

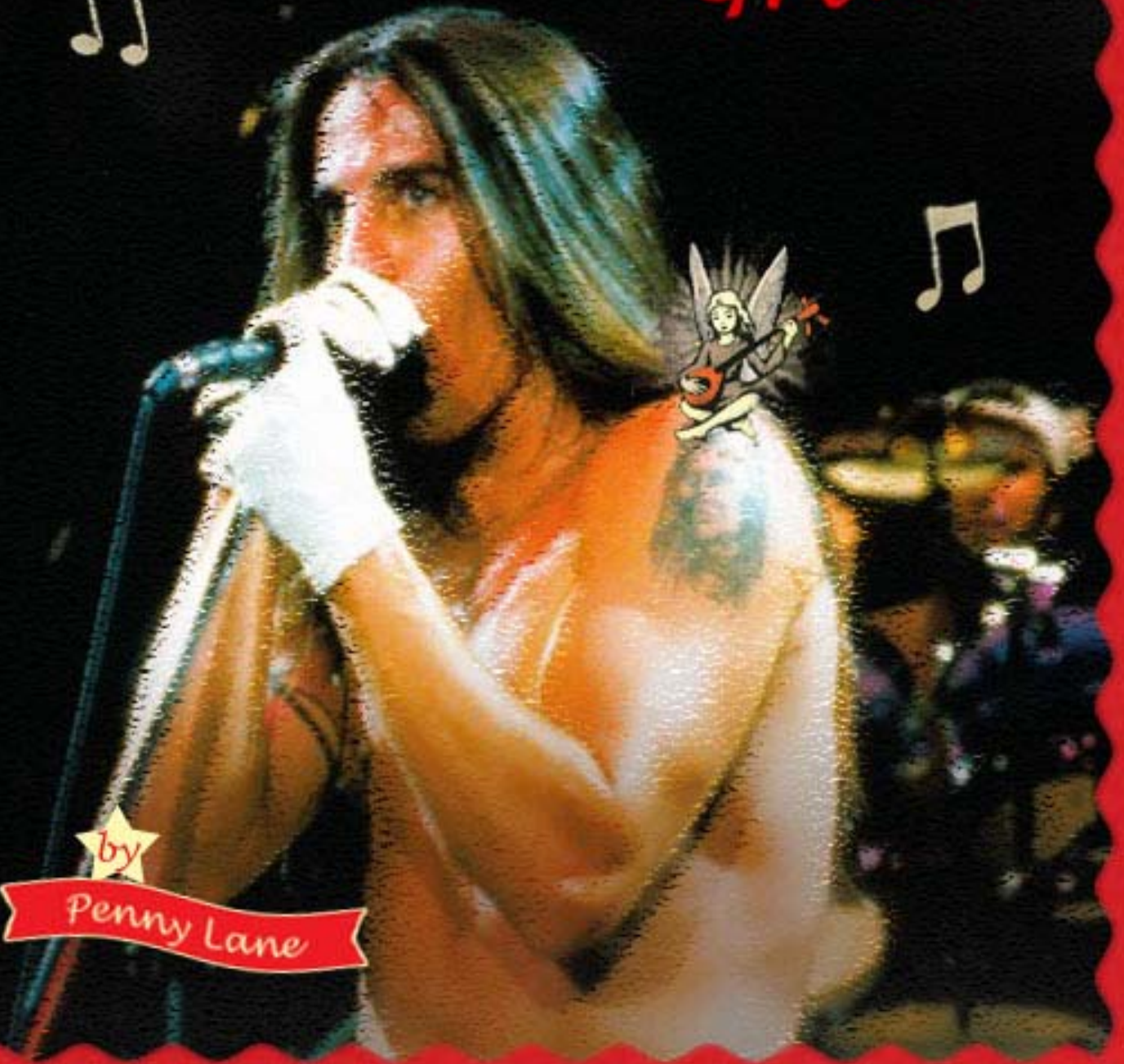
a Soul to Squeeze

Chapter 9:
an unofficial Anthony Kiedis Biography

Falling Into Grace



