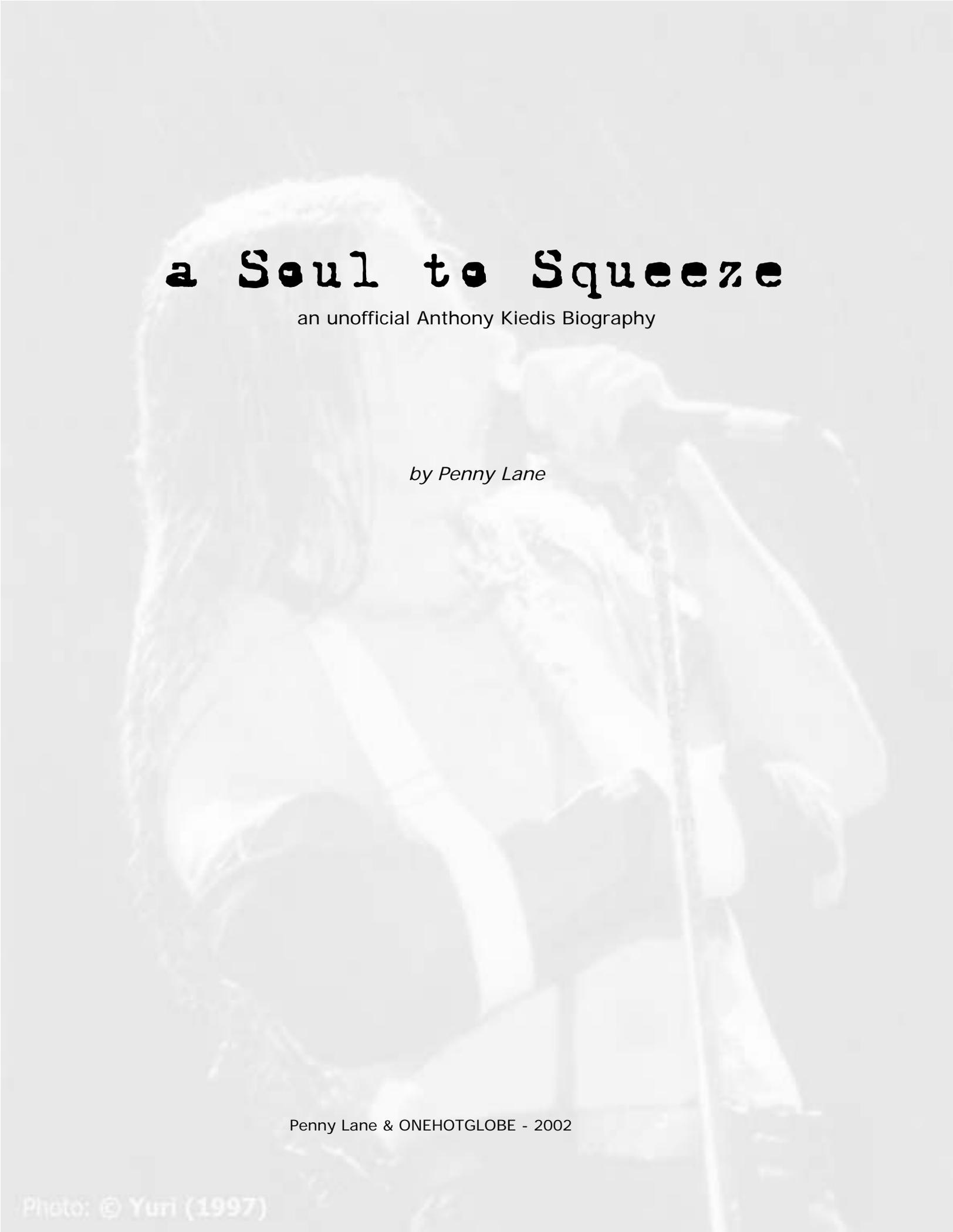


a Soul to Squeeze - Chapter 13:

SCAR ISSUE

Photo: © Yuri (1997)



a Soul to Squeeze

an unofficial Anthony Kiedis Biography

by Penny Lane

Penny Lane & ONEHOTGLOBE - 2002

Photo: © Yuri (1997)



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 13: Scar Tissue

Anthony arrived in Australia at the end of March. He and Flea hugged as if they hadn't seen each other for an eternity. Flea promptly joked about Anthony's new "wild" look: our man had grown a goatee and a beautiful mustache and his hair was incredibly long.

