after their first meeting Ione moved to Anthony's apartment dragging behind her her fave movies and her doggy Ashley.

Ione knew about Anthony's heroin habit and wasn't so naïve to think she could "save him with her love". But she wouldn't have gotten involved. She had a brilliant career laid down in front of her and she couldn't risk to blow it to follow her new boyfriend's insanities. Who wasn't convinced at all was Ione's mother. Linda wasn't a common woman. Before marrying Donovan in late 60s she had had a long affair with Brian Jones, the mythical guitar player of Rolling Stones deceased in 1969, and she had given him a son. In her life she had probably known more drug addicts than all rehab centers in L.A. had. Now this attractive youngster had broken into her daughter's life and bed.

Oh Linda knew very well how much allure a fascinating rockstar full of drugs and sex-appeal might have to any 17-old girlie a bit rebellious. But those weren't the sixties anymore, and she wasn't that girlie anymore. The first thing Linda wanted from Anthony was that he took another HIV test. What if this hunk was also HIV-positive?



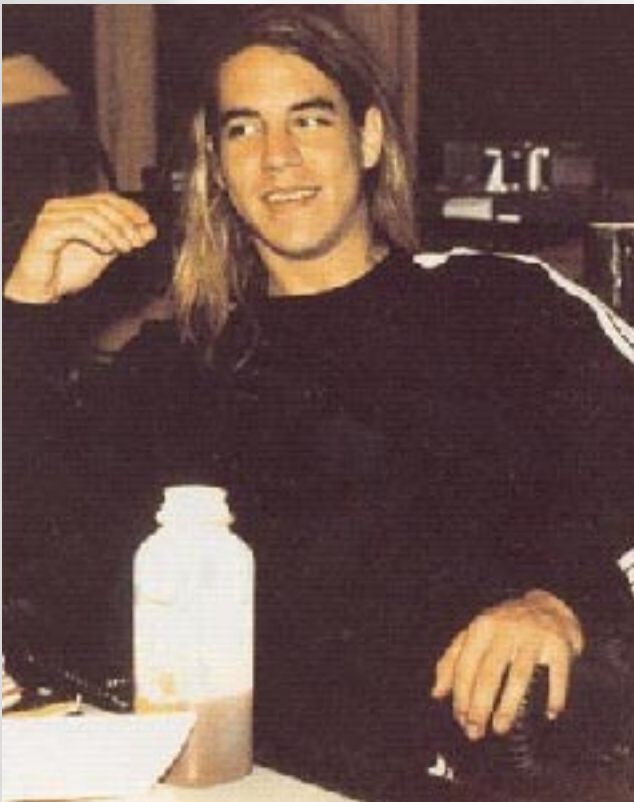
Ione Skye: clean faced chick

Anthony was so in love he grudgingly accepted, though he had to go back to his beloved acupuncture to sustain distress. But he was lucky again: his immune system was still OK. In any case, a few days later Anthony and his band left again for a massive American tour and all the other problems were laid down to rest.

On January 21st 1988 Hillel wrote: "American tour ran from Oct-Dec: two months exactly with a one week extension to the Northwest including Vancouver for New Years 1988. Going to Europe Jan 27-Feb 3. About to begin a new drug free phase of my life... I'm generally doing good business. Back on the good foot with Flea".

It wasn't a secret to anyone at this point that Flea and Hillel in the last months had been hardly speaking. And the reason why Flea lately had gone so far away from what had been one of his best friends of the last ten years was pretty simple: Flea had opened his eyes. And when he had opened his eyes he had felt so incredibly stupid. He had always blamed Anthony - not that that idiot didn't deserve it! - when Hillel had been going into pieces in front of him and he was so blind he hadn't noticed it. He couldn't stand it. Hillel hardly managed to complete a gig now, he was always out of his damn mind, always trying to escape from the tour routine to look for his next score. Anthony wasn't much better but Flea knew that Anthony had a steel constitution that allowed him to cope with both things. Hillel was much frailer. He started with all good intentions in the world, and Flea believed him, and their friendship was like back in the old days, but after a while Flea watched Hillel in the eyes and understood that good intentions had been fucked up again. For unbelievable it may sound, he had to talk to Anthony about him.

During that tour, though he was always pretty high, and though he had just started a new relationship, Anthony was having great fun all the time with groupies and chicks of all kind. Heroin habit hadn't spoiled his sexual greed and now that he was a rockstar of a certain degree (Uplift was at n. 143!) he had all the intentions to fulfill his dirtiest fantasies. For example, how couldn't he notice that right now that beautiful sexy chick at the bar of the venue was looking at him in a certain way?



