

GENRES MUSICAUX, ARTS PLASTIQUES
ET PLUS...

LES AFROFUTURISMES

“ SPACE IS THE PLACE ”

SUN RA

ALICE COLTRANE

HERBIE HANCOCK

GEORGE CLINTON

SUN RA (1914-1993)



**“ IF YOU ARE NOT A MYTH WHOSE REALITY ARE YOU ?
IF YOU ARE NOT A REALITY WHOSE MYTH ARE YOU ? ”**

**“ SI VOUS N'ÊTES PAS UN MYTHE, DE QUELLE RÉALITÉ ÊTES VOUS?
SI VOUS N'ÊTES PAS UNE RÉALITÉ, DE QUE MYTHE ÊTES VOUS ? ”**

Sun Ra, Prophetika Book One

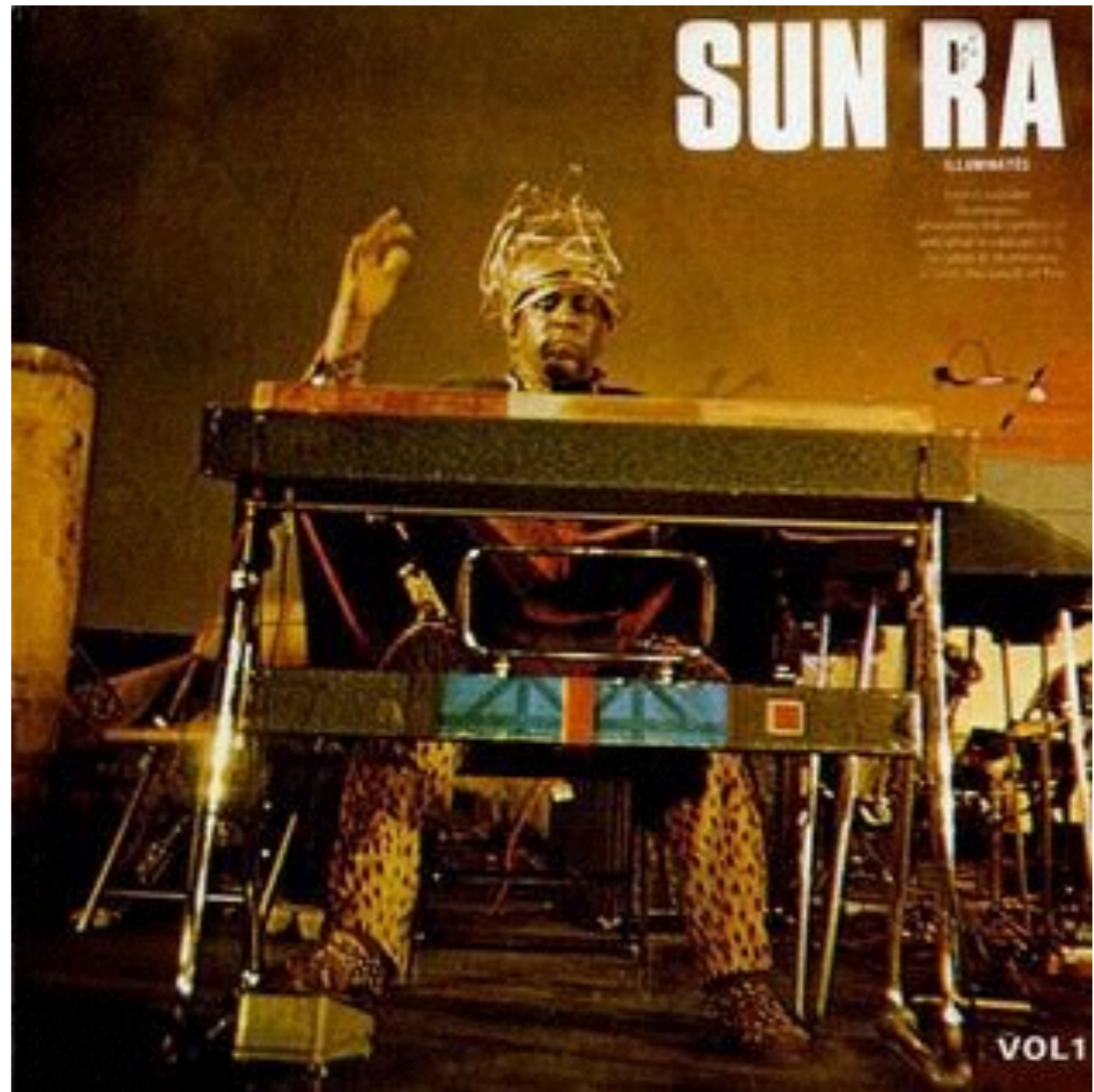
“ IN TOMORROW'S WORLD, MEN WILL NOT NEED ARTIFICIAL INSTRUMENTS SUCH AS JETS AND SPACE SHIPS. IN THE WORLD OF TOMORROW, THE NEW MAN WILL 'THINK' THE PLACE HE WANTS TO GO, THEN HIS MIND WILL TAKE HIM THERE “ .

“ DANS LE MONDE DE DEMAIN, LES HOMMES N'AURONT PAS BESOIN D'INSTRUMENTS ARTIFICIELS TELS QUE LES JETS ET LES VAISSEaux SPATIAUX. DANS LE MONDE DE DEMAIN, LE NOUVEL HOMME "PENSERA" À L'ENDROIT OÙ IL VEUT ALLER, PUIS SON ESPRIT LE CONDUIRA LÀ .”

