

A SOUL TO SQUEEZE

CHAPTER 12
AROUND THE WORLD

by Penny Lane



a Soul to Squeeze

an unofficial Anthony Kiedis Biography

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First of all I would like to thank Pascalle 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 editors, the Great Ardnac and Ken.



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 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.

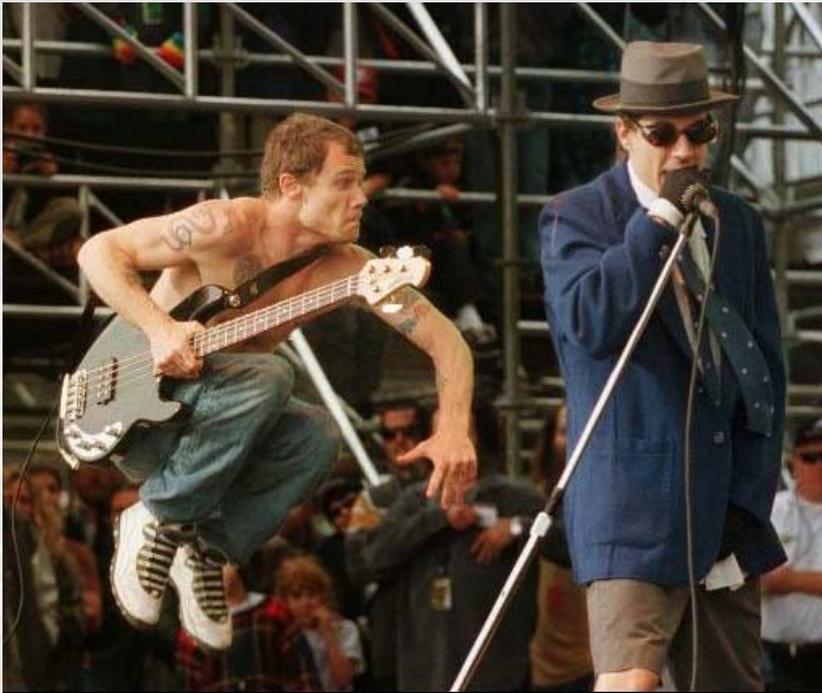
Penny Lane



Chapter 12: Around The World

The "Concert for the Freedom in Tibet" was a two-day event organized at San Francisco's Golden Gate Park by a bunch of musicians and artists to support Tibet in its fight against Chinese government. The cast included artists like Smashing Pumpkins, Foo Fighters, Beastie Boys, Rage Against The Machine, Sonic Youth, Beck and Bjork. The Red Hot Chili Peppers hadn't turned Buddhist but they had voiced their support to the cause and so they were included in the cast. Actually Flea had recently shown a certain interest for Buddhism, though he still claimed to be agnostic. Anthony had expressed his original views about this religion in an interview with an Asian journalist a few months earlier: "Buddhism is OK. At least it's not a religion which orders you what to do".

The Chili Peppers played on Sunday June 16th. Anthony went on the stage wearing one of his bizarre uniforms constituted by a hat, sunglasses, blue jacket, shirt, tie and



June 16th 1996, Golden Gate Park: Concert for Tibet

Bermuda shorts. The band had invited a lot of friends and relatives to attend the concert and the stage was packed with people, including Clara, Marissa, Chad's family, Dave's chick, Louis's wife and Anthony's mom. Backstage the level of security was so low that the place was soon crammed with press people, TV cameras, photographers, friends, fans and God knows what. Anthony was pretty busy playing with three kids. "Are they yours?" a little informed fan asked him.

"No, they're Dave's" he replied.

"Cute. Actually they look like him a lot."

Anthony managed to stay serious.

"Yeah, they're adorable" he said.

Anthony wasn't going to be a father yet, but he had just become a proud uncle! His sister Julie had given birth to her first child, a beautiful baby boy named Jackson Diego, and Anthony was already crazy for the kid.

"I love playing with kids" he said "I love holding them, talking with them, telling them stories. I'd love being a dad one day. But it's a big responsibility... and I wouldn't want to show my son the most dangerous aspects of my personality".

