

TEX-A-GRAPHICAL
SLAMS FROM THESE
FUNK NINJAS

PEDRO BELL • MAILLO BELL
JAMES DEMBY • R. STORO EDWARDS
SEITU HAYDEN • BRAZENIUSSY
OVERTON LOYD • DAVID MILLS
MICHEAL NEAL • TURTEL ONLI
PARLIAMENT
TYM SLYAWATHA STEVENS
R. UHURU MAGGOT VINCENT
NEW ZEEP WAVE GROUPS

ZEEP

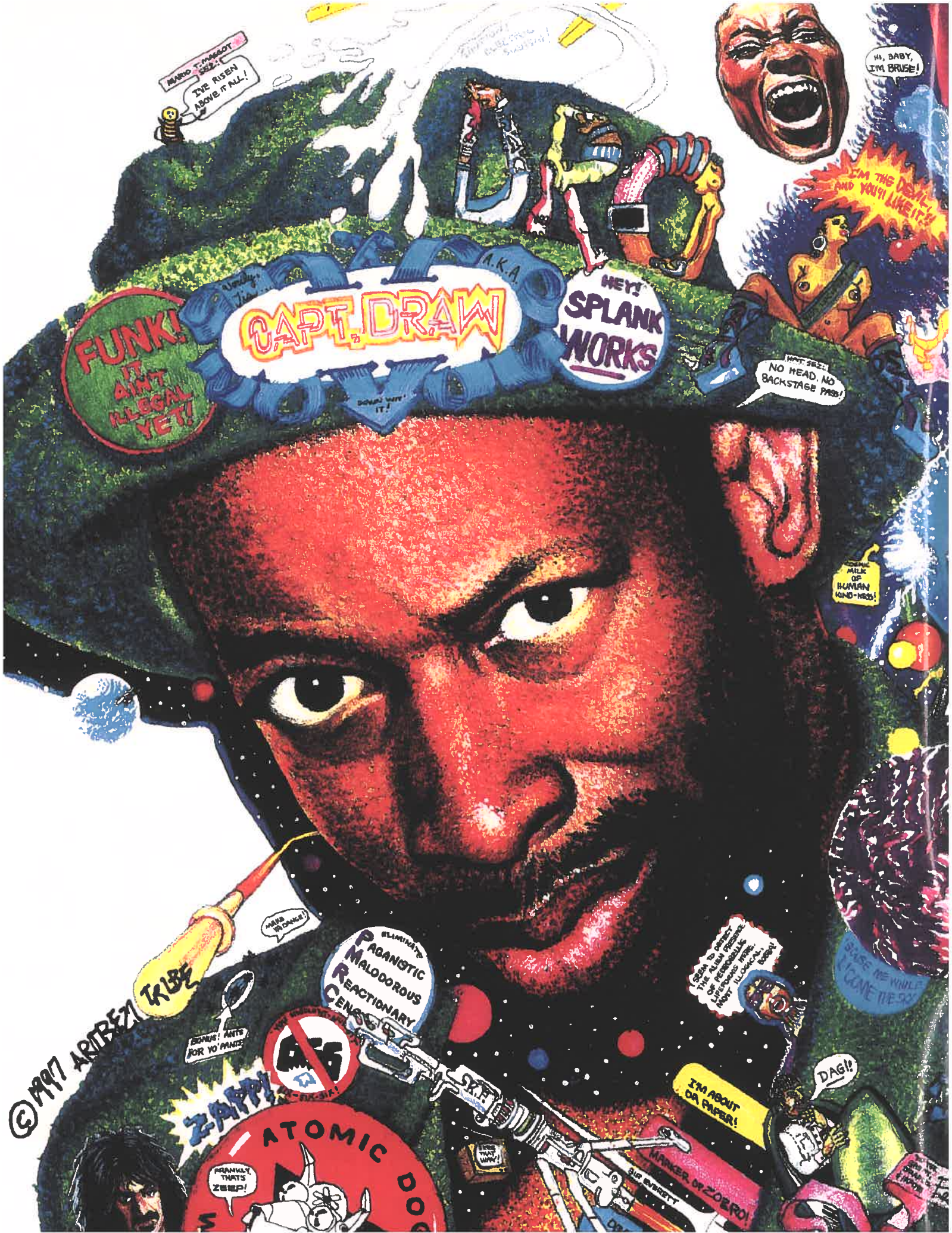
ALL THE FUNK THAT WAS, IS, AND YET TO BE!

PREMIER ISSUE | SUB-ZERO OH-ONE | 1997

GRAND
THEFT



P-FUNK TRIBUTE ISSUE



MARIO T. MARGOT 1997: I'VE RISEN ABOVE IT ALL!



HI, BABY, I'M BRUCE!

I'M THE DEVIL AND YOU'LL LIKE IT!

NO HEAD, NO BACKSTAGE PASS!

A.K.A. CAPT. DRAW

HEY! SPLANK WORKS

FUNK! IT AINT ILLEGAL YET!

SOMEBODY WANT IT!

SOMEONE MILK OF HUMAN KIND-NESS!

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ELIMINATE PARANOID MALODOROUS REACTIONARY CENSURE



ATOMIC DOG

FROM TO ORDER THE ALIEN CRISIS OF RESPONSIBILITY LIFE-POUNCE FROM WEST ILLINOIS, ILLINOIS

I'M ABOUT DA PAPER!

DAG!!

MARKER OF ZERO!

GUP EMBRETT

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Volume 1

#1

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ZEEPWAVE DOMINATION POSSE

Executive Producer/Zeep Mogul: David DMZ Mills

Associate Producer/Editor: Pedrodelic

Creative and Technical Blind Man's Bluffers: Jake Austen & Seitu Hayden

Production Grunt Force/Shadow Editors: Jake Austen and Jackie Stewart

Zeepwave Elite Protoplasms: Artbezi Squad (Pedro Bell, Seitu Hayden & Tym Stevens)

Support Crew: Darwin Honore, H.M. Tate

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ZEEP-A-TORIAL

ZEEP-OVER-MATTER: The existence of this magazine serves as the first guide to the next level of funkactivity. The ebonic P-Funk phrase "Deeper than deep" has been officially replaced by **ZEEP**. It is also appropriate that this term spearheads the funk into the 21st century. If this basically-sorryassed planet terminates itself (or gets terminated by natural, un-natural and/or divine causes) at least we got to the end of the alphabet.

FREE YOUR MIND & YOUR MIND & YOUR CASH WILL FOLLOW: As you probably suspect, buisnesses great and small expect publications to give glowing reports about their services or product (regardless of whether or not they deserve-the-praise)...in exchange for paid ad-space. Well, looka here; do you see any corporate ads in **ZEEP**? I didn't even bother to approach 'em just to let them know that I could pull a **ZEEP** without them.

As a beloved mercenary-of-the-arts, I have the alternate clue wave of doing buisness: Pay the Grandtheft that I want-to see for BigAss Adspace AND THEN I WONT TALK A-BOUT CHA! In the spirit of true I-don't-give-a-fock-ism lemme cap some corporate ass for axZample

550/Sony was kind of insulted that I scartooned them on that T.E.L.F.O.M. products artwork. To paraphrase the conversation, I was told that I had alotta nerve dissing their multi-national corporation AND that I wasn't dealing with some indie (i.e. Brand X low paying pootbutt) label. Well, excuse me-I think that Warner Brothers would object to that statement not to mention that big companies are my favorite targets (which WB Inc also had the sense-of-humor-to-laugh-about.) My rebutal is simply this; If YOU'RE ALL THAT, how come it took over 60 days to PAY ME? Also, at presstime (one year later) I still haven't got back my artwork. What's up with that-did you lose so much money on P-Full that WESTBOUND RECORDS bought you?

And on that subject, let me mention that Armen B. is still on the wrong side of me. Ironically, he gave the PBS film more conversation about me than in person when the tape was not running. He escaped from the premises before I was able to handcuff-oops!-I meant resocialize, him. Did he fail geography in school or something? His general locale is definetely with in the range of any Chicago Park District-launched cruise missile worth stealing, so why bother with this subjective amnesia routine? Dag, the things I gotta doo to enforce the peace until going to war...

As big as CAPITOL/EMI pretend to be, they are like a realtime extension of the chitlin circuit record company. Stupid attempts at 11th hour scams seem to be part of their mantra despite their zip-for-three win/loss record against One Of My Lawyers (aka Doctor Piranha Don Spak). Every excursion with them ends up with me having to do some kinda Electric Spanking Counter-manauver. (They need to be on a bottle.) KMA

Lastly, there's Nene Montez (P-Funk's accidental version of the Anti-Christ) and the deal with PIMPORITY RECORDS. Dispite the "used by permission" bullshit on those recycled Funkadelic releases there IS NO PAPERWORK TO THAT EFFECT and the aforementioned infidel owes me \$18K (which is the reason why he didn't get the o.k.) Doc Piranha was poised to go to a launch window on the semi-life form, but because of a series of law suits pending (with Montez pretending to represent the interests of P-Funk grunts), it's been a real mess. George and Armen might be considered pimps but at least they're mammals. Nene on a good day is no higher than a reptile and it's no secret that I basically despised him Day One.

For a \$18K spank factor I got a serious attitude but in the tail end of the 20th century, scopes and breifcases are obsolete. What the world really needs is A LOT MORE IMAGINATION so I've made it my agenda to conceptualize the means to plunder or and profiteer his ass ASDAP (\$18Ks worth-plus-interest) just to let this closet invertabrate know that it can be done (and I'll have fun). THE BLEAK SHALL INHERIT THE WORLD. (KMA)

Well, my poison pen is in need of a refill so I'm outta here. Excuse my rabies, it'sa **Zeeep** kinda thing.

FUNKWARS "The Battle of Kickbooty Canyon" Edited Excerpts from The Ides of Pedrodelic: *"Over the roar of Pumpsy's Bootywood bombers, the fearless CAPTAIN DRAW glanced at his Bopwatch the double checkmate this final affront in the Funk Wars (version 5.0 Factory Upgrade.) Despite the props of a twelve-star general, CAPTAIN DRAW remained calm for this last assult against the now infamous scheme division still holding down Harmpit Canyon. He turned lift towards the streaked sky as a quadrant of Nasty Noize Boyz sped towards the lights of the solitary target. The rumble of sub woofer tremors added to the bellowing dayglo clouds from a nearby attack from Enemy Squad. "Ah the stench of burnt octaves smelled like...hickory!"*

Suddenly, Thrill sergeant Yvonne Sparks appeared in her usual black, white and pink jamaflauge. This good&plenty rumpasaurus has already volounteered to ride point. The Captain activated his left face guard for the things To 200 Logbook to make sure herd zample-her by first light. Yummi-Yumski

To the east just left of the Artbezi graphix Gun Batteries purred the lowrider stealthcraft of the Overthrowist. Draw had to make a deal with this flighty merc just to avoid having him concluded. He was just too dangerous to be freelancing, especially with his high fir rate 240 yolks-per-second in Assorted Calibers at that. The Overthrowist's assemblage of Napparratus was a scary sight. Draw paused to salute a platoon of Dirty Bat Zeepalene Marines who were a special detachment courtesy of Pocket General Funkyman. A status bar glowed green as the battle specs automatically updated on his visor. Girlock ("Oh-the beauty of Plywood.") was tight on Recon. He quickly backtracked to a mini A/V disk of Girlock performing the Funkarena. Her skinny, pretty legs were still slamming. He switched to thermal for a better view of course. Her bloomers were set on Full Radar Bluff Off so curve surfing was out. He silently wondered if Girlock could be brought up on court martial charges. After all, her cloaking device was legit, but it was the addition of the infrared pattern of NO-WAY, MAGOO! that was possibly a optical felony

George was in a cold slump in the Puerto Rican red crushed velvet barbershop chair in the center smoke closet. The lage dumptruck pipe fell from his frozen fingers. As he stared at a cracked and white-dusty mirror of a withered face, he heard the rumbling of incoming Doom through the lost walls of his Fisher-Priced domain of the Scheme Division. Groaning in starvation pain, he bent over to tie his Nikes, looked at the clock. Three Fifteen.

Pimpschool was over forever. "Well, how-you let your funk-hang? It's a-bout a Zeep Thang!" The ashy faced Ex-Funk-Meister cackled harshly. "That shit's corny like-a-mutha-fucka. And got my ass singing those hotdamn lyrics. Let me stopp trippin. My shit is dead."

George heard the buzz of approaching Pimpslap Coptors coming through the last wall. He grinned and thought

somewhat sleepily if he would officially Dissapear being locked up in a devoida-crack box car or be whisked away in a camaflagued Waste Mangement tank. "Well shit," he thought, "At least I'll be riding..." (Zeep-Over-Matter.The End)

THE TEXT-A-MERC FILES: Contrary to my rep as a graphix contra, my pre-funkdafied days were primarily as a writer in the commercial and creative fields. I had long-ago decided to run radar sweeps for pre-armed graphic mercenaries for future buisness expansion. My first squad picks were originally Seitu Hayden, Sir Lance Everett, his sister Edwina Owens and my brother Bruse. Sir Lance has since been banished for assorted Crimes Against My Estate, Edwina has been quietly riding out an indefinete Funk suspension and Lil' Bro has apparently been making too much money with his regular slave to regress into the S&M world of doing artsy stuff though I'm hopeful I can pull him out of retirement. The gap created by my thinning-out-the-herd has been filled by the appearance of a relative newcomer Tym (Slywatha Tymbezio) Stevens as a killah pen warrior. Now that my peepers got fried, it'll be a wait for the near-future options of medical, technological or holistic alternatives to optically regroup. Meanwhile, my earlier excursions with Hayden and Stevens have served as a optically-compatible alternative to my so-called lifestyle. If these Artbezi squad big guns don't impress you, than you're more blind than me!

While I still play that design/art director role, it's a light touch as these marauders do not need detailed directives from me. All of us share a common attitude: We don't need creative babysitting to knockout some concept. In addition my two art alter-egos have plenty of their own stuff that's totally strate (seen here in ZEEP). In my meantime, I'm trying to reduce my downtime with the expertise tech upgrading to a computer system Zeep enough to ramp-me-up to return to more text flammics for the present tense.

As you computer heads know, there's some hard/firm/software options available for disabled mortals, so I'll be going to that tech for my redirected energies. I'm still into film and TV stuff (though Reggie Hudlin, for example, has been perpin at zero, to date) and still in some collab actions with media alter-ego Leslie Lazar and consider myself on standby status with -The Man With tall props- David Mills.

I'm already near book proposal level with at least a half-dozen concepts (mentioned in my '96 VIBE interview) and will be cruisin' for a deal soon. I'm messing around with a couple of CD-ROM compatible projects as well but since I don't have a timeline on these yet...they'll remain bop secret subversives. This octave church stuff is beginning to turn into a serious bottleneck, so I'm definetely gonna finish jumpstarting TRIPZILLA in some form in 1997. Distractors to ZEEP said that I couldn't pull it off but now that they've been silenced, I don't even wanna hear anybody tell me "No you can't, because..." (Is my Ego, legal?! Who gives a flunk?!)

A-SOCK-CLUE-LIST NOW: The Next DeGeneration: I'm sure that a lot of you funkateers have heard plenty of rumors about the seemingly perpetual legal battles surrounding P-FUNK's Scheme Division, Westbound's Armen B and a shadow lord known as Nene Montez. Net surfers can cruise Bernie and Judy Worrell's/Woo Warriors Internet site for the serious 411 but the details of this conflict is beneath the full attention span of ZEEP. Let all that provide a focal point for any Funk Lite publications trying to perp being more DEEP.

I have some personal beefs with George & Armen B. myself, but I will asume that their compliance can be rendered with a minimum of Inforcement tactics. Both of them can be suspected pimps, but at least they're still mammals. Montez represents a life-form that is compatible with the X-Files or the Outer Limits. I never liked him from Day One and my instincts were right. What hit my last nerve is not this fake-ass mirage-of-an-organization that is alleged to be in existance to legally counter-vamp the antics of George & Armen...but the PIMPORITY RECORDS' captioned product of reissued FUNKADELIC material that has recycled my artwork with USED BY PERMISSION. No such thing exists (Access keyword "\$18K" in the FREE YOUR MIND section). I thought to myself, how come I have to resort to 20th century tactics to eliminate a pre-reptilian infidel when I'm the 21st Century Pagan From The Projects?! So now it's on: I figure that my pen has unlimited range, infinite levels of precision and is hardwired to a technological universe of analog and digital options. If the fool is really too stupid to cash-me-out, I'll just figure out the method of distroying his counterfeit empire or zeep-still, pull a 180 degree and profiteer offa-his-ass!

Hmm, the possibilities are endless and I likes the challenge of proving that dirty henchman (actually gender-enhanced K-Mart level ho-strollers) and a everchanging rotunda of legal jackals could be easily reduced to the protective benefits of pocket lint under Zeepwave conditions. Though my yangmanship may be considered Telegraphing-A-Knockout, there's really no known defense for my offense so the issue is irevelent: at my own convenience, I will bust-the-moves. Electric Splank this offensive semi-lifeform who is the Funk's equivalent of the Anti-Christ. If I have to go to launch window IT won't be able to stop, deflect, postpone, delay or cancel the ex/implosion that will reduce him to mere stray molecules of satanic dust bunnies. The End is near (KMA)!

ALIENS-INNA-NOD At The 71st Street Blast Station (Excerpted from the Ides of Pedrodolic-Planet Splurge Transcripts) "*Zeedroski Beltagious lightly stepped out into the sunlight so his solar-powered plat kicks could take a full recharge. He was sporting the latest strate C. Addams split-toe funk ninja platformed steppers for auto pullage from the local rumpazoids hanging around the 71st Street Blast Station at the corner of Atomic Gouster Boulevard and 71st Street. Things over there was a lot more quiet since Billy Blastic got concluded last week. There was a jiveby one night and Blastic took a fatal hit to his left head's brainpod. Zeedroski saw it on the sixteen o' clock news and Erase management trucks were all over the place.*

Z. was glad that he was out of the mix. The new gig at Raisin Fuzzy Digital was paying grand stoopid credits even though making the big crinkly from interactive alien porno CD-ROMS had bothered him. Until he checked out the best sellers. and despite averaging about seventeen fatalities per fifty-thousand units, the lawsuits were simply tax write-off damage. Buisness was good, and Zeedroskki would've had the entire collection from Planet Nastar even if he had to pay for those follies.

Belltagious was headed toward the 71st Street Blast Station, mostly out of habit. Half-the-hood's dirty ole gawkers were still hanging aroung after the station started carrying new nitro-boosted three-fifteen octane for the polyrumpasauric tankers who were onsite for the jolly tune-up. Naturally, the slowriders, runnycars and splank tanks were still rolling from as far away as Splat-Nancy Heights. Beelltagious checked his plats for a charge count. They spelt blast reddy. A quick tap on his dayglo jumpsuit kicked the strobes off on the shoes for the full efectio. No doubt that the local bumparoni clan would be checking their drip pads behind his new look.

As he stepped across the street, the telltale shadows of tentacles set off many cerebral alarms. The Blast Station was now managed by aliens. A most terrible feeling indeed..." (Part Two in Next Issue)

For those who need to know, the purpose of this project was to (a) prove that I had figured out a way to undo my sight disability and (b) prove to a certain Scheme Division that they ain't the only one's with funky armpit (no brain fits) on this damn planet. Sike! I'm that Zeep Space Mind that came in on the tail of that comet. Yeah, I admit it took some Doo funk to teach me how to do The Impossible With Nothing. I didn't have a dollar for this and got to thank four critical entities for the tall zampstart: DAVID MILLS, JAKE AUSTEN, SEITU HAYDEN & TYM STEVENS. But don't choke, I included the full list of Splankyous later. To all you Funkateers, Funk addicts, (Continued on Page 23)

A COLD-CRUSHIC INDUSTRIAL RECESS-STRENGTH OPTICAL JAM FROM THE ORIGINAL MINISTER OF OFFENSE, RAPID-FIRE PIMPSLAPPIN', INSANE DESTROYER OF TOY ARGLE-BARGLES, BODYSLAMMIC SAMPLER OF WAYWARD WENCHES, MALADJUSTED MOLESTER OF MARKER PENS, CLUE-WAVE ZOOKEEPER OF CHICAGOLOID BLASPHEMY, ROBOT-STENCH PAGAN OF THE CRAZOID ARTS UP & BEYOND ALL MORTAL COMPREHENSION (AND A VERY DECENT KNEEGROW ICON).....

PEDRO **CAPT. DEE** **BELL**

TOO MUCH

DERANGED SPLANKLORD OF THE OLD SCHOOL JACK---

THE FIRST TROUBLE FUNK (50, AIRBODY GIT BACK)!



PAUSE HERE FOR THE USUAL "I-JUST-LOVE DRAWIN' MYSELF" EGO CLIP ACTION---

THIS IS A R.A.T.*

YO! CAPTAIN DEE IN-DA MUTHAFUNKIN' HOUSE! STRATE-UP CLOCKIN', LOCKIN' & DROPPIN'-- A TALL DOPE TALE SLAMMING DEEPER DAN SIX MONTHS IN JAIL!