"Hippy" Flea told him "You look like a stupid flower child!"

"Yeah" Anthony laughed, "Talking about hippiedom, would you have some pot?"

Anthony had managed to stay away from heroin during his two-month trip but he had smoked a lot of pot. Actually weed was more in harmony with his new spiritual vibe than junk.

The two friends spent a few weeks at Congo Beach, swimming, surfing and having fun in the sun, and then went to visit Sydney.

Anthony asked Flea what had happened in L.A. while he had been away. Flea talked about his movie, about Chad and Maria who had just had a baby girl, Manon, and Louis and Sherri who had just had a baby boy, Cash. He talked about his role in Jane's Addiction's reunion and about Dave's solo project and he said, "I've played for a few nights at the Whiskey with Bob Forrest and an old friend of ours, you'll never guess who he is...".

"John" Anthony said "John Frusciante".

"Damn. How did you know that?"

Anthony smiled. "By the look in your eyes. I got it in no time".

"Well, yes, I've played with John again. It was incredible after all these years!"

"So, he wasn't really dying after all" Anthony said.

"No, I couldn't believe it at first, but he's clean! He went on rehab, and now he's great! I mean, he's still a bit sick, after all he's been thru, but he's definitely clean and he's determined to stay so. He's so happy, and I'm so happy for him!"

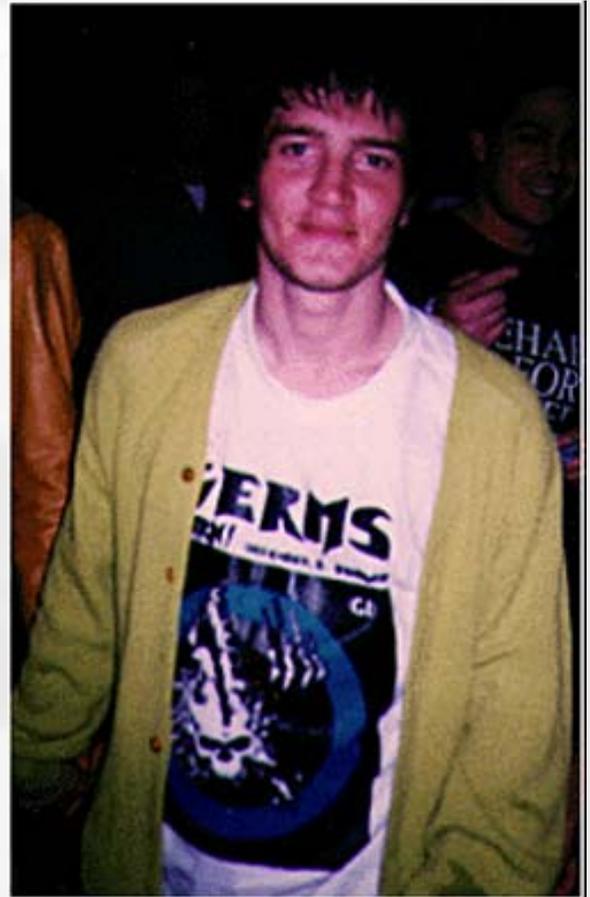
Anthony felt strangely happy as well. He hadn't seen John since that infamous night in Japan when he had left the band, five years earlier, but he was sincerely glad that John hadn't died.

"Did you tell him that I love him?"

"I did" Flea said.

"Didn't he say anything?"

"Yes" Flea replied, "He simply said, tell him that I love him too".



John at the Whiskey, March 1997

That same night, sitting by the fire in Flea's beautiful house, Flea asked Anthony about his heroin use.

"I don't know Flea, it's been OK when I was out there" Anthony said "I haven't thought about it very much. But now I'm afraid it's coming back. A few days in the western civilization and I'm craving again".