Sun Ra, 1956



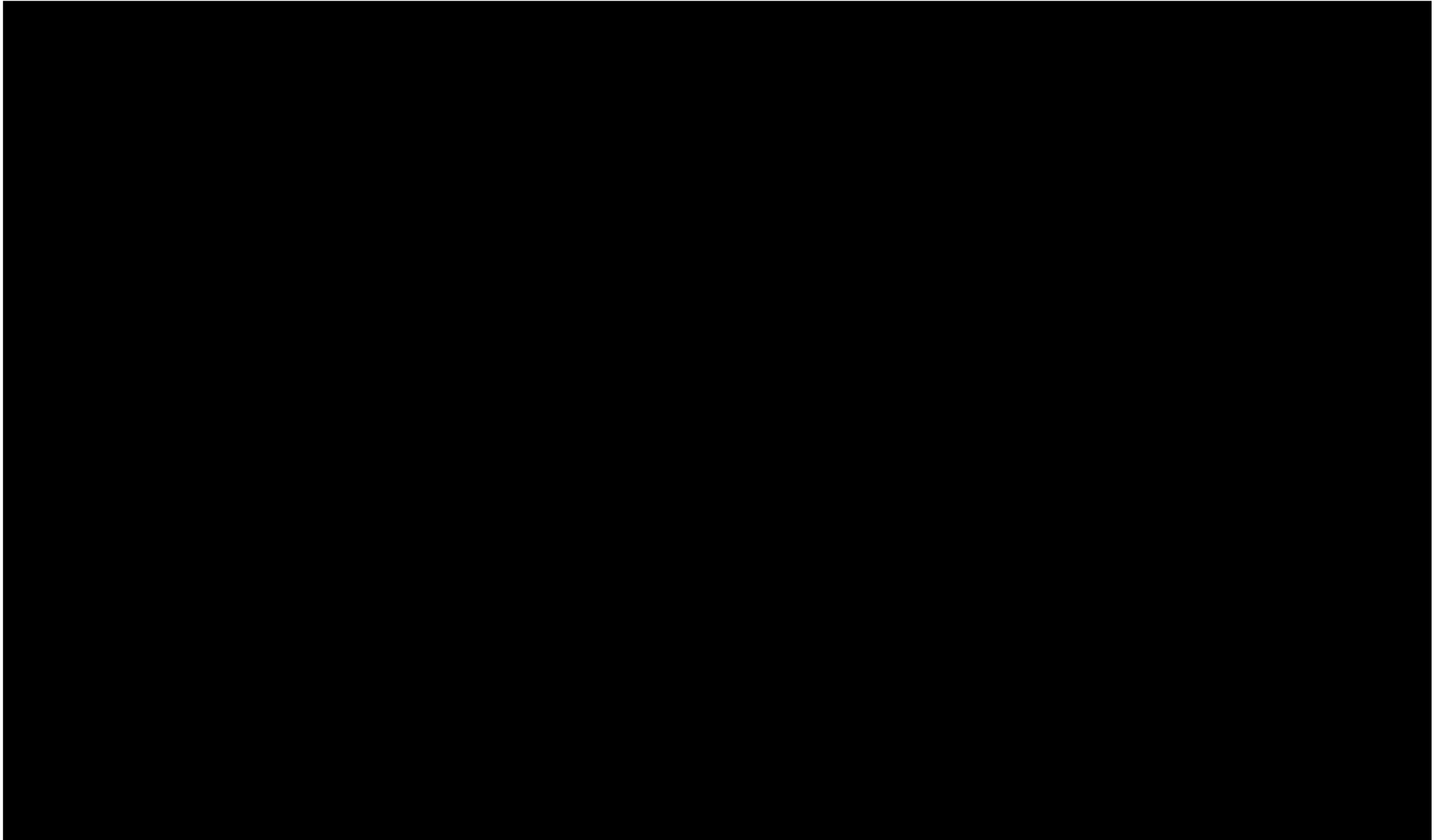
Sun Ra "Enlightenment", 1959 studio version



Sun Ra "Enlightenment", 1971 live version

“ SPACE IS THE PLACE ”

Sun Ra, song, film, . . .



Sun Ra - Space is the Place (edit 14min) , Le Film (1974)



1974 poster pour le film "Space is the Place"

2020 poster "Space is the Place"



JAZZ
MYSTIQUE
FÉMINISME

ALICE COLTRANE (1937 – 2007)





'Galaxy In Turiya' (6:00) on Alice Coltrane - World Galaxy 1972

JAZZ FUSION

TECHNOLOGISME

HERBIE HANCOCK (1940 –)





Herbie Hancock, Rain Dance (9:00), from Sextant LP 1973

Side One
**I THOUGHT IT WAS YOU
COME RUNNING TO ME**

Side Two
**SUNLIGHT
NO MEANS YES
GOOD QUESTION**

Produced by
**David Rubinson & Friends, Inc.,
and Herbie Hancock**

I THOUGHT IT WAS YOU

Music: Herbie Hancock & Norman Ragan
Words: John Carter

Just a glance from behind
Happened by chance or design
The perfume she wore
Took me back through a door
I had closed long ago

Suddenly
I thought it was you
Thought it was you
Thought it was you
Thought it was you
Remember what we knew
I thought it was you
Thought it was you
Thought it was you
Remember when I thought it was you

We were young love was new
Warm as the sun shining through
In your arms it seemed
I went back to a dream
I had seen long ago

Suddenly
I thought it was you
Thought it was you
Thought it was you
Thought it was you
My old dream was you
I thought it was you
Thought it was you
Thought it was you
Remember when I thought it was you

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COME RUNNING TO ME

Music: Herbie Hancock
Words: Alex Wilks

Tears at night 'cause you've scared
Little girl all afraid
Stuck between night and day
Baby fell down, lost her way

But now we're here all alone,
Look and see
Come

Running to me
Just come running to me, running to me
Baby come running to me, running to me

Come running, come run to me
Come running, running to me

Without the songs,
You never heard of love,
Without the books,
You never learned enough

Just come running to me
Just come running to me
Just come running to me
Just come running to me

You don't have to be afraid
Not anymore
You're here with me now,
I'll be there when you need me
I'm yours, I'm yours