MAH LINES ARE CROOKED AND MY THOUGHTS ARE ILL BUT I'M BUSTIN' OUT SMOKIN' ON A OPTIC THRILL! IF YOU DON'T KNOW A THANG ABOUT PEDRO BEE YA BETTA BREAK CAMP FOR-A-G.E.D.!

JUST WHO DO HE TAINK HE IS?

U-KNOW HAD TO PAY SUM MONEY

RANDOM ACTION TART

TRIP OR TREAT

FLUNK SHORTY WAS A MAHN BUT-NOT-OF-EARTH---

HE-WAS-KICKIN'-IT-LIVE ON ALIEN TURF!

RIGHT ACROSS THE STELLAR STREET FROM EARTH

SNEEROX CRAB PROFILE

RABID YANKST

TRIPLE-SPLANK FINGER DANGLE

STINKY FINGER-LAND

ZIPZOID SEA

ILL STRAITS

© 1990 PEDRO BELL & SEITU HAYDEN

ANKLE-EXCURSION ON
PLANET SPLURGE...
(WHERE AIRTHANG FUNKY
HAS A SERIOUS MERGE!)

HE WAS TOP-RANK DRAPED
WITH A OBSCENE TILT -
(YO! TRUTH DECAY FIT!)
HOME-BOY WAS BUILT!

CITIZENS
DRESS
CODE
AUTOCAM
RESULTS:
FIGURA
CORRECT

LIL' SQUAT-TANK ROWDY
WITH A DANGEROUS 'TUDE!
WHEN SPOOKIN' THE "ZARTS"
FLUNK SHORTY WAS RUDE!

Y'ALL "STANKS"
DIDN'T EVEN
BITE FO' MAH
ZONE NUM-BER!
MUST-BE-SUM
TWO-WAY
BETTYS"--!

SPLURGE PLANET
INSULT RATING 9.6

BUT "FLUNKY" WAS A ROYER-
SO, IT-MADE-NO-NEVERMIND
(JUST ANOTHER PLAYER -
"ALL FRONT & NO BEE-HIND!")

FLUNK SHORTY CALLED HIMSELF -A-RAPPER
("POLTER-GEIST M.O.C!")
HOOKING-UP ON A CONTEST
FOR-ALL-THE-WORLD-TO-SEE!

DAT MA-FLUNKA
DIDN'T EVEN RE-
MEMBER ME! HE-
AIN'T-SQUAT!!

SUZI ZEE
TRY HA



A INTERPLANETARY THROWDOWN
WAS GOING-ON DOWNTOWN
FLUNK SHORTY WAS-STRATE
AND-JOCKING TO-CLOWN!

BUT HE TRIPPED FOR A MOMENT
MAYBE-HE-SHOULD-BE-CRAMMING---
WAS HIS RAP HI-PRO ENUF?
FOR-SOME DRASTIC-JAMMIN'?

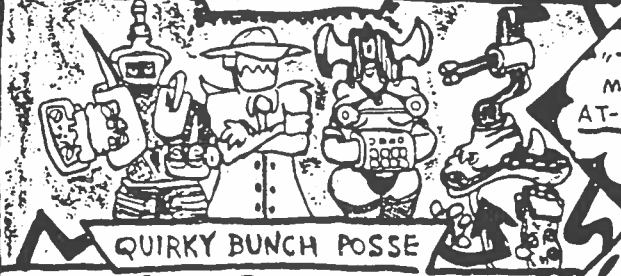


M.C. CRAZOID

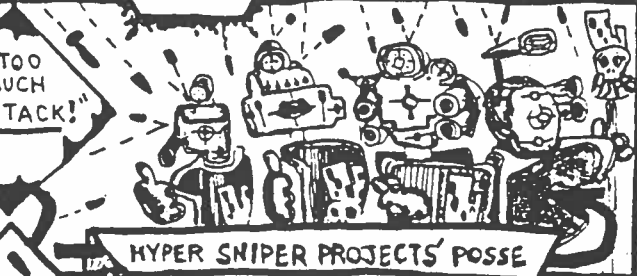


LADY 'ZILLA
THE B-BOY
KILLAH.

"YIKES!"
HE
THOUGHT--



QUIRKY BUNCH POSSE



HYPER SNIPER PROJECTS' POSSE

"TOO
MUCH
AT-TACK!"



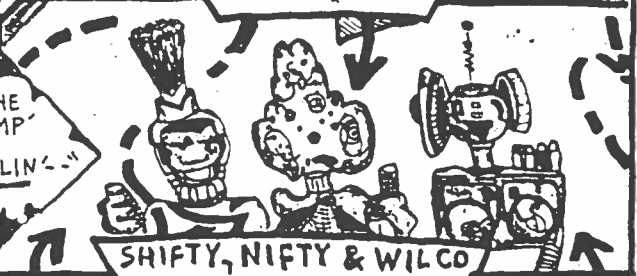
K.M.A.



M.C. NASTAR

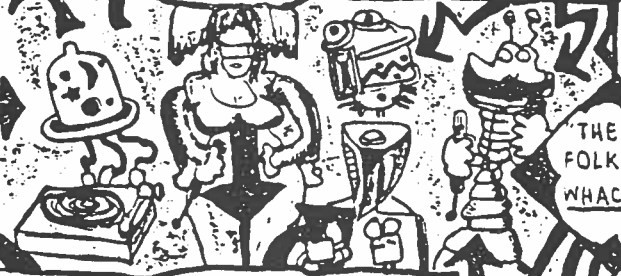


SKID & PAY

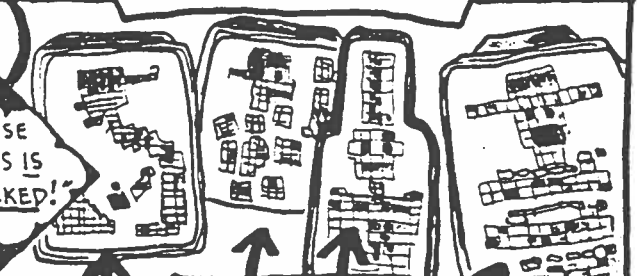


SHIFTY, NIFTY & WILCO

"THE
COMP'
IS
KILLIN'--"



DOO DAT ZIP ZAM ZOO CREW



PIXEL PAGANS

"THESE
FOLKS IS
WHACKED!"



"FLUNK" ADJUSTED HIS BRIM
HIS-PLEATS-AN'-HIS-TIE
A SKUZZY WAS SCOPIN'

DAG, 'FLUNK SHORTY--
YOU-SHO IS "FLY!"

YEAH, AH RITE!

'CAUSE-WHAT-DID-SHE
KNOW
SHE-WAS-CRUISE-FOR
POINTS
FOR A PAY-FOR-PLAY
SHOW...



IT WAS NOW TIME TO-GO-ON
AND THE PLACE WAS-ROCKING!
THE VIBE WAS INTENSE
AN'-DEFINITELY-SHOCKING!

FLUNK SHORTY'S OPPONENT
WAS NO 'SESAME STREET' PEON!
HE WAS JACKIN' BIGSTREET--
WIT' A SUIT MADE OF NEON!

"HOTFLAM!" SHORT SAID.
JUST WHO DO YOU
THINK YOU ARE ?!
ALL LITE-UP LIKE A
RADIOACTIVE STAR!

I'M DOCTOR TILT!
DESTROYER OF MANY--
I'D-MAKE-YOU-MY-SNACK
IF YOU WASN'T SO SKINNY!

YO! I AIN'T A-FRAID
OF NO ALIEN CHUMP!
LET'S-TAKE-IT-TO
THE STAGE
IF YOU'RE A-BOU-IT,
PUNK!

BET!

DR. T STARTED PUMPING
AN' THE JOINT WAS JUMPING!
FLUNK FELT THE SWEAT
(LEAKING-ON-HIS-FACE)
AS HE STARTED-TO-FRET
"TOO MUCH SLAM,
TOO MUCH BASS!"

AFTER A-GANG-OF-JAMS
DOCTOR TILT BROKE CAMP!
FLUNK SHORTY WAS-UP-NEXT-
IT-WAS-HIS-TURN-TO-YAMP!

HIS COOL HAD BEEN SHATTERED
AND HIS LEGS FELT WEAK
CAUSE HE KNEW DR. TEE
WAS THE MAN-TO-BEAT...

HIS TRACK STARTED UP —
BUT HE FORGOT THE FIRST LINE!
TRIED TO PLAY IT OFF
BUT-COULDN'T-MAKE-UP-HIS-MIND!

FLUNK WAS TAPPIN' OUT-QUICK
AS HE WAS BEGINNING TO STUMBLE
THE-CROWD-WAS-GETTING-ROWDY
AND HE HEARD A DEEP RUMBLE!

UH...
I'M BUSTING
OUT CRAZY---
IN DIS-- UH-
FUNKY-- AH-UH
JOINT... DO
YOU HEAR WOT
I'M SAYIN'?
DO-UH-YOU
GET MY POINT?

NO CHANCE FOR THE HONORS
OR TO-EVEN-GET-PAID!
CAUSE HE WAS ALL PLAYED-OUT
AND A-BOUT TO JUST-FADE!

NO OPTIONS FOR
GROUPIES---
AND-A -CHANCE
TO-GET-LAID!

NOBODY-FOR-BACKUP
NO POSSIBLE AID!

TOO LATE TO REGROUP
[IT WAS "3:15"]
FOOLSCHOOL WAS OVER
AND -HE-WAS-THRU
ON-THIS-SCENE!

THE RULES WERE REAL SIMPLE:
IF-YA-BLEW-YOUR-STROKE-QUICK —
PUNISHMENT WAS COMING
YOU'D-GET-TURNED-LIKE-A-TRICK!

UNQUALIFIED

FLUNK SHORTY WAS PROMPTLY-ZAPPED
TO-A-MOST-PROPER-PLACE
NO COMEBACK RAP
WHEN-YOU'RE-SENT-TO-DIAPERSPACE!

SO, THUS ENDS THE TALE
OF-OUR-BOY FLUNK SHORTY
WHO FOUND OUT TOO LATE
THAT-HE-WAS-VOID-&-UNSPORTY!

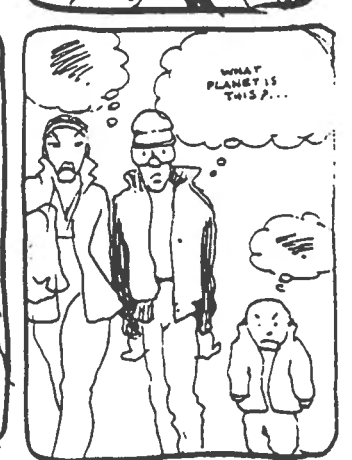
END

RIGHT HERE ON EARTH!

"1982 WITH OUT A CLUE"

IT'S ABOUT DAT CUTIE WIT A KIDDIE







ONE WAY

SNAP

WHERE'S THAT
RIGHT NOW?
RIGHT NOW!!
RIGHT NOW!!

SUPOZO
1981

S+M

HOLLYWOOD

REALDO

ZOO WAVE

DULLY PART

SPACE

CROWDED
E-NUFF?

INT

ONLY SWINGERS
CLUB

THE NEW
Motion
NO!

CASUAL +

2 FIND OUT... WHAT?



Maillo Tsuru

I AM:

MAILLO TSURU POSTELWAIT

Born: Roderick Milo Bell in Chicago, Illinois

Current Home: Olympic Peninsula, WA

Education: Boston University, School of Fine and Applied Arts, Boston, MA; The School of the Museum of Fine Arts, Boston, MA.

Religion: Buddhist (Sokagakkai)

Occupational Pursuits: Fashion Dye Artist/Designer, Painter, Illustrator.

Human Pursuits: Peace Advocate, Macrobiotics, Dancer, Performer, Comedian, Astrologer, Palmist, Tarot Reader.

Born to Challenge: Bland Clothing, Racism, Sexism, Fashion and Cultural Stereotypes.

SEE AD ON BACK COVER

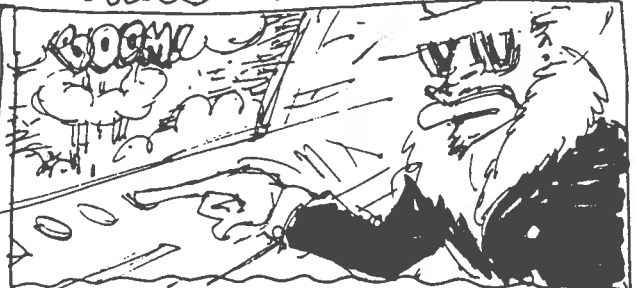
THIS DIDN'T REALLY HAPPEN, BUT
WHAT IF IT DID??

NEUTRON FUNNIES

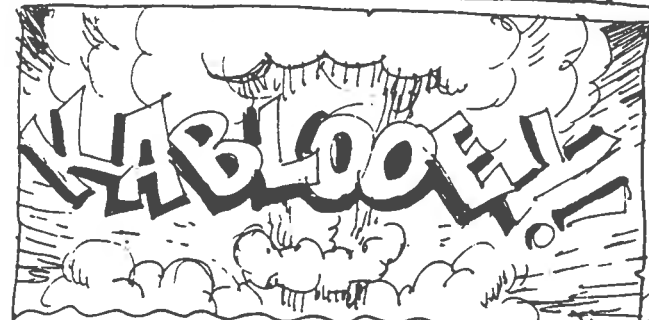
YOU MAY DIE LAFFIN',
BUT THE JOKE REMAINS UNFUNNY



AFTER ZIPCOON PERPED HOW WACKED HE WUZ, HE INVENTED 3 BOMBS. FIRST TO ANHILILATE ALL DA WHITE MILLYBILLIES HE BLAMED FOR HIS RIDICULOUSNESS, HE EXPLODED "THE Y-TRON BOMB"! HONKY'S DROPPED LIKE FLIES!



WITH WHITEY GONE HE DISCOVERED, NOT ONLY WUZ HE STILL ZIPCOON, BUT HE WAS ALSO DOOMED TO LIVE AMONGST OTHER ZIPCOONS (NO SIM CROWS) SO HE BLOWED AIRBODY UP WITH HIS "KILL AIRBODY BUT ME BOMB"!!



UNFORTUNATELY HE STILL PERCEIVED HIMSELF AS ZIPCOON, SO HE BLOWED HIS OWNSELF UP WITH HIS ULTIMATE WEAPON THE "SELFASIDE" BOMB.!!



ZIPCOON WUZ REINCARNATED AS A SNIGWOP ON A COMPLETELY DIFFERENT PLANET IN ANOTHER SOLAR SYSTEM ENTIRELY

PEDRO DELIC

THE ZEEPSPEAK MANIFESTO: "DOING THE TYRONE DAVIS"



GUIDE TO
EVERY SONG
BY TYRONE
DAVIS! *



ABOVE IS A CHEAP
PIC OF SO-CALLED
R&B SINGER TYRONE
DAVIS -- WHO
DESERVES TO BE
MORE FAMOUS THAN HE
ACTUALLY IS. WHY?
WELL, TYRONE HAS
WRITTEN ABOUT 8,391
SONGS. ALL BUT 3
OF THEM ARE ABOUT
SOME KIND OF
BEGGING. EVEN BLUES
SINGERS DON'T BEG THAT
MUCH! SO LET'S HEAR IT
FOR TYRONE!

* OF
COURSE,
EVERY
TUNE
STARTS
AND
FINISHES
WITH
THE
WORD
PLEEZE



CONCEPT BY YANE L. PEDSXI PENCILS INKS I DRPSKI DRAW

1996 © Pedro Delic

'DOING THE TYRONE DAVIS'

ZEEPSPEAK EXAMPLES (BECAUSE THERE AIN'T NOTHIN' WRONG WITH BEGGING!)

I HAD TO DOO A SERIOUS TYRONE DAVIS TO GET A JOB PROMOTION...



GURL - WHEN I SAW THAT ONE-DAY SALE, I DID A TYRONE MAE DAVIS FOR SOME DOLLARS, OH-KAY?!



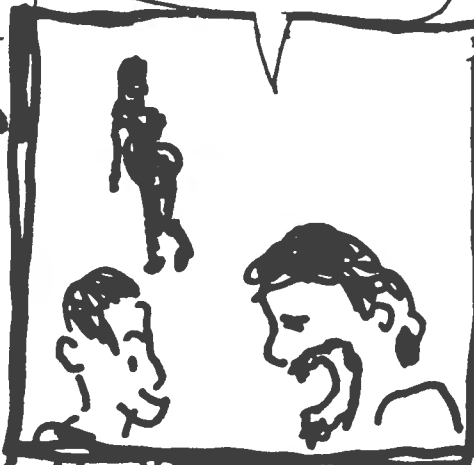
I DID THE TYRONE DAVIS DAMN-NEAR TO DAYBREAK BEFORE SHE LET ME BACK IN



WHEN GINDY CAUGHT ME WITH AMY, I HAD TO SING THE TYRONE DAVIS TO GET AWAY ALIVE!



WHEN I SAW ALL THAT ASS, I JUST HAD TO DOO THE TYRONE DEE!



DAMN! A DISCONNECTION NOTICE! LEMME GIT MAH TYRONE MAE GOING-ON-



AT HOME, WORK OR PLAY, YOU CAN DO IT EVERY DAY!

SKULL WORLD

© R. STÖZO 94
 ☆ Def · Love · ROCK AND ROLL



BIG PATTY LUN HOG



COUPLE of S.B.J.'s

SWEET BIG AND JUICY



BARBRA AND BARRY BOKESHEAD

CROOKLYN

'ZUP Y'ALL!?



" TWO UNRELATED BROTHUHZ "



ROUND DA WAYS



Yo!



Y'ALL AIN'T ALL DAY!



JIMMY



NANDO



NIGHT MARE



RAZ



TAMI JULIE



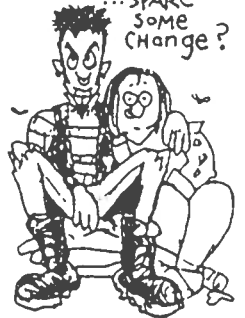
TONY



HOME LES



MARK SUZY



... SPARE SOME CHANGE?

DANNY AND AMY SQUATTER

SEITU HAYDEN



William Hayden chose the African name Seitu (Swahili for "artist") during his first year at the Chicago Academy of Fine Arts. Five years later, having graduated from Columbia College, he found himself working his way up the freelance ladder doing advertising illustration. As a sideline he did the comic strips *The Condor* and *Shop Life*, as well as a promotional comic done in collaboration with his comix inspiration, *Grass Green*. As a further sideline, he illustrated seven issues of *Tales From the Heart*, a comic book written by Cindy Goff and Rafael Nieves.

HI-TECH FOLLIES

WITH
LARRY LAZER

SPECIAL ALLEYCRUISER SOUNDS!

BIG Atomic **S**lam **S**tereo

FROM ATOMIC SLAM AUTOSOUND, A NEW CONCEPT IN OCTAVE-PROGRAMMABLE SONIC SEDUCTION TANGENTS INCLUDING
The Tartzilla Sub-Woofers Unit

©1987 PadzBell & Graphix: CAPT. DRAW!



THE AUTOSOUND PEOPLE HAVE RESORTED TO DRASTIC MEANS TO RECAPTURE THE MARKET LOSSES BY THE AUTOMAKERS' NEW 'FACTORY' HI-TECH SOUND SYSTEMS.

AVAILABLE IN THE NEAR-FUTURE, ATOMIC SLAM AUTOSOUND'S SYSTEM CAN GIVE A NEW DIMENSION TO STEREO--AND A WEAPON FOR 'ICEBERG SKIRTS'!

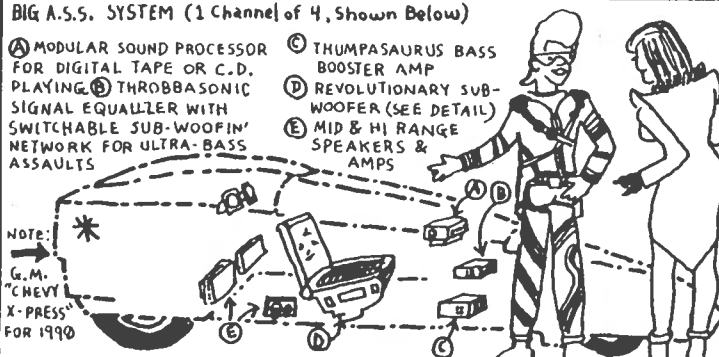
BIG A.S.S. SYSTEM (1 Channel of 4, Shown Below)

A MODULAR SOUND PROCESSOR FOR DIGITAL TAPE OR C.D. PLAYING. **B** THROBBASONIC SIGNAL EQUALIZER WITH SWITCHABLE SUB-WOOFIN' NETWORK FOR ULTRA-BASS ASSAULTS

C THUMPASAURUS BASS BOOSTER AMP
D REVOLUTIONARY SUB-WOOFER (SEE DETAIL)
E MID & HI RANGE SPEAKERS & AMPS

NOTE:
G.M.
"CHEVY"
X-PRESS
FOR 1990

* CHEAP ATTEMPT AT COMPUTER-GENERATED "WIRE FRAME" DRAWING



DETAIL OF:
TARTZILLA
SUB-
WOOFER
UNIT



• 15" HOTSPOT BASS CONE DRIVER BUILT-INTO PASSENGER SEAT FRAME.
• SEAT INCLUDES DEFROSTER GRID, THUMP REFLECTOR & DRIP PAN.



