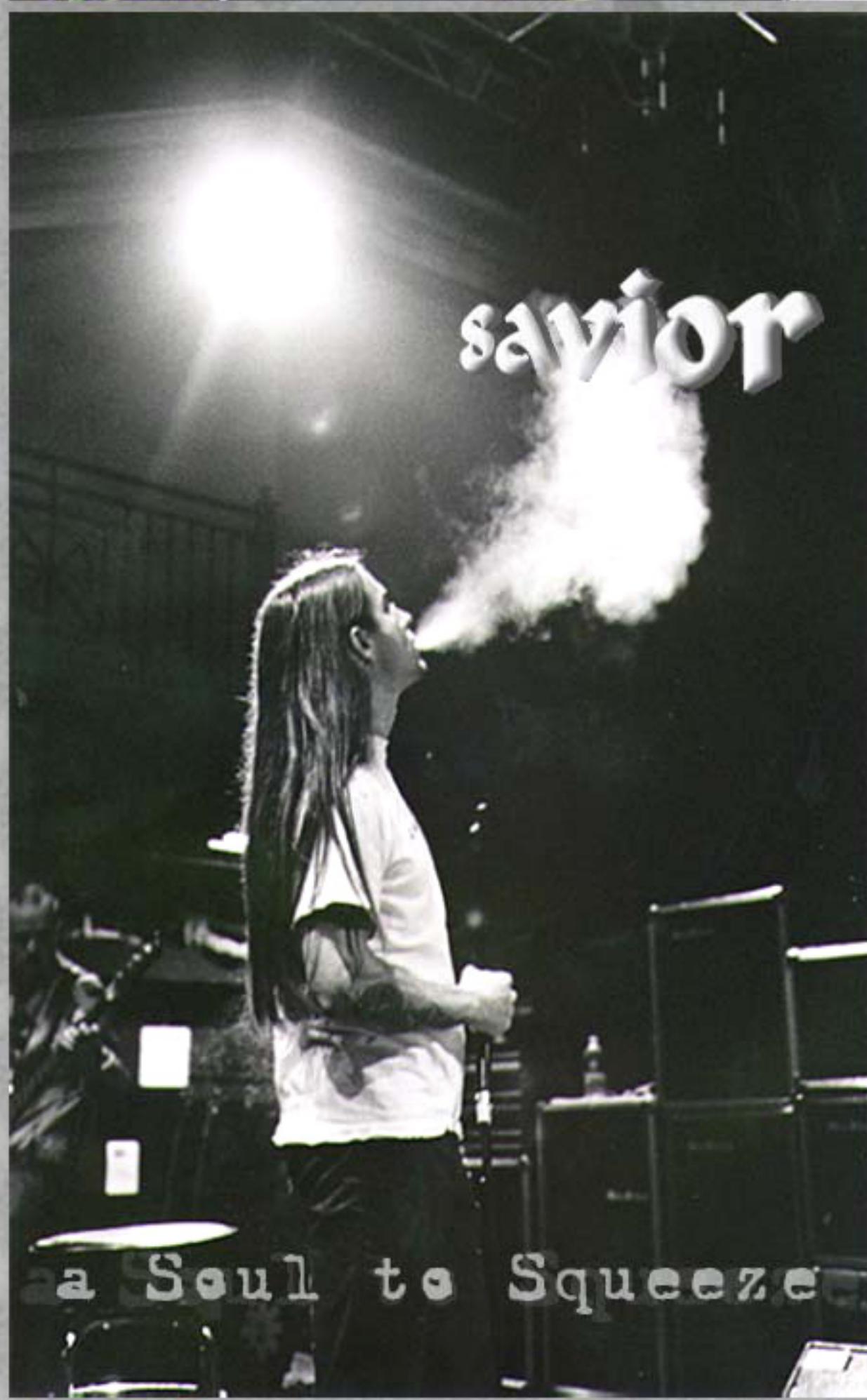
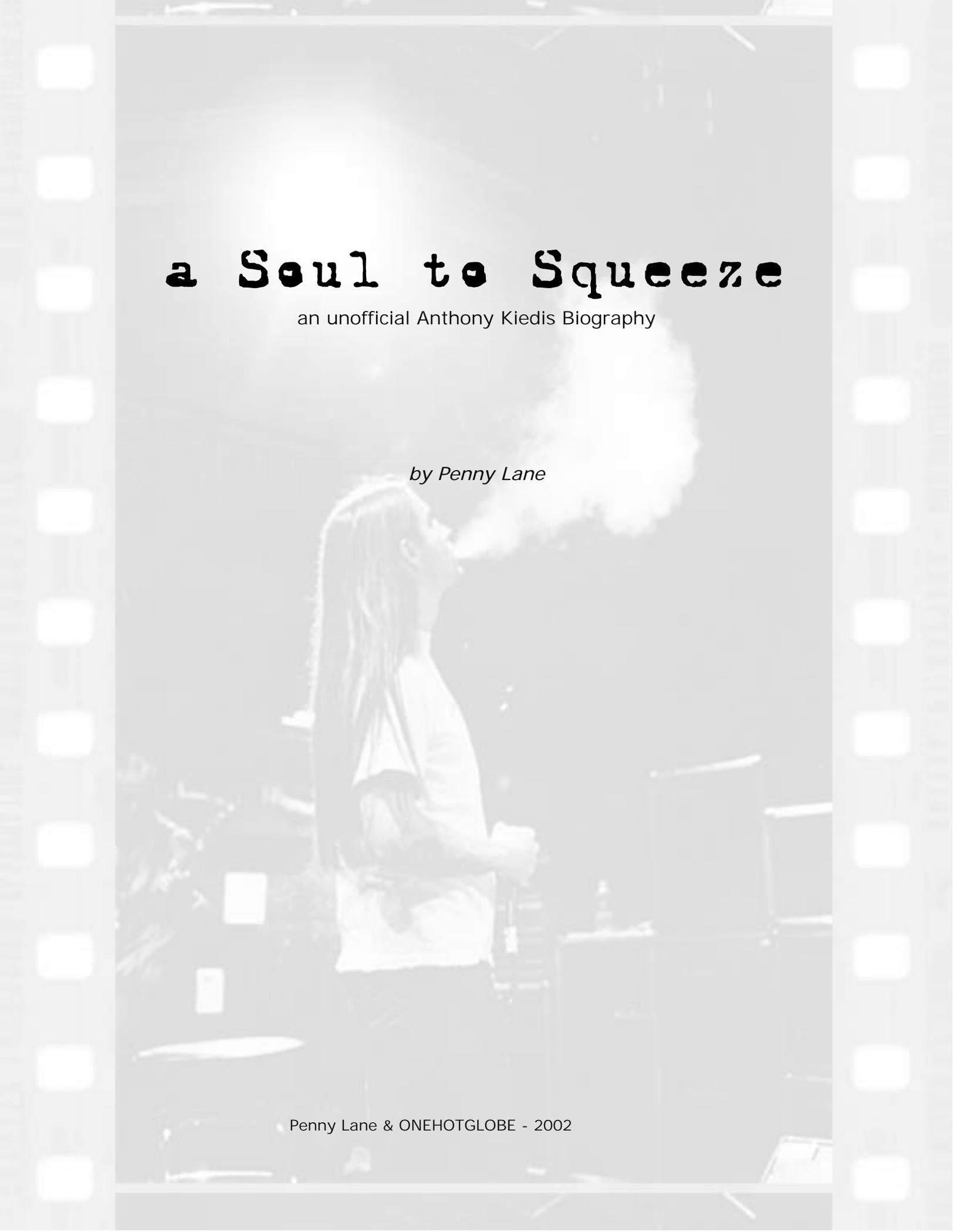