Flea sighed. If just a few days in that wonderful place were getting Anthony craving he wondered what would have happened when Anthony was back to L.A.

"In fact, I don't think I'm ready yet" Anthony confirmed.

"What do you mean?"

"I don't know. I'm not sure".

"We have to start working on a new record Anthony" Flea said patiently "We can't afford another 4-year gap. Dave is waiting for us in L.A., he was pretty pissed off at your disappearance".

"I'm not disappeared. All the experiences and feelings I've had on this trip will be present in our new songs".

Flea didn't know what to say. Actually he had downplayed a lot Dave's reaction to Anthony's "spiritual journey". Dave was not just "pissed off", he was literally furious. And what about the live shows? The band was scheduled for a new Tibet gig in New York in June and then various dates in Japan, Hawaii and South America.

"I know what you're thinking" Anthony said "That we have some dates booked and we have to respect them. Don't worry, we will".

"Are you sure?"

Anthony nodded.

On his return from India and Australia, at the beginning of April, Anthony went to see his dad and then he, Blackie and James took a flight down to L.A. where actor Stephen Dorff and other friends of Anthony's had organized a big "welcome home" party for him. Many VIPs were present at the party, including Adam Sandler, Traci Lords, David Arquette, Zoe Cassavettes and Lukas Haas.

Blackie and James spent a whole week in L.A., they went out to have dinner with Steve Jones, Guy Oseary, Stephen Dorff, Ben Stiller and Rick Rubin, they went to see Chad and Maria and new baby Manon, they went to see the set of Wesley Snipes' new movie, "Blade" and to The Tonight Show with Jay Leno.

During Anthony's absence Louis Mathieu and his wife Sherri had been house sitting the mansion in the Hollywood Hills.

"Hey your estate agent called last week" Louis told Anthony "she's said she's managed to sell the house in no time, as she had promised".

Anthony stood there totally speechless. "What?" he said after a while.

"I don't know what she meant. She said she sold the house like you asked her to".

"Oh".

Anthony didn't remember he had said anything like that to his agent, but before leaving he had been so busy trying to avoid a new relapse that maybe he had even told something like that. A few days later he went to see his agent and the woman confirmed that she had sold his house in the Hollywood Hills, the house where he had lived in the last 6 years.

"You mean I have to move right now?" he asked the agent.

"Not immediately" the lady said "you can stay for a couple of months".



Anthony with Traci Lords at the "welcome back" party

"Great".

"I'm sorry Mr. Kiedis, but that's what you asked me to do. Have you changed your mind now?"

Anthony shrugged. "I was sure nobody was going to buy it" he admitted.

"Oh no, I sold it in no time. It's a wonderful house".

Anthony came back home and laid down on his bed, still perplexed. That house had seen so many things... "Oh if walls might talk!" he thought.

And then another thought struck him. "I'm homeless" he said

to himself, and suddenly this thought was so funny. He was homeless again, like so many years earlier. He started laughing on his own, cause Blackie had gone back home, and his friends had stopped partying and now he was all alone again.

"I'm a poor homeless junkie..." he started singing to himself, "No, I'm not a junkie anymore. I'm a poor homeless asshole..."

Anthony was back home, and after a few days he realized that what he had told Flea in Australia was becoming real. He was craving again. He went to see Gloria Scott and the woman told him simply "You can't keep running forever".

"I have to run now" he said, as if two months spent in the other side of the world had been totally useless. He was dreaming something else now, the icy and quiet waters of the polar circle, a kayak and a total loneliness.

"Hillel, what can I do? I can't stay here, if I stay here I die".

"You'll die also if you leave" Hillel giggled "Because Dave and Flea will kill you".

He woke up abruptly, panting and covered with sweat. All his body cells were screaming for heroin. That same day he packed everything again, called his father and left for Alaska. He hadn't told anything to anyone else.

"It's a very bad moment for the band" Blackie told the press "Anthony is away for a while, all of them need to be separated, they're under a lot of strain".