Oh, his dark side. His dark side was still there and Anthony had finally understood that it would have been there with him forever and he had to learn to live with it rather than trying to kill it.

A few days after the Tibet gig the band left again for a European tour. They were booked as main act in various summer Festivals including the famed Roskilde Festival in Denmark and Werchter Festival in Belgium and a final big concert at Wembley Stadium, London, on July 11th. Blackie went with them on a few dates and organized a "meet and greet" fanclub convention in London.

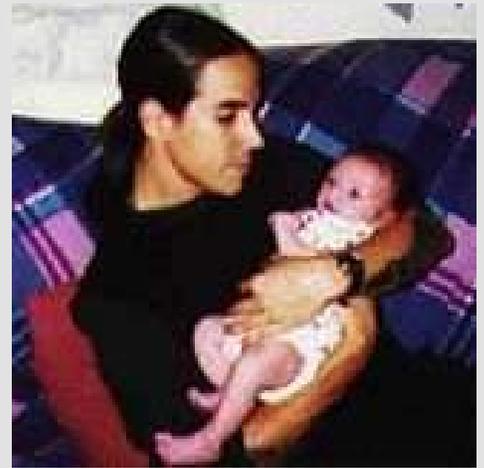
The first question Anthony heard as soon as he put his little foot on the European sole was: "So, are you splitting up soon?" "Eh???" he went.

The European press had not been wasting time: the news that Flea and Dave Navarro had started a side project on their own, and that maybe also Chad was doing something outside the band had already toured the country and given way to the only explanation possible: the Red Hot Chili Peppers were splitting up. Also their historical manager, the legendary Lindy Goetz was quitting. Everything was clearly showing that their cycle was about to close.

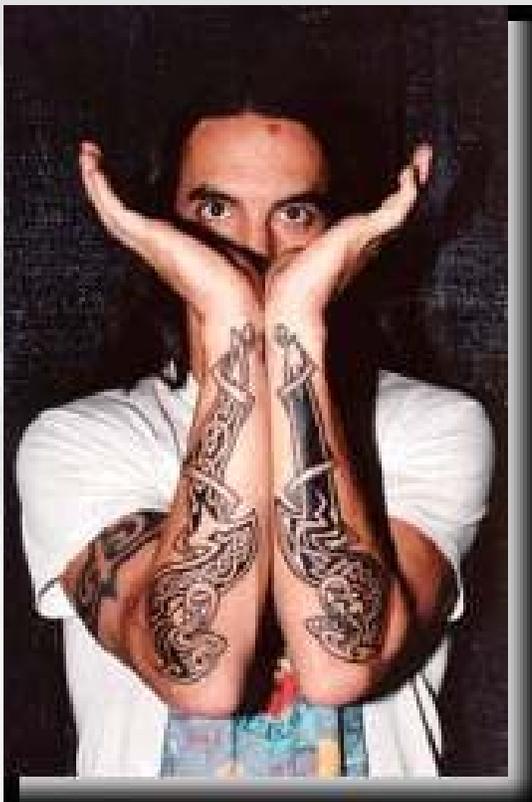
"But Lindy is just tired, he wants to spend more time with his family..." Flea weakly protested.

Oh yeah, the usual excuses...

"Louis Mathieu, our road manager, is taking Lindy's place" Flea went on "He's a great friend to all of us".



Anthony and Jackson Diego



"Two in love"

Hum OK, let's say you're not splitting up now, but you're planning to do it next year.

"How can we plan such a thing???" Flea burst out "I don't even know where I'll be tomorrow!"

"I do" Chad laughed "In some fucking airport".

"I don't know where this notion comes from" Anthony said smiling "It's probably something which started in US and then they tried to perpetuate here. But it's not true".

Anthony was sporting two brand new tattoos on his lower arms, which allegedly depicted "two in love". Now his arms were completely covered with tattoos.