Anthony, 1988: a steel constitution

He winked at her... and nothing else because Flea started calling him saying that he needed to talk to him! Fuck.

Oh Anthony knew what Flea was going to tell him. It was surely about Hillel. Anthony had noticed that Flea was pissed with Hillel. Who wouldn't have? The Red Hot Chili Peppers were touring with Fishbone and TSOL and everybody were gossiping about Flea and Hillel not speaking. But Flea was blowing everything to exaggerated proportions. He was going too tragic with this thing. Now that his wife was pregnant he was also going moralistic! It was just like when he had kicked Anthony out of the band, now what was he thinking, kicking out Hillel too?

"I've been reckoning about it" Flea admitted.

"Yeah dude, kick everyone out" Anthony said "You'll end up doing a one-man-band one of these days".

Flea sighed "Anthony, last night Hillel played only one song during the whole show. Always the same song. Did you notice that at least?"

"Hum, yes, I did" Anthony babbled.

"Next month we're doing Europe" Flea went on "And then Japan. It's going to be a crucial period for the band. Can we face it with a guitar player who hardly knows what he has to play?"

"No, of course. We'll better face it with no guitar player at all" Anthony giggled.

Flea rolled his eyes, but chose to ignore Anthony's joke. That asshole was trying to put all the thing in a light-hearted way so that he could go back playing with groupies or making holes in his arms.

"I'm not laying this thing to rest" Flea said "And Jack is with me. As a start I think we should tell his family".

"Hillel's mom hates me" Anthony laughed.

"I wasn't thinking about his mom" Flea said "But about his brother, James. At least he should know. When we're back from Europe I'll go straight to James and tell him all about it".

Days were going by and Hillel was getting worse and worse. Now Anthony was worried too. Hillel wasn't almost speaking to him either.

Shortly before the European Tour Hillel had begun showing paranoid symptoms, or maybe he had just understood his friends were getting rid of him.



Hillel Slovak

"If someone has to tell him" Anthony sentenced in one of his bouts of noble-mindedness, "Let me be the one!". To his dismay, his friends gladly accepted. "Shit" he thought "when the time comes to act everybody flees".

Of course nothing like that happened. Anthony came up with a lot of weird excuses, like that of a sort of mystical striking on his way to Damascus on behalf of Angelo Moore, the leader of Fishbone, who stopped him while he was walking turtle-like towards Hillel to announce him that - "hey dude" - he was out of the band.

"Ain't saying a fucking thing to fucking anyone" he barked to Flea "And Hillel ain't fucking going nowhere".

Miraculously, that night Hillel climbed on stage totally fresh and clean and played a great show. The European tour started under a good sign.

"I'm clean" Hillel told Anthony "You should try it as well".

"Of course I will!" Anthony said, and for a while he thought about it. But Anthony did not feel like facing a withdrawal crisis while he was on tour and decided to postpone the "cleaning process" after he would have been back to L.A. Now there was only one thing on his mind: the European tour would have included Amsterdam and he had all the intentions to go straight to the laboratory of Hank Schiffmacher, the tattoo wizard known as "Hanky Panky", and get the biggest and most beautiful tattoo anybody could imagine! Hillel and Jack instead were all taken by London and Jimi Hendrix's memorabilia. Only Flea was sad cause he was missing Loesha. The baby was due in October and Flea would have loved to be closest to his wife. "What a bore!" Anthony thought "If that's what marriage and fatherhood do to people, well, I'm out of there for a good while!"

The tour went on till the end of May. The band was having a tremendous success everywhere they'd go and spirits were high. Amsterdam was the top of it all: Anthony went from sex shop to sex shop and at Hanky Panky's he got some really beautiful tattoos: the face of Sitting Bull on his right shoulder and a huge totem on his back! Hanky was such a nice bloke, he was so big and tall, and he talked so strange, with that funny accent and all.

"It'll be hurting" Hanky had warned him before make him lay on his stomach and start carving his back. Anthony shrugged.

"A lot" Hanky insisted. He was used to customers fainting all over him during the operation.

"It'll be worth it" Anthony said quickly. It wasn't the first tattoo he was getting, and with half gram of heroin in his blood nothing could really hurt him.