Without the songs,
You never heard of love,
Without the books,
You never learned enough

Come running to me
Come running to me
(Repeat)

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SUNLIGHT

Music: Herbie Hancock

If you run away and hide
I'll be harder to decide,
For you only have to try,
Somehow you'll find your way

Don't give in, start out again
If you look into your life,
You'll find the sunlight
Sunlight
The sunlight

If you never care to see
Who that someone is called "me,"
Then you'll never get to be
The one that warms the sun

You can have it if you want it
Walk into the sunlight (Repeat)

If you run away and hide
I'll be harder to decide,
For you only have to try,
Somehow you'll find your way

Don't give in, start out again
If you look into your life,
You'll find the sunlight

You will find you can win
If you try, don't give in
You will find you can win
If you try, don't give in

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**Herbie Hancock:
All vocals and
background vocals***

*The vocals on this album were realized through the use of the Speechless Vocoder VSM 201. This remarkable machine allows the articulation of human speech to be encoded on the timbre of a musical instrument. The voices you are hearing are entirely synthesized. The individual characteristics of Herbie's voice (i.e., diction, accent, volume, etc.) combine with the pitch or melody and phrasing played on the synthesized keyboard. Background parts are played using the use of polyphonic synthesizers.



Herbie Hancock:
Oberheim Polyphonic Synthesizer, Oberheim
Yamaha CP-30, Moog Di Giouret
ARP 2600, Moog Moog ARP String
Ensemble, Yamaha Polyphonic Synthesizer
and Sequential Circuit Prophet Synthesizer
ARP Odyssey, Poly Moog, Moog Moog
Nat Shover Acoustic Piano, 2 Moog
Polyphonic Synthesizer, Rhodes
Technic Piano

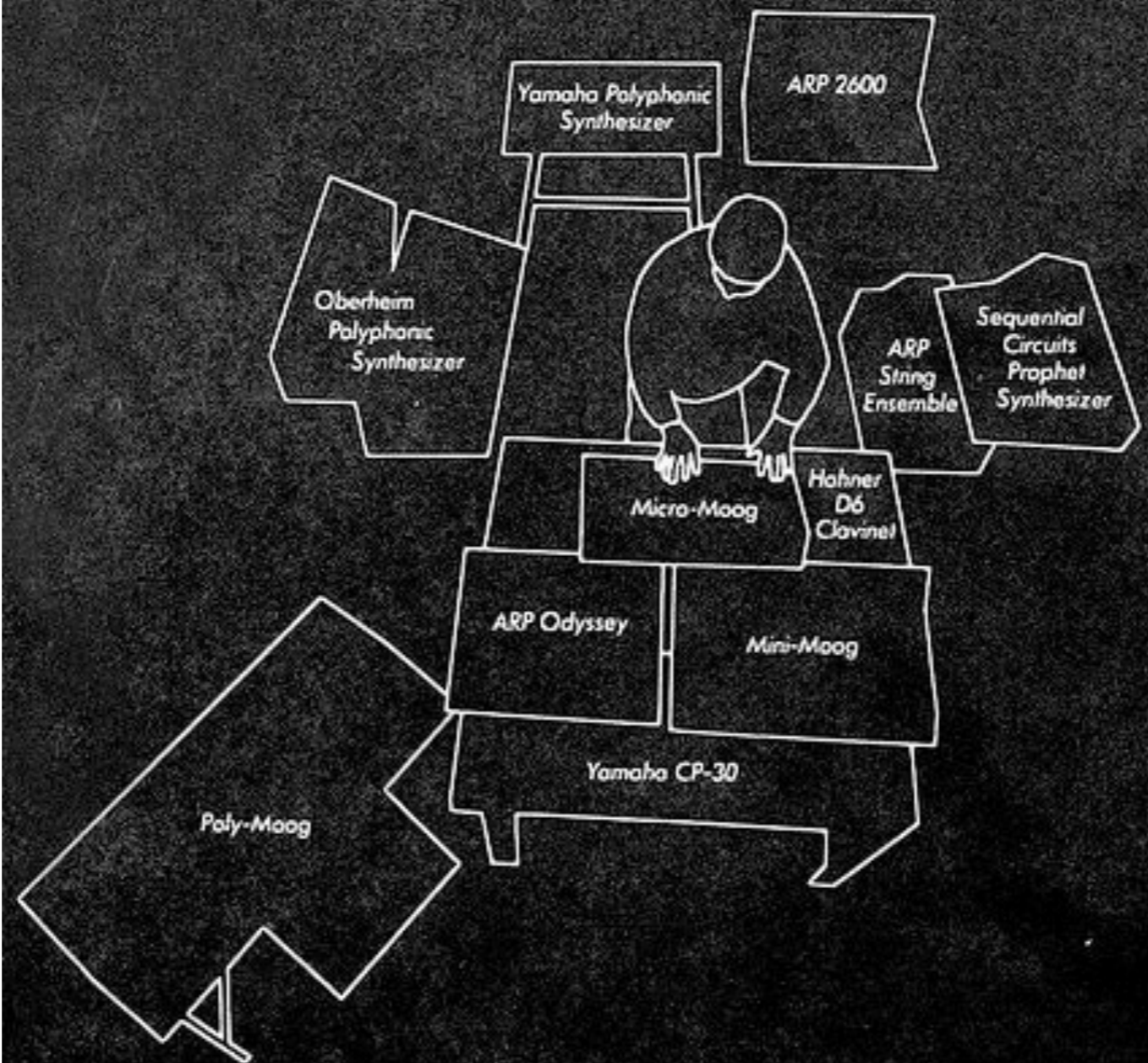
Herbie's suit by Edward Sexton
of Nutter of Seide Row Ltd.



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Columbia Records.