DUE TO THE RATHER-CONTROVERSIAL NATURE OF THIS DESIGN, IT WAS HARD TO FIND A WORLD-CLASS DRIVER TO TEST THIS PRODUCT. HOWEVER... A COMPUTER HACKER (NORMALLY, A SOCIAL "NEED"), VOLUNTEERED TO DODGE CHARGER.

ROAD BOLD TEST

YOU... BABY! LET'S FORGET THE CONCERT AND FIND A MOTEL!



OH?! IF-U SAY SO-!

HEH-HEH! WOT CONCERT?

HAW! HAW! JUMP STREET MOTEL

(WHY DOO-U THINK THEY CALL IT A 'WOOFER'?! ARP... ARP!)

HI-TECH FOLLIES

FEATURING
LARRY LAZER



©1987 PadzBell



NEW FROM GERMVAMP ENGINEERING:
S.T.D. TANK!

The **S**afety **T**hrill **D**evice Makes Sex Again Awfully Nice!

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UNITS CONTAIN:
MICROSCOPE, ULTRA-MICRO CULTURE SAMPLER, INFRARED SCOPE, TOXIC CHEMICAL & ODOR DETECTORS.

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Protect Your Favorite Parts From Doggish Men Or Wayward Tarts!

THE "OTHER DAY" MAN



STUDE JOE

A NIGHT AT THE SNEAK EASY



LOVE

STUDE JOE LESSON 239



MOWF MAGAZINE #81 ©

POINT IN CASE; IF YOU SHOULD CHANCE UPON A TALL TART WITH CUTE, BUT LARGE FEET -- THERE'S A RIGHT APPROACH, AND A WRONG



SEXY SEZ; "STICK 'EM UP!"



R. STÖZO
©96





IS THIS YOU?

IF SO

MAYBE YOU NEED A COURSE IN

NIGGEROLOGY

IT'S FUN!

IT'S EMOTIONAL

EDJEMACTIONAL

* EVERY ONE KNOWS THAT
~~NEGRO'S ARE INTELLIGENT~~
 IT'S QUITE CAN'T SPELL!!



CAPT. DRAW



A DEEE-LITE CONCERT REVIEW

PRESENTS AT CHICAGO'S RIVIERA THEATER - 1991

BY DEREK!

AGED

WITH ACTUAL CONCERT COMMENTARY

LADY MISS KIER



"THE FUNNY BRITE² LADY WITH THE MICROPHONE---"

DJ DIMITRY



"THE MAN IN THE WHITE (JUMP) SUIT WITH THE FUNNY HAIR-- HE-COOL!"

BOOTSY



"STAR-EYES TALL MAN MOVING HIS HEAD BACK-AND-FORTH... THAT'S BOOTSY! ⁴"

PERCUSSIONIST



"SEE?! THE LADY HITTING ALL THE IN-STRUMENTS LIKE THIS - SWISSH!"

BACKUP SINGER



"...THE CELERY-HAIR LADY WITH THE BRITE LIPSTICK."

BACKSTAGE BONUS: "HOW TO PULL THE ZARTS!"*



* DO THIS TO GET ATTENTION AND PLENTY OF MUNCHIES!

...WHO WAS OUT WAY-PAST HIS BEDTIME BUT MADE IT TO SCHOOL LATER THAT MORNING-AND ON-TIME...



→ CAPTAIN'S LOG : POST-CONCERT INSERTS ADDED FOR DIALOG CLARITY....

- ① DUE TO TV-PROGRAMMING, YOUNGBLOOD ASSUMES THAT APPLAUSE IS ALWAYS DIRECTED TO HUMOR/COMEDY ONLY....
- ② KID INSISTS THAT KIER IS NOT WHITE - BUT BRITE ('MUSTA-BEEN ALL THOSE DAYGLO OUTFITS!)
- ③ CULTURE SHOCK COMMENT DUE TO DIMITRY'S NINJA-HIP-HOP-ELVIS-COWBOY HAIRDO STYLIN'...
- ④ REMEMBERS BOOTSY FROM DADDY'S POSTERS
- ⑤ YOU CAN ASK DEREK'S OLE MAN A-BOUT ALL-HER OTHER POINTS-OF-INTEREST. (GOT-A-HOUR?!)

AND SPECIAL THANKS TO THE BACKSTAGE POSSE... INCLUDING STEELEMAN AND VERNAZON!



©1991 Fred Bell

(Zeepatorial continued)

Funk Drunks and/or Geep Imitations...this is first guide that states that the reality of funkability was NEVER, AINT AND NEVER SHALL BE the domain of m=one man. Y'all thinking "Damn, P-Funk ain't jamming like they use-tuh---" Some of you know about the various behind the scene soap (certainly smoke) operas. Meanwhile airbody's drifting cause the first time since the beginning of Funkalution, our own precious funk got stagnated in the process. Well better for that, the new era of the Last Funk Age did not start with the 20th Mothership reunion. Yeah, you may have reason to be impressed but the whole thang was Fisher-Price Nice. The event actually marked the end of the optical inclusion that the funk don't belong to you.

This rather raw edition of ZEEP is a okay start for zero funds and it got pulled off (just think if I had some real money!) OK, no third party advertising this issue, but that also meant that I didn't have to kiss no ass. So be it. However...

ADVERTISING AND SUBMISSION INFO: Advertisers willing to get highjacked for fun & profit or simply to look politically-correct in ZEEP may contact the address below care of DEPT. SHOW-US-THE-MONEY! ZEEP is basically prewired for submissions at this time.

However go through Zeepwaved Web sites for cruising. Text in analog form (typed or printed) will be frowned upon if not accompanied by a 3.5" diskette in the following formats: IBM-PC Microsoft Word or Wordperfect PLUS is ASC II files with bleedout. MAC-compatible files in any namebrand format with analog bleedout. C-64 files in Runscript, Busy Bee or Fleet System only (NO GEDS!) Amiga/Video Toaster/Lightware video tapes (NSTC screen format only) with all system/software data in analog form indicated. Don't send anything that you gotta get back in a hurry 'cause we ain't All That Perfect. When in doubt, write or Fax First.

SPLANKWERKS P.O. Box 208309 CHI IL 60620 FAX (773) 723-2881

DRAMATIC LICENCE-TO-THRILL: I know this is no FUNKADELIC gatefold, but some extra splanks are still in order beyond the space restrictions of the contents page:

THE ZEEP® SQUAD

EXECUTIVE PRODUCER: DAVID (DMZ) MILLS.

ON-THE-LINE PRODUCER/PUBLISHER: PEDRODELIC for ZEEPWAVE DOMINATION NETWORK

EDITOR & START DIRECTOR: PEDRO BELL

BLIND MAN'S BLUFFERS: SEITU HAYDEN & JAKE AUSTEN

MARKER & PEN WARRIORS (HAPHAZARD ODOR): Ronald (STOZO) Edwards, Overton (OVERLAND) Loyd, Turtel Onli

ARTBEZI TRIBE: Bruse Bell, P. (APT. DRAW) Bell, Roderick Bell, Seitu (SAY-Z) Hayden & Tym (Slywatha Tymbezio) Stevens

ZEEP GRUNT FORCE: DATA INPUT KEYBOARD MOLESTERS Jake Austen, H.M. (Splankazon) Tate, David Mills

TEXT SQUAD (Random Odor): Professor Blynd (University of Chocolate City), David Mills, Pedrodelic/Doctor Zeep/Droski Generic, Mike O'Neal, Rickey (Uhuru Maggot) Vicent, Larry Alexander

MUZAKS: Aki Antonia, Randy (Randela XYzeep) Hardy, Mega Mo 44 Thorius, Disraeli (Freak Zigga Z.) St. James, Pumpsy! (Zanesville?),

Groovepushers (by default), Enemy Squad, The Goblins, Tripzilla, Nasty Noize Boys, Myra (Micro Myrazon) Adams, 4-WORD Artillery, Funkbezi Sub-Woofers Clan, Capricorn Connection, Dref

MULTI TASK WARRIORS: Jake Austen, Seth Neblett, Girlock Davis, Russ "With-The-Hockey-Player Last Name", Dominic Taylor, Irate Junior.

TALL PROPS TO THE ZEEP WAVE NATION

BRAZEN HUSSY PRODUCTIONS-Good-& Plenty Unit Yvonne Sparks Smith, digital diva Harleen (Ice Cream), Sharon (Girlock Holmes) Davis, Koshier Bunny Eilyn (AutoZon), (Dreadline) Freeman & (YelloNise) Moy.

ZEEPWAVE APPROVED PROTOPLASMS (Z.A.P. LIST) NoCal: Calvin Linclon, Uhuru Maggot Vicent, Doc Illingstein, Craig (Purple Galaxian) &

Dana (Leather Nun) Bryant, Pete Sire & of course Funkyman. SoCal: Aris (Overthrowist) Wilson, George (Bunnyman) & Kathy Grant, Jumpin' Jim

Callon, Pointdexter Dhotar, Robert (H-Bob) Williams. BOSTON Pen Mafia: Tom Vickers, David Mills, Abe Peck, Peter Goldstein, Ed Ward, Davis

Marsh. ASSORTEDS: Irate Junior: Derek, Dan Bigelow, Jeff Bell, Doc Elaine Ferguson, Magic Wanda, D.O.P.E., Angela Vecchio, Space Lady, Dominic

Taylor, Foxxman, H.M. (Splankazon One) Tate, Anybody-see Sherley Howell, The Claws, Space Lady, Big Frank Goss, Jake & Jackie Stewart, Randy

Lancelot, Elaine (Doc Fergie) Ferguson. The staff of WETLANDS, NYC. (for the props and the sprung arm repair!), Bootsy (for hookin me up at

Tramps) BARBERELLO (for getting me into the reunion set, you're a Clintonite so this won't happen again), Raymond The Drone for the same thing Day

2 (Damn, you're reformed or something?) Internet Chatterbox: Melissa Weber ("Now make yo funk some Z-Funk and you'll be strate!"), Paul Murphy

(Axiom), Darius & Joy James, Calvin Lincoln, The Entire Staff at Farmington Hills: If I have any reason to nuke Detroit, I'll give you advance notice!, Ed

"Big Daddy" Roth, The Boyz of Inglewood, MOTORBOOTY, ROCTOBER, VIBE (Where's my sub?), SECONDS, Reverend Ivan Stang (Church of the

Subgenius), Seitu and Jean Justice Hayden, Doc William Tully (Chris Elliot Stunt Double)/Michael Reese Hospital (for saving my motley life), Dr Wu

(Bruce Lee Stunt Double) THE ENTIRE STAFF AND CREW ON 'BOMB GARDEN FOUR' (M. Reese Hospital), Doc Maurice Rabb, Doc Lau

(Holistics), Photolabadelic Carolyn, Marva (The Voice) and Thelma (Voice Two plus hands) and the puncture crew at the Florsheim Building (Ouch,

ouch!), Dapper Don Spark, Judy Worrell ("Run you're mouth, girl!"), Babysitter and home cooking Launchies, RAINBOW TAKE-OUTS (773) 971-2919,

THE CREW & DUNKIN DONUTS Ashland/71st, Flatlands, Nelson George, THE GRUNTS OF P-FUNK (That's the musicians and vocalists), Roy

Burki (Zurich) Howard Priestly (London) Peter Dougherty /MTV Europe, S.W.R.A.P, The International Once-A-Lifetime Funkateer Meet At Wetlands:

Alexander The Genius Spicker, K (Afronese), FUNKUZ, Grandma Funk, Afrika Bambaata, K-Man and Imani Cheatwood, Doc Carol (Afrikan Queen)

Page, Carolyn (B-58/Hustlevette) Johnson, Zebraman and Kittyhawk Duck, Agnes Smith, Manto Larkin, Ballard Powell, Dr. Elaine Ferguson, Steve

Kross, Thomas Ellis, Lorenzo Heard, Phylis Stickney, Henry Adebonojo, Eli Clark, Derrick Wells, Mark Anderson, Leroy Hamilton, Fred Holland, JT

Takagi, Jennifer Combs, John McDaniel, Dale Emminger, John Engleman, Sondra Clark/Chantel, Johnson/Black United Fund, Paul carter, Patti "Sweet

Lips" Willis, Scott Donniger/Full Circle Post, Discount Travel Inc., Corporation For Public Broadcasting, National Black Programming Consortium, New

York State Council For The arts, Women Making Movies, Michigan Council For Arts and Cultural Affairs, Letitia McRee-Pryor/Public Benefit

Corporation, Material For The Arts, Film Video Arts, Frankfurt, Garbus, Klein & Selz, Michelle Rubin, Chifumi Ui, Tim Kinley, Maurita Winfield,

Sandra London, Angelo Vecchio, Mothers Of Invention, Adrian Sherwood, Kraftwerk, Thomas Stanley, James McCauley, Greg Tate, Ismael Reed, Clarsy

Dynasty, Greg Dtnasty, Butch Wilkins, Carolyn Moore, Bill Murphy, Plywood, Leslie Lazar

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Comics and Music Magazine 1507 E. 53rd St. #617 Chicago, IL 60615 Contact: Jake for Pedro Bell featured issues. Black Age of Comics:

(Conventions held every Feb. & May) Contact Turtel Onli (773) 684-2280. **Grace & Wild Filmworks Farmington Hills, MI. (810) 471-6010. Stevens**

Publishing, Astoria, IL. (800) 344-0819. Contact Tim or Tom Stephens, Enemy Squad "United States Of Mind"/Tuff City Contact: Jeff (212) 721-7215.

HI FI Records (Vintage vinyl digs when you're in Chi-Town) 2570 N. Clark Chi IL 60614 (773) 880-1002.

MORE ZEEP AHEAD (Throwdowns in the next issues!) Funkarelic: Harold Beene, P-Funk guitarist, early years, Bootsy's SPACE BASS Effects

system (If he doesn't give-it-up we'll fake it!), FUNK MERC or BELLADICT ARNOLD! Pedro Bell's scandalous paid editorial AND rebuttal

assignments during the twin FUNKADELIC WAR of 1981. Retro Tech: The Commadore 64-It could still rule the world. Octave updates on Tripzilla,

Enemy Squad, Tawl Ross, Jimi Hendrix, 420, Woo Warriors and others. CROSSOVER ZEEP: DEVOLution, G'War, Killer Klowns, Goblins and

Kraftwerk. ALLEYCRUISER FUNK: From Big Daddy Roth to Lowriders. Plus more textagraphical follies from Artbezi Tribe, Pedro Bell, Seitu

Hayden, Turtel Onli, Tym Stevens, Larry Alexander and more!

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Malcolm-10 was created by the genius of Imhotep to eliminate the destructive Aversions of the Lost New Afrikans. Though in its darkest hour of modern times, ravaged with despair and ignorance of self, New Afrika has incredible potential. The promise of cultural independence and economic prosperity. First the Aversions must stop. They are the Aversion to Self Respect, Aversion to Reaching the Truth, Aversion to Supportiveness, Aversion to Self Reliance, Aversion to Positive Self Esteem, Aversion to Being Industrious, Aversion to Responsibility, Aversion to Prevention, Aversion to Future Vision, Aversion to Self Awareness, and the Aversion to Family, Culture, and Life

Imhotep had been a protégé of The Great Black Botanist whose horticultural and agricultural work would have given New Afrika its independence had the Aversions not interfered. Secretly Imhotep converted The Botanists' ideas to the process of cloning and genetic engineering. His goal is to liberate New Afrika from the Aversions and restore the population levels of the Motherland.

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© Onli '92

P-FUNK FEASBACK



By Overton Loyd & Ron Edwards (published in Blues & Soul no. 294 Dec. 1979)

In Defense of the Funk: Lest We Underestimate Its Awesome Power

By Laeno Leahcim

George Clinton's influence on popular music, the music industry, and music fans around the world is tremendous, and, as a result, one constantly battles the temptation to deify him. Of course, George knows he's no god, and that many others contributed to the funk. And we know that, like anybody else, George is human, has foibles, and is subject to folly and error—some would say a lot of error. But, then, we also know that there's something special about the man—just try imaging this old world without him and the Funk mob. All of that joy and knowledge, all of that music, sometimes loud, stratospheric, transcendental, sometimes quiet, thoughtful, and witty, sometimes raunchy but always danceable, would never have existed.

I'm grateful to George and the mob for rescuing my mind, my body, and some of my soul from everything in this world that conspires to belittle and marginalize me, for creating a space, through music, where I can find the freedom to be joyful and happy. Indeed, having knowledge of the funk is awesome and powerful, and a source of endless pride for me personally but perhaps even more so for black America in particular—even though the funk can claim universal appeal. George and his brand of free-your-mind funk are reminders that black Americans have a rightful place among the major contributors to world culture. Lovers of freedom know it to be a sophisticated art form, an aesthetic even, that is unmatched in its uniqueness. It has yet to be duplicated, watered down, imitated, and assimilated into the mainstream. P-Funk remains pure and uncut, so much so that, my guess is, the next Elvis will have to bypass it. The shit's too funky to be stolen—in fact, while a lot of folks love it, they (me too) still don't know, or are still trying to figure out, where it all really comes from.

George Fills Void Left by Martin and Malcolm

Exaggeration notwithstanding, I believe the power of the funk is as powerful as the nuclear bombs that sustain Western global hegemony. The difference between the two is that one totally rearranges the physical landscape while the other quite drastically rearranges the landscape of the mind. George has tapped into something that is about as real as it gets, and, just as he has said that Jimi Hendrix saved black folks from completely losing the blues, he himself has insured not only that we will never lose the funk, but also firmly established that we are the real progenitors of rock music (if the truth be told).

As a result, my friends, I posit that in the last 30-odd years of increasingly virulent conservatism following the murders of Dr. Martin Luther King and Malcolm X, George Clinton has been our *de facto* leader, without whom more black folks (and increasingly more white folks) than we care to admit would be lost, still wandering in the wilderness of America.

The black community's big catch-all, political thought nowadays is that we are leaderless, that no one, including the Rev. Jesse Jackson on the one hand and Minister Louis Farrakhan on the other, has picked up the torch of freedom since the murders of Martin and Malcolm effectively silenced black America.

But the truth is, a slicker-than-eel-shit George Clinton (even though he probably wouldn't admit it) cleverly and with a great deal of cunning (maybe even guile) filled the void they left. The difference between them and him is that they dealt with our plight on a strictly political plane while he dealt on the equally (if not more) important cultural plane, with culture, my friends, being truly the last and most difficult bastion of racism, as well as the next big issue to be worked out in the coming millennium.

And while Martin and Malcolm are of course highly regarded for the seriousness with which they took up the cause of liberation, George's great innovation was to match that seriousness with silliness, which, if you think about it, is what is needed most, much like yin needs yang. In other words, George mastered the art of using art to educate and to entertain and, in doing so, created potent and effective messages and fields of knowledge that have captivated the imaginations of millions.

As a result of George's education/entertainment formula, the whole cloning concept (now in vogue with Dolly the sheep) comes as old news to funkateers, aka the clones of Dr. Funkenstein/George Clinton, who is light years ahead of his time (just wait until the spaceships start landing)—in time, on time, and for a long (if not for all) time.

The P-Funk Vibe: Hard as Steel and Still Getting Harder

So, lest we forget what attracted us to the funk in the first place, let us remember that the funk is eternal, and that the vibe, as George reminds us on his latest CD, "The Awesome Power of a Fully Operational Mothership" (which seems to have gone over lots of heads, hitting the charts with a thud), is like steel—in fact, hard as steel and still getting harder (no, I'm not missing what you think I'm trying to measure).

As far as I'm concerned, TAPOAFOM is still very much on the one, and represents an advancement of the funk philosophy and funk music. The vibe is still (steel) real; it doesn't bullshit or tease with cheap emotions, and, as always, demands constant attentiveness, as it's serious yet lots a fun, which itself is three quarters of funk. So yes, I want to take a summer swim and wade in the water, anytime. Still deeply underground (or underwater, if you prefer), P-Funk, the concept, remains deeper than the notion that the world was flat when it was round.

Granted, TAPOAFOM is no nationwide hit like "One Nation Under a Groove," but this may have been intentional. With TAPOAFOM, George seems finally to have found the freedom to produce an album to his liking: laid back, subtle, sophisticated but grooving deeply, and not too loud (given the absence of guitar solos), sort of in keeping with the times.

Very much in tune with the all aspects of the American environment, which is conservative as ever, George orchestrated an utterly timely July 4th (Independence Day) and July 5th Mothership landing, on the 20th anniversary of its first landing no less, at SummerStage outdoors in the middle of New York's Central Park. Pulling off this concert was nothing less than a totally awesome master stoke.