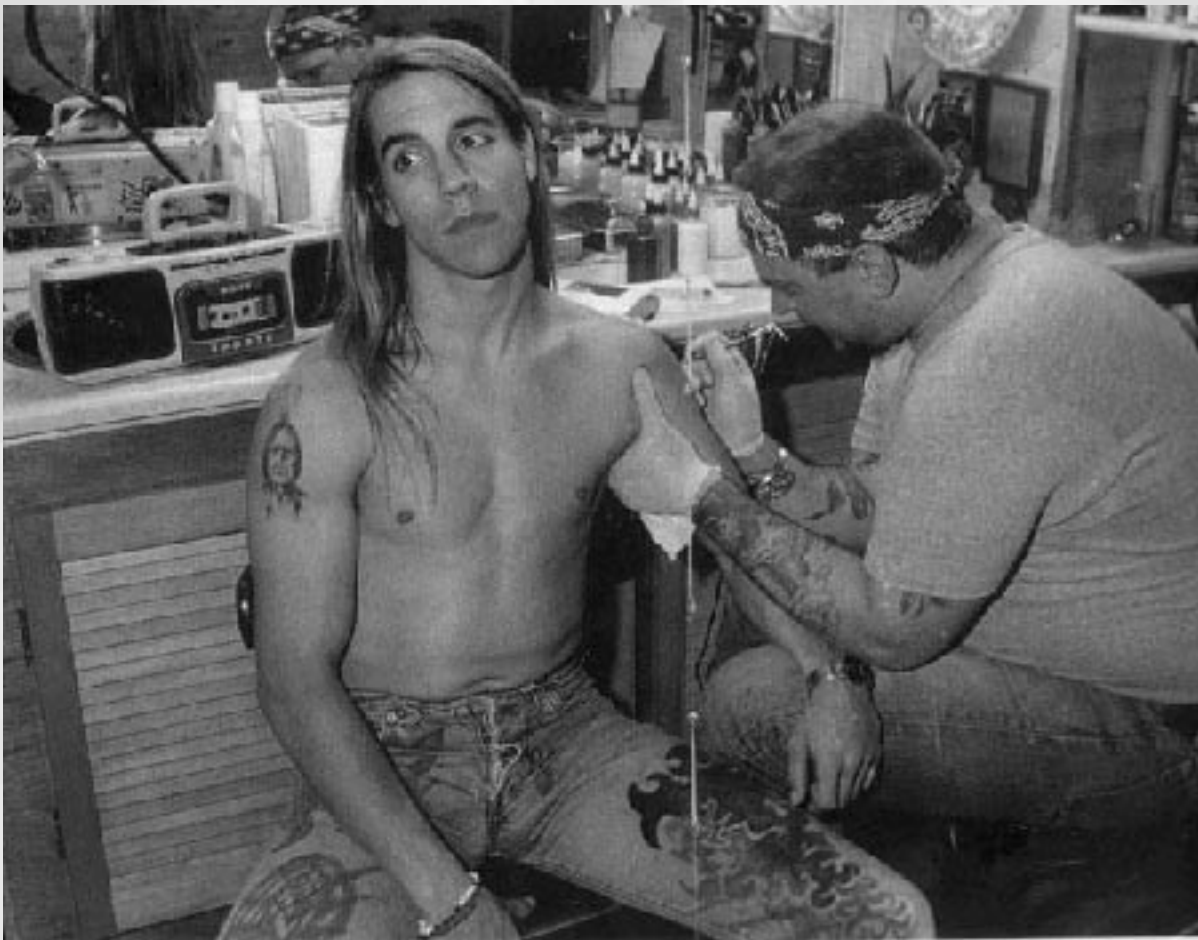
Anthony spent all the evening at Hanky Panky's. Eventually Hanky dried all the blood with a towel and applied a large gauge on his back. "It's not over" he told Anthony "You'll have to come back".

Anthony chuckled "Yup! Maybe next year!".

Anthony quit the lab and went to meet the other Peppers who were coming straight from the red light district. All three of them had huge smiles printed on their faces. Hillel had suffered withdrawal symptoms at the beginning of the tour but now he looked really happy.

"So he's clean isn't he?" Anthony thought "Shouldn't I be so as well?"

The next day they would have gone to London. EMI was about to release an EP, following Uplift's good sales, and Anthony had already a certain idea for the cover!