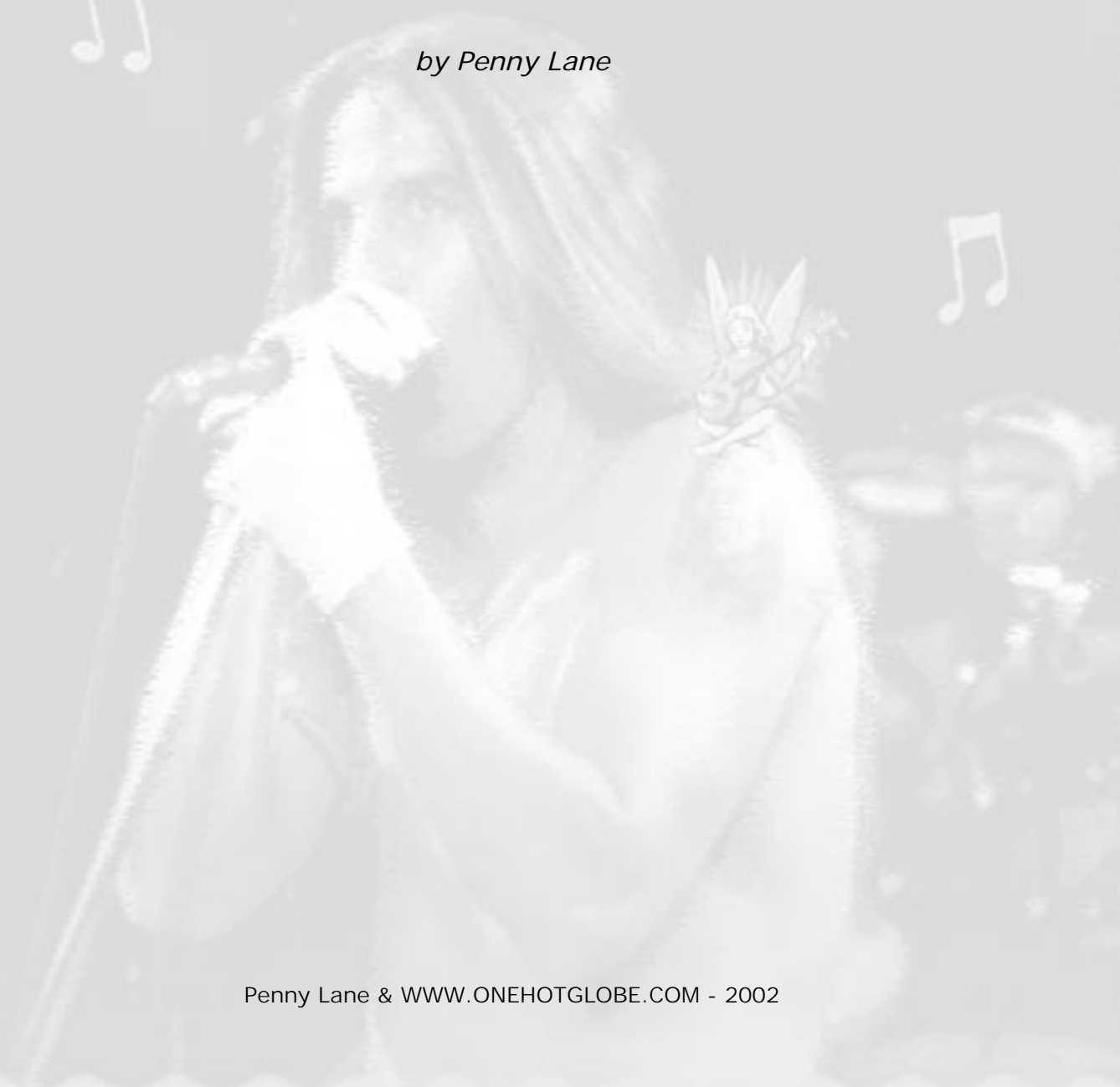
by
Penny Lane



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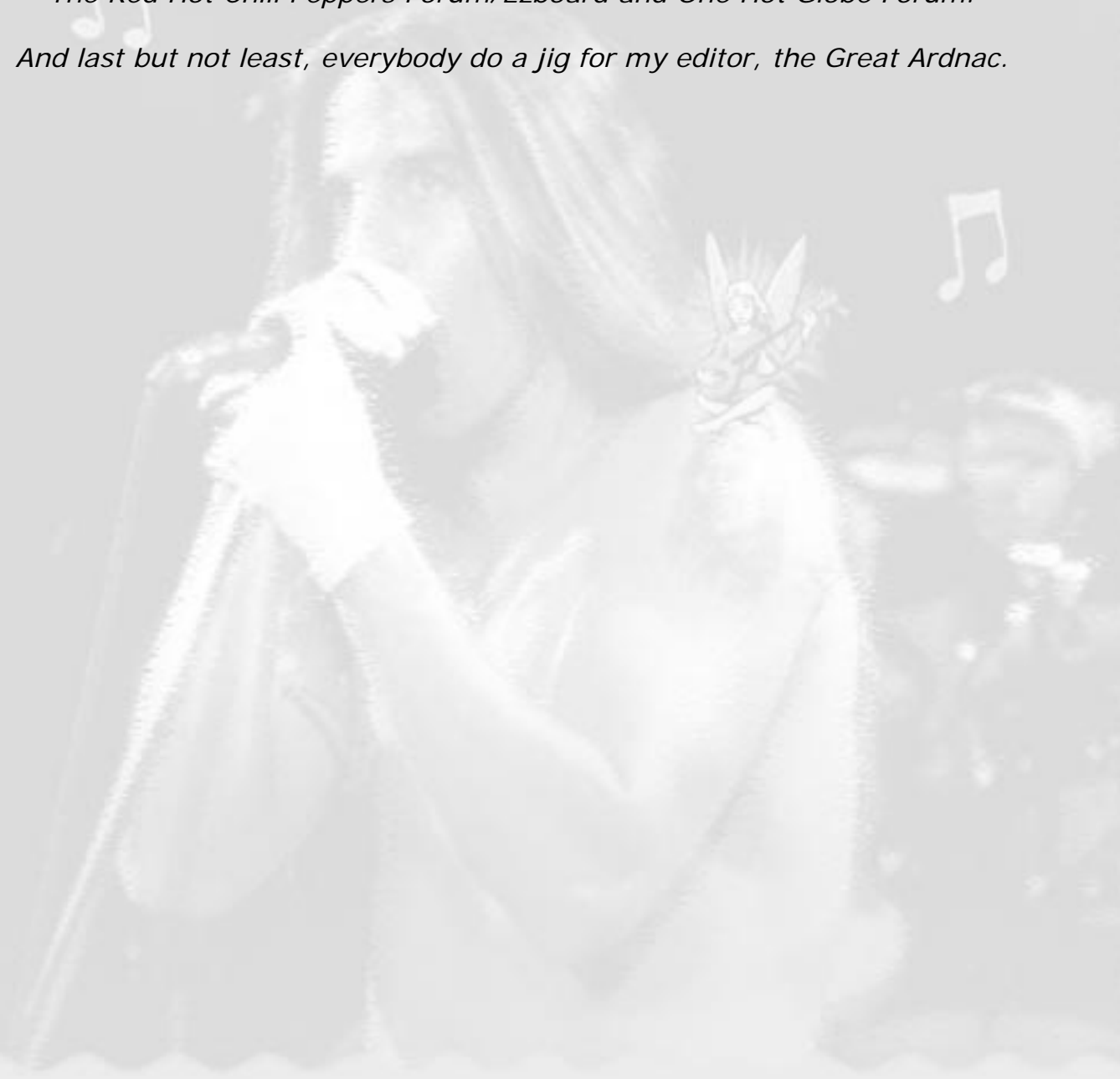