No, this show wasn't like the glittery, money-flowing-everywhere days with Fred Wesley, Maceo, Glen Goins, the big Mothership, the Caddy rolling on stage, the platform shoes, the Brides with Bootsy and Bernie, and a Slim Fast-sized George strutting with a gangster lean on a white cane, tearing the roof off of Madison Square Garden like it wasn't shit. This was a smaller, leaner, younger but still intense Funk Mob performing in the shadow of long-gone better days and making a valiant attempt to give the funk another dimension, as they performed before a crowd that was wildly diverse in ages and races and whose thirst for the Funk was as intense as ever.

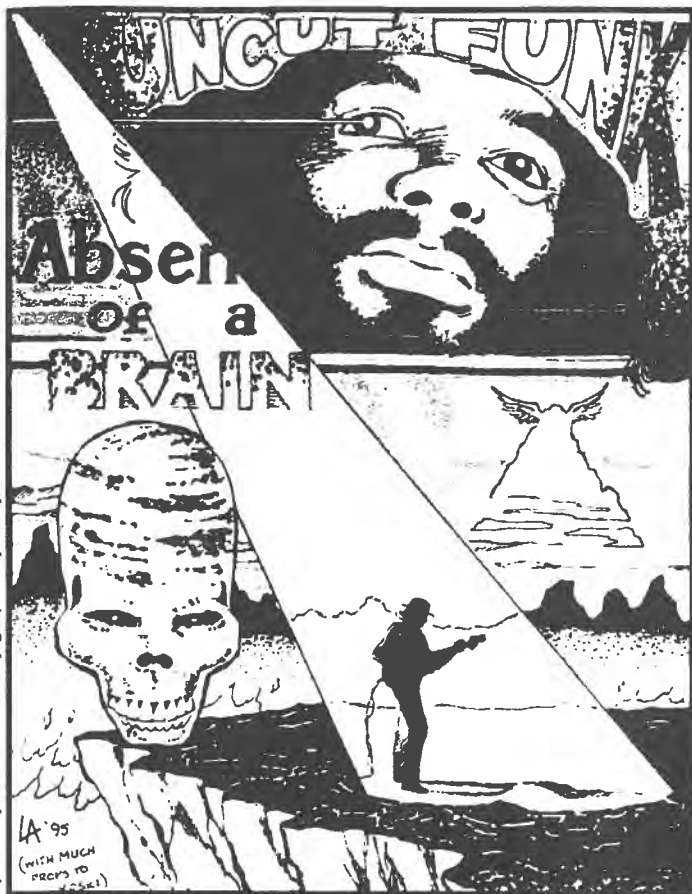
George and the Funk Mob looked older, Gary, still diaper clad, seemed weakened and a bit traumatized; Billy "Bass" looked pissed as usual; Bernie, George, the Brides, and Bootsy were glued back together oh so tenuously; the only other props, besides the Mothership, was a huge balloon platform shoe with two equally huge hands and arms hanging over it. The crowd meanwhile hollered for old songs, as George tried here and there to play generally unfamiliar new songs from TAPOAFOM. Not quite knowing how to respond to the updated sound, the crowd, at one point, was reduced to silence, jaws dropped, by George's teenage granddaughter, who sang a new classic called "Underground Angel," containing, among so much else, that line about getting straight-up sweat drunk to save the funk.

At one point, just after first dark, people in the audience tuned away from the stage and pointed at tiny lights blinking in the sky above the concert area. The presence of spaceships and aliens came immediately to everyone's mind, but, when asked about them in an interview, George said the lights, which he had seen from the stage, probably weren't from extraterrestrials because appearing like that, at that particular time, was too easy. They're around and they're coming all right, but, like the funk, they're taking the long way around, George said.

'Fuck This Shit'

The most memorable moment for me, however, came early in the show, long before the Mothership landed, when George, in a way I'd never seen before, seemed to go just absolutely nuts—whether from personal frustrations or frustrations about this lunatic conservative political environment or about the 450 years of never-ending bullshit black folks have had to put up with. As loud and ferociously as he could, without making any attempt to be clever or subtle and as the guitars wailed away, George summed up the situation brilliantly, using various intonations, singing/shouting, "Fuck this shit, fuck this shit, fuck this shit, fuck this shit, fuck this shit, what I say, fuuuck this shit, fuuck this shit, fuck this shit, fuck this shit, fuck this shit..."





EDDIE HAZEL

LICKS ANOTHER MAGGOT OUT OF MY EAR
 I REACH AND STRETCH ACROSS MY BED
 UNTIL I CAN JUST TOUCH THE VOLUME KNOB
 THROW A COUPLE MORE DECIBELS ON MY BLUES

I SIT UP BECAUSE I CAN'T STAND UP BUT
 I JUST CAN'T LAY HERE ANYMORE

I NEED A NECK RUB,
 MY NECK RUBBED AND MY FRETS MASSAGED
 BY A PAIR OF HANDS GENTLE LIKE MY MOTHER'S

EDDIE HAZEL
 LICKS ANOTHER MAGGOT OUT OF MY EAR
 ROOM IS EMPTY, HAS BEEN FOR SOME TIME,
 BUT UNDER THE MUSIC I CAN HEAR VOICES...
 UNDER THE MUSIC I CAN, I THINK, HEAR VOICES
 I'M SURE I CAN

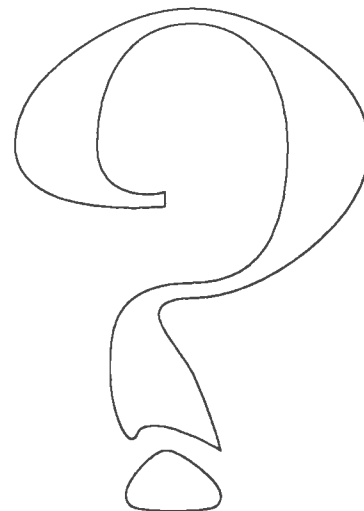
AS THE EMPTY ROOM AND ITS VOICES EAT THE MUSIC,
 EDDIE, I CAN SEE YOUR ARTICULATE PURPLE FINGERS
 TENDERLY PRESSING BRASS WIRE INTO PALE MAPLE FLESH
 AND I CAN HEAR YOU CRY ABOVE THE VOICES AND THROUGH THE MUSIC:

PASSION HAS NO MEMORY
 TIME'S DEBTS ARE
 PAID IN FULL BETWEEN BASS AND TREBLE E

GOING TO STAND UP NOW :: REALLY I AM
 I'M NOT GOING TO MAKE ANY DECISIONS
 UNTIL I FEEL MY KNEES LOCK INTO PLACE BENEATH ME
 THEN I'LL MAKE A MOVE :: YOU JUST WAIT AND SEE
 A BOLD AND DECISIVE MOVE

WHY TODAY MUST WE PART THIS EARTH AND LAY
 GRACE COOK'S BOY TO REST
 SEND HIM AND HIS ARTICULATE PURPLE FINGERS OUT IN A HAZE
 OF FEEDBACK, DISTORTION AND SUSTAIN

PASSION HAS NO MEMORY BETWEEN BASS AND TREBLE E
 AND MUSIC FOR MY MOTHER ALWAYS MAKES ME WEEP.



NIA PRESENTS A

FUNKADELIC



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FUNKADELIC CONCERT
 MANDEL HALL 57th & UNIVERSITY AVE.
 SUNDAY FEB. 27, 1972 8:30 PM
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 ENTERPRISES

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P-FUNK HALL OF FLAM

WITH ABOUT 392 PAST AND PRESENT MEMBERS OF P-FUNK, NO WAY THE ROCK'N'ROLL MUSEUM PEOPLE COULD AFFORD TO AWARD AIRBODY SO ZEEP WILL!

BRONZE STALLION TROPHY: To Bride of Funkenstein DAWN SILVA for still having a killer set of legs! If the Hane's folks ever get a good look at dawn, Tina Turner will lose her contract with them...

DIAPERSPACE GLOBE AWARD: To GARY SHIDER for wearing his famous diapers. Homeboy can look forward to some extra money in the future modeling for DEPENDS underwear!

THUMPASAURUS REX PLAQUE: To RODNEY 'SKEET' CURTIS for being the Largest Bass Player In The World. His hands are strong enough to crush car fenders so ask real nice for an autograph.

THE QUEENS CROWN OF ATLANTA: goes to MALLIA FRANKLIN because she has to be the Queen of funk somewhere. This will also avoid cat fights with girlfriend and Chaka Khan, Betty Davis and the group LABELLE. ("Are you happy, now?")

INFLATABLE OF THE YEAR: To SHEILA HORNE BRODY for having such a nice voice and a very nice set of...well, ya just gotta see. ("Quick, where's the value at?")

AWB PLAQUE: To M.I.A. guitarist RON BRYKOWSKI for his color-coded existence with the Funk Mob before the rest of the world went for affirmative action.

BOOTY CALL AWARD: To ROGER TROUTMAN and ZAPP for "More Bounce To The Ounce."

FISHER-PRICE TROPHY: To the builder of the new indoor-compatible P-Funk Mothership.

WHO'S A-CLIP-A-DELIC? AWARD: To Chicago Bulls rebounder DENNIS RODMAN for his quirky resemblance to Michael 'Clip' Payne.

PARLIAMENT REUNION

April 97, filming an upcoming PBS P-Funk documentary at Grace and Wild Film Studios, Farmington Hills, MI.
Pay attention to the newest PARLIAMENT release available now from Westbound records.



Grady Thomas and Droski



Bob D. Decker (early road manager), Calvin Simon, Fuzzy Haskins, Ray Davis



Yvonne SPARKZ Smith (Brazen Hussy Filmmaker), original P-Funk manager Ron Scribner and Grady Thomas



Pedro phones in his report to Zeep

Special thanx to the staff of Grace & Wild Film Studio and Russell & Seth Neblett.

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Book Nook

Speaking of it's-about-time, it's clear that the passing years have brought about a wide appreciation of '70s Funk not just as a retro groove thyme (represented, at its shallowest, by that tired-ass Sinbad), but as a mighty cultural moment worth taking seriously. Proof being, now there's books about it. And in Western society, if it ain't written down in a book, it's not really history ... just spoken memories, fading like the smiles off of black folks' lips.

Books are battlefields. So pardon me whilst I grab my dick and let out a war whoop for the fact that the first two intellectually tight examinations of the Funk Aesthetic, in book form, come from brothers, not others. That's right baby, no latter-day Nat Hentoff is gonna define *this* shit for the world... not without a fight. At last, the community that is somehow qualified to create new bomb-ass music time and time again is considered qualified to analyze it too. So stick *that* in your reference library!

With Negroes getting heavy into the game of cultural documentation and analysis, it's incumbent upon those of us who play-to-win to hold these writers and their work up to the highest critical standards. They put some half-assed crap out there, it's an embarrassment to everybody, and just opens up the door for some sharp white cat -- probably British, deep into that museum mentality -- to assert himself as the true expert on the sonic artifacts of the African-American ghetto circa 1974.

Well, I'm happy to report that one couldn't have hoped for a better first strike than "That's Blaxploitation!" by Darius James [St. Martin's Griffin, 1995]. The subtitle -- "Roots of the Baadasssss 'Tude (Rated X by an All-Whyte Jury)" -- pays double homage to Melvin Van Peebles' 1971 film "Sweet Sweetback's Baadasssss Song," a phenomenon of its time, launch pad of the so-called "black exploitation" cinema which dominated inner-city moviehouses for the next few years. Darius' book features interviews with Van Peebles, Pam Grier and Antonio Fargas, but also with Fab Five Freddy, Pedro Bell and, from the Last Poets, Umar Bin Hassan and Abiodun Oyewole. Which exemplifies the author's syndetic understanding of the aesthetic at hand; street-conscious filmmaking and film acting, hip-hop, album-cover art, revolutionist poetry ... it's all one culture.

Yet these interviews aren't the heart of "That's Blaxploitation!", nor are the many bite-sized acknowledgements of such obscure flicks as "Black Samurai," "Black Shampoo" and "Thomasine & Bushrod." For Darius James, at heart, is not a journalist or a critic. He is a satirist. In fact, he's one of the most extraordinary satiric voices of our day. (Check out "Negrophobia," if you dare.) "That's Blaxploitation!" is peppered with bold, hilarious asides. A caption to a merry photo of Shirley Temple and Bill "Bojangles" Robinson reads: "Nine-year-old girl and her eighty-year-old pimp. In 3-D." A caption to a blissful shot of Gladys Knight with husband and child (from the movie "Pipe Dreams") reads: "Think we can cop two jumbos if we sell the baby?"

Epitomizing Darius' wild, wicked, scatological, yet sublimely literate stroke is the essay "The Golden Age of the Pimp," juxtaposed (quite literally) with a confession written by his alter ego, Doctor Snakeskin, titled "The Blackman's Guide to Seducing White Women with the Amazing Power of Voodoo." ("I squandered my time on campus by guzzling cheap California jug wines, gobbling psychedelic fungi, and laying up with busty, big-nippled nymphs who stank of patchouli oil and stale reefer smoke ...")

Part of what makes Darius' voice unique is he's rooted not only in the black counterculture, but in the white one as well. (The back cover offers blurbs from esteemed satirist Terry Southern and independent film hero Jim Jarmusch, as well as from Reggie Hudlin.) Surprisingly, "That's Blaxploitation!" contains a brief chat with animator Ralph Bakshi, best known for "Fritz the Cat" but the director also of "Coonskin," which traffics heavily in big-lipped imagery and Ebonics-for-laffs, and which was protested at the time by the Congress of Racial Equality. Darius presents a passionate defense of "Coonskin" ("Bakshi pukes the iconographic bile of a racist culture back in its stupid, bloated face, wipes his chin and smiles Dirty-Harry style"), while illuminating his own approach to satire: "The function of the satirist is magickal. To curse the enemy." Darius James is a non-stop trip.

As if you needed another reason to run and cop that bad boy, the second printing of "That's Blaxploitation!" (the one with the lime-green cover) includes new, original "scartoons" from Pedro Bell, another of contemporary America's great unsung satirical minds. With Darius' book in your right hand, and ZEEP in your left, you'll be ready to smite all foes!!!

Another kind of breakthrough is represented by "Funk: The Music, the People, and the Rhythm of the One" by Rickey Vincent [St. Martin's Griffin, 1996]. Its focus is 99 percent on the music, and as such represents the first large-scale holistic approach to cataloging and critiquing the funk. Ambitiously, and with admirable stamina, Rickey follows the arc from James Brown and Sly Stone through Prince and Rick James and on down to Fishbone and Public Enemy. As a writer, Rickey lacks the razor-keen wit of Darius James, the general verbal dexterity of Greg Tate and the reportorial authority

of Nelson George. But brotherman is the one who got the job done. "Funk" is not the last word on its subject, but as the first it demands to be heard.

When the book came out, some folks on the Internet took to slamming Rickey for errors of the who-played-on-what-session variety. I could go there (Rickey's list of old-school Parliaments leaves out sub-octave superstar Ray Davis; he ascribes Eddie Hazel's "Good Thoughts, Bad Thoughts" solo to Ron "Brykowski"), but I would much rather hammer home the fact that what Rickey gets right -- the social, political and aesthetic contexts of the funk -- is a precedent-setting achievement. (Besides, Rickey promises he's hustling to remedy all fuck-ups for the second printing.) As George Clinton writes in the foreword, "Vincent paints an illuminating illustration of funk music's evolution [as] a human event gaining importance with time."

Time is coming for books devoted exclusively to the documentation and artistic assessment of Parliament-Funkadelic. Steve Rowland's two-hour radio documentary "Funk Is Its Own Reward" is a wonderful aural primer on this vast, sacred subject. Yvonne Smith and her co-horts at Brazen Hussy Productions seem likely to raise hell with their upcoming 60-minute PBS documentary on George and the Mob. But as for the bookshelves, the only item thus far rendered has been the photo book "#1 Bimini Road (Authentic P-Funk Insights: The Motor Booty Affair)" by Diem Jones [Sufi Warrior Publishing, 1996].

I was thrilled when word of this project first came out. Diem, after all, spent years as P-Funk's official photographer. But getting the book in my hands was a bit of a letdown. The studio shots of various P-Funkers in outlandish stage costumes are a gas, a hoot and a giggle. (I'm particularly tickled by Dawn Silva and Lynn Mabry as Giggle and Squirm, and Shiela Horne and Jeanette McGruder as the Motor Booty Girls.) But the concert photos are pretty weak, especially when compared to the sharp, clear color images of vintage Funkadelics (shot by somebody else) in the little CD booklet for "Live at Meadowbrook." A lot of Diem's wide-angle stuff is out of focus, and much of the closer-up stuff is badly lit and unflattering to the musicians and singers. A picture hailed as "The Mothership's First Landing, 1976" can barely be made out, and it takes up a page-and-a-half. Are these the best of what Diem Jones has snapped over the years?

Still, a funk junkie's got to have it, so here's a contact address: Sufi Warrior Publishing Company, 4200 Park Boulevard, Suite 138, Oakland, CA 94602.

Looking to the future, yours truly -- with partners Larry Alexander, Thomas Stanley and Aris "Airchild" Wilson -- has been commissioned by heavyweight rock critic Dave Marsh to produce an oral history of P-Funk in book form. It's the job we were born to do. Let's take it to the shelf, y'all.

-- David Mills

(P.S. In the spirit of full disclosure, I must report that both Rickey Vincent and Darius James, in their books, praise the fanzine Uncut Funk, which I produced between 1989 and 1991. While I'm grateful to the dudes, I've tried not to let that interfere with my assessment of their work.)



THE ELECTRA PLANCKIN OF SCORE BABIES

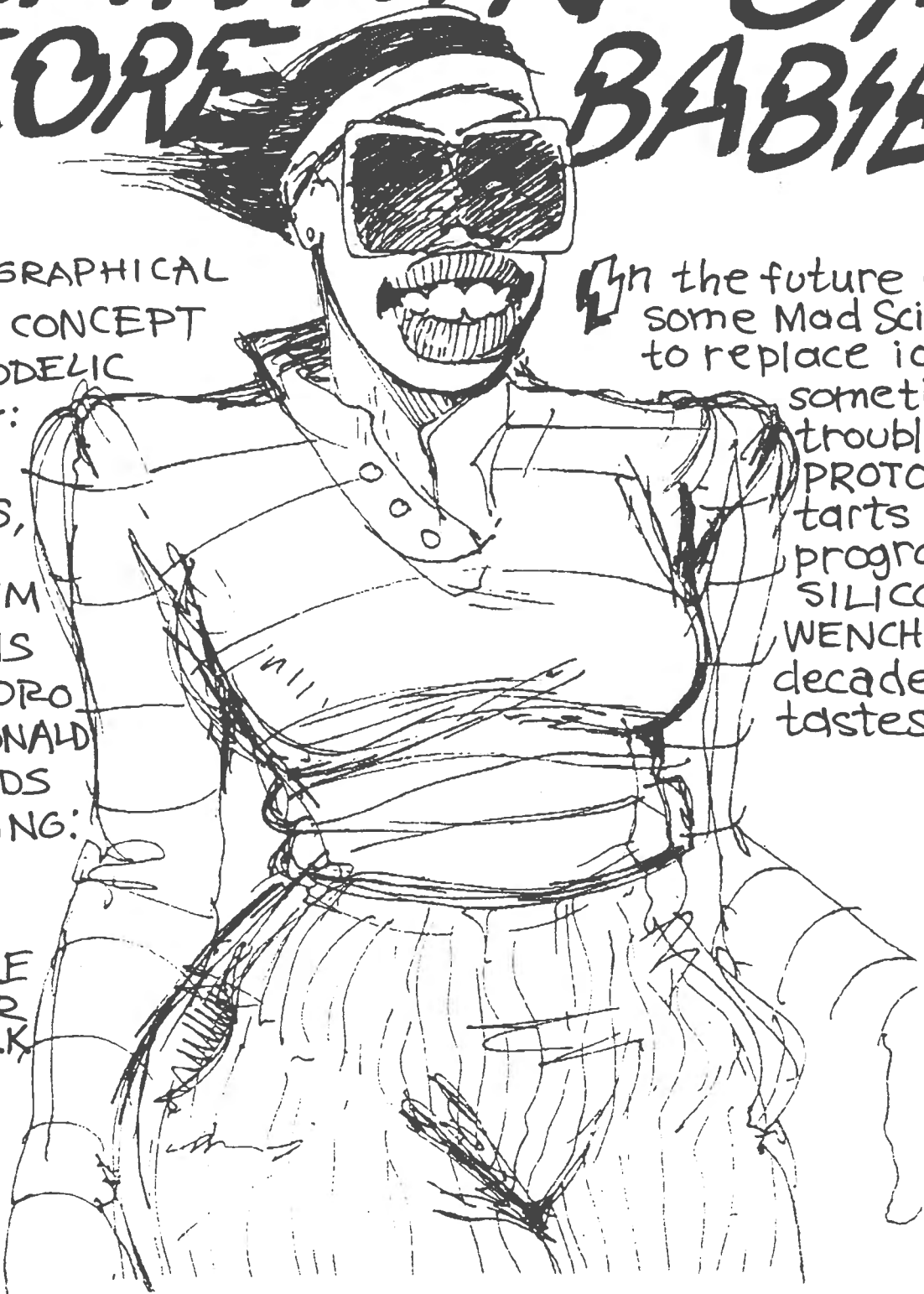
A TEXTGRAPHICAL
MERGED CONCEPT
BY PEDRODELIC