Anthony and Hanky Panky at work

The story of the cover for the Abbey Road EP is well-known: the Red Hot Chili Peppers on a breezy May morning placed themselves on the ultra-famous Abbey Road's pedestrian crossing, took their clothes off, put socks on their cocks and posed for the camera. Flea was also wearing cap, socks (on his feet) and shoes. Anthony had only a bowl-hat on. The EP came out at the end of May. One week later the Chili Peppers went back to L.A.,

One of those nights a roadie went to see James Slovak and spilled the beans. "Flea wanted to tell you" he said "But he must have forgotten. Your brother is a drug addict. You must help him".

James, who up to that moment hadn't had the slightest suspicion about what was happening to his brother, stood speechless. But he also knew, without any doubt, that was the truth.

The following day he faced Hillel: "You're shooting up, aren't you?"

Hillel didn't deny it: "I have done it for years" he said "But now it's over. I haven't used for a while now and I've been taking medications and going to a doctor. So please don't tell anything to mom and dad".

James wanted to believe him.

Flea was back with Loesha, at last. The last months had been hard but the results were starting to show: the Abbey Road EP was doing great and Michael Beinhorn was waiting for the guys in the studio at the end of June to start working on the successor of Uplift. Some songs were already done, the Chili Peppers had been playing them live for a while now and they showed the clear influence of Hillel's developing songwriting capabilities.

The only problem for Flea was that he couldn't get a hold on Anthony. His girlfriend wasn't of much help. "We haven't seen each other a lot lately" Ione Skye told him "I'm shooting a movie and he's always hanging out doing God knows what". Flea knew too well what that "God knows what" meant. He wondered whether his best friend would have ever been able to come out of the mud as Hillel was doing.

The night of June 25th Hillel called his brother. In a few days he was supposed to meet the other Peppers at the studio to start working and he had been craving all day like mad. James had told him something about a Russian Roulette but he had been hardly listening. He was only thinking about the score he would have gotten soon after that conversation. "I love you bro" he told James and hung up. He got his score and went back to his drawing desk where he was finishing a painting, lit a cigarette, and two seconds later he quit breathing forever.

When Flea heard the phone ring in the middle of the night he hadn't the faintest idea where he was. It was half past one and he had just fallen asleep. That call wasn't to bring any good news, that was for sure. He stared at that phone for a good minute before taking a deep breath and picking it up.

"My God" he thought "Anthony is dead".

In the meantime Anthony was hanging out as usual, having great fun from club to club like every night since he had come back to L.A. Around 3.00 a.m. he decided the time had come to go back home and started driving toward his house, totally high and stoned. In front of his house there was his girlfriend crying and sobbing. As soon as she spotted him she started crying even louder. Fuck. What was she up to now?

"My girl sees me and bursts out crying" he thought "That's quite flattering".

But no, maybe there was something else. Maybe she had been kicked out of that stupid teenage movie! Well done! It was about time she would spend more time taking care of him.

Anthony came close to her and Ione started talking bullshit. She said Hillel was dead. Great. She was going totally mad, that was for sure. What the fuck had Hillel to do with all this?

"I'm telling you Hillel is dead" Ione kept sobbing.

"And I'm telling you quit talking crap" Anthony said "Hillel dead! That's crazy. It couldn't be. No way. It would be too overwhelming. A fucking tragedy".

The fucking tragedy had happened for real but before Anthony was aware of it a lot of time would have passed. When that time came Anthony didn't manifest any reaction because in his blood there were more heroin molecules than red cells. The funeral was scheduled on the morning of June 30th but Anthony didn't show up. After two days spent shooting up massive doses to escape from reality also his legendary steel constitution had broken into pieces and Anthony was between here and there.

"Many people hated me for not being at the funeral" Anthony told in 1998 "They said, you were his best friend and you weren't there. Well, the thing is that I was dying too".

When the fog cleared out in the end the reality emerged in all his horror: his best friend had died and he would have done the same very soon.

"At that point I found out that I had to choose" Anthony said in 1992 "I could go and reach Hillel, or I could try to put back together the pieces of my life".



Hillel's grave

The temptation to reach Hillel was very strong in the first days: Anthony couldn't see any way out. He would have never managed to stay clean. He had tried already, it had never worked. It was all a losing battle. He was born as a junkie and he would have died as a junkie.

But after a few days a little hope started to take form. Maybe Hillel didn't want him to reach him. Maybe it wasn't his fate saying goodbye at 25. Maybe he could have learned a lesson. Maybe he could have still tried to come out. Maybe. If he had done everything his way.

The first thing to do now was leaving Los Angeles and all the people he knew. He didn't want to go to his mom, who'd have surely made his balls double their size with her preaching. No, he would have gone to a place where nobody knew him. The Rehab Center was out of question for the moment. He would have gone back there, but not now. Now he had just to go away.