Penny Lane & WWW.ONEHOTGLOBE.COM - 2002

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 in-serted 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 the style echoing the typical way of expressing 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 9: Falling Into Grace

Jesse Tobias had left his band to join the Chili Peppers, a band which had just signed a record contract. Of course he couldn't fail. He could not become another Arik Marshall.

The Chili Peppers new line up was introduced on MTV News in mid-July. Jesse Tobias was a longhaired good-looking guy who seemed he could be a threat to Anthony's sex-symbol-of-the-band status. Not that Anthony cared about it a lot. He had been feeling so nervous, depressed and sick lately the last thing on his mind was his sex-symbol status. Girls could stop thinking about him and give their attentions to Jesse. Who the fuck cares? After all Jesse was younger and taller than him.

About two weeks later Flea was resting in his house in the Hollywood Hills when he heard the phone ring. He couldn't be bothered to get up from his chair and go to the phone. It was a terribly hot early August night and Flea was vainly trying to refresh his ideas by his swimming pool, reclined on the lounge chair with an icy fruity cocktail in his hand.

Jesse Tobias was a good guitar player but he wasn't too convinced about him. He wasn't convinced he could be good for the band. Being a member of the Chili Peppers doesn't mean only being a good musician and a skilful player, it means much more. Flea didn't want to repeat the same mistake they had done with Arik Marshall, the band didn't need another session man.

If only John had never quit... the thought of John Frusciante brought a frown to his face. The last things he had heard about his ex-guitar player weren't good at all. John had been working on a solo record, that was true, but the rumors about his current lifestyle and his health were quite worrying. Toni, an old girlfriend of Hillel's who had become lately great friend of John's, had dropped at Flea's house a few weeks earlier and had told him terrifying things about John. Apparently the ex-Greenie in the last year since he had quit the band had lived totally secluded, isolated from the rest of the world, in his strange house where he used to paint all day and talk to ghosts all night. 'Fuck. Why have people got to be so weird?' Flea thought, and that stupid thought made him smile, at last. 'I wish that things weren't always so difficult', he kept reckoning. He couldn't help to think that also Anthony lately had been acting very strange, but Anthony was a different matter. Flea couldn't afford to think about his best friend now, for his own mental sanity.

The phone was still ringing in the sitting room. Flea let his answering machine do the work for him. After his usual introducing message he heard a voice, which sounded somewhat familiar, though he could not focus it in the first moment. Then the voice started saying something with a bit of sense and Flea stayed petrified on his chair.

About half an hour later he heard Anthony's Harley approaching his mansion and went to the gate to greet his friend. Anthony took off his helmet and his view glasses. "What the fuck..." he started. It was almost midnight.

"I'm sorry. Were you sleeping?" Flea asked him.

Anthony gave him a killing stare and said nothing. He lit a cigarette, put his glasses back on and followed Flea inside the house.

Flea started his answering machine. "I wouldn't have called you if it wasn't so..." he said, but Anthony told him to shut his mouth. The voice of Dave Navarro suddenly filled the air.

"Hi, Flea, I'm Dave Navarro. Listen pal I know you've asked me a lot of times to come and jam with your band and stuff and now I would like to tell you man, I think I'm ready, that is, if you still need me, but y'know I have heard you've just gotten a new guy, so maybe it's not the case anymore, dude, but y'know if you had to change your mind remember I'm free now eh, see ya mate".

Flea switched off the machine and watched Anthony. His friend was avidly smoking staring at the red tip of his cigarette.

"Fuck" Anthony said.

"Fuck" Flea echoed.

"What are we doing now?" Anthony said.