GRAPHIX:
R. STOZO
EDWARDS,
OVERTON
LOYD & TYM
STEVENS

TEXT: PEDRO
BELL & RONALD
EDWARDS

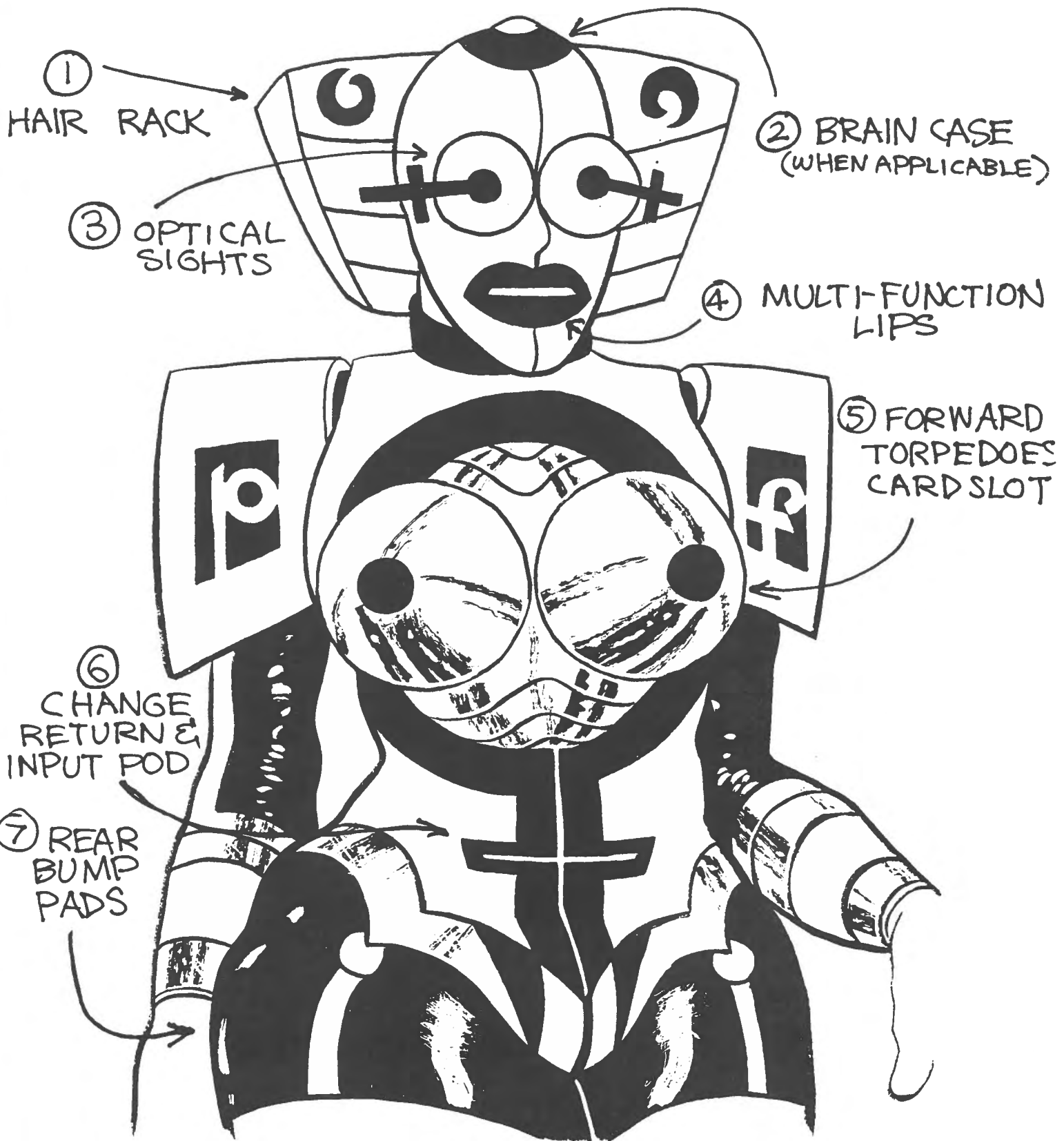
LETTERING:
SEITU

© 1997
BEAN PIE
BROTHER
NETWORK



⚡ In the future expect
some Mad Scientists
to replace icky &
sometimes
troublesome
PROTOPLASMIK
tarts with
programmable
SILICON
WENCHES for
decadent
tastes!

INPUT CARDS (SEE NEXT 3 PAGES) PROVIDE MENTAL & PHYSICAL TUDE & SHAPE SHIFTING FOR MAXIMUM FOLLIES!



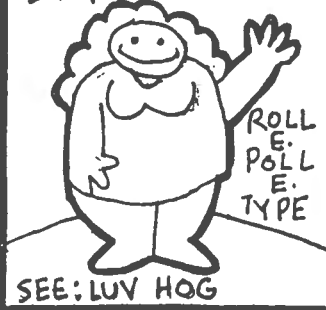
HAIRY-ETTE



SOME GUYS WON'T ADMIT THEY LIKE THOSE

SOFT SEXY HAIRS

BARREL



ROLL E. POLL E. TYPE

SEE: LUV HOG

BODY BUILDER

USUALLY FLAT CHESTED

SEE: LEFT OVER FROM PARADE

LINE BACKER



I GOT NICE LEGS LOOK!

WILL BUY YOU XPENSIV SHIT TO TRAP YOU

WHAT A BITCH
WHAT A BITCH
WHAT A BITCH
WHAT A BITCH
WHAT A BITCH
WHAT A BITCH



SPLOOSH

NIAGRA FALLS

E.T.O. PIAN



LOOKS HOT FRUM A DIS-TANT SEE:

ASIANESS



LEGS R. USUALLY KILLER!

SEE: CHICKEN FRIED N.B

BOTTOM HALF



NICE BUTT SPOOKY FACE NO TITS

SEE: NO TITS FOR SALE



DREAD

WILL TRAPP U. WIT HVY COOKIN'

SEE: CARL-BEING BOX

MOAN E. LOVE



OH AHH EEE OH

HEAR HER HEAR OOOA

RITA PONY



BO-LEGGED BIG BOOTY WHITE CHICK

SLAB OF MEAT

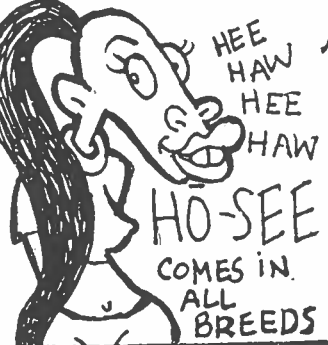


GET NO COM-PLAINS

CURIOUS GEORGE



THEY DON'T REALIZE HOW MUCH MONKEY THEY LOOK!!



HEE HAW HEE HAW HO-SEE COMES IN. ALL BREEDS

SPRING CHICKEN



MIDAGED CHICK WIT A "DO YOU THINK I'M SEXY" TOOD

DEAD TITS FEATURING POT TRISHA BELLY

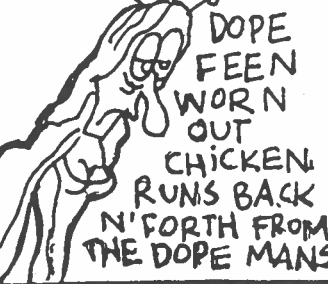


STROLLER



USUALLY FOUND IN DA BRONX, DOWNTOWN LA, SUBURBS MALLS, USUALLY PRETTY YOUNG

RED ANT



DOPE FEEN WORN OUT CHICKEN RUNS BACK N' FORTH FROM THE DOPE MANS

GRANNY



SHE JUST A "BABY"

SEE: TITS DEAD TITS ETC.

NOBODY WOULD EVER WANT ME!?

CANOPENER

SEE: DOPE HO, REDANT

FROM THE LINE

WOT DO YOU LOOK LIKE?

I'M A LITTLE HEAVY

SEE: LUV HOG

GAB-E JR.

SHORT FRO OR BALD HEAD WILL ALSO FUCK DA SHIT OUT OF YA!!

SEE: FROM THE LINE

LADY A

WILL SEND YOU A PHOTO OF HER SELF - THAT LOOKS FUCK-ABLE...

DISGUSTING (HORRIFYING)

WILL NEVER LOOSE WEIGHT GET A GOOD JOB MARRY...

TOTALLY AWESOME

STRIPPER TYPE WEARS NASTY CLOTHES SUMMER WINTER SPRING....

GOLF BALLS

HAS THE MOST FUCK'D UP LEGS THE REST OF BODY! COULD BE O.K.!

BORESHEAD

SEE: HAM HEAD OR HOG HED

SOOZE ME

DOPE HO

MAJOR 3

SOMETHIN'S WRONG

A-LICKER

DEAD PUSSY

I HAVE SOMETHIN TO TELL YOU...

TRIBE

NUBIAN COLLEGE MAGAZINE BITCH ROPE

ACORNS

SMALL ACORN SHAPE TITS

SEE: LUV HOG

TITMOUSE

YOU HAD 2.B. THERE

ANNA TOMICALLI INCORRECT OR MANVEST STITE

SEE: SOFT BUTT HARD LEGS

60/40

YOU KNOW YOU'D DO HER

ETERNAL SKELETON FROM HELL

SEE: BONNEY ASS BITCH

SKUNK

MOUF CAUTION: CAN'T GET HER SMELL OFF OF YOU

F ASS BITCH FIN SS H FINE ASS B FIN ASS BITCH FIN SS BIT FINE ASS BITCH FINE ASS BITCH FINE ASS BITCH FINE ASS BITCH FINE ASS BITCH FINE ASS BITCH

LUV HOG
 SEE: GROUND HOG
 DRUG HOG
 MASSIV

FAMOUS CELEBS:
 OPRAH, NELL CARTER, ROSIE
 O'DONALD, ROSANNE, ARETHA

BABY
 ROUND DAWAY
 PUERTO
 RICAN
 FROM AROUND
 THE WAY
 TEENS TO EARLY
 20'S WAY TO
 YOUNG
 SEE: STROLLER

S.B.J.
 PHAT
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 SWEET
 BIG &
 JUICY!

LEFTOVER
 FROM
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 MAYBE
 SEEN
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 SEE:
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 HAPPN IN

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 TOPS TO SHO OFF
 FLAT STOMUCK

RAT FINK
 SHORT
 PLAIN
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 TYPE
 PONK'D
 OUT
 EAST VILLAGE
 CHICK
 SEE: CHRISHT. ANN

**AFRO
 SIN
 TRICK**
 HAPPY 2.B.
 NAPPY
 LUVS INSCENSE
 BEANS, KWANZA
 COVERS UP HER
 BIG BUTT LOOKIN 4
 A BLACK BRUVA

CRACKOLA
 GREAZY
 SWEATIN
 DARK
 FUCK'D UP
 SKIN....
 SUCK YO
 DICK FO
 A DOLLAH!

**GIRL
 RILLAS
 IN DA
 MIST**
 USUALLY
 BLACK
 AND GETS
 BOOKED

GIRAFFE
 6FT PLUS
 MODEL TYPE
 USUALLY BLACK
 HAVE HORSE
 HAIR WEAVE

**SOUTH(E)EASS
 TACK
 HEAD**
 ROUND DA
 WAY
 'BOOGA
 BEAR'
 FROM D.C.,
 HARLEM, COMPTON
 CHI-TOWN
 FINGER WAVE

TITS
 CONES
 FLOPPY
 DISKS
 PERKY
 TITS
 SEE:
 DEAD
 TITS

T.B.
 TOTAL
 BITCH
 "FINE ASSHIT"
 DRESSES HOT
 WONT GIVE UP
 NO PLAY

**ZAMBEEZY
 OR
 BUCKWHEAT**
 DARK
 SKIN-DED
 PLATS, NOTS
 SLIM, WILL
 FUCK DA SHIT
 OUT OF YA!

**BLAL
 LEX**
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 HOG
 PONK
 ROCKER
 TYPE
 INTO
 WHITE GUYS

BUG BUG BUG
 A
 GANG
 OF
 YANG
 SEE:
 INSECTUALS

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 MARE**
 NICE HAIR
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 AGE
 SPRING
 CHICKEN
 LOOKS "HOT"
 FROM A DISTANCE
 MIGHT TAKE OUT
 HER TEEF

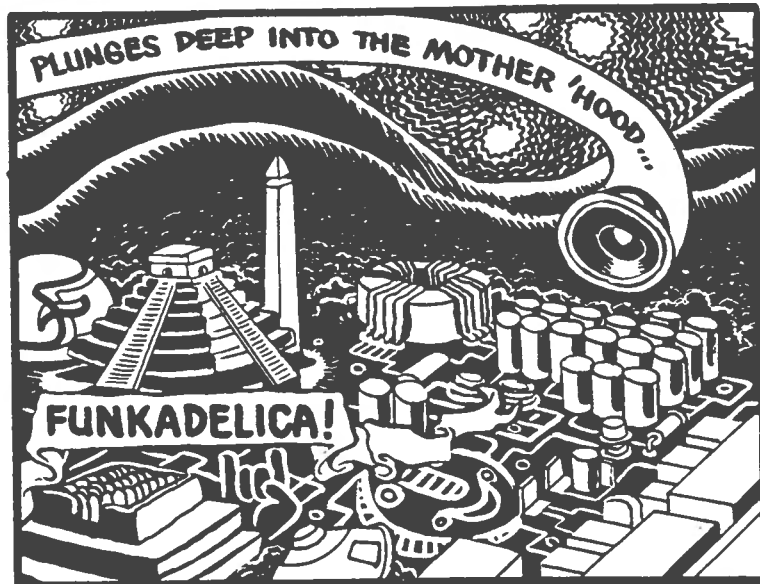
**CHICKEN
 FRIED
 NO BUTT**
 FLAT BUTT,
 MAY HAVE TITS
 SEE:
 ASIANESS

TROMBIPULATOR
 (LOOK THIS UP
 IN THE
 DICTIONARY)
 - THE ONLY
 THANG
 - WRONG IZ
 HER BIG ASS
 NOZE... CAN
 BE VERY HOT
 LOOKIN



MASTER OF THE UNIVERSE!

a BOOT-TOON adventure!
by Tynsly Avatha Stevens, Digi!



STANDING ON THE VERGE OF SELLIN' IT OUT

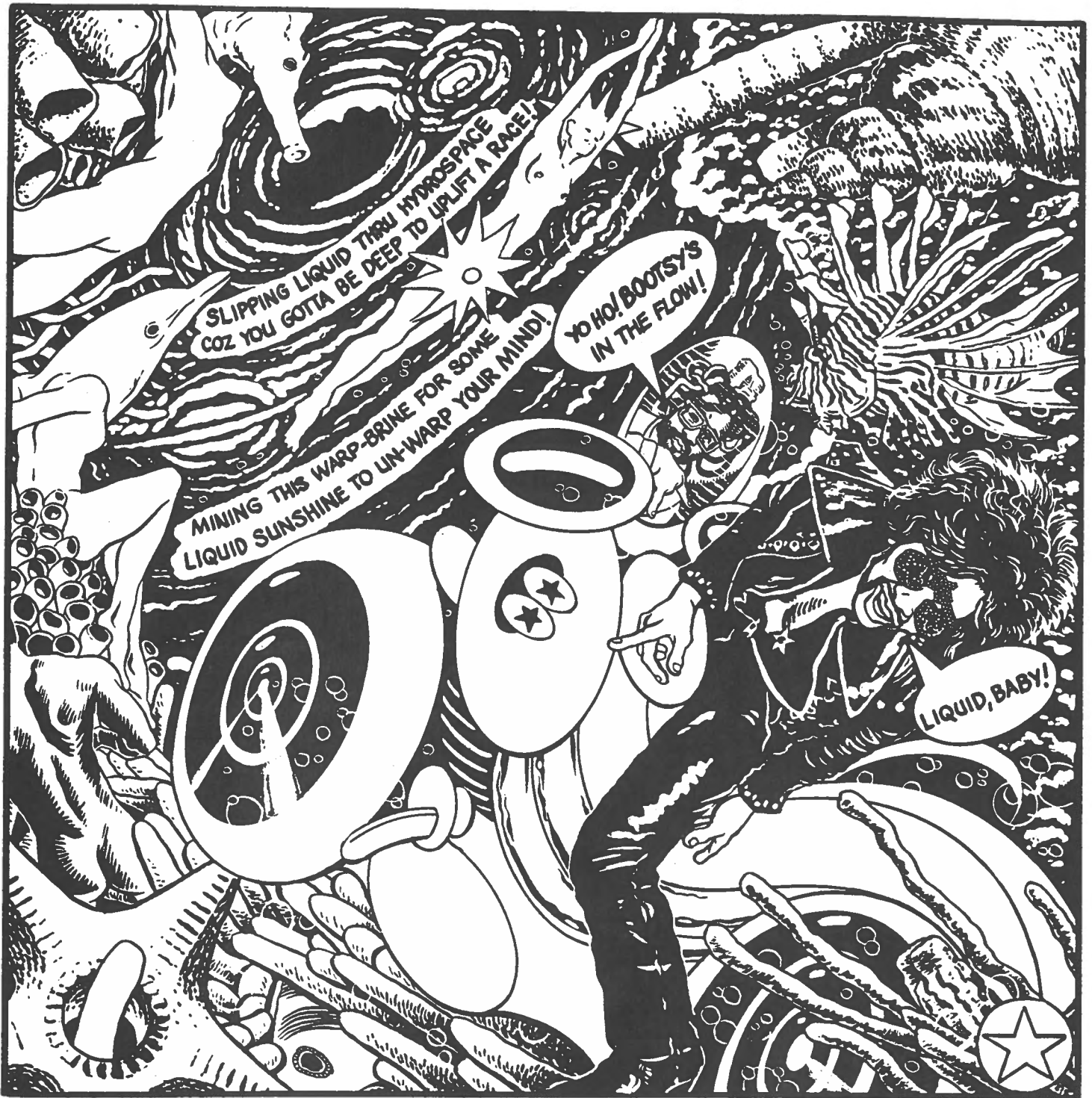
By The Uhuru Maggot

With the illustrious Rock & Roll Hall of Fame celebration of our Doctor Funk-en-stine and his royal clones, the return of the P-Funk Empire has ostensibly arrived full-circle. The 2-D Television tributes. Mothership sequels, trinket sponsorships, books, praises and awards and endless guest appearances has brought the Pee perilously close to legitimacy in the minds of the great whitewashed masses. But is this the Pee we have come to know and love? What are the implications of such apparent success and domestic tranquility? Can you spell c-r-o-s-s-o-v-e-r m-e-n-t-a-l-i-t-y?



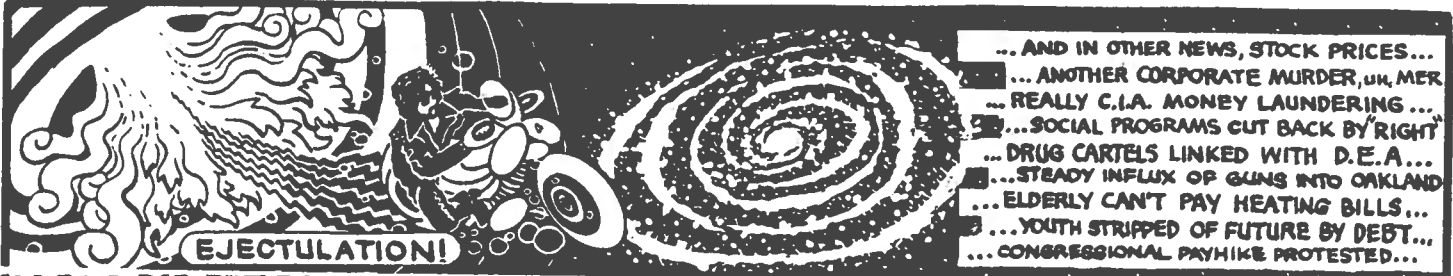
This is indeed a dilemma, for so many of us self-righteous clones have devoted our living Pee essence to the pursuit of an unassimiated underground. (When your notoriety exceeds your musical productivity, you get a stamp on your Syndrome Zone parking ticket)...While I think we had always hoped that The Mob would *get over*, many of us simply believed that P-Funk would ultimately be repelled from the forces of pop consumption like a magnet turned on it's wrong end.

What of GC's "tribute" at the NAACP Image Awards? Are we to exhalt in the revelation of Pee as Broadway dance company fodder? Mr. Clinton was appropriately speechless at the affair. for the air was too thick with ironies for even the Doctor to dissect. What do you tell the *Triffids*, when they Knight you as one of their own?! It would have been a kick to see George out there babbling "Fried Ice Cream is a Reality" and holding his dick, but I guess I'm just an optimist.



Lest we forget, the magnanimous Return of the Sacred Disc on ID4, 1996 was yet another indication of the new Nation. The old-timers and old-schoolers revelling in the return of Thumpasorus, stomping once again through the ghosts of discontent and backstabbing soap operas, the Mob ultimately managed to rise above it all, and give up the Shit! Yet so many newphytes and neo-whites were there, filling up the space like so many neutral atoms in a solution of liquid stank.