CHAPTER 14: SAVIOR BY PENNY LANE



ONEHOTGLOBE.COM - CHAPTER 14: SAVIOR

a Soul to Squeeze



a Soul to Squeeze

an unofficial Anthony Kiedis Biography

by Penny Lane

Penny Lane & ONEHOTGLOBE - 2002



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 14: Savior

The whole South American tour was cancelled. Official reasons: "Chad is still recuperating"; "We have already wasted a lot of time this year, we need to be free from any commitment at the moment and concentrate on our new album"; "We have already written 20 songs"; "Errrr.... What?".

"1997 was the year of nothing" Anthony declared some time later "A totally useless and unproductive year, and I assume the biggest responsibility for that. I was utterly disgusted with myself, my life and my band. I slumped into deep doldrums at one point".

Anthony had left his house and moved in with Guy Oseary. The two were seen a couple of times hanging together at parties and premieres and to some gossipers they looked a bit too "intimate".

"You see? He's bi".

In reality Guy O was having a flirt with algid Gwyneth Paltrow while Anthony was still single. The only women he seemed to be in love with were his mom, his sisters and PJ Harvey.

"That girl" he said, caught during a PJ Harvey showcase in L.A. "breaks my heart and scrambles my brain. I'm madly in love with her".

Pity that the British rock chanteuse seemed to be totally insensitive to the Peppers frontman's allure.