The idea to get isolated in a small fishermen village on the coast of Baja California in Mexico came out totally spontaneously while he was driving southbound many miles from L.A. looking for a place where to spend the night. That village was so beautiful and peaceful, and on the beach there were some huts local fishermen used to rent monthly for little money. Anthony rented one of those huts, the most distant from the village center, for a month. Then he went to the village store where he bought huge quantities of food and water, came back to his hut, barred the door and shot up his last score.

When he came out in the sunlight, almost a week later, he was leaving behind him a frightening withdrawal crisis and all his past as the Grand Master of the Sacred Smack. He and heroin had split up forever. Maybe.

Anthony didn't want to go back straight to L.A. He wasn't so naïve, he knew that once he had put his foot in Hollywood he would have rushed to buy a brand new fragrant dose. "Gotta stay clean" he said to himself "Gotta do it for Hillel".

Anthony thought that the first thing to do now was recovering physically. The withdrawal syndrome had left him rather shattered and Anthony, who was almost obsessed by fitness, decided that he had to go back to what he used to be. He had rented the hut for one month, it was summertime, he was totally alone, with the ocean in front of him. In his car's trunk he found rod and line. It was time to go back to nature.

"For a whole month" he told one year later "I have lived in this hut on the beach, and all I did was drying out".

During the day he would take long walks on the beach and long swims in the ocean, and he often went fishing on the rocks. During the evening he would write verses, poems and lyrics for imaginary songs. Night was the worst moment, sleep didn't come and the ghost of Hillel used to follow him everywhere. Had he been at home he would have gone to his pusher, and fuck everything; but he was miles away from L.A. and in that weird place people used syringes just to inject antibiotics. He had no other choice but staying awake and staring at the ceiling.

*Flat on my back
In a lonely sprawl
I stare at the ceiling
Because I can not fall
Asleep tonight
No not at all
Head lights flash
Across my bedroom wall
Crying eyes open
Because I can not fall
In love with you
No not at all*

Anthony was trying not to think too much about Hillel. He felt almost angry with him for what he had done, getting away and leaving him down there all alone with his demons.

Other times he was grabbed by an absurd sense of guilt, as if he was feeling responsible for what had happened to his best friend. Why hadn't Hillel called him that night? If he was going to shoot up after having been clean for almost two months, why hadn't he told him? Didn't he know, the idiot, you can't shoot up the same dose you were used to, when you've been clean for so long? Just a damned phone call, that would have been enough, a fucking phone call, not to James! - fuck! - to him, Anthony! Hillel should have called him, "Hey Swan I'm craving like a motherfucker, would you mind dropping here with some good stuff, I'll give it back to you tomorrow". They would have scored together, Swan would have suggested Hillel the right dose to use and even if Hillel had ODeD Anthony would have pulled him out cause he was very good at reanimating people. But no, that asshole had done everything on his own. And Anthony was responsible for that because he and Flea had gone cold with Hillel in the last months, with all that damn fuss that Hillel was too stoned to play and all that crap. And Hillel didn't think he was reliable anymore, that's why he hadn't called him that night. And now Hillel was dead. It was clearly his fault, wasn't it?

Of course it was.

Fuck.

Fuck fuck fuck.

Fuck.

And ain't got no more scores either.

Not less hard for Anthony was to think about the Red Hot Chili Peppers. He didn't have any remote idea about what would have been of the band. For him the Chili Peppers without Hillel were a nonsense, the band couldn't exist without him. Everybody remembered what had happened during the year when Hillel and Jack had been busy with What Is This.

"Maybe we could call back Jack Sherman!" Anthony giggled between himself.



Flea couldn't think about the band either. He was feeling a bit guilty as well not for Hillel's death, but for the way he had behaved with him during the last year. "It's something I've always regretted with my friends who died of overdose" he said in 1999 "not standing beside them when they needed me because I was too angry with them".

Flea was also going mad cause he had no idea where Anthony was. He had only understood that Anthony had fled from L.A. a few days after the tragedy. What next? Was he dead too? Jack had left the funeral mumbling enigmatically "Hillel will only be the first". Nobody knew where Anthony was.

Baja California: Anthony's 1988 Rehab Center

Ione Skye had told Flea "I think he's drying out somewhere but he didn't tell me where he would have gone. I guess he needs to be alone".