There is no reason to expect that "The Funk" has become *safe*, except that it has. I always understood the concept of "light-years in time ahead of it's time" to mean that The Funk is always coming, and is never yet *there*. But once it's here, isn't it somewhat less fresh than when it was on it's way? And what of George? Is he Lazarus? I always thought that George Clinton would live to be 205, living in a subterranean stink-den, breathing liquid oxygen, writing funk songs for yet another generation of brave deep-sea divers...



EJECTULATION!

... AND IN OTHER NEWS, STOCK PRICES...
... ANOTHER CORPORATE MURDER, UH, MER...
... REALLY C.I.A. MONEY LAUNDERING...
... SOCIAL PROGRAMS CUT BACK BY RIGHT...
... DRUG CARTELS LINKED WITH D.E.A...
... STEADY INFLUX OF GUNS INTO OAKLAND...
... ELDERLY CAN'T PAY HEATING BILLS...
... YOUTH STRIPPED OF FUTURE BY DEBT...
... CONGRESSIONAL PAYHIKE PROTESTED...



DROPPING THE ONE...

... STRANGE BLIP ON N.A.S.A. RADAR...
... PENTAGON SCRAMBLING TO...
... SCIENTISTS DISMISS AS DEBR...
... UH, IN OTHER NEWS, THE ... ER...
... MOVING SHOCKINGLY FAST...



ON THE THIRD STONE FROM THE SUN...

... CONFIRMED AS METEOR...
... ON DIRECT COLLISION PATH...
... ALL MISSILES ON ALERT...
WHAT THE?! THAT'S IMPOSSI...
ALL SILOS ARE EMPTY!!...



TIME TO STOP WORRYING ...

... WALL STREET AND WARS HALTED...
... INTERNATIONAL CONFUSION...
... AIRWAVES ARE JAMMING...
... SATELLITES BLINKING OUT...
... FALLING SO FAST...
THE BZZZKT!!



... AND LEARN ...

Out here on the west coast, home of golden sunsets and rap star murderers, the P-Funk youth movement is led by displaced Dead-Heads with a penchant for perspiration that riles most of the middle aged Negroids at the joint. If you've ever wondered why so many Funkadelic tracks are featured in the P-Funk repertoire, maybe this is it. Reluctantly we must admit that the gravitational pull of the "main stream" has realigned the P-Funk center of Mass, and there may be no going back.

We can never forget that when "Tear the Roof off the Sucker" terrorized the airwaves in 1976, it instantly relegated the past history of Rhythm & Blues into the stone age, demarking the end of an Era. There would be no more R&B after "Give up the Funk". Likewise, the divine works of the Mothership Connection/Clones sessions were as much a ritualized call to (and from) the Orishas as they were dance tracks.



Much is said of the technological breakthroughs of "Flashlight" "(not just) Knee Deep" and the like. But what of the subliminal sorcery imbedded within the electronic impulses produced by the His Royal Satanic Highness Worrell and his initiates? Are we to assume that the clap-track was accomplished by accident? Or was it designed to initiate the Master Rhythm in time for the new Millenium? (Those that live at the Bottom of the ocean, can still tread water.) P-Funk is not just a funky tribe, it is a *cultural movement*, with roots deep in the hearts of the ancients. Who are we to sit by and watch it burn to the ground, just to melt the Ice....

For the groovalistic veterans, we have enjoyed the exploration of the Pee as our own personal "Mystery System," and initiated ourselves to the degree of our own funkativity (and record budget). But now we must prepare for the materialization of the Pee to the same degree as the "Psychic Hot Line" can U dig it?



"The Uhuru Maggot" (a.k.a Rickey Vincent) is host of a radio program "The History of Funk" on KPFA radio in Berkeley, CA. He is the author of "Funk: The Music, the People and the Rhythm of the One" St. Martin's Press, 1995. He also teaches "Black Protest Music Since 1965: Funk, Rap, and the Black Revolution" at San Francisco State University.

James Wesley

One of the untold stories of P-Funk is James Wesley Jackson, a stand-up comic who regularly opened for Funkadelic back in the chitlin-circuit days. Most present-day funkateers probably never heard him perform till they copped the recent "Brides of Funkenstein Live" CD, recorded during the late '70s while James Wesley was back on the road with the Mob for a brief while. There's about 10 minutes of his act on the Brides disc, and the crowd ain't exactly going for it. You can hear a heckler yell out "So what?" when presented with one of James Wesley's laidback observations.

A much hipper listening experience is his 1972 comedy LP "Souled Out!" Recorded during the actual prelude to a Funkadelic concert, this album offers the ideal setting for James Wesley's playful, thoughtful, earthy, pot-flavored humor. ("It's a Funkadelia kind of thing, just being yourself. You can't help but be funky if you be yourself.") And it ends with the comedian jamming on his juice harp while Bernie Worrell backs him up on organ!

You don't need this hard-to-find vinyl to dig on Jackson's contributions to the P, though. That's him playing juice harp on the classic cut "Loose Booty." And J. W. Jackson receives a writing credit on "Wake Up" because George had taken the line "Wake up, live in the presence of your future" from among the slogans written and posted inside his old VW. You can also spot James Wesley (minus the "Jackson") listed among the background vocalists on the "Uncle Jam Wants You" LP; he's one of a thousand voices on "Knee Deep."

I dropped in on Mr. Jackson over the last Christmas holiday, bringing along his fellow South-Side Chicagoan Pedro Bell. James Wesley was generous with his time and his recollections. He's a cool, good-natured guy, and he's still out there performing stand-up, so keep an eye out. Here's some of what we talked about.

DAVID MILLS: Let's start at the beginning. I just recently heard your "Souled Out!" album for the first time, my buddy Larry Alexander dubbed it for me. And it's amazing to me how, philosophically, it's in line with what the funk was all about, even at that early stage. Don't let TV control your mind, don't be ashamed of your body. How did you hook up with the band?

JAMES WESLEY JACKSON: I got booked in Lansing, Michigan, to do one show. I went to Lansing, I did the one show, I left my tape recorder on stage. And [the Funkadelics] were too loud -- after I did my show, I was gonna go. But my tape recorder was on stage so I said, "Well, I gotta stay and get my tape recorder." While I was waiting, I went in the back and I was talking to Ron Scribner. Ron Scribner was the manager from Canada. He said, "Man, you're the talking part of this funk. ... There's some things that you say that we play music

about. It would be really great if we could kind of hook up together." He just kind of threw that out and I said, "Yeah, I'd like to, man." Fuzzy wasn't there then, he had been in an accident, but Grady and the rest of the Funks ... It was Tiki, Eddie, Tawl ...

DAVID: What was the venue?

JAMES WESLEY: It was an auditorium. Some college people, but there were some people who was funk followers too. Two shows, and it was pretty much full both shows. This was in the late '60s, man.

DAVID: You hadn't heard of them?

JAMES WESLEY: No, I hadn't heard of them. They said they were coming to Chicago, and that would be the first time that I would open for them. Well there was a club on the North Side called the Apollo -- I lived on the North Side at the time -- and I had been going around asking the guy if I could do some comedy there. And he said "Naw." It was just flat "Naw." So the Funks came into town, I opened up for 'em, and after the show the [owner] called me back and he says, "Man, how come you don't come in here and do some comedy?" (laughs)

That was the first show and it went well. Seemed like the flow from me opening to bringing them on was like ... And they jammed.

I had a Volkswagen, and I would get in my Volkswagen and drive to Detroit, and I would hook up with Grady and Fuzzy. Usually go to Fuzzy's house, because Fuzzy was a family man and it was just nice. And then Grady and them, they'd come on by. Grady usually would be the one to ride with me; I had a black Volkswagen. I'd hook up every weekend almost, I'd drive over there and pick up Grady or Fuzzy, then drive somewhere to a show.

DAVID: How long had you been a comic before crossing paths with Funkadelic?

JAMES WESLEY: First I did magic. I was working at the University of Chicago, and I was a magician around there. One night I had a show and someone stole my car with my equipment in it, so I had to do stand-up. And I was not funny. I wasn't, man, I was painful. I can still remember the expression on some of those people's faces. (laughs)

DAVID: So how'd you develop your own thing of dealing with these same issues that the funk separately was dealing with? Self-awareness and ...

JAMES WESLEY: Yeah, my background is behavioral science, so that was a big influence on my comedy.

PEDRO BELL: Tell the truth.

Jackson: Opening Act

by David Mills

JAMES WESLEY: Hmm?

PEDRO: (puffs an imaginary joint, then busts out laughing)

JAMES WESLEY: Oh yeah. Well, honest, no kidding, I wasn't doing that too much. I hadn't even gotten high yet. I really hadn't, doing the magic, then comedy. It was like three years later. There's a great folk singer named Terry Collier, and Bob Ireland, who is a poet, and we used to go by his house on Sundays. And I tried it one time with them. I didn't have to really be funny, it was practice time, guys would go up and try out their poems. And I [went up] and I said, "Let me sit down." And they both started laughing in the back. They were aware that I'd never smoked before so they was checking me, closely. So I could tell from that laughter, "Ahh, they know." So I went on with it. I sit down on the stool and I start just rambling ...

PEDRO: Of course!
(laughs)

JAMES WESLEY: That's when it got started. When I hooked up with [Funkadelic] in Lansing, I had been partaking in the herb for a while. And I was amazed, 'cause the dressing room, of course ... the aroma, ooohh, the aroma, the aroma was just fumigating. So I said, "These boys have a lot of fun when they work, don't they?"



JAMES WESLEY JACKSON

CONTINUED

DAVID: So it was Scribner's decision? Did George Clinton have anything to say about you opening up for them?

JAMES WESLEY: Scribner checked with George, George says "Fine."

PEDRO: George never said no.

JAMES WESLEY: You know what, it got real funny there after while though, 'cause it was like, "Who's really in charge, Scribner or George?" That's what happened, there began to be conflict between George and Scribner because Scribner was getting too much power.

DAVID: As time went on, how did you interact with George? Would he let you know he liked your comedy?

JAMES WESLEY: Oh yeah, he would let me know. George, when I first got there, he was like one of the Funkadelics. He would stay at the hotels [with the band], he would be with everybody. He'd ride with me sometimes. I had written in my Volkswagen -- with a sign in the window that said "Do we really all look alike?" -- I had written up in there, "Once upon a time called now ... between the 'n' and the 'w' we 'o' it to ourselves ..." And George took it right in. George would hear you say something, and the next time you saw it, it'd be in a cut. (laughs)

DAVID: That's a gift though. That's an ear, to hear something out of all the noise of the world, and know it's going to work, and make it work.

JAMES WESLEY: Make it work. He did, man. ...

One time in Louisville, Kentucky, we were at a place called the Barrel. We had just been together for weeks. They had talked about taking their clothes off, but nobody ever did it. I wore overalls at the time. That was my thing, I always wore overalls. And I had on short overalls that night. And that was the night (laughs) I unbuttoned my thing and I dropped my overalls, and I don't wear shorts, so I was standing there butt naked!

And George told me this himself, he said men [in the audience] didn't know what to do, they didn't know how to keep their ladies from seeing it, but they didn't know how to do that. So everybody had this look on their face like they don't know what to do. And I'm standing up there with my overalls draped over my arms, saying, "This is the naked truth. Free your mind and your ass will follow," something like that, and then I took my bow and went on off stage, man, and George was saying, "They didn't know

what kind of expression to have on their face." He had never seen any people act like that, because George and them had never quite gone that far. They'd talked about it. But I did it, man. I was the first one to do it.

The chitlin circuit. One time, in Lima, Ohio, the Funks didn't show up. I was on stage for an hour and a half. And Grady told me from the wings that they weren't gonna show up. I told Grady, in a joke, to take my stuff and put it in the Volkswagen. (laughs)

PEDRO: Better get out of Dodge, quickly.

JAMES WESLEY: Somebody threw one of those pews up on stage, man! Two guys grabbed a pew, and by that time, to conclude, I says, "Well, I'ma have to go now. And probably gon' be in a hurry." Man, they started tearing up that place. I was out in the back with Grady, and got in the Volkswagen, and I remember, going around the corner, we heard the loud noise of the sirens going to the church. The Funks never did show up.

DAVID: James Demby told me to ask you to tell the story of when Funkadelic opened for Black Oak Arkansas.

JAMES WESLEY: Oh man, that was ... man ...

PEDRO: They *did*?

DAVID: Yep.

JAMES WESLEY: It was so weird, man, because it was a white audience, all-white audience, and I don't think we were supposed to open ... well, I don't know how that happened, but anyway, everybody was drinking beer. Beer was all on the floor. Maybe it wasn't all beer. (laughs) Man, somebody pulled Fuzzy aside, and they thought he was white, so they started talking to him about, "If any of 'em mess with your girl, let me know, 'cause we're gonna kick their ass," you know. And Fuzzy's just listening, going along with it. He came back and told us all about it.

I went up and I had to do comedy. Everybody was standing up, and I don't know if they were listening or not. I did a short set. It wasn't a long set. Because I didn't know if they were listening or just noisy and I *thought* they were laughing. (laughs)

Anyway, Black Oak Arkansas came on stage and started playing "Dixie." And they played it a long time. The entrance was like real long. And man, we were getting dressed, getting ready to get out of there, 'cause we didn't understand why they were playing "Dixie" so long, you know. Man, that was a hell gig if ever we had a hell gig.

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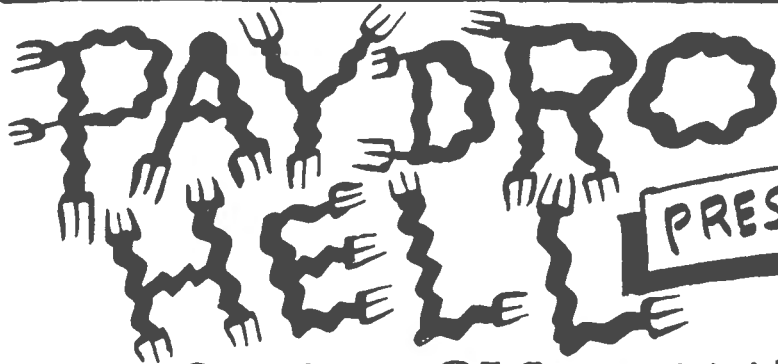
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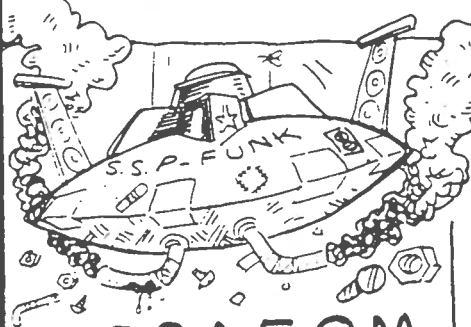
CUT OUT OF THE MONTH

GEORGE CLINTON & THE P-FUNK ALL STARS

T.A.P.O.A.F.O.M.

AVAILABLE ON

DELETED: HAVEN'T THEY SUFFERED ENOUGH?! RECORDS



T.A.P.O.A.F.O.M. TURNS N2 DEAD ZEPPLIN THE MUSIC

OKAY, SO WHAT IF IT SOUNDS LIKE THERE'S ONLY 2.5 ENJOYABLE SONGS ON THIS. THAT'S LIKE EVERYBODY ELSE, RIGHT? BUT WAIT; THE FUNK MOB GRUNTS (MUSICIANS & VOCALISTS) THINK THEY'RE WORKING ON A GEORGE CLINTON "SOLO" PROJECT. THE RECORD COMPANY THINKS THEY'RE GONNA GET THEIR MONEY'S WORTH AND CLINTON PROMISES A HIT EVEN WITHOUT HELP FROM MICHEAL JACKSON SINGING ON "MATHEMATICS" SIKE!



THE FREE STOOGES IN DIAPERSPACE: THE ARTWORK

ARTIST 1 GOES INTO A SERIOUS KISS-BOOTY CAMPAIGN TO SWEEP MORE P-FUNK PROJECTS. ARTIST 2 IS MIFFED WHEN IT COSTS HIM THE ALBUM FROM COMPANY A. ARTIST 1 HALF-FINISHES ALBUM B TO START A WHILE COMPANY B CALLS ARTIST 2 TO FINISH IT. ARTIST 1 PANICS ABOUT ALBUM B AND CALLS ARTISTS 2 & 3 TO SAVE HIM, ARTIST 3 GETS DUMP TRUCKED BY 1 WHILE ARTIST 2 INSULTS THE RECORD COMPANY B & ARTIST 1. WHO WEARS THE DRESS?

I KNOW THE TIMING ON THIS REALLY SUCKS BUT IF I DON'T GET A PLAYSTATION FOR CHRISTMAS WHO ARE YOU GONNA GET TO DESIGN THAT SERIOUS FUNK VIDEO GAME FOR YOUR MACHINE?!

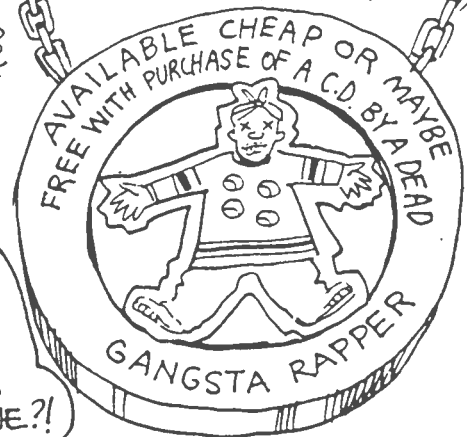


IMPORTANT MESSAGE TO RASTA MAE

ACERTAIN HIRSUTE HOOLIGAN OF SERIOUS TALENT BUT QUESTIONABLE DECENCY HAS STATED THAT YOU HAVEN'T RETURNED ANY PHONE CALLS, SENT A BOOTY FAX NOR FILED A LAWSUIT. HE SAYS THAT HE'S IN CHARGE OF DISPLACED RECORD EXECS WHO LOSE THEIR JOBS MESSING WITH P-FUNK. SO ARE YOU GONNA CALL SOON OR WHAT?

BACK COVER TRANSLATIONS

- (A) WILL OVER-TEN'S EGO SURVIVE THAT OF CAPTAIN DRAW?
- (B) WILL THE BULLS LOSE THE NEXT CHAMPIONSHIP?
- (C) WILL THIS RECORD MAKE BACK ITS MONEY?



CONCEPT & YANG: PEDRO BELL
ARTSMURK: SEITU HAYDEN
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Mario T. maggot Presents...

BACKSTAGE CRAZIES

#1 OF MANY

612 746-3322



I'M SURE YOU HEARD ABOUT ALL THE RUMORS OF P-FUNK BACKSTAGE FOLLIES... BUT IT'S ALL OVERPLAYED! ACTUALLY, IT'S PRETTY BORING--THO' THE PEOPLE WHO DO SHOW UP ARE KINDA WHACKED.

SO, HERE'S SOME PROFILES OF THE TYPES OF FUNK-CRAZED FOLKS WHO CONTRIBUTE THEIR OWN VISUAL MIX TO THE BACKSTAGE CIRCUS. AND REMEMBER--IF NONE OF YOUR FELLOW FUNK ADDICTS ACT LIKE ANY OF THESE PEOPLE... THEN IT MUST BE YOU!

SPACE CADET



USUALLY REFUGEES FROM THE LOCAL HALF WAY HOUSE FOR THE MENTALLY-UNSTABLE--THESE SHOW UP AT P-FUNK CONCERTS WAITING FOR THE MOTHERSHIP TO REALLY LAND AND PICK THEM UP!

WHEN ASKED, THEY ALWAYS CALL THEMSELVES STARCHILD (A REAL FAVORITE) OR SOME DEMENTED ARABIC EQUIVALENT.

SOME EVEN CLAIM TO BE GEO CLINTON IN ANOTHER FORM! IN THEIR MINDS, THE FUNK IS THE NEW RELIGION AND WILL TALK ENUF' THEORY TO FILLUP LINER NOTES FOR SIX FUNKADELIC RELEASES. DEBATING WIT' THEM WITHOUT ARTILLERY SUPPORT NHT COOL!

TALKING HEAD



THIS TYPE USUALLY HAS THE PULL-A-TICS TO HAVE A PRESS PASS, SO THERE'S NO EASY WAY TO GET RID OF THEM! THEY KNOW EVERY FACT ABOUT THE FUNK MOB SINCE 1909 AND WOULDN'T HESITATE TO TELL YOU ALL OF THEM. GOING INTO A SHOWER OR TOILET STALL WILL NOT STOP THEM FROM FOLLOWING YOU. (EQUIPPED WITH NOTES, CAMERA AND RECORDING EQUIPMENT AT ALL TIMES). NATURALLY, THEY SHOW UP RIGHT-AT-THE-TIME AS SOME POOR MOBSTER IS TRYING TO GET HOOKED-UP TO SOME "MOUF"....

THE MOUF

THESE ARE THE GROUPIES WHO SLUM ON A FUNK TIP IF THE MOB HAS A HIT RECORD ON THE CHARTS--SO THEY NHT BONA-FIDE FUNKATEERS.

THEY-ALL WANT TO MEET CLINTON FIRST THO' THEY'D SETTLE FOR BOOTS OR ANY GUITAR PLAYER.