Herbie Hancock - Sunlight LP 1978

**PRODUCED BY
DAVID RUBINSON
& FRIENDS, INC.
AND HERBIE HANCOCK**



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JAZZ : SUN RA

FUNK : GEORGE CLINTON

DUB – REGGAE : LEE PERRY

HIP HOP : AFRIKA BAMBAATAA

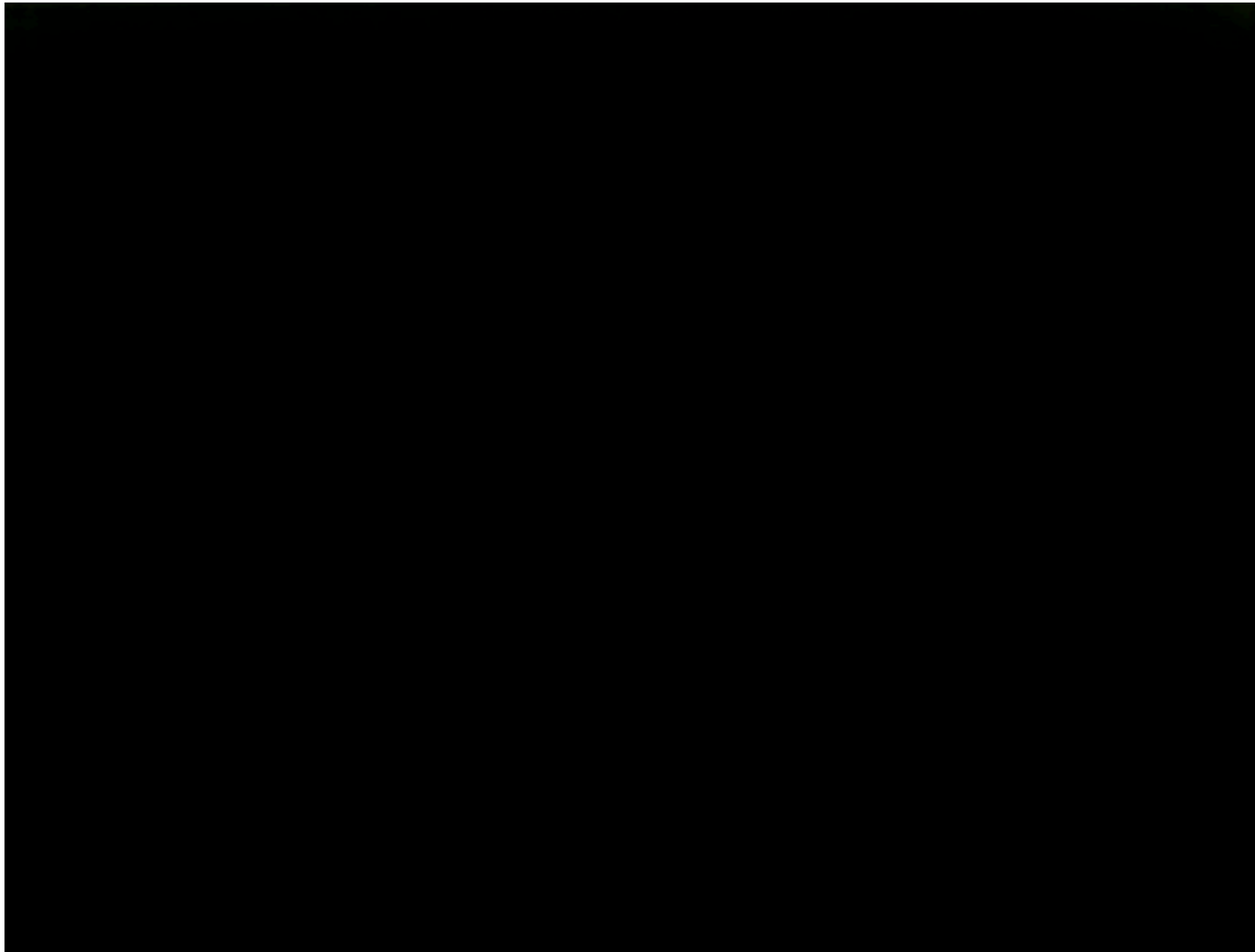
TECHNO : DETROIT TECHNO

R&B : JANELLE MONAE

**PARLIAMENT
FUNKADELIC, ...
GEORGE CLINTON MAÎTRE
D'ÉQUIPAGE P-FUNK**



P-Funk / Parliament : the Mothership's Landing, live




“Mothership Connection” - Houston 1976

P.FUNK STYLE

From the ocean comes a notion...

Yea, though he had danced on the one with the rhythm of the Flashlight, Sir Nose remained D'Voidoffunk. Now aligned with the bumpnoxious Rumpofsteelskin, this dull duo from the Zone of Zero Funkativity tries once again to syndromize the planet, for in the face of the fury of funk they remain cool.

Seeing so it be, Funkenstein renders Starchild this decree: Gather the baddest masterfunkers from throughout the galaxies and dance down Bimini Road to the Emerald City and do the Underwater Boogie until we get off at the funktion... but hark and markforward - be ye aware of the Motor-Booty...
GO WIGGLE!



PARLIAMENT
The Motor Booty Affair
Produced and Conceived by George Clinton
The Funky Bunch
The deepest chapter in an ever expanding
 saga of the funk funk funk...

promotion pour l'album *Motorbooty Affair*, Parliament 1978



Pedro Bell, illustrateur de la saga P-Funk

DEDICATED TO THE MEMORIES OF
 PHILIP H. PHILIP & THE MEMBERS OF THE
UNCLE JAM FUNK ARMY

FUNKADELIC

UNCLE JAM WANTS YOU!

REScue DANCE MUSIC (FROM THE "BLAHS")

A FUNK SALUTE TO THE REST OF THE 25,000
 DRAFTEES OF THE P-FUNK NATION
 CLASSIFIED 4-F (4 THE FUNK!)