PJ HARVEY

PJ Harvey: totally insensitive

The shows in Anchorage, Honolulu and Las Vegas, which had been cancelled twice due to the double bike accident, had been rescheduled in December. To nobody's surprise, they were also quickly cancelled after a few weeks.

Word to Flea: "This was a very painful decision to make, especially as we've canceled these dates before. But it's important to us that we give our best as a band to our fans and we don't feel we're prepared to do that in this time."

Dave Navarro spoke to MTV News about the future of the band a few days later: "We have a couple of tunes that seem to be unnamed at this time. They're just works in progress, but in terms of the future of the group, I mean we're not breaking up and we're not staying together. We're just all are looking forward to having some time off."

Navarro continued, "As you know we had some time off when we had another member of the group, you may be familiar with him, he did a disappearing act on us one time, so that was when I took the opportunity to use the time to work on the "Spread"

record. So who knows? Who's to say? There is always one of us who's down somehow with a broken arm, or drug problem, or broken shoulder or exhaustion. Who knows? You know what I mean?"

The interviewer concluded: "It seems now that only time will reveal the future of the Red Hot Chili Peppers."

"What the hell is happening to the Red Hot Chili Peppers?" many people started wondering, and not only rockbiz bigmouths. What was worse was that in reality nobody seemed to care anymore. To most people they were a totally finished band, dead, gone, forgotten. That was not a great period for rock'n'roll bands, surpassed by the growing success of boy bands like Backstreet Boys and pop idols like Spice Girls, but also in the agonizing rock circles the Chili Peppers were an old notion, a band who didn't have anything to say anymore, squeezed like a lemon, lost in their drug-induced numbness, prisoners of themselves. Gone, gone.



Dave: having some time off

At the end of the year Anthony went to Grand Rapids loaded with parcels for all his family and spent a few days hanging with relatives, dogs and wolves. His arm was not alright yet, but Blackie said he was getting better thanks to a lot of swimming exercises. "He's just a bit depressed" he added "because of all those cancellations".

He and Flea had planned to go on a cruise together soon after Christmas using Guy Oseary's yacht, and stop one more time in Alaska to do some kayaking and animal watching. According to someone, the cruise started like a nightmare for poor Flea, who during the first days was forced to do the nurse of his best friend who was going under another horrible and totally



L to R: Blackie, Jackson Diego, Anthony and James, Christmas '97

unexpected cold turkey.

"Fuck you Anthony I thought you had quit!" Flea shouted in exasperation.

"I have!" Anthony shouted back "This wasn't supposed to happen!"

Once arrived in Alaska though, everything went fine. The guys mounted their tent in an Alaskan fiord. "We camped in the wilds, cooking, playing fantastic games around the campfire at night," Anthony told some time later. "Met the porpoise and the seal and the glaciers and the icebergs. Didn't get to meet the killer whale. Met the bears ..."

"A giant mama grizzly bear with three little cubs as far away as that wall right there" Flea went on. "I love that, knowing it could eat me. But it wasn't scary because she was so majestic and beautiful. I'm of the opinion that, when you love something it will never hurt you. She kept on walking by"

On the last night of their trip our two heroes, sitting by the fire, finally had the guts to talk about the future of their band, a subject which had been absolutely taboo so far.

"Chad and Dave are going their own way" Anthony sighed, referring to the "Spread" project that the drummer and the guitar player had started together "And you're immersed in so many other activities".

Flea was soon to be busy in another movie, the remake of the celebrated Hitchcock's classic "Psycho" by Gus Van Sant, and he had also been working with sax player/actor/alternative culture icon John Lurie.

"So, you're going to call it quits?" Flea asked him. It was the first time since he had started that fucking band that Anthony was speaking of terminating the Red Hot Chili Peppers.

"I don't know" Anthony said "I'm just too tired with struggling. And Dave...".

"What?"

"He's not speaking with me anymore. I don't know why. I think he hates me."

Flea looked Anthony straight into his eyes. "Fuck you dude, you say "I don't know why" to press assholes, not to me. What the fuck happened between you two?"

"I swear it, I don't know! I haven't done anything to him, believe me!"

Flea shook his head and stared into the fire. Will Anthony ever grow up?

"I have already heard all this!" he said after a while "It's always the same thing with you, Mr. Innocent, you never do anything to anyone, then at some point for some mysterious reason you turn around and realize that someone has fled. It's been always like that. First with John, now..."

"John hasn't anything to do with..."

"He has, he has! John has always had anything to do with us. He's never really gone. His ghost has always followed us, in all these years. I..."

"Stop it, Flea, which fucking ghost? John is not dead, you dumbass".