DISPISE A CASUALLY-BORED PROFILE--THEIR QUICK-SCAN PEEPERS BLOW-THEIR-FRONT, THE DRESS CODE IS TIGHT LEATHER AND BRIGHT MAKE-UP. FEW OF THEM ARE UNDERAGE (NO SURPRISE HERE AS FUNK IS GROAN-UP ACTION MATERIAL) AND ARE SWEEPED-UP BY THE "SUPPORT CREW"--WHO NORMALLY COULDN'T TALK THE DRAWERS OFF A NYMPHO JUST-RELEASED-FROM-PRISON.



SHIFTER

THIS CHARACTER HAS AUTOMATIC REFLEXES TO GRAB A NEARBY P-PUNKER FOR A QUICK INTRO AND THE QUICK "TYRONE DAVIS" (I.B. BEG) FOR A BACKSTAGE PASS. SMOKE-ABLE BRIBES ARE USED AS A LAST RESORT.

THE REAL PROBLEM WITH THIS KIND IS THAT THEY JUST WANT TO IMPRESS THEIR FRIENDS THAT THEY ACTUALLY MET THE MOB AND TO UNDERLINE THE BRAG.. WILL OFTEN SWATCH ANY UNWATCHED ITEMS FROM THE PRESSING ROOMS AS PROOF OF ACTUALLY "BEING THERE"....



FUNK IRREGULAR



GENERIC CLINTON REPLICAS APPEAR WITH TAPES AND DOG-EARED NOTEBOOKS WANTING TO JOIN THE FUNK MOB. THEY HAVE 5273 SONGS TO SHOW (ALL HAVE LINES THAT RHYME WITH THESE WORDS ONLY: GROOVE, FUN, BEAT AND TRIP). CLAIM TO PLAY UP TO 43 INSTRUMENTS (POORLY) AND OVER-ALL, ARE A-BOU AS ORIGINAL AS CORNFLAKES.

THEY'RE TOLERATED UNTIL THEY RUN OUT OF THEIR BROWNIE-POINT INVENTORY OF DRUGS. ACTUALLY, THEY MEAN WELL--BUT YOU-KNOW THEY'D BE BETTER OFF TRYING TO DO HANGTIME WITH SOMEBODY WHO REALLY NEEDS 'EM AROUND... LIKE TRICK JAMES...

FREAKALENES



UNIQUE ONLY TO THE FUNKWORLD ARE THESE SEEMINGLY STANDARD-ISSUE STUCK-UP TARTS WHO COME OUT OF THE FREAK CLOSET ONLY WHEN P-FUNK COMES TO TOWN. AT THAT POINT, THEY SORTA SNAP AND LET-IT-ALL-HANG-OUT, LITERALLY! THEY COME IN ONLY TWO TYPES--ONE WITH THE HEADS-UP DISPLAY TARGETING FOR SOLO FREAKING AND THE WILDER VARIETY WHO'LL SET-IT-OUT FOR AIR-BODY WITH A BAND PASS [THE LINE FORMS AT THE LEFT]. FOR REASONS UNKNOWN, THEY USUALLY LOOK PINE AND RUINT--DEPENDING ON VIEWING ANGLE OR AMOUNT OF LIGHT AVAILABLE. THE SOLOS DO FREAKY STUFF ON-STAGE, TOO...TYPE 'B' FREAKIES ALWAYS HAVE TATTOOS ON THEIR BUTTS! (25)

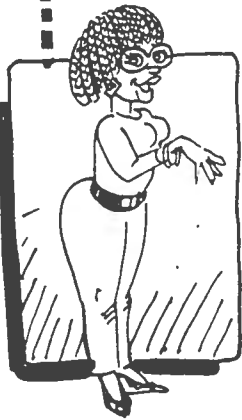
PEDRO DELIC[®]

CONCEPT BY YANG PEDRO BELL
ARTSMIRK: SEITU HAYDEN
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PRESENTS THE

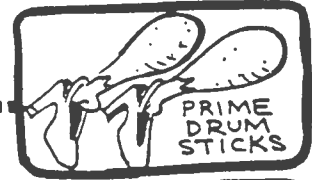
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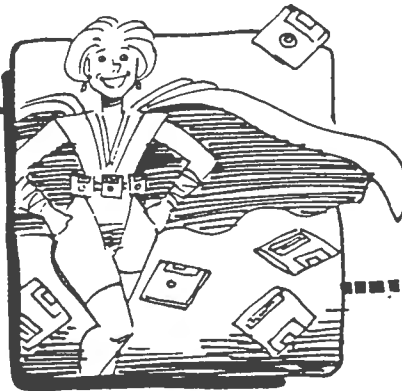


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ANYTHING RELATED TO P-FUNK AT ANY DEEP LEVEL, REQUIRES THE LOGISTICAL HELP OF COMPUTERS TO SORT OUT THE MESS. FORTUNATELY, THE BRAZEN HUSSY CAMP HAS SUCH A SPLANKAZON TO FIGURE IT ALL OUT IF YOU WANNA RAP TO HER, YA BETTA KNOW SYSTEM 7- SOMETHING (MAC CLOWNARDS ONLY)



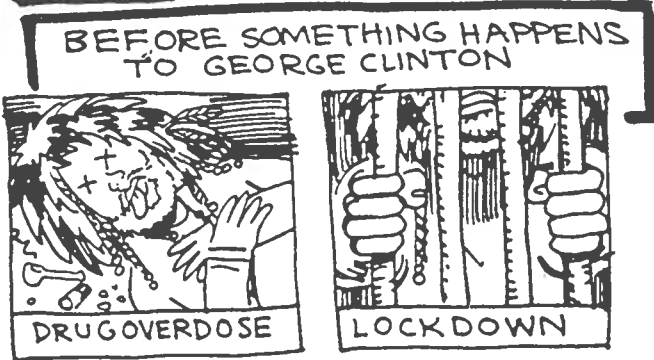
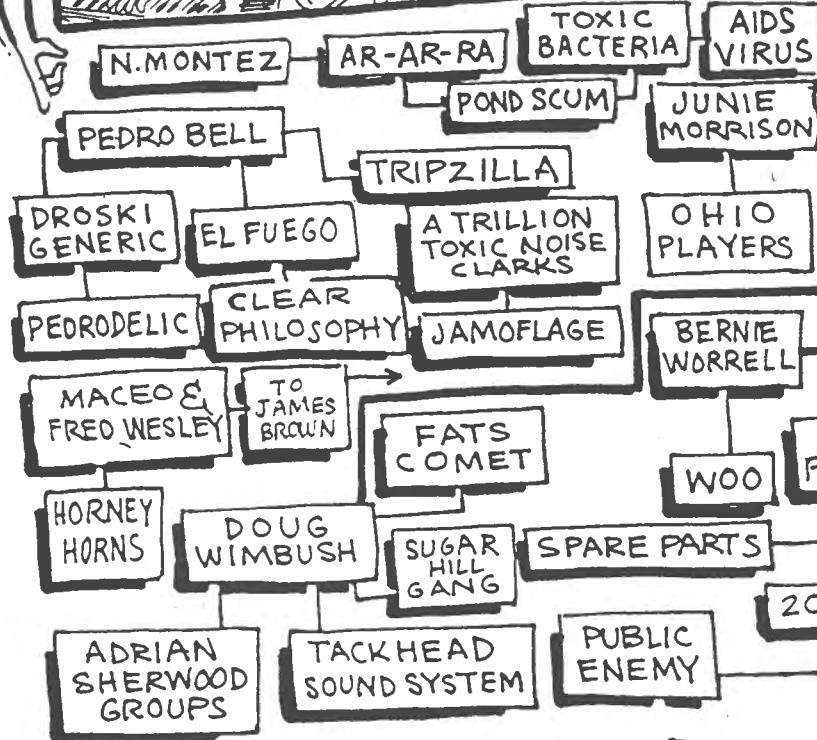
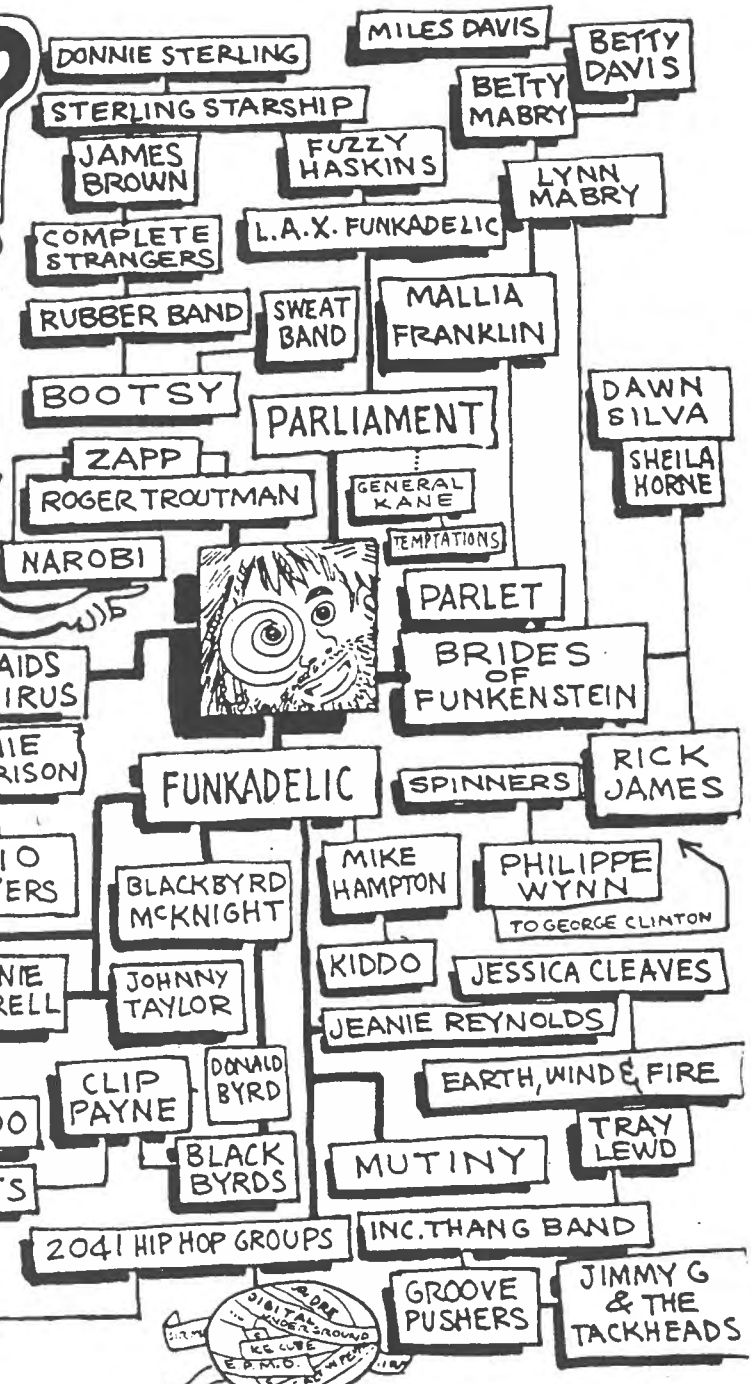
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Can These ZARTS Pull Off This Film Before 2000 A.D.?



PEDRO BELL

CONCEPTS & ART BY PEDRO (CAPT DRAW) BELL. CHARACTERS BY SAME ©1995 Pedro Bell

DANNY D'PRE'S 5 MORE REASONS PROVING THAT D.D. IS STILL CLUELESS

1 I'M STILL COOL, THO.  NO SHAME NO GAME

2 HE USES 10W-50 MOTOR OIL FOR MASSAGE LOTION. 

3 "THERE AIN'T NO WHYTE PEOPLES ON WELFARE!" 


4 "AN' BIG ASS ROPE CHAINS STILL PULL! DA HOEZ..." 

5 D.D. USES 3-N-1 OIL ON HIS SCARY KURLS. 


6 DANNY SEZ THAT 8-TRACK CASSETTES WILL MAKE A BIG COMEBACK. 

MARIO T. MAGGOT

1 HEY, SIDNEY! I SEE YOU-GOT THAT SAT' DISH HOOKUP!  "SNAIL'S FACE"

2 "YO--WOT'S UP?! I THOUGHT WE-WAS TIGHT HOMIES!" 

3 "HOMIES MY-ASS! U-TOOK ALL THE HOT GRUBS LAST WEEK AT THE WET POODLE..." 

4 "FOCKIN' A... YA LIL' PRICK!" 

5 "OH, SO IT'S MY FAULT DAT YO-ASS B-2 SLOW ON-DA-PULL?" 


6 "I AIN'T SLOW... U-MOVE 2-FAST, JAG-OFF!" 


7 "SO I CANT WATCH NO WORLD WORM WRESTLIN' ON YOUR SET-UP, HUH?" 


8 "HELL NO-ASSS! HOLE!" 


9 "O.K..I'M GONNA HOOK-U-UP WIT A FRENCH TART & SHE'LL EAT YO-SORRY ASS." 


QUEEN FREAKALENE AND CAPT CROSSOVER IN RAVE SLAVES


1 "DAG! THIS IS THE FIFTH RAVE I-BEEN TO... AND AIN'T DANCED NOT EVEN ONE-TIME!" 

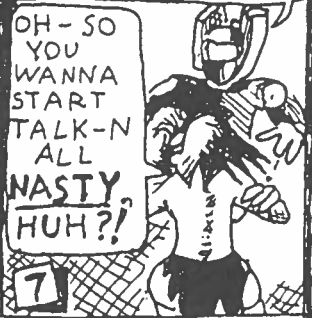
2 "... AN WOT-DA-HELL WAS-I-THINKING 'BOUT... GITTIN' MAH FORWARD TORPEDOES... PIERCED WITH DOOR KNOCKERS?!" 

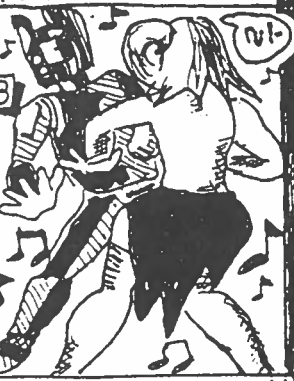
3 "THIS IS GIT-N-BORE-RING! I'M FIN TO BREAK-CAMP!" 


4 "BUT DEN ZZZAP!" 

5 "HEY, BABE! I'M CAPT. CROSSOVER. SO-HOWZ IT GO-N?!"  CROSS OVER DISPLAY

6 "AW... BAY-BEE. DON'T FADE ME LIKE DAT!" 

7 "HEY-LOOK! DON'T EVEN GO THERE, OH-KAY?!"  OH-SO YOU WANNA START TALK-N ALL NASTY, HUH?!

8 "A-PARTY-OVER-HERE" 

9 "LET'S GO N-GET A ROOM."  EXIT

BRITE COLORED BRITE COLORED COLORED NASTIC NASTIC PUMP ZEEPIC
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The POTION

GIRL, I JUS CANT GIT
THAT MAN OFF MY MIND.



YOU SHO AS
HELL CAINT!
YOU BEEN
TALKIN BOUT
IM FO THE
LAS THREE
HOURS!



I MEAN, LIKE, YOU BEEN WITH OTHER DUDES BEFO ... WHAT MADE MARQUETT SO SPECIAL ANYWAY?

I DONT KNOW... I GUESS IT WAS THE WAY HE TREATED ME... YOU KNOW... NOT LIKE THEM OL STREET NIGGAS...

NONE A THAT OL 'HEY BABY' BULL-SHIT... HE WAS JUS A FO REAL BROTHAH.



AN I'M TELLIN YOU NOW, GIRL, DUDS LIKE THAT IS RARE...

THEY ONLY COME ONCE IN A LIFE-TIME!



WELL IF HE WAS SO GOOD AN GREAT AN ALL... HOW COME YALL BROKE UP?



IT WAS MY FAULT... YOU KNOW HOW I AM... GETTIN JELOUS AN SHIT ALL THE TIME...

BUT I COULDN'T HELP BUT BE POSSESSIVE WITH HIM.... HE WAS JUS THAT BEAUTIFUL A DUDE... I CAN REMEMBER WHEN WE FIRST MET...

"I WAS WORKIN AT WOOLWORTH'S THEN... PUTTIN UP A FLOOR DISPLAY MY FLOOR MANAGER WANTED DONE IN FIFTEEN MINUTES..."



"NATURALLY, I FUCKED UP AN KNOCKED THE JIVE DOWN... YOU KNOW HOW I GET WHEN I GET A BUNCHA PRESSURE PUT ON ME...."



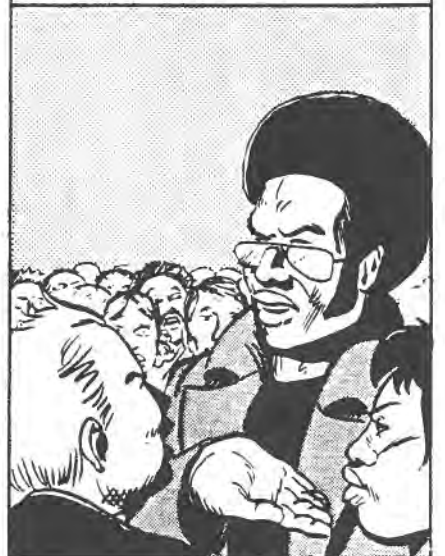
"THAT OL HUNKIE FLOOR MANAGER A MINE STARTED YELLIN AN CUSSIN AT ME SO YOU KNOW I STARTED CUSSIN BACK AT HIS PUNK ASS SELF... YOU KNOW HOW I AM..."



"AN THEN, OUTTA NO-PLACE CAME MARQUETTE."



"HE WAS AS BEAUTIFUL THEN AS HE IS NOW."



"JUS BEAUTIFUL."

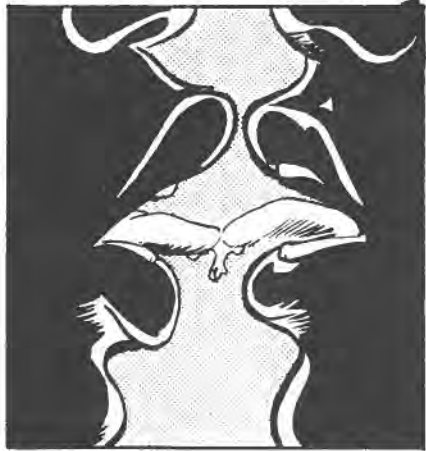


"THAT NIGHT WE WENT TO A LOUNGE ...NOT ONE A THEM OL RUN-DOWN SHOOT-EM-UP PLACES... A REAL NICE LOUNGE... WE TALKED A LIL..."



"HE WAS ONE A THEM COLLEGE STUDENTS... I THOUGHT HE WAS A EGGHEAD THEN..."

"UNTIL LATER ON THAT WEEK...."



"HE WAS JUST BEAUTIFUL."



"AS THE DAYS PASSED, HE WOULD TAKE ME OUT TO PLAY AN JAZZ CONCERTS..."



"HE EVEN BOUGHT ME A LEATHER COAT."

"HE USED TO TELL ME STUFF ABOUT HOW I REMINDED HIM OF A AFRICAN EXCHANGE STUDENT HE HAD MET AT SCHOOL AN HOW FO REAL I WAS



"HE EVEN GOT ME TO THINKIN BOUT GOIN BACK TO SCHOOL ... MAYBE TO MAJOR IN MEDICINE OR CHEMESTRY."

"THINGS WAS COOL WITH US... UNTIL THAT NASTY BITCH, DIANNE BAKER, STARTED TRYIN TO GIT NEXT TO IM..."



"I SHOULDN'TA BEEN JELOUS CAUSE ANY FOOL COULD SEE SHE COULDN'T TURN IM ON... BUT YOU KNOW HOW I AM..."



"SO ONE NIGHT I WAS SO HIGH I DIDN'T KNOW UP FROM DOWN AN I LOOKED OUT MY WINDOW AN SAW THAT OL STANKY HO TALKIN TO MARQUETTE SO I WENT OUTSIDE AN JUS BEAT HER ASS TILL IT WAS BLACK AN BLUE... DAMN NEAR KILLED ER."



"AFTER THAT, I DIDN'T SEE TOO MUCH A MARQUETTE ... HE'D COME OVER NOW AN THEN... HARDLY AT ALL. THEN, TWO WEEKS AGO I CALLED IM AN HE TOL ME HE COULDN'T GET THAT BEATIN I GAVE DIANNE OFF HIS MIND AN THAT HE WOULDN'T BE SEEIN ME NO MO..."



"I CRIED ALL NIGHT."



AN I BEEN CRYIN EVER SINCE... THAT'S WHY I CAME OVER HERE, DORETHA.

AN WHAT YOU THINK I CAN DO FO YOU CEPT OFFER YOU A SHOULDER TO CRY ON?



YOU CAN TAKE ME TO THAT WITCH LADY ON BENSON AVENUE.

WHA? GIRL, YOU CRAZY!

NO I AINT! I HEARD SHE CAN MAKE LOVE POTIONS AN JIVE...

AW, THAT'S JUS RUMORS, GIRL!