"I love tattoos" he explained, as if it wasn't clear enough to everyone "They make me happy. It's fun to get them, it's fun to look at them, they remind me of a moment in time, it's something I do when I'm on tour, and yes they all mean something to me. This is my fave one", he pushed his long mane aside and showed the tattoo on his back "This is a totem, made by two birds, the eagle and the raven and in the middle there's the face of a killer whale. I love animals and I love to have animals on my body".

What about the pain, Anthony? Don't they hurt?
He smiled wickedly. "They hurt like hell. But that's the funniest part of it".
So, what the hell are you, a masoch or what?
"There's something in pain which is quite alluring," he said enigmatically.

Apart from tattoos, Anthony was still suffering from back pains. His injuries from the Pittsburgh gig hadn't quite recovered yet, and as if this wasn't enough a few days earlier he had again miserably crashed on a monitor during the gig in Prague. At the end of the day he couldn't even bend over without the risk of being stuck in that position for the following hours. "When that happens I have only the desire to kill myself," he laughed.

But in spite of it all, spirits were generally high. The festivals, though constantly plagued by fucking lousy weather, were all enormously successful. The guys were traveling on a private jet and this had raised many eyebrows among the old supporters.

"Do you really need it?"

"It's just for the Festivals" Anthony explained "We're playing Festivals every day and if we used regular flights we'd run the risk of not making it on time. Airports are a complete hassle".

With a Guinness in one hand and a cigarette in the other, deadly pale and exhausted, but also satisfied, Anthony entertained a group of friends and fans talking of his projects and his private life in an obscure pub in the middle of old Europe...

"The next girl I fall in love with" he declared, "I'm going to marry her and have kids".

Everybody cheered. A few girls promptly *volunteered*.

"What happened to Sir Psycho Sexy?"

"Also Sir Psycho Sexy needs to have someone in his life" he smiled.

"Oooooohhhh" everybody went.

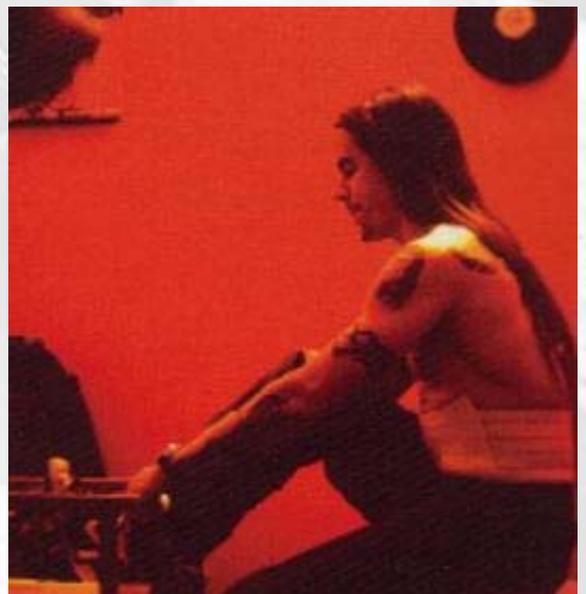
Could it really be that Anthony Kiedis was growing up at last?

He was sure he was. But nobody believed him.

The last concert was at world-famous Wembley Arena on July 11th. The Chili Peppers were on the cover of New Musical Express that week: it finally seemed that the old rust between England and the band had been forgotten.

As soon as the tour was over the Chili Peppers went back home. In the end, One Hot Minute hadn't been selling so bad and it had turned out platinum. Now a little rest was mandatory and then the band was expected to write new material. Surely they couldn't risk to repeat the dramatic proceedings of their last record's release.

Anthony went to visit his mother. Peggy was aware that Anthony had been on heroin for years now. He had tried to deny it, as he had been doing with everyone, but a mother can't be cheated as



Backstage at Roskilde

easily as a music reporter. She didn't try to push him to go on rehab again though: Peggy knew that pushing him would have made it worse and Anthony had to find the real motivation inside himself. She was just a bit sad that it was over also with Jamie because that girl had become almost like another daughter to her.

"What happened?"

Anthony grunted. "Don't know. We're done".