Flea sighed. "Oh don't let me think about John please. I'm so worried. Before leaving I heard he was in some sort of clinic which..."

"But I thought he had quit" Anthony said.

"Look who's talking! Ahem. Sorry. No, this time it has nothing to do with drugs, or so I'm told. He's under some psychological strain though. Don't know exactly what it is. Some sort of mental breakdown. Not surprising, after all these years of flirting with death, poor asshole".

Anthony didn't say anything for a while.

"I'm sorry" he finally mumbled, "I hope he'll pull through. John is great. I wish I could do something for him."

"You can" Flea said.

John Frusciante could have expected anything. When the nurse of the private clinic where he was hospitalized had broken into his room and told him "There's a visit for you" he had thought of all the possible visitors who hadn't come to see him yet. Toni, she had just gone away. Louise, she was here last night. Flea? No, he's on holiday. Mike

Watt? That asshole! Vincent Gallo? No, he's shooting. Keith Morris? His mom? His step-dad? His bro? Anything. But surely not the face he saw as soon as the nurse made him enter the room.

"Oh my God" he mumbled "Anthony Kiedis".

"Hi John" Anthony said.

A few days later Flea was in his house, in a terrible mood, unsure as to whether calling Marissa in Australia or going to see Clara and maybe take her on a walk and an ice cream down Venice Beach's promenade. The thought of seeing his little girl was very attractive but he couldn't take off his mind the last phone conversation he had had with his girlfriend. Flea had been seen around lately quite a few times with British/French TV personality Amanda De Cadenet. She was just a friend; Flea had no doubts about it, a dear friend and nothing more. They had gone to some premiere and party together and the pictures of them arriving at a party like a regular happy couple had toured around the world, and had reached Marissa too. She couldn't believe it: first he had dumped her soon after Christmas cause he had to go cruising with Anthony. Now these pictures. Flea used to attract a lot of girls, Marissa was very aware of that: they saw him so cute and small and frail and their maternal instinct would suddenly awaken. She couldn't leave him alone for a few weeks that he promptly started going out with other chicks!



Flea and Amanda De Cadenet

"Then don't leave me alone" he had told her on the phone "Take the first flight to L.A. and get done with this crap."

Now Flea was feeling sorry for having been so rude. He and Marissa had been together for almost 5 years, she had weathered a lot of stuff because of his personality problems, and she had always been very patient. Flea knew that living with him was extremely hard, he couldn't deny that. And actually his last words on the phone had tasted a bit like blackmail.

He picked up the receiver to call her back, when he heard a sound on his windowpane. Like someone throwing pebbles to the window. He went to the window and looked down but he couldn't see anybody. He shrugged. Maybe it was just his dog playing. He went back to the phone and started dialing when he heard it again, but this time the pebbles were being thrown at his main door. That couldn't be his dog. Some kid, maybe. He marched to the gate with a very menacing face.

"Will you please fucking stop this..." he started but as soon as he opened the wooden panels his jaw dropped. There, beyond the gate, laughing, calling him and holding a beautiful polished Stratocaster in their arms, were not less than Anthony and

John Frusciante in all their splendor. For a second Flea wondered if he had fallen in some damn time warp and had gone back of 7 years. But no, John's hair was long and scruffy, his face was wan and signed, he was just the pale imitation of the old glorious Greenie who had started working on Blood Sugar Sex Magik with so much enthusiasm. But Flea also noticed that something was left unchanged: his beautiful smile, his open face, his direct stare...

"FLEA! COME ON OPEN THIS FUCKING DOOR DUDE!" Anthony was shouting. Flea hurried to open the door and welcomed the two guys in his house. He hadn't been feeling so happy in ages.

From MTV News, April 3rd 1998:

Red Hot Chili Peppers guitarist Dave Navarro has left that band after four years and one album with the Peppers.

Navarro, who joined the band in 1994 and appears on the Peppers' 1995 album "One Hot Minute," says the split is amicable and that he'll now focus on "Spread," a side project he has going with Peppers drummer Chad Smith. The debut album from "Spread" is due out this summer.

Chili Peppers bassist Flea calls the departing Navarro "an epic and beautiful musician and human being."

Navarro, for his part, says his friendship with the Chili Peppers will remain "forever eternal."

The Chili Peppers will now start looking around for their seventh new guitarist.

Anthony decided that this time he wouldn't have worked his ass off to find a damn new guitar player. He had other things on his mind at the moment. The band could wait. First of all, he was getting ready to go to Michigan to attend his younger sister's graduation. Anthony was extremely proud of Jennifer; he had helped her a lot financially during her career at Michigan State but the girl was a little genius, no question about it. Anthony went to see the ceremony wearing a somber dark suit: his hair was still wiping his ass but nobody paid too much attention to him.