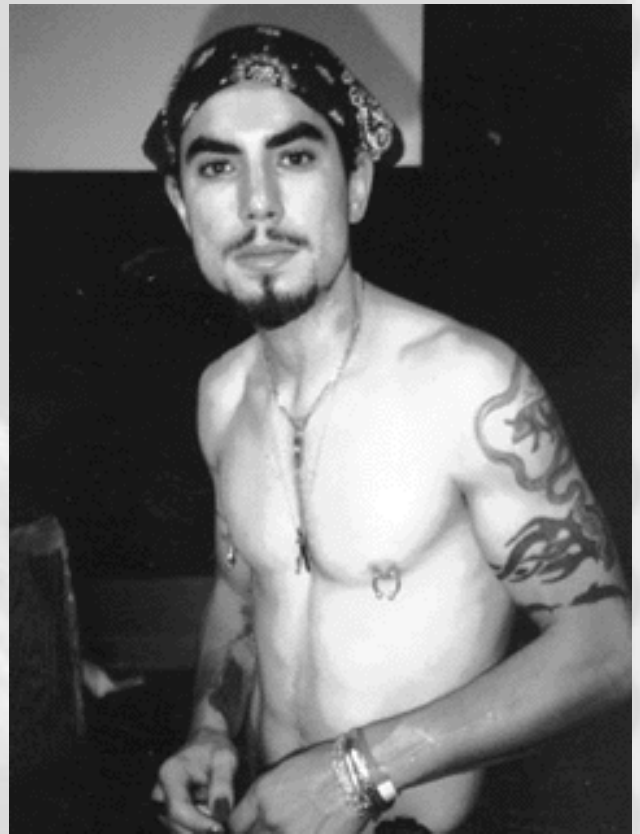
Flea didn't say anything for a while. He wasn't sure about what his friend was asking.

"What do you mean what are we doing now?" he grunted.

Anthony sighed. "OK; I'll make myself more clear. Flea, what are we doing now?"

Flea lit a cigarette as well. He aspired once, twice. "... Call Dave?"

On September 5th 1993 the Red Hot Chili Peppers announced to the world that Dave Navarro was their new guitar player.



Dave Navarro

It was a farce. A stupid joke. This band had changed more guitar players than underwear. People in the rockbiz heard the name of the Red Hot Chili Peppers and would burst out laughing. "Those madmen" they said "Do they need a new guitar player by any chance?"

Anthony wrote to fans: "Dave has the heart of a poet and the lungs of an astronomer".

This time brotherhood wasn't hard to build up. Dave Navarro, though he had had a nightmare kind of life, was a very nice and funny guy. He had a sort of dark sense of humor that Anthony, at least initially, found irresistible.

"In terms of pain, agony and lust for life Dave is very similar to us" Anthony told the Rolling Stone "On a telepathic level me and him are very close. We've both pulled through an almost fatal drug addiction and we made it without frying our body and our spirit".

OK, no question about it: Dave was there and he was there to stay. A few days after his joining Anthony and Flea went to New York all happy to attend MTV Awards, where they gave an award together with famous crooner Tony Bennett, with whom they played a very funny gag.

In reality, if the personal feeling had been going great since the first days, the musical feeling didn't go the same way. Navarro had grown up listening to a totally different music; he had never liked funk or rap, he was much more intrigued by classic white rock: in 1996 he claimed that his fave record ever was Lou Reed's Berlin. It was clear that it would have taken a while to get things started but this time the Chili Peppers were strongly determined. They had been courting Dave for so long that they were ready to do anything to keep him happily in the band.

Anthony came back to L.A. and to his wanderings in Hollywood clubs. Dave's joining had done little to uplift his spirit. He was glad for the band, but that sense of distress he had been feeling since the beginning of the year had been going worse and worse.



Heroin: "craving sends me crawling"

On October 31st Anthony was in New York to visit some friends. They had all gone out to celebrate Halloween and in the middle of the night they went back home. Anthony opened a last can of beer and turned on the TV to hear the last news. He had been snorting cocaine again and he was very high.



With Tony Bennett at 93 MTV Awards

Anthony couldn't keep denying to himself that what he needed now had nothing to do with sex, fun or love, nor with his job. What he needed had much more to do with the strange taste he was feeling at the back of his throat, where something was incredibly still alive after all that time. He had snorted some coke in the last months and for a while this had been enough to ease his thirst. But once the effect of coke had gone the craving was back again, and it was harder and harder to resist. More than five years had gone since his last score in the solitary Mexican hut, and for Anthony it was as if barely one night had passed.

"Young actor River Phoenix" the CNN speaker was saying "died a few hours ago in Los Angeles in front of the club The Viper Room, owned by his friend and colleague Johnny Depp, while a Halloween party was going on. The death was probably caused by a lethal pharmaceutical cocktail Phoenix had taken a few minutes earlier inside the club".

Anthony had the sensation that his heart had stopped. He had to sit down and put the beer can on the floor. His host had noticed his face had gone white as chalk.

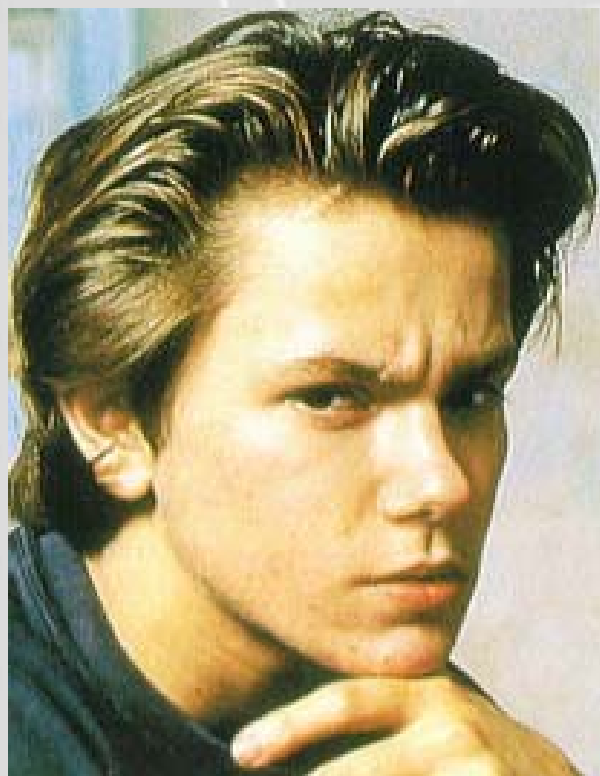
"I heard the news" he said two years later "And I fell in a state of shock".