To keep the name of the band alive Warner had released a song from One Hot Minute sessions that hadn't made it to the album, a cover of Ohio Players' "Love Rollercoaster" which was also included in the soundtrack of



Rollercoaster video

the first movie of the famous MTV cartoon "Beavis and Butthead", entitled "Beavis and Butthead do America". The cartoonist himself, Mike Judge, designed a funny video for the song, featuring scenes of the movie mixed with a cartoon of the Red Hot Chili Peppers riding on a rollercoaster.

But the band was into pieces. When Dave heard that Anthony had left again he went completely mad.

"Blackie assured me he will be back on time to play at the Tibet gig" Flea tried to calm him down.

"Oh did he?" Dave went "And what does Anthony expect, that we play in front of 200.000 people without even a single day of rehearsal?"

Dave was very frustrated. He was starting to think that his experience as the guitar player of the Red Hot Chili Peppers had been a total failure. Maybe he had never fitted in properly. Or maybe those guys were really too out of their minds, even for him. But he couldn't deny that at the moment he was much more interested in the Jane's Addiction's reunion than in the Red Hot Chili Peppers' future. Jane's Addiction was his wife, the Chili Peppers his mistress; and now he was fed up with his mistress and wanted to go back to his wife.



Anthony and Guy at a premiere

Of course the Chili Peppers' participation at the Tibet gig had to be cancelled. Anthony had come back in time, but, as Dave had predicted, they hadn't been playing together for almost one year and they couldn't face 200.000 people without having rehearsed a bit. Anthony wasn't too sorry about that.

A few days later he went to see a movie with his mate Guy Oseary, the manager of Madonna's record label, Maverick Records, and told him about his new *homeless* status. Guy Oseary was a brilliant Jewish bloke, very intelligent and engaging. He had done a prodigious career in the music business, and everybody was saying great things about him. When he heard that Anthony was *homeless* he promptly offered his new house in Beverly Hills.

"You can stay as long as you like" Guy said. Anthony thanked him and told him he would have thought about it.

The next Sunday afternoon Anthony was riding his bike thinking about Guy's proposal. Of course he had thought of staying a bit at Flea's house first of all. Flea had a huge house, with a very large basement and would have had nothing to say about it. Anthony could have brought all the girls he liked in that basement, and Flea wouldn't have noticed it either, so large was the place! In the past Flea had used the basement as a recording studio but now he hardly went there anymore. Anthony remembered that time when he had gone there and had met John Frusciante for the first time. John. That little sucker! Anthony thought he would have never been able to understand what had happened to him in 1992 but now he was happy that John was back in action again. Anthony had never listened to his solo records, but he was sure that they were beautiful. John was a great artist. If only... HEY! FUCK! WHAT THE FUCK IS THAT FUCKING LADY DOING??? A FUCKING U-TURN? CAN'T SHE USE HER FUCKING REAR VIEW MIRROR? IS SHE FUCKING BLIND???? AAAAAAAWWWWWWFUUUUUUUUUUCK.

The next thing Anthony knew was that he was smashed out on the pavement with his beautiful Harley turned over half a mile away, his helmet lying on the ground beside him, someone shouting and moaning somewhere and all his fucking bones broken, or so it seemed to him. It took him some seconds to realize that all those shouting and moaning was coming from his own stupid mouth and that a group of people had gathered around him and that he was about to die.

OK, I'm dying. July 14th, 1997. You'll read it in the papers tomorrow, folks. "Anthony Kiedis, the singer of funk/punk/rock band Red Hot Chili Peppers (who knows why they always call us like that!) died yesterday afternoon in a bike crash on Wilshire Boulevard caused by a stupid lady who was too busy thinking about her new hair-do to have a look at her rear view mirror. The lady died as well (I hope!)."

Hillel, are you still there?