Funkadelic, The Electric Spanking of War Babies, 1981



FUNKADELIC

IT'S THE RESCUE DANCE MUSIC
"FROM THE-BLAHS"
BAND

THE EXCLAMATION OF FUNKATION!
I PROMISE TO DO MY DUTY
FOR UNCLE JAM AND MY BUNTS,
AND THEN, IN THE FACE OF THE ENEMY
TO PROTECT THE GROOVE---
THAT WE HOLD SO DEAR!
TO HOLD SAID GROOVE
"TIL CRYSTAL CLEAR!
SO THAT THE BLIND MAY SEE,
AND THE DEAF MAY HEAR!

SO TIME THE FRIGID
MAY FEEL THE FUNK!
I PROMISE TO GET OFF
MY BOOTY---
TO AVOID THE RUST...
AND LIVE THE MOTTO:
"IN FUNK WE TRUST!"

WHICH
WAY DO
I DISCO?!

WANTS



FUNK DELIC

UNCLE JAM WANTS YOU



HARDCORE JOLLIES

THE FUNK MOB
The Funk Mob is a group of funk musicians who have been active since the late 1960s. They are known for their hard-core funk sound and their commitment to social and political issues. The group consists of several members, including George Clinton, Bootsy Collins, and others. They have released several albums and have been influential in the development of funk music.

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FUNKADELIC
(THE US FUNK MOB)

FUNKADELIC

LET'S TAKE IT TO THE STAGE

... and it came to pass, that the concept of FUNKATIZATION was declared a Universal Law by Mother Nature, and therefore—exempt from control by the Forces of Good, and those of Evil, Full & forceful uponst men it was, Eternal Funk was neatly maintained to endure the skillions of Time. The Gods scoped the situation and proclaimed, "All is Cool". But! All was not Cool throughout the cosmos. The dynamics of ORDER & EQUILIBRIUM was being waylaid by new manners of trifidistic jivation fermenting on pagan planet Earth. A former vanguard land of liberty and freedom turned bogardistic, and the star-spangled Kong of Babylon was unleashed to bully tidbit morsels of faraway lands. And one dawn's light brought the greedy presence forth, to confront another, the Commie Crudzilla. And Kong did indeed, fervently eye Crudzilla's new prize (a minute, Far Eastern Land) and spake, "Gimme some of that, Gibbat!"

The Red beast stirred with Fangs bared, "Be off, yellow running dog, imperialistic scum!" Fazed not, Kong went before the people of this land... armed with a false rap of salvation. But, they... being extremely hip to the Game... answered with, "No good, Number 10—LET'S TAKE IT TO THE STAGE!"

Kong, angered & pissed... sent forth armoured goons, accompanied by outstanding nasties as: Doctor Napalm, Professor Claymore and Reverend No-Grow. Against these odds, the black pajama mojo men arose from the peoples' hearts... and countervamped with helihonnik fury! As it was, victory was the ultimate, but bitter triumph for the little people who sent the mammoth Kong back homeward reeling and smoking into worldwide breakface!

And verily as I rap unto you from the rear side of life, there was a young mortal named Ali, who was indeed the greatest—whopping heads between signifying. But, it came to pass that, the law of the land did declare that he would be obligated to exterminate strangers in a unknown land. Ali refused to participate in the wrongful bloodlusts, and he was punished and lost his boxing title, from the serpentine representatives of so-called, judiciary righteousness...

With the passage of time, the war became no longer fun, and the games were indeed, reduced to a lesser level. Ali was without his crown of glory, but knew what time it was—"LET'S TAKE IT TO THE STAGE!" He then proceeded to rend asunder numerous lightweights, whiteweights, dumbweights and deadweights—and recaptured his glory! Justice prevails!

And now, nebulous and neegroid hastificators lurk about within the realm of FUNKADELIA! Yes—certain goldplated warmongers are indeed—paranoid about their lesser brothers, "Blowing Them Off The Stage!" Behindst the scenes, turbulent conflicts hath arisen, various Lands going heads-up over the issue of 'you-go-first'-isms. Yes, under the very noses of their fans, these envious, blahflammativ, dufus reactionary buffoons bicker, blabber and stew over such frivolous issues.

Tempers hath flared at the bitter end of coin tosses and music equipment has been known to be mysteriously sabotaged in vengeance... or concert time bogarded away. Other acts have been committed and some are too dispicable for mortal ears.

BUT—LET IT BE KNOWN: FUNKADELIC DON'T PLAY THAT!

UPONST the madness of the world, FUNKADELIC prevails as the phallic berserker of HOPE. Yes! Battered and blammed by broxinated vapors of cancerous, riff-raff knuckleheadology, moped molecule molesters, and spastic, phobic VUZ pegs of pulchritudinous jealousy... FUNKADELIC continues to rout such nitrod charlatans with powerdrive over-bites. FUNKADELIC do nots bullshit the masses, because they are almightyous and the baddest thang happening within this entire dimension plane! Death on jivation, FUNKADELIC IS! As the mighteous live band in the known universe, let it be known that FUNKADELIC will play before any "name-brand" yokels, and verily—force-field them into soured crawfish milk! "LET'S TAKE IT TO THE STAGE!" FUNKADELIA shall triumph! LET'S TAKE IT TO THE STAGE, mollyfocks!

Excerpts from Sir Ileb's "State of Confusion" speech at George Clinton University, Stinkingfer, Alabama

ALUMNI FUNKADELIC

Bootsie
Billy Bass
E. Hazel
Ron Bykowski

GUEST FUNKADELIC

Paul Warren
Reggie McBride
Frosty
Mello Garcia
Honeys

Denise Hurd
Delores whats-her-name
Gary Cooper

Parliament (courtesy of Casablanca Records)

FUNKADELIC

SPECIAL THANKS:

Armen Boladian
Cholly Bassoline
Ron Strasner
Nick Byrne

Roadies: Bob and Screwy

Sound Engineers: Jim Caillon (Hollywood Sound)

Jim Uitti and Ken whats-his-name (United Sound)

And to Chess/Janus for giving Westbound a Release.