His friend went close to him, while the CNN speaker was still talking. Somewhere he heard someone naming Flea, and maybe River's sister, Rain Phoenix. But he just wasn't able to perceive anything.

"Oh poor fucker" his host was saying, "I'm so sorry. You were friends, weren't you?"

Anthony barely managed to nod, he just couldn't talk. Then someone switched off the TV, it was very late, and everybody retired in their rooms. Anthony shut his door, sat on his bed and opened the floodgates. The following night he hadn't closed them down yet.

"I have cried non-stop for 24 hours" he told.



River Phoenix

Anthony and River Phoenix were friends but theirs was not one of those extreme and lifelong relationships Anthony had had with the most important persons of his life. River was a sweet guy but actually he had a stronger friendship with Flea than with Anthony. Somebody thought that Anthony's reaction to Phoenix's death was a bit over the top. Anthony didn't talk, didn't get up from his bed, didn't stop crying. Maybe he had never cried so much, not even for Hillel. But when Hillel had died he had had something else to ease his pain... oh my God why don't I have it here right now?

"Come on Anthony stop it" his friend told him "Try to shape up, what the fuck, it's your birthday. Let's go out. We can go to some club, OK? You'll get over it in a minute. I mean I'm sorry for your friend, but too much is too much. Come on, get up, have a shower, get dressed and stop thinking about it. What the fuck? Nobody's going to cry so much over me!"

Anthony decided to do what his friend had told him. He pulled out from his bed, staggered to the shower and tried to gain a human look. After a while he was sitting in this club in Manhattan, everybody was having great fun around him and he was still feeling crap.

Then he saw this chick. She was sitting at the bar, something in her hand and a very small dress on. She was incredibly beautiful. Blonde hair, large blue eyes, a killer body. Anthony might have had a "hole in his soul" but his dick was still perfectly working. He would have asked her to dance. River wouldn't have had anything to say

about it, he was sure. The girl accepted to dance with Anthony. Her name was Jamie Rishar, she came from Pennsylvania and she was in New York to work as a model. She was (guess!) 17 years old. Anthony didn't move a single muscle when he heard her age. He was going 31, but what the fuck, will you please stop bothering me, one of my best friends has just gone stiff and I'm so feeling so crap!

Anthony and Jamie danced together all night long. That chick had really left him breathless. Eventually Anthony asked her if she wanted to stay with him for a few days in New York and maybe then going down to L.A. as well? Jamie said yes. Even with puffy eyes and the face destroyed by 24-hour non stop crying Anthony was still irresistible and Jamie wasn't crazy at all!

So Anthony was in love again, at last.

Soon after coming back to L.A. Anthony went to see Flea. He was sure his friend was terribly sad for River's death and he wanted to stand close to him. The two old mates hugged, cried together a little, then Flea told Anthony what had happened. Flea, River and Rain had gone together to the Viper Room on Halloween night to see a band playing. The band was formed by John Frusciante – Anthony promptly frowned at hearing that name – and some other mates. River had been heavily drinking and taking drugs all night but what had killed him was not just heroin. River had been mainly killed by GHB, a substance that was very hip in those days in L.A.'s club circuit, which gave effects very similar to heroin just after inhaling it so there was no need to shoot it up. By the way, at one point River had started giving worrying signs and the club's bouncers had kicked him out of the place. Flea and Rain had followed him in the parking lot where River started having seizures. Flea frantically called an ambulance and rode with him to nearest E.R. where River arrived dead. That was the story.

Anthony didn't say anything for a while. Flea's tale had saddened him but also tickled him somehow. A weird sensation. Then he noticed there was a girl in the house. Flea introduced her to Anthony: the girl's name was Marissa and Flea had met her during his last trip to Australia. Now Marissa had followed Flea in L.A. and had moved in with him. It was the first time Flea was in love with someone after the divorce and Anthony couldn't help to notice that in spite of the sadness for River's dying Flea looked happy enough. The "Yuppie's sickness" was finally gone.