Fuck. Loesha was entering the eighth month, one of his best friend had just died and the other seemed to be disappeared from earth. Could everybody stop putting all that damn pressure on him? And Jack, why the fuck Jack wasn't answering his phone calls anymore?

Anthony came back to Los Angeles on August 1st, and after a reconciliatory night with his girlfriend he went straight to see Flea. When Flea saw him on the doorway he stood totally speechless: his best friend was looking as a reborn man. After a whole month spent under the sun of Baja California, running on the beach and swimming in the ocean Anthony was on top form. Gone were the lines under his eyes, gone was the empty stare.

"You're clean, aren't you?" Flea asked him.

Anthony said he was, all happy. "I'm going to be clean till I die" he said.

Flea wanted to believe him. He had to believe him. Anthony asked him what had happened while he had been away. Flea told him about their friends, about the way everybody had reacted to tragedy, but of course he didn't tell him that for a while he, Jack and Lindy Goetz had thought Anthony would have never come back and maybe they should have started looking for a new singer too.

Then Flea talked proudly about his heir who was going to come out in about two months.

"Hillel told me it'll be a baby girl" he said "and now we think he was right".

The only hesitation Flea had when Anthony asked about Jack.

"Where's Jack?" Anthony said "I'm going to say hello to him as well".

"Mmmm I don't think it's a great idea" Flea said.

"Oh. Why not?" asked Anthony putting a chip in his mouth "Has he left too?"

"Yes. I mean, no. Jack you see... he's not been too good lately. His parents asked me to leave him alone".

"Did they?" Anthony said "Jack Irons. What the fuck? Poor fucker. And, is he really that bad?"

"I guess so" Flea admitted "His parents got him in a hospital. I mean, a psychiatric hospital".

"OK, let's see what we have here" Lindy Goetz said in exasperation "One member is dead, another member has gone insane and the third is going back and forth from rehab centers. Anything to declare, Flea? Herpes?"

"Anthony's very good, Lindy" Flea said "You should see him. He's a new man".

"Hum alright" Goetz went "So there are two of you left, OK? I think I got it, Jack is not coming back is he?"

"No, I don't think so. If someone names the band he goes into attacks".

"Alright, alright, we're not getting anyone into attacks" Goetz said "So we have a singer and a bassist here. Great. These are the Red Hot Chili Peppers. Who knows why, I have the impression we've already been here".

Blackie had to insist a lot to get Anthony back to the Center. He could see his son was totally clean at last, maybe for the first time after twelve years, but he didn't have too much trust in "home detoxifications". Anthony needed a good therapy. Eventually Anthony accepted to attend the Center as an outpatient. He would have gone to the meetings and started a serious therapy.

He would have also gone back to acupuncture sessions. Maybe his father was right, he couldn't go very far on his own.

"I'm doing everything with the help of ex-addicts who have reformed" he told in 1990 "I can't make it alone. Hillel tried to make it alone and he died".

His relationship with Ione Skye went back on course on a more solid basis. Ione was shooting a movie with John Cusack and Anthony had quit spending all nights hanging out in clubs. He would stay home playing with the dog and watching his girl's fave movies. Severe craving was not infrequent but his resolve seemed to be stronger than anything. He had banned all drugs, not only heroin, even alcohol. Though it was so painful to stay away from his beloved beers he felt he had to do it. Briefly he became expert of all types of mineral water available.

In the meantime Flea had started to look around. Not necessarily to find a replacement for Hillel and Jack, just to play around and have fun. Flea had always had a very good relationship with the band's fans, he knew personally some of them and he would even play with them sometimes. Flea used to stay at home a lot in those days, waiting for Loesha to deliver, and he had settled a small recording studio in the basement. Friends and fans would drop by to play with him and among them there was more and more often a skinny kid with a punk quiff Flea had already played with before Hillel's death. He used to claim he was the greatest fan of the Red Hot Chili Peppers who had ever put his foot on earth, and his name was John.

END OF CHAPTER 5

IMPORTANT LINKS YOU MUST KNOW !

- + [OneHotGlobe](#) ~ a red hot chili peppers fansite > www.onehotglobe.tk > onehotglobe.net
> onehotglobe.com
- + [One Hot Globe forums / onehotforums](#) ~ <http://rhcp.proboards6.com>
- + [Red Hot Chili Peppers BBS](#) ~ <http://pub47.ezboard.com/bchilipeppersbbs>
- + [Red Hot Chili Peppers official fansite BBS](#) ~ <http://pub56.ezboard.com/brockinfreakbbs>

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