Peggy wondered in her heart if Anthony would have ever managed to find someone he wouldn't "be done" with after 3 years, but she didn't say anything. Thank God her other two daughters were doing great: Julie had just given birth to her the first grandson and Jennifer was flying high at Michigan State University. To complete his visit Anthony went to see Blackie and James and spent some time playing with wolves, then he went back to L.A.

One of those nights Flea broke in his house. He was looking sincerely worried. Anthony was enjoying a glass of iced beer beside his swimming pool and simply said, "Hey dude. What's up?"

"Nothing" Flea said "Have you got a beer for me as well?"

Anthony smiled "Help yourself".

Flea went inside and fetched a beer from Ant's fridge. His hands were still shaking a bit.

When he came back Anthony had just dived into the pool and was speedy crawling. Flea sat down in one of the yellow lounge chairs.

"When will all this end?" he wondered sipping his beer.

Anthony had reemerged at the other side of the pool and was looking at him.

"I think you need something stronger mate" he shouted.

"What?"

Anthony climbed up the pool's small ladder and came close to Flea.

"I said you need something stronger" he repeated, drying his hair with a towel.

"What do you mean?"

"That you have the face of someone who's just seen a ghost".

Flea took a deep breath. "Well" he said "Actually I think I just have".

Anthony sat close to him and Flea started telling him about his afternoon, how he had gone to visit a friend of his who was deeply into drug addiction and he was seriously afraid this guy had reached the end of his days on earth. "There's nothing I can do for him" Flea said "And this kills me".

Anthony watched Flea a bit puzzled. He knew that when Flea started talking about other fellow addicts in the end his final scope was to push him to try and go on rehab once again, something which was out of question at the moment.

But maybe this time it was different. Flea was looking sincerely worried.

"It can't be so serious" Anthony said.

"Oh it is. This guy is... his teeth have totally fallen, his arms are covered with scars, he... he's a walking skeleton. His blood has no red cells, he's totally fucked up. And yet he keeps shooting up. I guess he won't see the end of this year and maybe the end of the summer either".

Anthony lit a joint and passed it on to Flea. He wondered who this guy was. He knew all friends of Flea's so he surely knew this one too.

"The worst thing" Flea went on "is that he's such a talented musician. He's one of the most gifted guys on earth. And he's destroying himself for no reason. I wish I could..."

"Maybe that's just what he wants" Anthony said.

"I don't think so".

"Well stay beside him OK? He surely needs friends like you".

Anthony dived again in the pool, then re-emerged and started splashing water over Flea.

"Come on dude! It's frigging hot tonight!" he shouted.

He was surely trying to make him change subject, Flea thought. Resigned, he took off his clothes and reached his friend. But that vision he had had a few hours earlier didn't leave him alone.

The two friends went on talking about some new songs Flea and Dave had tentatively written together. But actually Flea and Dave lately had been most of all getting busy with the Jane's Addiction reunion and their "Porno for Pyros" side project. Flea hoped this didn't upset Anthony. The thought of facing another "writer's block" of Anthony's or whatever it had been was still freezing him. Delivering "One Hot Minute" had been too painful for each of them, repeating the same painful labor so soon would have decreed the end of the Red Hot Chili Peppers.

Flea spent about one hour at Anthony's house, then he left. Anthony accompanied him to the gate and in the dark he finally asked him:

"Flea... that guy"

"Who?"

"That friend of yours who's dying from drug addiction..."

"Oh" Flea said. He had almost managed to take him off of his mind!

"It's John Frusciante?"

Flea just nodded.

Anthony sighed "Then if you see him again just tell him..."

"What?"

"That I love him".



"Tell John I love him"

Anthony started thinking about getting rid once again of his heroin habit at the end of the summer. He wasn't inspired by anything. Just a simple thought.

"Someone dying, your mother telling you not to do it, people begging you not to do it, it's never enough" he confessed "Something from within helped me to try to move away from destroying myself".

Contrary to what had happened to John Frusciante, his body had been suffering very little for his drug use. For someone who had spent 12 years of his life injecting heroin he still was (and looked) unbelievably healthy. But the old problems were resurfacing again: depression, loneliness, a sense of emptiness, always alternating with bouts of euphoria and *feeling mighty*. He had seen some counselors, former addicts who

had pulled through and now were helping other fellow users. One of them was a woman named Gloria Scott, who soon became a great friend with Anthony. She suggested to him the right place to go into rehab, if he was really determined to.