L to R: Julie, Jennifer, Anthony and Jackson Diego at Jennifer's graduation

"At one point" Blackie joked during the celebrations "I also had my hair very very long, almost like yours. Then, after a few years I suddenly got fed up and opted for a radical cut. It's been short since then".

"And how did you feel soon after cutting it?" Anthony asked him.

Blackie thought about it for a second. "I felt... new. Fresh. Clean. Young. And at last girls couldn't tell me anymore I looked like a fucking hippy!"

"Unfortunately" Peggy commented, "It takes something more than a haircut to become really clean" and looked straight at Anthony.

Nobody had asked Anthony any questions about his drug use, and even if they had Anthony wouldn't have known what to say. His last rehab had been a partial failure. He didn't feel like facing another one now, actually he didn't want to go on another rehab anymore, it was too painful and too frustrating. He wished that he could handle the whole thing on his own, forget about medications, doctors, counselors, everything. Many friends of his were perfectly capable to cope with the thing without getting dependent and having to go on rehab every 6 months. Why couldn't he?

"The ideal thing" John had told him "should be getting high every now and then and after that not doing it for a week or something. So you can take the best of it and avoid the worst". John was practicing yoga now, he was following a healthy diet. Actually the poor fucker was having all his jaws and teeth reconstructed and was forced to follow a healthy diet!

But John was right, as usual. Fuck his tendency for dependency! If he really had to go on the otherside then he would have made it his way. Soon after coming back to L.A. he went to see his friend and counselor Gloria Scott.

"Each individual is a different case" Gloria told him. She wasn't looking very good that day. Anthony had the impression he was bothering her with all his stupid problems. "Are you alright?" he asked her.

"No" she said "But don't worry about me. Worry about yourself."

Anthony waved goodbye to her and went straight to see Flea. Anthony hadn't had any news about the band, and what was worse Guy Oseary had just gotten another girlfriend who he wanted to live with and had told him to look for another accommodation. Great! Homeless again.

"Flea, I need a place to live," he said to his friend.

"Eh?"

"What about your basement?"

"Sit down, please. There's something really important I want to ask you."

"I'M CLEAN, I SWEAR IT!"

"I don't give a fuck. I just..."

"I won't be bringing drugs in your house. I know Clara hangs here every week. I swear it, I'll be a good boy. Pllleeeaaaaase".

"Will you just listen to me for one second! I'm talking about the future of our band."

"Oh".

"We've still got a band if you have forgotten."

"I know. We are a bit short of guitar players though," Anthony laughed.

"I have an idea. Please listen to me."

In the last weeks some names had crept up as possible candidates to replace Dave Navarro in the Red Hot Chili Peppers. First of all Tom Morello, Rage Against the Machine's guitar player. Flea was collaborating with him on the soundtrack of the movie

"Small Soldiers", starring Tommy Lee Jones, and this new alliance had promptly started strong rumors about Morello as the future axe man of the Chili Peppers.

"Peppers and Rage" Flea declared "have always been closely linked as friends and we like each other's work. But" he added, "Tom is not joining us".

Flea had had another thought in his mind. He knew a guy who would have fitted perfectly in the band. Actually he couldn't think of nobody else at the moment. That guy he had in mind was the ideal Red Hot Chili Peppers guitar player. He was born for that role. No one else could be compared to him.

He had tried to talk with Chad about this guy while Anthony was in Michigan, but Chad was too busy with something else at the moment. He was on the brink of a divorce, just one year after the birth of baby Manon. He was going under a lot of strain with his wife and so Flea had thought better not to bother him too much. But even so, Chad had told him something... just a few words, which to him had sounded like a revelation. So he wasn't going mad, so somebody else was thinking the same as he was, somebody else had seen the future of the band in that guy... and now for Flea there weren't many alternatives: the Red Hot Chili Peppers could carry on only with a man as their guitar player:

"JOHN FRUSCIANTE???" Anthony shouted.

"SSSSSttttt! It's 2 in the morning, fuck, I have neighbors."

"Flea, are you mad? Why John? We've already had John, don't you remember? Something like 8-9 years ago. He fled and left us in our underpants during a tour in Japan."

"He needed to do it. Now everything's changed. I'm going to ask him anyway but first I wanted to hear your opinion."