This album is dedicated with fun and love to
all our Boogie-Funk Competition.

© 1975 Westbound Records, Inc.
Detroit, Michigan
20th Century Records
& Subsidiary of 20th Century-Fox Film Corp.
8255 Sunset Boulevard
Los Angeles, CA 90048
Printed in U.S.A.
Also Available on
20th Century/Westbound Stereo Tape

COSMIC

SLOP

FUNKADELIC is:

Bernard Worrell: Keyboards & Melodica
 (Strings on Broken Heart)
 "BOOGIE" Mossom: Bass Guitar
 Tyrone Lampkin: Percussion
 Gary Shider: Lead & Rhythm Guitar
 Ron Bykowski: Lead & Rhythm Guitar
 Guest FUNKADELIC Maggot: Tiki Fulwood, Drums on
 'Nappy Dugout'

FUNKADELIC

SIDE TWO

SIDE ONE

Cosmic Slop

5:16 (G. Clinton, B. Worrell)

No Compute

(After Spitz Don't Make No Babies)
3:01 (G. Clinton, G. Shider)

Nappy Dugout

4:31 (G. Clinton, G. Shider,
C. Mossom)

Broken Heart

3:39 (W. Franklin)

*You Can't Miss
What You Can't Measure*

2:54 (G. Clinton, S. Barnes)

*March To The
Witch's Castle*

5:54 (G. Clinton)

Trash A Go-Go

2:23 (G. Clinton)

Let's Make It Last

4:10 (G. Clinton, E. Hazel)

Can't Stand The Strain

3:28 (G. Clinton, E. Hazel)





COSMIC SLOP: Prelude



PRODUCED BY GEORGE CLINTON FOR WESTBOUND RECORDS, Inc.
 RECORDED AT: UNITED SOUND, DETROIT, MICH.
 MANTA STUDIO, R.C.A.
 ALBUM CONCEPT/DESIGN: GEORGE CLINTON, PEDRO BELL
 ART DIRECTION: NEIL TERK
 ALBUM ART: PEDRO BELL, BRUCE BELL/MAGGOT FUNKAGRAPHIX, Inc.
 LINER NOTES: Sir Lieb, MAGGOT MINISTER OF FUNKDELIA
 ALBUM CO-ORDINATION: MIA KRINSKY
 PRODUCTION SUPERVISION: BOB SCERBO



W-223

WESTBOUND RECORDS, INC., DETROIT, MICH.
 DISTRIBUTED BY 20TH CENTURY RECORDS, 8544 SUNSET BLVD., LOS ANGELES, CALIF.
 ALSO AVAILABLE ON STEREO TAPE

FOR virtual decades of alembic time parasites, I have gazed upon the so-called highest life form on this planet with unbridled disgust! For the very source of life energies of Earth have become the castrated target of anile bambosbery from homo sapiens' rabid attempts to manipulate the omnipotent Forces of Nature!

Their directionless efforts to achieve the metaphysical state of godliness, sons premature to evolutionary destiny have, indeed, become an invitation to species extinction. No less alarming are the individual actions of this reactionary and wayward life form—exploiting each other for unworthy and selfish aims. Specific impassioned ignorances of cancerous audacity . . . engage professionally and/or morally in the unique practice of PIMPIFICATION. And in truth, this is a most damnable lifestyle to witness with mortal eyes!

TOTAL domination of capital, material and creature comforts is ruthlessly sought through the exploitation of many.

The squishy public valleys of female denizens . . . become silted receptors of instantaneous carnal fulfillment—for a price, controlled by a male legion of parasitical, prevariated, GODLESS PAGANS who exact their lifestyle to a terrible cost to their hosts . . .

Gutless heathens with an unearthly lust for capital gain, dare to pimp off various necks and spines of narcotic death upon the virgin bodies of their youth, who face inevitable enslavement to those TRIFFID PUSHERS of escapist hell . . .

The napalm-jelly and barbecue sandwich of war has become the ghoul/soul food of those who profit from the eternal conflicts as suppliers of the grisly table utensils of war machines, make the bloody feasts more "polite." Their capitalistic/egomaniac allies, the POLITICIANS, provide an unlimited supply of gore-spattered dessert, as their anile, verbal gibberings of multi-faceted, repetitive lies and oppressive ravings . . . confuse, paralyze and suck out the minds of their prey, the masses . . .

Other immoralistic bumpkins seek out those of the opposite sex for shallow and/or selfish intentions. FINANCIAL SECURITY or an eternal supply of TRIM are sought under the veiled disguise of "love-you-ism." Such antics result in hideous versions/replays of "playing on the side," flat n' cuffs, the "empty-house trauma," monster alimony payments, unwed motherism, suicides, homicides and/or unloved offspring. For to pimp off LOVE is, verily, tampering with the all-encompassing destructive opposite, HATE! And with hate comes DEATH . . .

The colorless monster of RACISM is gleefully unchained by garotted gibbons and hirsute hooligans, whose abbreviated mentalities cripple their own

minds as the racist specters cripple their victims' bodies . . .

Premature ecological doom through the reactionary efforts of POLLUTING ENTERPRISES of capitalistic pimpum foreshadow Earth's demise. These cacathic mumpumfians of madness continue to hasten total biological Armageddon for the "benefit" of consumerism. And WITHOUT SHAME—declare their eventual victims as the banging argle-bargles responsible for the ecological pimpster game that they cheerfully continue . . .

BE IT KNOWN, THEREFORE, THAT I HAVE FERULED to verbally ostracize these astrobogulous oafs of occluded obliquity. The frenzied insipience of PIMPIFICATION hath risen to the point of cosmide. Enough of this madness! CEASE!