"I have a severe history of relapses," Anthony said with a bitter smile.

"Who hasn't?" Gloria said.



Flea, Anthony and Schiffer at 1996 MTV Awards

The band was not working hard at the moment. In September Anthony and Flea went to New York to attend the MTV Awards where they gave an award together with beautiful giantess Claudia Schiffer.

Flea and Dave had written just a couple of songs for the moment. To tell the truth, Dave was not too enthusiastic about the band's future. He seemed much more interested in Jane's Addiction reunion than the Red Hot Chili Peppers new record. He had started dabbling with heroin again and he didn't feel guilty at all

'cause Anthony was much more messed up than he was; besides, he had left his girlfriend and soon afterwards had begun another passionate relationship with supermodel Monet Mazur, who he had met during One Hot Minute's traveling party. Dave had noticed that a new generation of bands was taking over now, and they were clearly inspired by the Chili Peppers' early things, but to his opinion somehow now these bands were surpassing the Peppers' sound. He himself had never been as fond of funk as his bandmates were (though he had played great funk during the recent live shows) and sometimes he had the impression that the Chili Peppers' sound was a bit out of date. He was thinking about bands like Korn, Slipknot, even Primus...

"I don't know how come so many people are still following us" he burst out during an interview "This band is totally fucked. One is an alcoholic, another is a neurotic and two of us are incurable junkies".

So it's true, people thought. So you and Anthony are back to drugs.

Another reporter met Anthony in those days and had the guts to ask him: "Are you on drugs?"

"It's not true" he said, "If I were I couldn't do this interview."

The reporter believed him. Anthony wondered in his heart how long he would have kept lying.

At the end of the year he eventually made up his mind and was admitted to a well know rehabilitation center in Arizona.

The first days of his rehab were atrocious, as usual, and Anthony was tempted to escape more than once. He just couldn't believe he was once again in rehab! That was probably his 187th rehab!

"I could win a contest!" he laughed to himself. But he was too tough to give in.

"I know that I'll make it" he kept thinking during the worst spasms of withdrawal "I'm a survivor. I've always made it and I will also this time"

He left the Center clean and on form but now the worst period was about to start. Pushing the drug out of your system might be painful but it's surely easier than pushing it out of your mind. Anthony had no idea how weak he had become. A few days after leaving the Center he was shooting up again.

"I'm not relapsing!" he shouted to a desperate Flea "It's just been today. I swear it to God!"

Flea was too tired even to fight. "God doesn't give a shit!" he shouted. He was so frustrated he even started crying "But I do! I love you, fuck you, I don't want you to die!"

"I'm not dying."

"YOU ARE!" Flea kept sobbing.

Anthony was really sad about Flea. But how can you console someone who's crying cause you're dying? And why was he so stupid? Why was he using again now? He was 34, shit, not a teenager anymore.

"I have to go away," he stated.

"You've just been away" Flea said "You've been on rehab. And now..."

"No, I really have to go away. Away from everything. I can't stay here, if I stay here I die".

Flea wasn't clear in mind what his friend was talking about. But whatever it took to overcome his illness was welcome.

"Go wherever you want" he said "And don't worry about the band".

Anthony hadn't had the time to become dependent again, so he could leave without problems. He had always had the desire to visit India and Tibet and he suddenly felt the urge to go there, forget everything about the Red Hot Chili Peppers, Los Angeles, Hollywood parties and all that stuff. He would have gone back to nature. A bit of a remake of his solitary detoxication in the Mexican hut of so many years earlier, but on a larger scale.

"If I stay here I die" he repeated to himself, and in no time he made up his mind. The most important thing was getting away from L.A. and everything. He was even sick and tired of his Hollywood mansion.

"I'm going to sell this place one of these days" he said. That house was linked to great but also very dark memories.

His estate agent took him literally. "I can sell it in no time" she told him.