"Oh Flea you're going old!" Anthony smiled "Old and nostalgic. All this makes no sense. So many years have passed and so many things have happened. We're not the same guys of the haunted mansion"

"That's why I want John back. If we were the same it would make no sense. John would bring the same old problems and we would be burnt out in no time. But we're all different now. Don't you think we're all different?"

"Hum. Yes we are."

"Just think about John as a new guy. Forget he's been with us before. Isn't he brilliant?"

"He's magic. But..."

"I'm going to ask him tomorrow."

"Flea... he'll say no. Be prepared. And don't tell me I didn't warn you."

"I'm going to ask him tomorrow"
Flea repeated.



Johnny

From MTV News, April 24th 1998:

JOHN FRUSCIANTE REJOINS THE CHILI PEPPERS

Former Red Hot Chili Pepper guitarist John Frusciante will be returning to the band he left six years ago, filling the position left open by the recent departure of Dave Navarro.

Frusciante's return to the fold was confirmed by Peppers frontman Anthony Kiedis when he stopped by MTV's New York studios earlier this week, although there's still no word when a new album from the band might be released.

Frusciante was already the band's fourth guitarist when he played on the Pepper's 1989 album, "Mother's Milk," as well as 1991's multi-platinum success, "Blood Sugar Sex Magik."

The guitarist left the band right at the height of its popularity, right before it was scheduled to headline the 1992 Lollapalooza tour.

The Peppers struggled to find a replacement, tapping Arik Marshall and Jesse Tobias for short spans before eventually settling on ex-Jane's Addiction guitarist, Dave Navarro.

As we previously reported, Navarro left the band earlier this month to pursue his own band, "Spread." Frusciante has spent the time since his last tenure with the band on his own solo career.

"The return of John in the Red Hot Chili Peppers has been the greatest gift from heaven I've ever had" Anthony said in summer 1999.

Anthony had moved in Flea's basement. That gipsy kind of life was starting to suit him. There were many advantages: for example nobody could bother him on the phone! After the straining of the past months Flea and Marissa had seemingly resolved their problems and she was living in the house too. But the house was so huge that Anthony didn't mind sharing the same roof with those two lovebirds, and after all he often came back home at night with some beautiful chick on his side. Flea had moved all his musical equipment in the garage, and that day of May he, Anthony, John and Chad gathered together in the garage and for the first time plugged in their instruments like so many years before.

"Fuck Flea there's no air conditioning here" Anthony protested, "It's frigging hot today."

"Fuck you" Flea said, "This is not the Chateau Marmont, you know! If you don't like it, the door is open."

John chuckled. He had been missing those two assholes so much.

Marissa had brought icy lemonades for everyone.

"Hey!" Chad went "Where's my Heineken?"

John watched Flea a bit dubious.

"No" Flea said resolutely "No alcohol. We need to have our minds clear."

"Oh" Chad mumbled.

"Oh" Anthony mumbled.

John thanked Flea with his eyes.

"Could we please start playing now?" Flea said.

Everybody switched on instruments and amps and suddenly the garage was full of music. They started with their old songs, "The Power Of Equality", "If You Have To Ask", "My Lovely Man", "Give It Away" (good old "Give It Away") "Under The Bridge", "Suck My Kiss" and back to the funkier things of Mothers Milk, and even the pre-John songs, "Me And My Friends", "Yertle The Turtle", "Skinny Sweaty Man"...

The hours went by in two seconds, suddenly it was dark and the four Peppers were drenched in sweat. John was literally radiating happiness. He had been nervous in the first moments, everybody had, but now they all looked relaxed and satisfied.

"Tomorrow, guys" Flea said, and Chad and John left.

Flea and Anthony kept hanging by the pool for a while, lost in their thoughts.

"Flea" Anthony said.

"What?"

"What did Chad tell you to make you think about John?"

"He just told me the last words of Dave's before leaving the band. 'I don't know who will replace me' Dave said 'but to me the only one who can is John Frusciante'"



The new-old Chili Peppers

some acoustic versions of old songs like "Soul To Squeeze" and also a few new tracks that Flea explained had been only written for a possible solo project of his own. The set ended with Black Flag's Nervous Breakdown.