He heard an ambulance approaching but he didn't know if it was for him. "I'm dying folks, let me die here in peace" he thought, but he couldn't move or talk, he could just moan. Two fellows lifted him up and in doing so they also broke the few bones that were still intact. Anthony couldn't believe he could feel so much pain. He had always thought good old cold turkey was as much pain as one could get, but that was even worse. They took him to the Cedars. A lot of doctors started examining him, touching him everywhere, putting their hands all over his shattered body. "Does it hurt here?" they kept asking him and he kept shouting "Yes it does!", but they didn't listen to him. "No, I don't see any reaction", they went. Fuck. He was dying and they didn't listen to him. Then someone pulled his right arm and he almost passed out. "Now, here I do see something" this guy said. They rushed him somewhere else, took away his clothes, put him under some fucking X-ray machine, or maybe they just put his arm, and he had just a look at his poor arm and he thought he saw his hand doing a 180° turn towards his elbow and he had to turn his face away cause he felt he was about to puke on that guy's white coat. They rushed him again somewhere else, he felt like a puppet, someone drew a sample of blood from his other arm, someone else measured his temperature and his pressure, then they took him to this very large room and eventually this bloke put something wet on his mouth and told him to stare at that light on the ceiling. Then, dark...

From MTV News, July 15th 1997:

"Anthony Kiedis was riding his motorcycle yesterday when he collided with a car that had been parked but made a sudden u-turn. Kiedis was treated yesterday at Cedars-Mount Sinai Medical Center in Los Angeles for what had been reported as a broken wrist, but turns out to have been a shattered, dislocated wrist. Kiedis underwent five hours of surgery on Sunday, and is reported to be in great pain, especially since his doctors are apprehensive about giving the singer pain killers, since he is a recovering addict. The Chili Peppers have been in pre-production for three up-coming tour dates, in Alaska, July 21, Honolulu, Hawaii on July 23, and Mount Fuji, Japan on July 26th, along with Beck, Rage Against the Machine, Foo Fighters and Green Day. They were scheduled to leave the country later this week, but tour plans are now uncertain."

The first person who was informed about the crash was Dave Navarro, maybe the only one in the Chili Peppers circle who watched MTV. He rushed to the Cedars on Monday morning and found Anthony with his right arm blocked in a huge affair.

"The hospital's Frankensteins have put all the pieces back together" Anthony sniffed "But maybe they implanted my thumb on my elbow. We'll find out only when they take off this fucking armature".

Dave wanted Anthony to tell him what had happened exactly, but Anthony had only vague memories of the crash.

"How's that fucking lady?" he asked Dave.

"What lady, dude?"

"That bitch who tried to kill me".

"Oh, she's alive and well" Dave replied.

"Fuck" Anthony said.

Then arrived Gayle Fine, the nice Chili Peppers' PR. She said a group of reporters had gathered in front of the main entrance and had asked her how he was.

"Tell them to piss off" Anthony said.

"How are you Anthony?" Gail asked.

"I'm great. Now..."

"Did they ask about the gigs?" Dave asked her.

"Yes they did. What shall I tell them Anthony?"

"That I'll do the gigs".

"Are you sure?"

"Of course I am".

"Did you sleep for at least one second last night?"

"No". Anthony admitted.

"What about pain killers?"

"They're not giving them to me cause I'm a fucking junkie".

Of course, when the time had come to let the docs record his medical history Anthony had been unable to keep lying: he wasn't dealing with nosy reporters this time.

"The patient has a 18 year history of heroin addiction" his doctors reported "characterized also by various drug-free spells, the longest of which lasted five years. He's currently recovering from his last addiction period, having been in rehab in December 1996".

Anthony had been carefully checked for other possible lesions: he had undergone CATscan and chest X-ray and all that stuff and nothing had been found. After the last exam had been performed the docs decided to release him on Wednesday 17th. The Chili Peppers were supposed to play in Anchorage, Alaska, on July 21st, and then in Honolulu on 23rd. But on the day of his release Anthony was not sure anymore that he could make it. He was literally drowning in a sea of pain. He couldn't get any sleep, cause when he laid down the pain got even worse, it was like a pulsating wave starting from his hand and flowing up to all his arm, to his shoulder, his neck and finally to the back of his head. He knew that he had assured he would have played those gigs but now he had changed his mind.

"I'll play at Mount Fuji Festival" he told Flea "I promise".

The Festival was scheduled on Saturday, July 26th.

"You don't have to if you don't feel like it" Flea said.

"I know, but the doc has told me that I won't have any prob. I just can't jump around as usual, but I can sing".