For I, to carnate my macrological rhetoric upon this wicked edifice of Babylon, truly care that the undeserving species of Man be snatched from self-destruction. Therefore, BECOME AWARE OF YOURSELVES! Become aware of your actions ("the ass thou pimpest shall be thine own")! CEASE ALL MANNERS OF EXPLOITIVE JIVATION!

Should there be some who would choose to ignore this maledroit message of doom, I further proclaim it to be the right of the noble followers of FUNKADELIA to counteract the insane, infertile antics of those pimpstary, sapless stooges and exploitive ocdysiasts of evile. FUNKADELIA IS UPON THEE!

VERILY, those soulfuflically jaded swashbucklers of agitpropitic burnbabydom—FUNKADELIC—have descended from the Original Galaxy Ghetto to cleanse thy wayward souls THROUGH MUSIC worthy of the immortals themselves!

LISTEN, and ye shall believe—when it comes to pass . . . that what shall penetrate thy ears shall truly be a gas! But, FAIL those of FUNKADELIC, and thou shalt be cast away with the last vestiges of mental salvation. For the TRUTH is the WAY, and FUNKADELIC is, verily, TRUTH.

AWAKE NOT, and Earth remains as this solar system's space strumpet . . . pour milk from the breast of MOTHER NATURE!

AWAKE NOT, and FUNKADELIC, with its souful followers, upon a predestined time, shall ascend to the heavens, and the wayward masses left behind will be further reduced by their own pimp games into the lunatic fringe of extinction. Unerringly, they will cease to exist, and after this forsaken firmament is pumped unto COSMIC SLOP . . . the rats and roaches will once again become the dominant Lords of Earth!

AS IT IS WRITTEN, SO SHALL IT BE!

From the ARMPIT OF THE UNIVERSE.



SINCE WHEN, IS MOTHER

NATURE OBLIGATED TO

WHORE FOR OUR SINS?!

FUNKADELIC Monstermanian Thanks to:

Engineers: Les De Carlo, Manta Sound, Toronto
 Jerry, United Sound, Detroit
 Parliament

Our Road Manager: Chris Tannis
 Seven Rooster Pools for Bernie Mendelson
 HOT, BUTTERED & SOUL
 Debbie Wright

Mercy for Smelling the Dogshit: Armon Boladian
 T.R. from T.M.L. in Memphis

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SUPPORT
 FUNKADELIC
 MUSIC

FUNKADELIC

MAIN INVASION FORCE

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VOCALS & CONGAS

BAD BOSCO
BERNIE
NORRELL:
KEYBOARDS
& VOCALS

SHADY GRADY THOMAS:
GENIE VOCALS

C. BOOGIE
MORSONI:
BASS &
VOCALS

CLARENCE
FUZZY HASKINS:
WEREWOLF VOCALS

MAGGOT OVERLORD!
GEORGE CLINTON

R. TIKI FULWOOD:
PERCUSSION

GARY
DOWNOP
SHIDER:
GUITARS
& VOCALS

MIKE
HAMMOND:
GUITARS

STING-RAY
DAVIS: BASS
VOCALS

MAGGOTRIVIA

Sinister Concept/Rambunctious Album Design:
George Clinton and Pedro Ball
Album's Anife Artistic Dabblings: Pedro (Publie-Pete) Ball
Sub-Linear Noxious Liner Notations & Cryptic Gibberish:
Sir Ileb of Funkadelia
Malodorious, Hellific Cartoon-Mopod Producer of
all this Madness: George Clinton
Against all known laws of moral decency, this disk was recorded at
these various Modily parts within Babylon:
Hollywood Sound, Hollywood Cal. and
United Sound, Detroit Mich.
Wholly Impertinent Sponsors: "JJ" Christ & William (Wild Willie) Lucifer

IMPROVE YOUR FUNKMESHIP

The nastified Secret Order of the United Maggots of Funkadelia
is being magnetized for you convience. Sent all inquires and Funk-
acidal correspondence to the following address:
Maggotropolis of Funkadelia
1108 Sherbourne
Los Angeles, Cal. 90069
WARNING: Obvious squares and turkeys attempting entry into
the REALM will be reduced immediately to basic atoms and radio-
active turds.