It seemed very appropriate that the new course of the band should start with this "underground" vibe. John was a guitar player totally different from Dave Navarro, and also a totally different human being, he had been living far from the spotlight for six years and in all those years he had been quite immersed in the "underground" L.A. scene, which, if it certainly wasn't as exciting as back in the 80s, was still something very interesting. Anthony and Flea felt pretty intrigued by this "back to the roots" sensation. The fact that at the moment they were living together like so many years earlier was actually reinforcing that feeling. At the end of the day Anthony and Flea would find themselves together in Flea's kitchen or in front of the TV telling jokes and talking bullshit and in those moment they both had the sensation that all those years, all

The first public appearance of the Red Hot Chili Peppers in their old/new line-up was a one-hour semi-acoustic radio show aired by Silverlake's independent station KBTL on June 5th, at which though Chad did not take part. The Chili Peppers were hosted by their old friend Keith Morris (ex-vocalist of Circle Jerks) and accompanied by another old friend, that famous Mike Watt to which "Blood Sugar Sex Magik" had been dedicated so many years earlier. The guys played

those struggles, all those ups and downs had never existed. They were still two kids, who had never grown up enough.

A few days later it was announced that the Red Hot Chili Peppers had been added to the line up of the upcoming annual Concert for Tibet which was scheduled on June 14th in Washington DC. Maybe this move had been a bit too hazarded, cause after a few rehearsals the guys realized they weren't ready yet to play in front of 200.000 people. But the thought of another cancellation was even scarier: come on guys, you have a new line-up, you're all beaming with joy and excitement, old Johnny's back and all that stuff, and now what have you got to give us? Another stupid cancellation, like in the darkest days of your story! Oh, we should have known better, you'll never change. It takes something more than an old axe man who's coming back to take you back to glory days! Where's my Korn?



Anthony and Flea, 1998: We're alive!

Anthony and Flea admitted that they couldn't risk to lose their face like that one more time. But maybe there was still a scapegoat.

The night before the Tibet gig the Chili Peppers made a surprise appearance at 9:30 Club in Washington DC and played a one-hour showcase. Tickets had been on sale only for one day. Once again, the guys seemed to be following a low profile, underground routine: they played their old songs ("If You Have To Ask", "The Power Of Equality", "Give It Away") and some scattered melodies that nobody had heard so far. New songs? Maybe.

MTV interviewed the Peppers soon after the show. Anthony, a cigarette in his hand and a blue t-shirt, told all the story of John's return without leaving anything out. And then he added: "I was having a shower after the show, and I was thinking how incredible all this is... we played a very old song of ours, "Yertle The Turtle", we hadn't been playing it together for such a long time and I couldn't believe we were doing it together again..."

Flea had his head shaven and a funny shirt on. John was still looking totally windblown and as soon as he opened his mouth everybody realized they could hardly grasp what he was saying! But who cares! His guitar playing was as great as ever. A bunch of friends had gone to the show with them from L.A.: Guy Oseary, Marissa and... oh! Rick Rubin! The bearded one. What is he doing here? Is he going to produce your new record?

"Which new record?" Anthony asked.

After this secret show the guys could cancel their appearance at the Tibet gig without losing their face. In the end though they decided to go on the stage anyway and play a three-song set following Pearl Jam's gig. But the elements were still against



Miniset at Concert for Tibet

them: during their short set a storm wiped out the place and a lightning bolt struck a girl in the audience, who had to be admitted at the hospital. Anthony duly asked to be informed about the girl's health soon after the show and the next day he even went to see her at the hospital: maybe a lightning striking is worth a visit from the Peppers' sexy frontman after all!

The Chili Peppers came back to L.A. and Anthony went straight to see his lawyer. Our hero had just filed a lawsuit against the woman who had caused his bike crash almost one year earlier.

Anthony!

"No, she's not going to get away with it."

After all everything went fine in the end. What do you want, money?

"I demand to be paid back. I've been through a hell of a year because of her, I've had a drug relapse and my arm has never been the same again, and it'll never be." That's old Uncle Scrooge talking. You can't be so mean, man.

"I'm the meanest. Don't you remember?"

Anthony and the Peppers gathered together again in Flea's garage and music started flowing one more time. Actually Anthony didn't have to work so much at the moment: he would just sit there, record his friends' sessions and listen back to them while driving on his car. He also had some time to spend hanging at the usual parties. He went to see a few gigs, and one of the bands he saw was, horror, Spice Girls.

Not that Anthony Kiedis had all of a sudden converted to mainstream pop: actually Flea had asked him to go with him and Clara to see the Spice Girls cause the little girl was a huge fan of the British pop ensemble and she couldn't miss the opportunity to see them on their first American tour. So they went there with the same spirit of someone who's taking their kids to see the Cinderella movie and once they got there who did they have to meet? Rick Rubin, once again!

"Rubin has gone pop," Anthony laughed. "He's producing Spice Girls' next CD!"

"Not all of them" Rubin corrected him "Just Melanie's."



Melanie C: "What could be wetter than an English girl and an American man?"