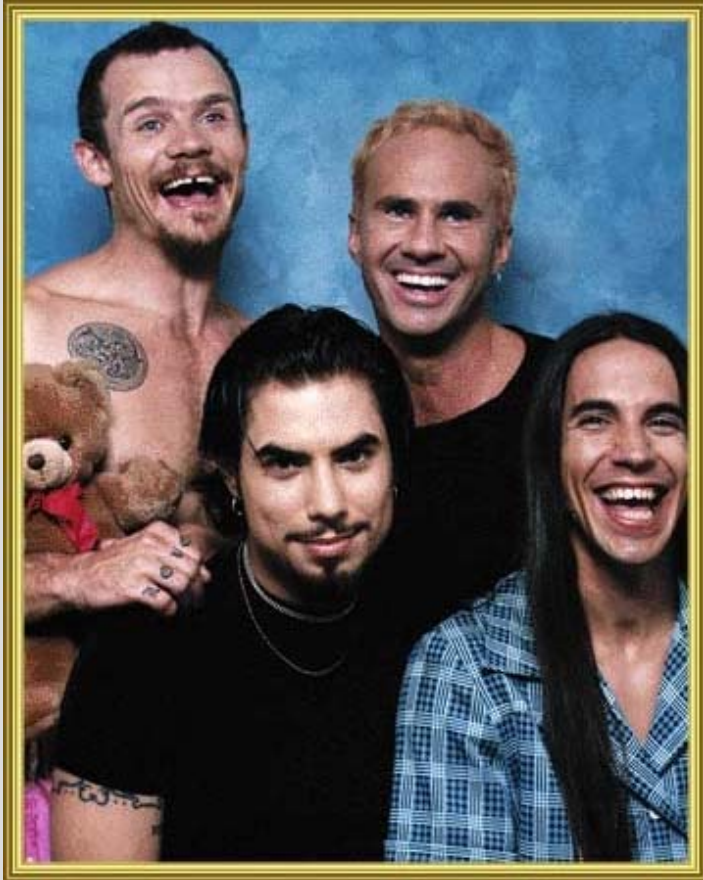
A few days later the Red Hot Chili Peppers gathered together in the new line-up to start working on their new album. Chad had brought Cuban cigars for everyone. The guys sat down in circle and said, 'right; let's write down some new songs'. Dave Navarro



Jamie Rishar: "Sugar Pussy"

startled a bit. "I had never sat in a circle to write some new song!" he confessed two years later "It was kinda forced thing". There were problems, no question about it, but the Chili Peppers couldn't be overcome by them. They just couldn't afford it. They called Rick Rubin again and the bearded one promptly arrived to help. He suggested not to rush anything, that wasn't the best way to start. "Just play and play together until you drop" he said "And forget everything about the new record".

"We just had to play together" Anthony explained "so that things became natural between us".



The New Red Hot Chili Peppers

given him his second son, James. Anthony was now dealing to buy his father a huge mansion on Lake Michigan. It wasn't the first time that Anthony was financially helping his family. A few months earlier he had paid his younger sister's college subscription at Michigan State University. He had also bought a brand new car for his mother. The reputation which followed his public image hadn't changed though: Anthony had just recorded a radio commercial publicizing the use of condoms, but the thing had been quickly withdrawn when the powers had found out that Anthony had a terrible past, both as a sexual abuser and as a junkie.

"That's one of those stories where, from my point of view, everybody loses out" Anthony told the Rolling Stone "This ad agency consigned by the government came to me and said, "Will you do a radio PSA for the use of condoms?" And I said to myself, "Well that sounds like a very productive and positive thing to do." So they came to our studio, and Flea and Chad and Dave play this sort of swinging jazz groove while I do this spiel about

Rick Rubin reminded the guys their best things for BSSM had come out when they had been isolated from everything in the famed haunted house.

"Sure, but we had John back then" Flea thought, but didn't say anything. It was unfair to Dave.

"We could do it again" Anthony suggested "A place far away from here, just to concentrate ourselves on the new stuff".

Dave liked the idea. He hadn't participated in the BSSM sessions, so he hadn't very clear in mind what his new band mates were talking about but that sounded like a great idea, actually in Los Angeles there were too many distractions.

It had still to be decided where to go. The guys said they would think about it and said goodbye to each other.

The end of the year was approaching. Anthony had thought to spend Christmas at home with his parents in Michigan. Blackie had come back to his hometown a few years earlier, he had found a new partner and the previous year she had

"Here I am wearing a condom when I have sex, every time, not just when it's convenient, not just when my partner thinks of it, but every single time." Which is something that everybody in the band believes in. And the ad agency was very pleased, and the government was very pleased. But then this woman who was in charge of the whole thing finds out that it's me and says, "This guy did something to a girl" - which in reality I did not - and she was very rigid about getting me kicked off the program".

The year that was coming to an end, 1993, hadn't been good for Anthony. It had begun with sickness and hospitalization, then all that trouble with guitar players, Flea's health problems, and the death of River Phoenix. The only beautiful thing had been Jamie, his new girlfriend. And all over the year that incredible feeling of restlessness and tension had been constantly following him without a break. Now Anthony thought he wasn't able to control it anymore.

One night, just before Christmas, during his rides around clubs Anthony found himself in front of a white line waiting to creep into his nose, just like so many years before. But this time Anthony knew very well that wasn't cocaine. And he didn't hesitate a bit. Suddenly, he felt as if he had found again an old friend. A very close friend who had been beside him for most of his life, who knew him and understood him like no one else, a friend he hadn't seen for more than five years and during all that time he had been missing so much.

And so great was the joy to see him again that he even forgot his promise: he didn't go to Hillel's grave and he didn't tell him.