Funkadelic Tales of Kidd Funkadelic, 1976



FUNKADELIC
Special Thanx:
 Charlie Bassoline
 Tom Strasser
 Jeff Franklin
 A.T.I.
 Gudies, Bob & Sam
 Sound Engineers; Lee (Manta), Ralph (Holly-
 wood), Jeff (Crystal), and Jerry (Unmod).
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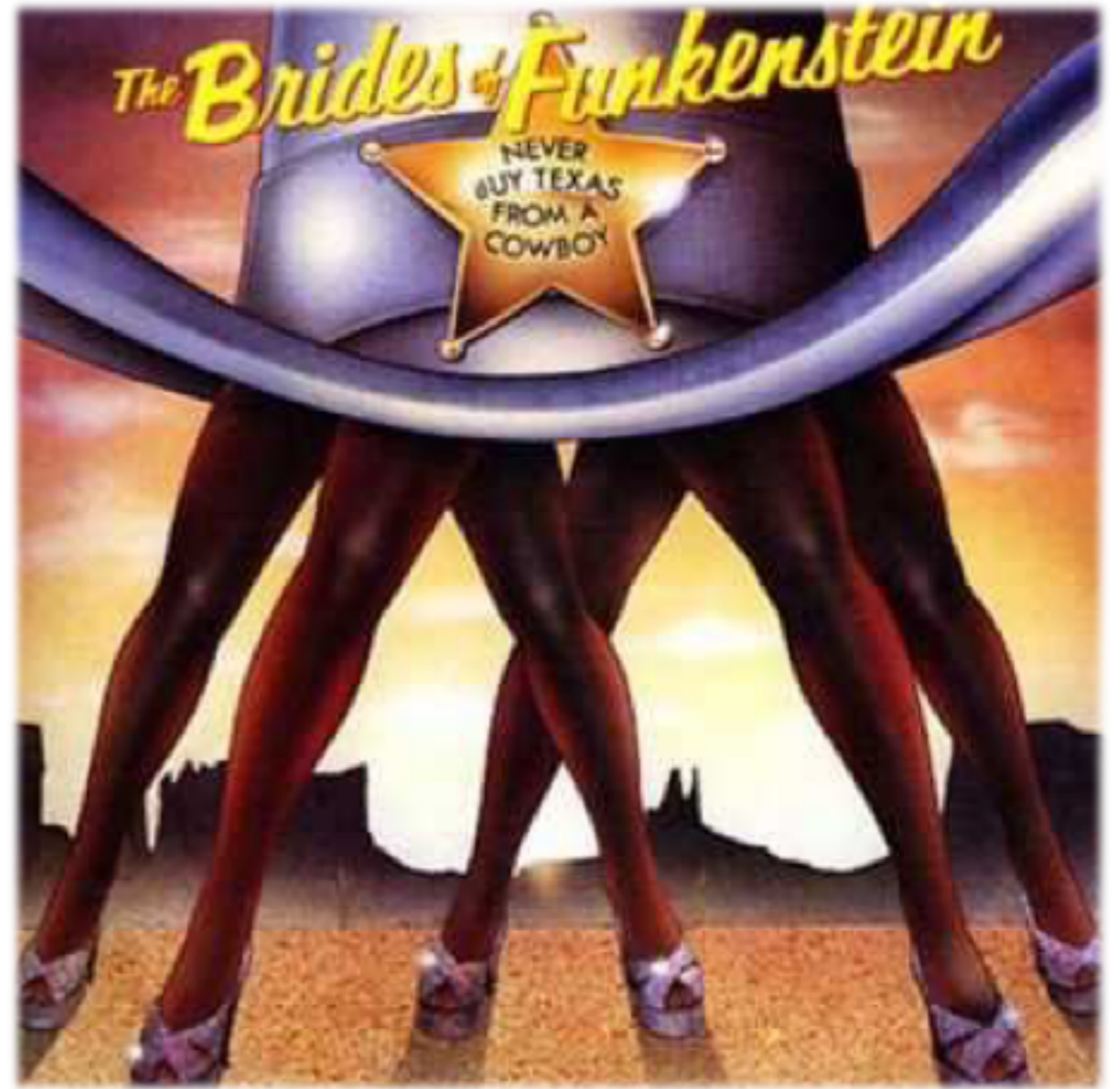
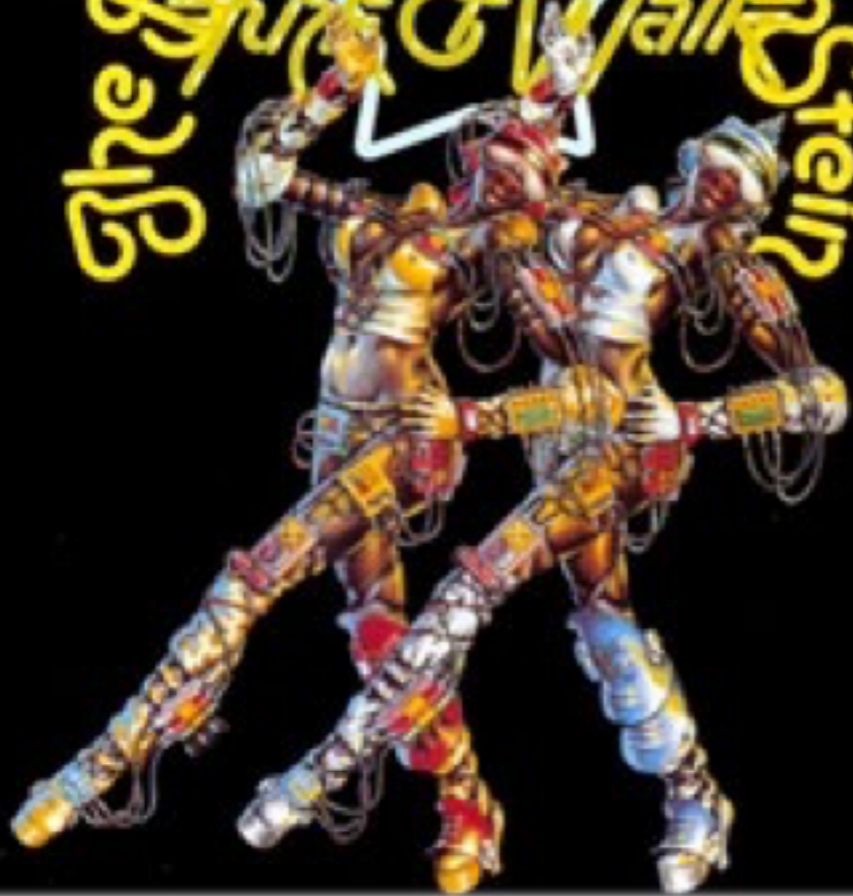


"One Nation Under a Groove"

FUNK OR WALK

THE BRIDES OF FUNKENSTEIN

The Brides of Funkenstein
Funk or Walk



Side 1:
Mr. Wiggles
Rumpofsteelskin
(You're A Fish and I'm A) Water Sign
Aqua Boogie
(A Psychoalphadiscobetabioaquadoloop)

Side 2:
One of Those Funky Things
Liquid Sunshine
The Motor-Booty Affair
Deep

PRODUCED AND CONCEIVED BY: GEORGE CLINTON for Thang, Inc.



Hear Now See Lay-Da!
A Soundtrack from a Motion Picture Underwater.

OVERON LOYD '78
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Parliament - Rumpofsteelskin - 1978 [P-Funk]



Parliament - "Rumpofsteelskin" - 1978
[extrait du l'album *Aquatique*, *MotorBooty Affair*]

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