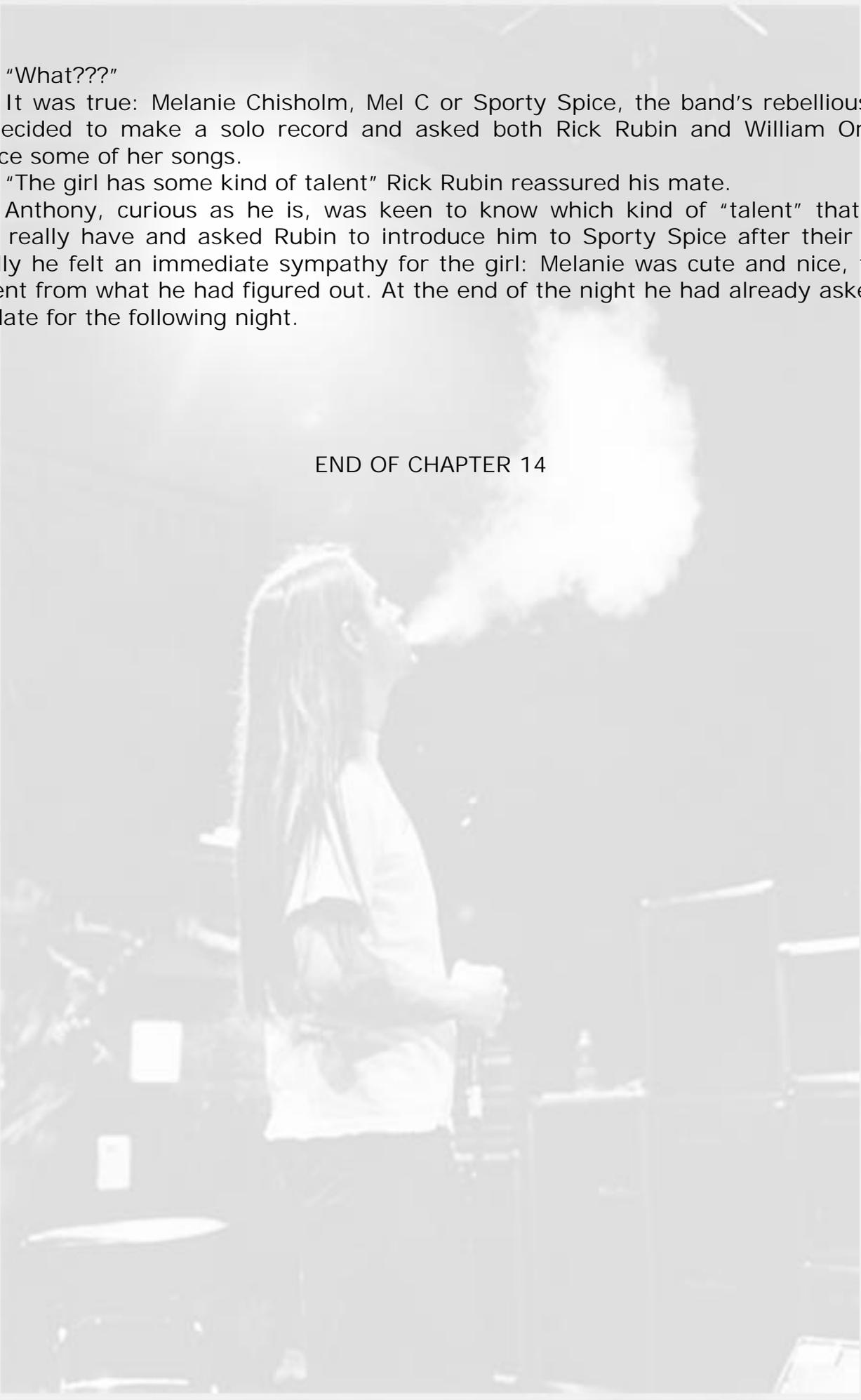
"What???"

It was true: Melanie Chisholm, Mel C or Sporty Spice, the band's rebellious one, had decided to make a solo record and asked both Rick Rubin and William Orbit to produce some of her songs.

"The girl has some kind of talent" Rick Rubin reassured his mate.

Anthony, curious as he is, was keen to know which kind of "talent" that chick might really have and asked Rubin to introduce him to Sporty Spice after their show. Actually he felt an immediate sympathy for the girl: Melanie was cute and nice, totally different from what he had figured out. At the end of the night he had already asked her on a date for the following night.

END OF CHAPTER 14



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- + [Red Hot Chili Peppers BBS](#) ~ <http://pub47.ezboard.com/bchilipeppersbbs>
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ardy's email : devaultx@yahoo.fr