"Oh do what the fuck you want!" Anthony said "I'm outta here!"

Anthony went to Michigan at Christmas, as usual, having dinner out with Blackie and James and then seeing his beloved wolves, then popped up at Peggy's house, and a few days later he left to New York. He hooked up with his childhood friend Joe Walters and celebrated New Years with him, he also met actor Ben Stiller, director Jon Waters ("Hairspray", "Cry baby") and the head of Miramax Films, with whom he discussed about some future plans. Actually it had been a while since Anthony's last incursion in the movie world, but the Peppers singer didn't seem to care about it anymore. He kept receiving obsessive phone calls from Martin Scorsese who prayed him to read the script

of a project he absolutely wanted Anthony to be involved with. "But I don't return his phone calls" Anthony said, "My band is all I care about."

The following week Anthony went to New Zealand to check his house on the beach. The place was literally falling into pieces and Anthony had to work for a while to rearrange at least the primary resources. Then, rested and tanned, he plunged in his spiritual journey.

Anthony's second purification trip started in February 1997. In order to avoid repeating the disastrous experience of the trekking in Borneo Anthony this time took some precautions and got vaccinated against the most common tropical illnesses. The worst thing that could happen to him was a stupid bout of diarrhea.

He arrived at the international airport in Bombay, India, and then connected with a small plane and proceeded down to Trivandrum on the southwest tip of the country where he met up with two British girls, Nadia from Hong Kong and Pip from London. Together, starting at the Arabian Sea, they boated to a wild preserve and tiger sanctuary in the mountains. After an extended educational bout with the animals and enchanted evenings spent sleeping on a houseboat they returned to Trivandrum and flew inland to Bangalore. From there they traveled by car to Puttaparthi, the home of Sai Baba, a renowned "avatar" (one sent by God to help a troubled world). Joining his many followers they stayed for a few days at his "ashram" (a spiritual retreat) and attended the twice-daily "darshans" (audiences with a deity or saint) where they basked in Sai Baba's spiritual light and received his religious teachings. Then Anthony left his English pals and flew to Madras, on the east coast. From there he caught a 26-hour train ride along the Bay of Bengal up to Bhubansewar.

That night, alone on that train, in the middle of nowhere, Anthony couldn't get any sleep. He was too fascinated by the things he had seen so far and too excited for the things he still had to see. He was also fucking hungry but when he had asked the train waiter to fetch him something to eat the man had told him "Cheese-burger or Big Mac?"

"No, please" he had told him "no meat."

"No meat?" the man had looked very surprised "Oh OK, maybe there's till some fish fillet left."

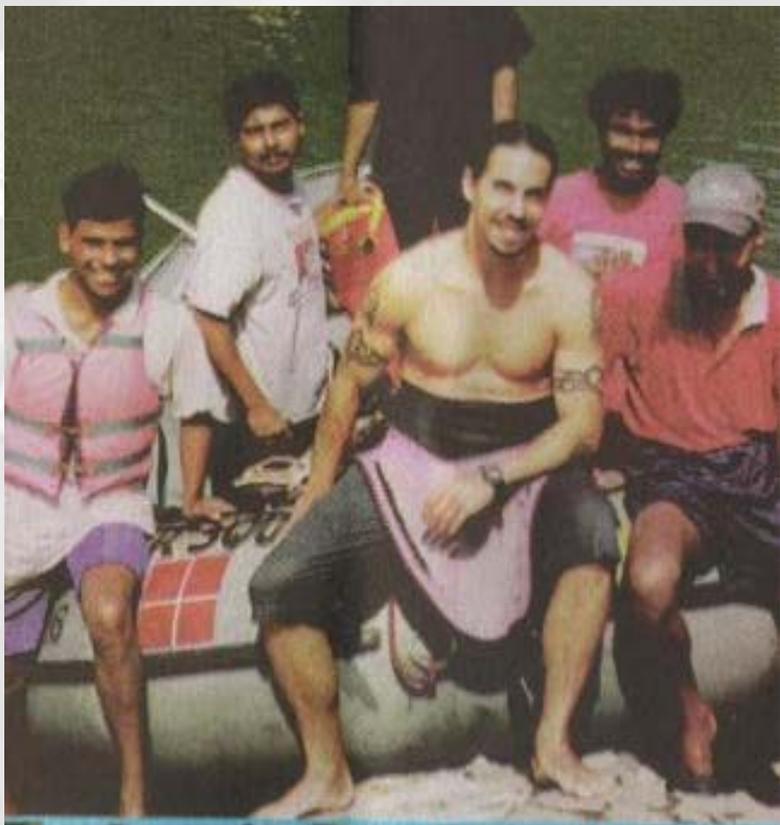
"Fish fillet?? No, no... excuse me, I'll just have something to drink."