"OK" Flea said "let's go to Japan then".

The Chili Peppers left for Japan on the 24th. Anthony's doc had recommended him to perform sitting on a stool but Anthony had found that suggestion highly ridiculous.

"Anthony Kiedis performing on a stool! Why not directly sitting on a wheelchair!"

The pain had a little decreased in the last days but at night it was still killing him. In the few last nights he had managed to have some sleep though, thanks to some smack that a caring friend had just purchased him.

"I'll be using it only to ease the pain and get some sleep" Anthony reassured himself "I can't definitely go on the stage with my eyes all puffy and my face shattered from a week of sleepless nights! What would my fans say?"



Harley Davidson: don't let a Pepper ride it

As soon as the Chili Peppers arrived in Japan they were told that the weather was changing for bad, and some kind of storm was expected at any moment. "Great!" Anthony enthused "I love storms!"

The other bands scheduled on Saturday were Rage Against the Machine, Foo Fighters, Third Eye Blind and Atari Teenage Riot. While the bands were hanging in the tents backstage in the afternoon it was becoming more and more clear that the storm was really going to be HUGE. "If we manage to go on stage before it starts seriously raining it's going to be OK" Flea thought. Anthony, just as a precaution, had wrapped his arm in a water-proof tissue which covered the cast. He had also polished his nails in black, just to add a bit of glamour to his infirmity.

The band went on the stage when it was already raining. In a few moments the rain became a storm, and the storm became a typhoon. The wind was so heavy that Flea and Dave had to play literally perched on the stage's border.



Anthony storming at Mt. Fuji Festival

Bemused and slightly disappointed, the guys went back home. Anthony stopped in Michigan for a week, and then took a flight to L.A. He was supposed to leave his house in a few weeks.

"I'm a homeless, and I'm a fucking invalid" he said to himself. And he was also a junkie again. "Only as long as I got this fucking thing on" he reassured himself. What was bothering him most of all now was that he couldn't even drive his car, let alone his bike, and he had to depend on cabs or friends. And he couldn't even fuck well, cause he had to count only on his left arm while he was totally right-handed. Since his break up with Jamie Rishar he hadn't had any other steady girlfriend, but his sex life was as active as ever. He had a lot of gal pals he could rely on, and finding some new chick had never been hard for him. He was seen a bit around with actress Bijou Phillips but of course it wasn't anything serious.

The Red Hot Chili Peppers had rescheduled the gigs in Anchorage and Honolulu on September 13th and 16th, respectively. They were also planning a date in Las Vegas on September 11th.

"After these gigs" Anthony promised to his band mates "we'll go to the studio and start working seriously on our new album. You can count on me".

"Oooooookay" his friends said.

The following Monday afternoon Anthony was relaxing at home by his swimming pool. He couldn't believe he was about to leave his mansion. He had already made up his mind that he would have gone to stay with Guy Oseary for a while, then something would have happened along the way. He didn't feel like looking for a new house right now, there would have been time for that, and after all Guy O was a nice funny bloke

and they would have had a great time living together. It was like going back to his youth when he lived with Hillel and Flea. Actually since then he had always lived alone, except for the spells when he had lived with Ione and Jamie.

Anthony sipped from his lemonade and tried to stretch the fingers of his right hand but it was still too painful. What a bore, wearing this huge cast with this terrible heat. I would like so much taking a good swim in the pool... The phone started ringing in the living room and Anthony let the answering machine do the work for him.

"Anthony, it's Chad. Please come to the phone, I know you're at home".

Chad?

"Come on, move your stupid ass, you'll never believe what has happened to me".

Great. Another piece of good news. I was kinda missing it.

"Come on, Anthony! I'm at the Cedars, damn, come to the fucking phone".

Chad at the Cedars??? Anthony sprung up from his lounge chair and rushed to the phone.

