

## Red Hot Chili Peppers Will Pose Nude In Public . . .

"L.A. Weekly" (1984) - Danny Weizmann

.. that's how this article was gonna start out, when it was gonna be a newfangled video-disc taped to the cover of the Weekly for free. Yes, we music critters in the business (we in the business like to call it the business) had finally stopped sour-graping the video scene and decided to goforit and grasp the medium and utilize and be gnarly, but somebody snagged the little green collection box labeled "Video Money" and here we are again in that arid black-and-white desert they call Dry Tape. No Laugh-In-flavored opening, no fancy-shmancy interiewdeo, no slinky vamps inviting me to Le Dome for a snail snack. Oh well, fuggit.

Like the video beast, the Chili Peppers are the (Fasten Your Seatbelts)... NEXT BIG THING, whether your smarmy li'l too-hip patootie wants to accept the given and give up this anti-cool bit or not. No matter. Eventually you will succumb to their absolute majesty, their muscle-funky insight, their Rap-A-Long Cassidy brilliance. They are the IT-boys of the omnilocal scene, image and sonics soulfully rockin' down to a chili-pepper-colored "T". Funky is about the most oblique description of the airtight jerky sound-splash mayhem they deliver. If they're the white-funk joke-band that they're being hyped and hipped as, then it's the most solid whitehot funk and the most deadly serious barrel-of-monkeys joke I've heard for two, maybe three millenniums.

**Weekly:** Some say that you guys aren't really talented, but just get hyped because of the demand for a white funk band.

**Flea :** They can suck the juice out of my asshole, man — we're the granddaddy groove geoses and we drink our smooth juices and we're the slidenest, glidenest, movinest, groovinest, hippinest, hoppinest, rockinest, jamminest, slamminest... We're on a mission.

**Cliff :** To butt-funk the universe.

**Jack :** No harm can ever come to us because we're under the guidance of the funk bumpkin.

**Flea:** We're on a mission to spread the cosmic love vibe and the rhythm of life and rock soulfully. We're f'r real.

**Jack :** Our motto is to play like you have a big dick. So be it. And if someone raps you that the Chili Peppers are all hype-on-the-outside/trafe[sic]-on-the-inside, let them know you've been enlightened. Just because Hugh Hefner shows up at one of their gigs and blows his stinky cherry-flavored tabacky around the room doesn't invalidate the SOUNDS, and it's the SOUNDS (sorta like K.C. and the Sunshine Band on angel dust?) that make the dif. They aren't shy. These dudes have read the book on Machiavellian rock & roll wisdom. If you got it... flaunt it.

**Weekly:** What won't the Chili Peppers do for publicity?

**Jack :** All it means is a balance in diet.

**Cliff :** It's synonymous with filth, dirty hair, and brown rice.

**Jack :** No...

**Cliff :** It means you don't eat anything because all food is too yin or too yang.

**Jack :** No...

**Cliff :** It means he's a foot soldier in the new sociological food revolution.

**Lindy Getz (manager) :** It means your shit floats.

So the question shouldn't be ARE THE PEPPERS A WHITE FUNK RIP-OFF? The question should be: CAN ONE EAT CHILI PEPPERS AND STILL BE A MACROBIOTIC? And how can they be a white funk rip-off anyway if Flea is a half-black aborigine born in Australia, which he is? He even tried to pierce his nose the long way with a strange object that looked like a drum stick. Maybe when you hear the word FUNKY you think... Grandmaster Flash or the Ohio Players or whatever, but how many of those bands have songs about dolphins and whales and babies and peppers rendered in that vacuum-cleaner growl of Antony's with the superhero plucking of Flea forming a bright red hysteria against Jack and Cliff's tinny quaking rhythm? And when you think FUNKY do you think "Jimi Hendrix cover"? No, my fine feathered chickadee. And as long as we're on the subject we're on, whatever it is, we may as well mention that, in addition to being danceable dudes, the Peppers are extra-curricular — Flea is a movie star in Penelope Spheeris' Suburbia and Anthony wrote an Alpha-Bits rap for the boob tube. And we may as well mention that disc of theirs, the likes of which will be on EMI/Enigma, tentatively titled The Funkus Amonk Us. And they even got an offer to open for... Van Halen.

**Jack :** We got an offer to open for Van Halen, but we turned it down.

**Flea :** BULLSHIT, BULLSHIT, BULLSHIT, BULLSHIT! We didn't turn it down, man. We'd die to play with Van Halen. Bullshit.

They're going places, bubba, and they're leaving YOUR petty li'l insignificant whine in the dust, somewhere between the record deal and the beautiful women and the expensive food and the gig with Dwight Twilley in Arizona. And Andy Gill from Gang of

Four produced that aforementioned forthcoming disc of theirs, so lie in it and let the ants eat you away. This city creates these obstacles for any genuine talent, won't let them get deserved attentions as if to be formula, boring and just loaded with false integrity is the only way. The Red Hot Chili Peppers will have nothing to do with such pussy-whippings. So they tie their hair and dress up as women and hang with celebs — that doesn't mean IMAGE CONSCIOUS POPULIST TRASH! That means CLEAN-MACHINE IMAGE-FIERCE HIGH ART with style. If the Chili Peppers were a car they'd be an Alfa Romeo, souped up and greaselessly classy. (If nearly everything else about the L.A. music monarchy were cars, they'd be station wagons with three wheels and two busted pistons.)

I like 'em. So that makes me an immortal trend hoggie. So tie me up and pinch me to death... but somewhere along the line I'll be listening to the RED HOT CHILI PEPPERS and you'll be stuck with the sounds of the GREY COLD FISH EYEBALLS slooshing around your anti-trendy, integrity-hard brain, and I'll look down and giggle and you'll cry and feel like the insole of a ratty tennis shoe.)

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