"Yes sir, I'll bring you a Coke."

"Coke???"

"Or a Fanta if you prefer"

Anthony had sighed "No, it's OK with Coke."



Anthony in India

Staring outside his train window with a Coca Cola can in his hand Anthony was silently giggling. "I have been traveling around the world from L.A. to here to do what? Drink a brand new iced Coke!"

The night was incredibly hot and the train had no air conditioning. Anthony thought he was about to liquefy. He left the window and opened the door of his wagon. There was no light around except for the stars. Those stars looked so close... Anthony stood on the junction between the two wagons and breathed the air of the night. He was suddenly feeling so happy. He sat down on the junction and started musing about his life, his past, his future.

"Who knows what Flea is doing now!" he giggled.

He only knew that Flea was playing in a new movie called "The Big Lebowski" with Jeff Bridges. It was a movie of the Cohen Brothers, which he liked a lot. The Cohens were nominated for the Oscar that year, for their marvelous movie "Fargo". Maybe next year Flea will be nominated too!

Oh the Oscars... the Grammys, the MTV Awards, all those stupid premieres and parties. Hollywood was so far away, and Anthony wasn't missing it a bit. Hollywood to him now meant depression, junkiedom, sickness, phony people... he was happy where he was now, staring at those stars which seemed so close, in a place where nobody knew his stupid face and...

The next thing he knew was that he was sprawling on this field beside the train, which had suddenly stopped and that his ass was aching like mad. People came out shouting from the train, from which the sound of the alarm started spreading all around. He took him a few moments to realize that the train had derailed, and just while he had been sitting on that stupid junction.

"See how lucky I am!" he thought. Thank God it was just a little derailment. Anthony got up, still a bit deranged, and all bumped and bruised went back inside the train. It took a few more hours to repair the damage, and when the train started moving again Anthony was already fast asleep.

He spent two days in Bhubaneswar, in a very poor tribal area, checking in with the local people and visiting the area's temples. Everybody went always so excited when he said he was from California. Of course most people did not know him or his band, but they knew a lot of things about Californian culture. Kids loved McDonald's stuff, and to them visiting the nearest McDonald's was like going to a party. They drank Coke and Fanta Lemon.

"Hum, may I have some herbal tea?" Anthony would ask them.

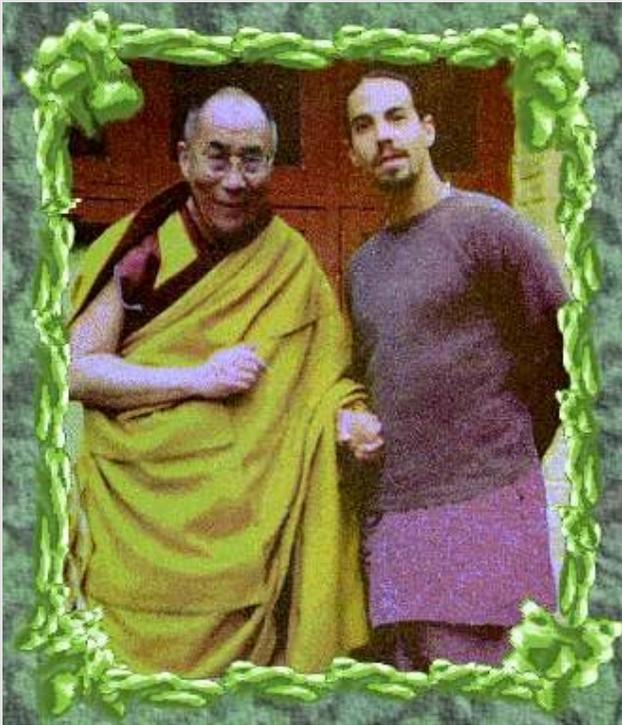
"Herbal tea? Blah!" one kid would say "Coke is much better!"