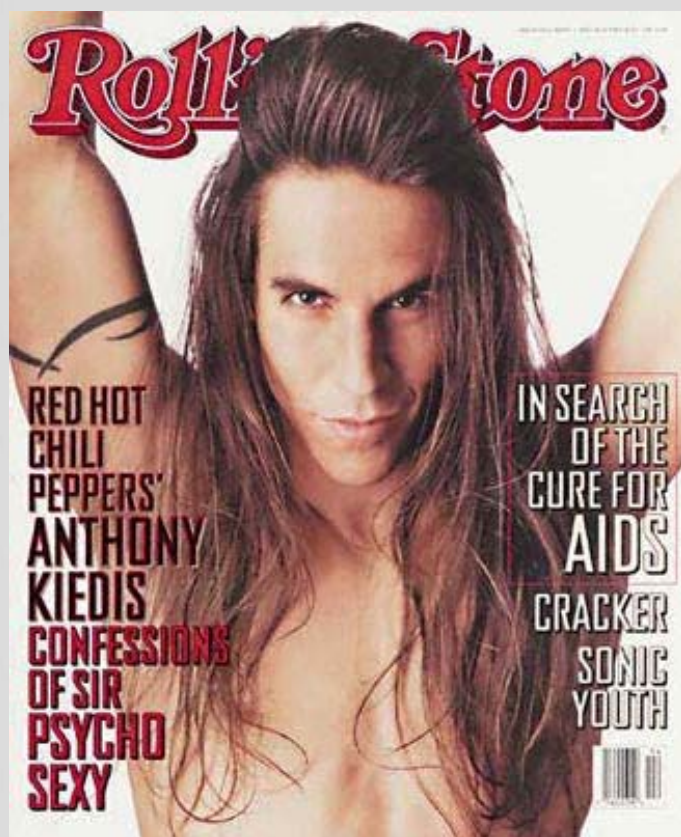
In February 1994 the Red Hot Chili Peppers packed their things, closed their mansions gates, said goodbye to gals and mates and took off to Hawaii. They were supposed to spend about 3-4 months over there, writing down and recording all their new material for their upcoming album, which was expected at the end of summer. They were already booked for two important dates in the summer: the first was a participation to the re-edition of the mythical Woodstock Festival which was scheduled in mid-August, the second a European event, the glorious Reading Festival in the outskirts of London, at the end of August.

The day before leaving Anthony did two important things: he took another HIV test and gave a long interview to the Rolling Stone. The HIV test was his fifth, but it wasn't as unnerving as in the past: Anthony had been clean for more than five years, he had started using heroin again only a few months earlier and for the moment his fave way of taking it was still snorting. In any case only a fool would have started swapping used needles with his fellow junkies at that point.

Anthony was in good mood: his dad had come to L.A. to see him and he and his mates were enthusiastic at the great adventure which was waiting for them. Jamie was back to New York to work. A few days earlier Anthony had had a phone conversation with the parents of his new girlfriend, who had been totally blown away by the news that their 17-year-old daughter had started a serious relationship with a 31-year old rockstar strung out in drugs. But on the phone Anthony had showed all his charm and Jamie's mom had felt reassured.

The interview Anthony gave to the Rolling Stone on that day was published in the issue of April 7th 1994 with the headline "The Confessions of Sir Psycho Sexy". Anthony

had also the honor of the cover which featured a wonderful picture in which our hero, half-naked and with his beautiful hair down to his chest, exploded in all his sex appeal.



RS, April 7th 1994

The interview covered diverse issues but it mainly focused on the current situation of the Red Hot Chili Peppers with Dave Navarro on board. The journalist, Kim Neely, asked Anthony if the band had already written anything new.

"Yeah, we've come up with a slew of ideas" Anthony replied "But our approach is to come up with 87 slews and choose from the slews which to keep and which to lose. Everything we've done so far is really cool to me, and it feels natural and right. But it's hard to explain coherently what we've done so far, because we have so much more to do".

That the band had still so much more to do became quite apparent as soon as the Chili Peppers and Rick Rubin unpacked all their things and settled in the beautiful Hawaiian mansion they had rented. With hindsight Flea said about one year later: "We went to Hawaii to work and we ended up vegetating".

Anthony said: "It didn't have much sense to recreate the atmosphere of the BSSM

house. Back then we were shut up inside a mansion, this time we went to Hawaii and had a fucking great time!"

In another occasion he retrieved his old eschatological obsessions and told: "We ate a lot of food together, then we drank a lot of coffee and we smelled each other's farts".

One of the first things the Chili Peppers did in Hawaii was buy four gorgeous Harleys, one each, and rode all over the place, sitting on those beautiful monsters. And that wasn't a common place: landscapes were breathtaking, sunsets enchanting, nights warm and full of great vibrations.

"We came to this island to become something," Anthony wrote "a band, a family, a squad of assholes, whatever, just SOMETHING. We spend our days writing music, jumping from the rocks to the blue warm sea and sacrificing virgins to the Hawaiian gods".

Of course. Pity that the Chili Peppers were much busier with the latter two activities than the first. The guys would wake up terribly late, have breakfast and then launch themselves in their fave activities which usually went on till sunset. Then they went back home, totally fried by sun and sports and wind and blue waters, had dinner and at that point they were supposed to start working. And maybe something was done here and there but it was nothing. At night that place was a flourish of clubs and discos and fun of any kind imaginable. It wasn't easy to resist, for four young hunks at the top of their

splendor. Most of times the Red Hot Chili Peppers said fuck off to their job, put down instruments and microphones and went out partying till dawn.



The band on Harleys

Flea knew that something was wrong in all this. It hadn't been so when they had recorded Blood Sugar Sex Magik. Things had gone quite different back then. And he didn't like what he was seeing in Anthony's eyes. Of the four, Anthony was the one who was always AWOL. OK, he was the singer and his job started when the others' was finished. But what the fuck, there were days when Anthony's mug was nowhere to be seen. Or he would come back late at night with spirited eyes and that stupid dreamy expression. To Flea, Anthony's behavior was reminding very far and ugly memories he had hoped to bury forever.