From MTV News, August 26th 1997:

"A lack of motorcycle mastery has once again sidelined a member of the Red Hot Chili Peppers. Drummer Chad Smith dislocated his shoulder in Los Angeles on Monday after he lost control of his bike while riding down Sunset Boulevard. Smith was treated at Cedars-Sinai Medical Center and released. However, before Smith left the hospital, Peppers guitarist Dave Navarro snapped some shot of the injured drummer receiving a visit from Peppers frontman Anthony Kiedis, and sent them in to MTV News. As we reported last month, Kiedis broke his wrist in a motorcycle accident, forcing the Chili Peppers to postpone two July concerts in Alaska and Hawaii. The band had rescheduled them, and added a new date in Las Vegas, for September, but now with Smith's injury those dates may be put off again"

For rockbiz bigmouths this was even more funny than the old guitarists saga.

"Anthony! Anthony, how about a ride on Harley tomorrow? It'll be great! And don't forget to bring Chad eh!"

"Shut up, you morons!" Anthony would shout back, but sort of giggling himself. That was really a damned cursed year! Somebody had put some kind of weird curse on the Chili Peppers or what? Flea, Flea, have you put some garlic outside your door? Dave, do you know some good exorcist?



Chili Pepper Anthony Kiedis displays his recent motorcycling injury to Combs.

Injured Anthony and Puff Daddy

Oh, fuck everything! A few days after Chad's accident Anthony went to New York where he attended the usual MTV Awards. Chris Connelly spotted him walking by just outside the Radio City Music Hall and called him out asking him to join his position. Suddenly, lights were on and the camera started rolling.



***Anthony visiting Chad
at the Cedars***

mom and dad, and I make good music and look at the sky and go, 'Oh yeah, it's a beautiful day.' So, in a nutshell, when I use my life sucks and when I'm clean my life gets really beautiful so when I was using my life really got ugly and sad and now I'm just happy to be back here and not using".

Anthony had realized that he couldn't go on lying when everybody now knew he was, at least he couldn't go on lying about his past, but he thought that he still could about his present, because, ever since his bike crash he had been actually using again. But he didn't feel he was forced to tell that to everyone!

Then Chris Connelly asked him how his forearm was and Anthony had to admit that he was having a hard time trying to recuperate and he even hinted to a possible bone transplant in the near future.

"If things go on like this" he confessed "I don't know if I will ever be able to write again".

Ah, so you ARE writing after all.

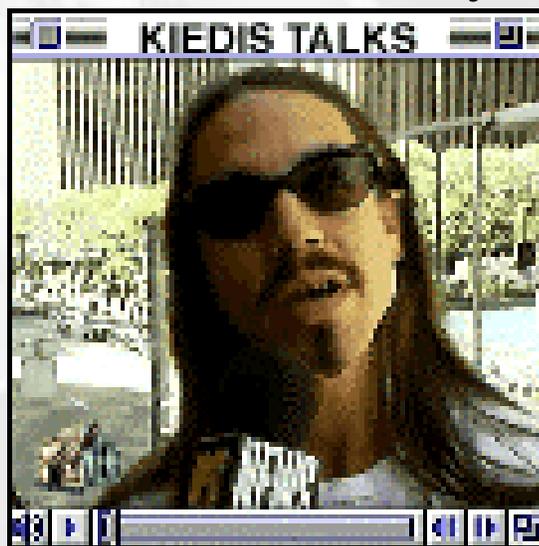
"I'm writing the lyrics for the songs of our new record" Anthony confirmed "Me and the guys are going in the studio in the next weeks and start working on the album".

"I have heard a lot of rumors about you lately" Connelly addressed him "and I wonder which is the rumor and which is the truth".

"Well" Anthony said "you throw me a rumor and I'll throw you a truth".

"Have you been on heroin?"

"I'm sad to say that during last year I have used this narcotic substance which you previously mentioned in this interview, yes, " he said "You know, when I use drugs, my life kind of falls apart and gets really uncomfortable and sad. I start hurting myself and everyone around me, and then, you know, when I have the good fortune to get off of them, everything gets better. My heart expands, and I have good friendships and good relationships with my



***Anthony interviewed by MTV's
Chris Connelly***

IMPORTANT LINKS YOU MUST KNOW !

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- + [Red Hot Chili Peppers BBS](#) ~ <http://pub47.ezboard.com/bchilipeppersbbs>
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