"No" another one corrected him "I like more Pepsi!"

"Pepsi is horrible! How can you like Pepsi? Cool people drink Coke!"

Amused and bemused, Anthony left those two kids fighting as in a stupid commercial, and wondered, "What the hell is happening to this world???"

He flew to his base in northern India, to the home of sisters Shanti and Divia in the capital city of New Delhi. From there it was another four hour train ride and a rugged journey by jeep into the mountains above Rishikesh, where he spent the next five days in the small village of Shivpuri on the shore of the Ganges river. By day he water rafted the mighty Ganges, at night he slept on the white sandy beaches of the Holy River.



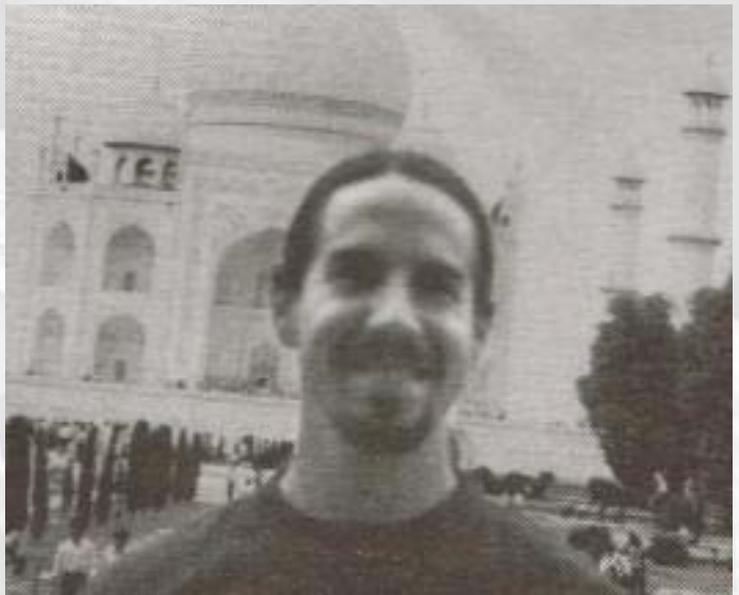
Anthony and Dalai Lama

Then, at last, the event he had been most anxiously waiting for: he returned to his base, and then took a train and a car to the mountains northwest of Delhi to Dharamshala, the Tibetan refugee city and home of the Dalai Lama, the spiritual leader of Tibet. Anthony had the phenomenal good fortune to have an audience with the Dalai Lama, which left him brimming with joy and tears of elation.

“He walked straight to me” he told “and he took me by my hand. He couldn’t leave my hand, he kept squeezing my hand all the time... I think he knew that I needed a little extra love”.

Anthony spent some time teaching English to some of the Buddhist refugees, who he described as laughing, happy, and non-judgmental people who eschew hate and revenge in spite of the ordeals they’ve suffered.

After five days in Dharamshala Anthony returned to Delhi to leave for Australia where he was supposed to spend some time with Flea and Marissa at their house in Congo Beach. But he couldn’t get a flight and so he decided to travel to Agra where he hooked up with a guide who took him to see the Taj Mahal and the abandoned city of Fatehpur-Sikri. Then he went back to Delhi and he finally found a flight to Australia. He had been traveling India for two months.



Anthony in front of the Taj Mahal

END OF CHAPTER 12

IMPORTANT LINKS YOU MUST KNOW !

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> onehotglobe.com
- + [One Hot Globe forums / onehotforums](#) ~ <http://rhcp.proboards6.com>
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ardy's email : devaultx@yahoo.fr