"I often wander alone at Aloha Café" Anthony kept writing "Where I hope to impregnate words with notes, notes with soul, and pain with pleasure".

Bullshit. Flea had seen Anthony at Café Aloha a few times, riding by on his bike on his way home. He had seen him talking with people he didn't know, dressed-up and wealthy looking blokes driving posh cars. Flea had observed everything from a distance, hidden by some palm tree or protected by his helmet so that nobody could notice him. Anthony never spent much time with his acquaintances, he just exchanged some words and exchanged something else, then he would put on his helmet, jump on his Harley and speed off, but at that point Flea had already disappeared.

Sometimes Flea thought he was going over the top with his worries, maybe he was the problem not his friend. But he was disconcerted by what had been happening to his mates lately. First there had been River, then Bob Forrest, the guy from Butthole Surfers and Thelonus Monster, yes Bob had been quite in trouble lately, with drugs and depression and all that stuff. And how could he forget John? The ex-Greenie, who during his stay with the Chili Peppers had just been a happy pothead and an avid smoker, now he was strung out in drugs too, mainly heroin, but also cocaine, crack, and gallons of alcohol a day. Fuck.

And that day, I mean, that afternoon in April... Flea was sitting in front of the TV when MTV's Kurt Loder had given the news...

"Kurt Cobain, leader of rock band Nirvana, has been found dead this morning in his house in Seattle, Washington. Cobain shot a gun in his mouth and apparently died immediately".

Flea just stood on his chair, open-mouthed. He hadn't been very close to Cobain, if anybody in this world has ever had, but Nirvana and Red Hot Chili Peppers had toured America together at the end of 1991, they had had a great time, they had done so many crazy things...

Anthony's reaction to Cobain's suicide was not very clear. Though he himself had been through very dark hours in his life, the thought of suicide was still a bit too extreme to his mind. Of course anybody could have rightfully told him that "using heroin is nothing less than a slow and painless suicide", but firing a gun in one's mouth looks like a different matter. Man. Anthony was sure he would have never had the guts to pull the trigger. What if the bullet gets stuck in my tonsils and I won't be able to sing anymore? And why on earth leaving this sad world with my cute face all butchered and bloody? Dude, don't even let me think of it.

*My mouth fell open
Hoping that the truth
Would not be true
Refuse the news*

Years later, when he was asked if he had ever known Cobain, Anthony replied: "For that little time I've spent with him I've adored him. I adored his music, his spirit, his eyes, his voice. He's had a tremendous emotional effect on me, as a guy and as a musician".

But that Tearjerker was written to him, no, he would have never admitted that!



Kurt Cobain: Tearjerker?

The Red Hot Chili Peppers went back to L.A. at the end of June. Somehow Flea, Chad and Dave had managed to write down most of the music for the new album and were satisfied enough with the outcome. Now it was Anthony's turn. If Anthony worked quickly there was still a little hope to release the record at least in fall 1994.

"Hum, I think we're going to be pretty busy rehearsing for Woodstock" Anthony said "And for the European tour. Maybe we'd better leave the new record aside for the moment. Don't you think?"

Flea had to make his friend repeat twice what he had just said. Or were his ears totally failing him? Leaving aside the new record? What was there to be left aside for Anthony, given the fact that he hadn't still written a single word for this fucking record? Anthony saw his friend's expression and waved his arms, "OK, OK, I'm going to write something now" he said.

Since he had returned to L.A. Anthony had gone back to his usual everyday life, but he had become addicted to heroin one more time, and now that he was a famous bloke it wasn't easy at all to hide it. He was injecting again, but apart from that, everything was totally different from his first addiction period: no more bridges, no more mafia convicts, no more ugly stuff. Anthony Kiedis was a billionaire now: drug dealers were

queuing in front of his mansion all the time, tearing each other to pieces to corner one of the best clients of the zone. They would purchase him the best quality of heroin available, the purest, and the dearest. Those were pushers who used to pace Beverly Hills and Hollywood streets driving posh convertibles, dressed up in Armani and carrying expensive leather wallets, and besides Anthony they used to deal with other famous actors and rockstars based in L.A.

But can heroin addiction be any different when it comes to getting high and coming down, to craving, to the first scary hints of cold turkey 'cause you've been too late and your fave pusher is nowhere to be seen?

Anthony had also the preoccupation to hide his state to friends and foes alike 'cause he couldn't admit, maybe not even to himself, that he had fallen again in heroin addiction after more than five years. To everybody he was still the one who had made it, who had been rescued through his best friend's sacrifice and had landed in a new lifestyle where there was no space for any drug, not even alcohol or pot. And this was supposed to be forever.

No, it wasn't easy at all.

Jamie was now living with him most of the time, unless she was busy with some fashion show or some photo session, and this aggravated Anthony's problem. Anthony knew very well that the fashion world is steeped in drug abuse (though mainly cocaine) as much as, or maybe more than the rock'n'roll world, but he couldn't show his weakness to his new girlfriend so soon, also because once you have shown it to one person, you're very likely to show it to all the world in no time.

All these feelings inspired him to write down his first lyrics for the new record: what Hawaiian gods, and sirens, and breathtaking views hadn't been able to do, an old nasty, lifelong and dangerous habit finally did.

END OF CHAPTER 9

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](#)
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