RUMORS MY ASS! YOU KNOW IT'S MORE'N RUMORS TO THAT! WHEN WE WAS LITTLE AN YOU USED TO CLEAN HER HOUSE FO HER, YOU USED TO ALWAYS BE COMIN BACK TELLIN ME BOUT WHAT NEW POTION SHE DONE COOKED UP FO SOMEBODY.



OOOOOOOH GIRL! WHERE'D YOU GET THAT FROM? I AINT EVER TOL YOU NOTHIN LIKE THAT!

YES YOU DID! I KNOW SHE CAN DO THAT MESS CAUSE SHE FROM... UH... HAITI WHERE THEY BE DOIN THAT VOODOO SHIT ALL THE TIME!



SO YOU WANNA USE VOODOO ON A REAL SWEET DUDE YOU RAN AWAY FROM YOSELF HUH? THAT'S STOOPIN MIGHTY LOW, PAM



I DONT WANNA MAKE IM A ZOMBIE... JUS TURN HIS HEAD A LIL SO HE'LL GIMME ANOTHER CHANCE; THAT'S ALL... ANOTHER CHANCE.



JUS DONT BE TELLIN EVERYBODY BOUT THIS, HEAR?



I WON'T, DORETHA.

MISS FABBARIQUE? IT'S ME, DORETHA BIGGS.

DOR-EE-THA? COME ON IN, SUGAH LUMP... YOU AINT BEEN BY IN AGES!



HOW YOU BEEN, BABY?

FINE, MISS FABBARIQUE... OH, UH, THIS IS MY LIL SISTAH, PAM.

HELLO.

HI.



UH, MISS FABBARIQUE, I WANTED TO ASK A FAVOR OF YOU... UH PAM LOST HER MAN, AN SHE WANTS HIM BACK... SO....



SO YOU WANT A LOVE POTION FOR HER, EH?

UH YEAH...

SHE CANNOT GET HIM BACK BY HERSELF?

WELL THAT'S WHAT I KEPT TELLIN HER BUT...



BUT NOTHIN! MISS FABBARIQUE, THAT MAN MEANS EVERYTHING TO ME... I GOTTA HAVE IM BACK... PLEASE... I'LL PAY YOU WHAT EVER YOU WANT!



YOU SEEM TO BE SINCERELY IN LOVE... I DONT DO POTIONS NO MORE... BUT FOR YOU I WILL MAKE AN EXCEPTION.

HOW MUCH?



NOTHING...IT IS A FAVOR I AM DOING... HOWEVER I WILL NEED SOMETHING...AN OBJECT HE HAS TOUCHED AT ONE TIME TO MAKE IT WORK.



YOU MEAN LIKE THIS BRACELET?

YES! THAT WILL DO FINE... NOW GO... COME BACK TOMORROW AT EIGHT AND I WILL HAVE WHAT YOU WANT.



AND THAT NIGHT, AMIDST THE FUMES OF A STINKING BREW, A SIREN'S WAIL SHATTERS DARK SILENCE.....



AND THE PEACE OF OTHERS...



FELT LIKE MY BRAIN WAS ON FIRE A SECOND AGO...



FIGURES THOUGH, AINT HAD MUCH SLEEP SINCE I BROKE UP WITH PAM.

FUCK IT! I BEEN FOOLIN MYSELF. ALL THIS TIME... I'M IN LOVE WITH THAT GIRL AN SHE'S IN LOVE WITH ME... I SHOULD'A SEEN THAT FROM THE WAY SHE WAS FIGHTIN OVER ME...



THAT SHIT TURNED ME OFF... BUT I DIDN'T EVEN BOTHER TO EXPLAIN TO HER THAT REGARDLESS OF THE SITUATION, I DON'T DIG BROTHAHS AN SISTAHS FIGHTIN OVER SOME BULLSHIT.

I'M GON GO OVER HER PLACE TOMORROW... LET HER KNOW HOW I FEEL ABOUT HER.



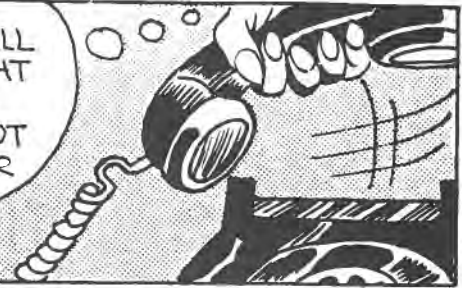
YEAH... SKIP CLASS AN POP OVER THERE BRIGHT AN EARLY.



MISS FABBARIQUE SAID IF I'M WEARIN THIS POTION, IT'LL GET TO IM WHEN HE STEPS WITHIN THREE FEET A ME... I HOPE THIS SHIT WORKS.



I'LL CALL IM UP AN TELL IM TO COME OVER RIGHT AWAY... TELL IM IT'S A EMERGENCY... I'M ABOUT TO COMMIT SUICIDE OR SOMETHIN.



NO ANSWER. MUST BE IN CLASS NOW... I'LL CALL BACK LATER.

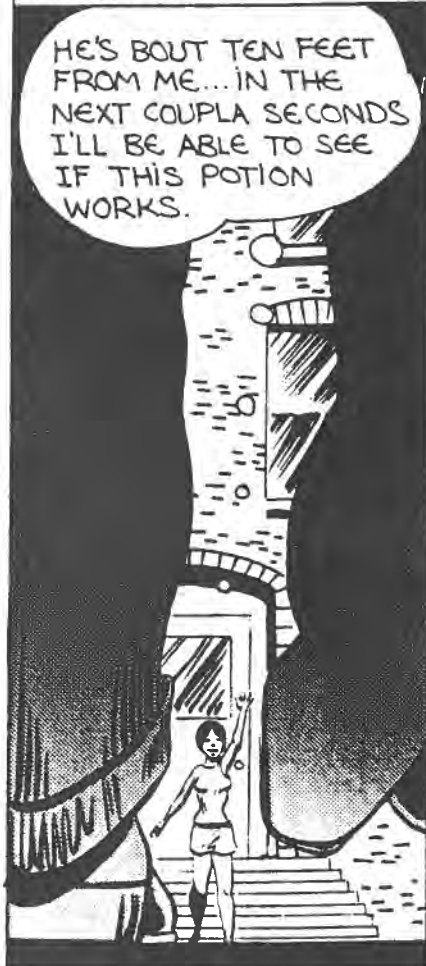


HOLD ON! THAT'S HIM OUTSIDE AN HE'S HEADIN FO THE HOUSE!



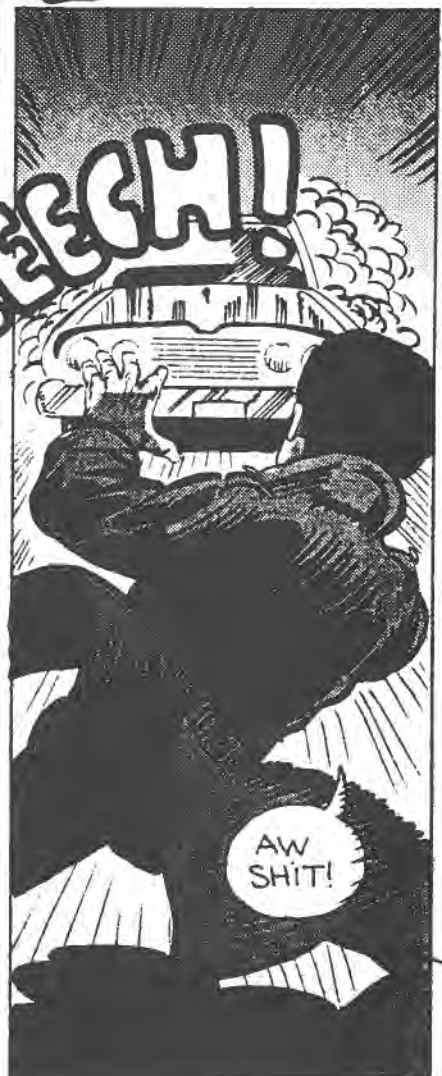
WITH GREAT HASTE, SHE RUSHES OUTSIDE TO GREET HIM.

HE'S BOUT TEN FEET FROM ME... IN THE NEXT COUPLA SECONDS I'LL BE ABLE TO SEE IF THIS POTION WORKS.



FIVE FEET!

HEY PAM, I GOTTA...



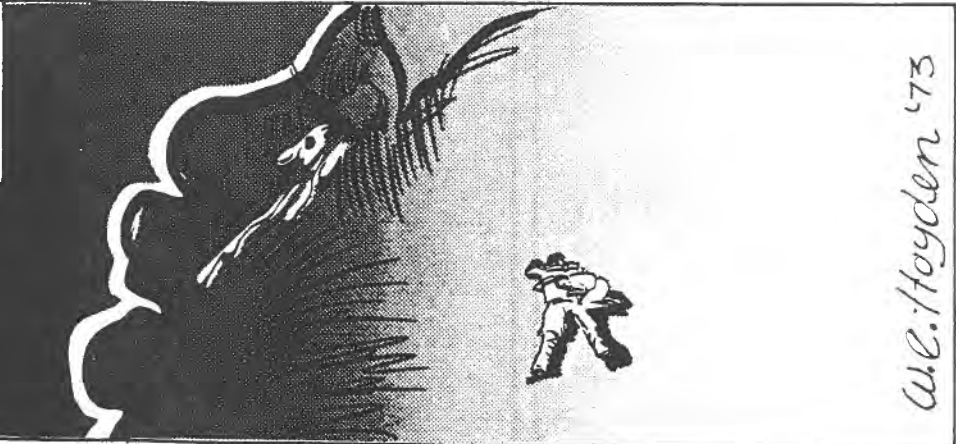


DID THE POTION WORK?
DOES IT MATTER AT ALL?



FOR PAM, NOTHING MATTERS
ANYMORE...WHAT EVER
VICTORY THAT MAY HAVE BEEN
GAINED IS GONE NOW...
EVERYTHING IS GONE.....

EVERYTHING, BUT
THE HARSH TASTE
OF A LOVE THAT
MAY HAVE BEEN...
SUDDENLY GONE
BITTER.

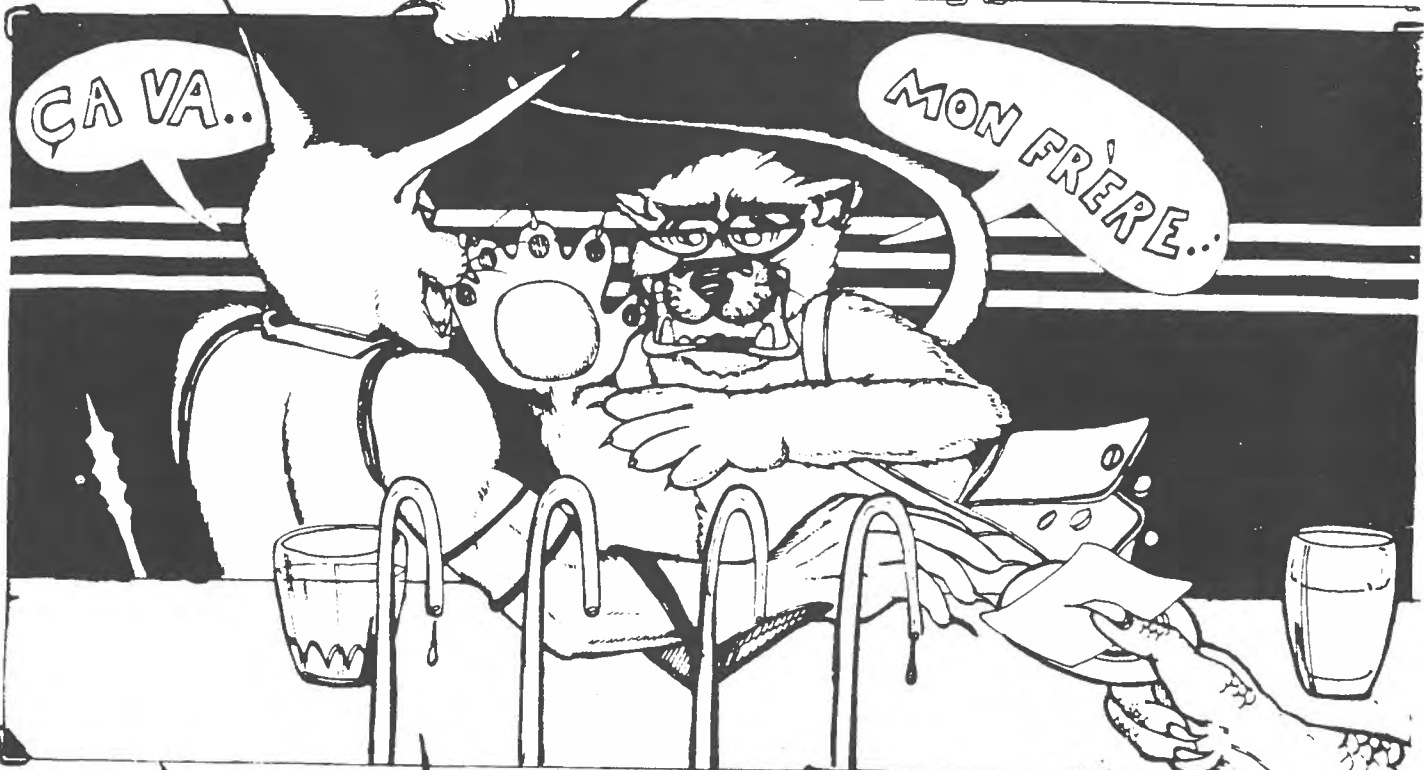


W.E. Hojden '73

Cafe'

© TARTÉL ONLI 1977
17 le RAUCONISTE AUSSI...







CAPT. DRAW!

P-FUNK'S RABID ZEEPASAURIC ICON PRESENTS OF BLATANT-OPTIC DEBAUCHERY...

HOO-U-CALLING OBSOLETE?!?

A TEXTOGRAPHIC SLAM A-BOU THOSE TINY-ASS CD JACKETS AND WHY THEY WON'T STOP ME FROM GITTIN' TOTALLY BOOS-WAH!!!

©1993 TALKER 400

SMART HEAR!

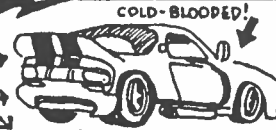
Yo! I DON'T MIND SAYING THAT THESE CDS ARE GIVING ME A REAL TUDE! I NEEDS SPACE SO CD-SIZE JACKET MOLESTIN' FEELS LIKE MOVING BACK-TO-DA-PROJECTS! I LOST SUM BIZ 'CAUSE AIRBODY FREAKED OUT AN' STARTED JUST PUTTING THEY-FACES ON ALL-THE-PRODUCT [A WASTE-OF-HYPE SINCE WE-ALL LOOK ALIKE, RIGHT]?? I WAS ALSO SORTA-FORCED TO SEE-DEUCE A KINDA HOMELY-LOOKIN' PHYSICS MAJORETTE FROM MALCOLM X COLLEGE. THE CREEPY PART WAS THAT SHE LOOKED LIKE SPIKE LEE! (YIKES!) ALL THIS. JUST TO STEAL A ELECTRON MICROSCOPE FROM THE LAB SO I COULD DRAW CD-STUFF WITHOUT GOING BLIND! THE PAY IS A LOT LESS (PROPORTIONALLY) FROM DA VINYL DAYS AND IT REALLY HURTS ME THAT I GOTTA GO BACK TO USING A RULER!

PETEY! PETEY!

HOMEGURL IS STILL SHADOWIN' ME, TOO!

IT TAKES ME EVEN LONGER TO DOO 'EM! LOOK-IT ALL THE FOLLIES I HAD TO PUT ON-HOLD 'CAUSE MY CRINKLY AIN'T RITE!

2.5 SKILLION DOLLARS' WORTH OF COMPUTER-TECH, VIDEOGAME MA-CHEENS-N-STUFF!



I MISSED MY FIRST BRIBE PAYMENT TO COP ONE OF THOSE NEW VIPER ALLEY-CRUISER HARDTOPS...



DAGSKI! I ALMOST FORGOT TO MENTION THE KIDNAPPING COSTS TO CAPTURE PHYLLIS STICKNEY* FOR PERMANENT ENSLAVEMENT TANGENTS. SO--WOT'S IT-TO-YOU?!

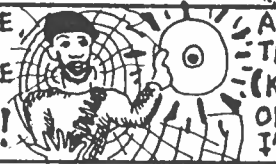
ONLY ONE RATE JR. (NOBODY HEARD ME SAY "OH-KAY, THAT'S ALL, FOLKS!")

TWO EX-SOVIET TX-44 MOBILE MISSILE LAUNCHERS TO NUKE L.A. INTO DESERVED OBLIVION AT OWN DISCRETION!



*AH-SHUCKS-- IN THE EVENT THAT SHE LEAVES THE U.S. TO ESCAPE MY PINCHERS, I MAY ACCEPT A QUALIFIED SUB' BUT YOU'LL HAF TO SPECIFY PRE-NUP FORMAT: PAPER 5.25 OR 3.5 DISK CD-ROM

SO CHECK THIS OUT: INNA MINUTE CDS-N-DATS WILL BE PLAYED OUT TO 8-TRACKLAND... BECAUSE OF THE NEW THANG IN HIGH TECH AUDIO: LASERDISCS!



AND GUESS WOT?! THEY'RE 12 INCHERS! (KINDA REMINDS ME OF MY STUDLY PROPS!) I'M BACK INNA MIX:

• 12" JACKETS! BUILT-IN DIGITAL VIDEO-N-ANIMATION OPTIONS! • DIGITAL PHOTO, LYRIC, LINER NOTES-N-GRAPHICS! PICTURE DISCS!

IT'S A GOODTHING I'M UP ON-THE-DESKTOP/COMPUTER FOLLIES TIP! I'M FIN-TO-PULL SOME \$TOOPID

GRANDTHEFT MOOLA\$KI!

NEXT YEAR'S SNEAK PREVIEW OF YO' HERO!

MISS TARTPERFECT.. HOWZ THOSE 3-D LINER NOTES COMING?

UPLOADING NOW TO DISC, HONEY!



MCA ON LINE 3. THEY WANNA DO A PACKAGE DEAL, BABY...



TELL 'EM SONY FUNKED FIRST! THEY CAN CALL BACK INNA 'BOU THREE YEARS!

DIGITAL BLUNDER-GROUND ON 4...

THEY HAD THEIR CHANCE; PUT THOSE PAST-TENSE INFIDELS ON HOLD 'TIL THEY GO A-WAY!

LIVING COLORED ON LINE 2...

I TOLD THOSE NEEGROWS THAT THEY SHOULDA TREATED ME BETTAH. GIVE 'EM OVER-10'S NUMBER!

UH--BLEACH BOYZ ON 5...

OH--SO NOW I CAN RAISE THE DEAD, HUH? SEND 'EM TO K-TEL!

BOOTSYS ON LINE 1...

TELL HOMIE THE CABLE SHOW IS A 'GO' AND LEAVE HIS SKYPAGE

PHYLISS ON 7. PUT HER THRU?

HYATT HOUSE. PENTHOUSE BY 8 OR SHE GETS A SPANKING!

YO, CAPT! WE GOT SOME SPACE LEFT ON THE SLUM-A-DELIC DISC TO FIT A VIDEO GAME DEMO...

O.K. COOL! PUT BOOTY RAIDER ON IT AND MAKE SURE YOU INSERT OUR COMMERCIAL IN FOR ORDERING INFO!

WHAT'S MAH NAME?!

ONLY 218 MPH?!? NO MO LAMBO'S FOR ME...

PALEO PRO



ZEEPWAVE OCTAVE CHURCH

It would be kinda ironic to have all this optical concept in this rag and have nothing for your earholes. However, it would NOT be ZEEP if we just ran some tired reviews of the so-called latest P-Funk releases (let those other creep imitation funkzines do that!). Here's the latest of earpicked jammies for the present and near-future. Remember where you read about the following concepts first! It's a ZEEP thang!

RECORDED *atha* BRAIN

An Idea whose time has finally come to pass!

RECORDED *atha* BRAIN is the world's most groovilistic rap-funk band! Led by Palo Alto's original funkateer Ashem "The Funky Man" Neru Masit, **RECORDED *atha* BRAIN** has brought total P-Funkativity to the San Francisco Bay Area, with the most serious funk authority since DIGITAL UNDERGROUND blew up in 1989!

Ashem "The Funky Man" has contributed to the First complete BOOK on the funk entitled, Funk: The Music, the People and the Rhythm of the One, by Rickey Vincent. Vincent, known as the "Uhuru Maggot" on KPFA radio, hosts along with "The Funky Man" a weekly radio program "The History of Funk." This is the same show that broke Digital Underground's first single, "Underwater Rimes" in 1989, and continues to hit On the One today.

"The Funky Man" began producing and recording in the 1980s, not from a studio, but in his head--all of the albums and songs were recorded-- *at the brain!* and a vision of the ultimate funk rap band took shape. From his home in East Palo Alto, CA (the murder capitol of the U.S. in 1992!), the Funky Man and his patnas "Reverend Tru-ski," "Musenda Ra," "Hotep," and "H.K.3" produced their first album *Yo' Ears Been Drafted Into the Soul Army* in 1992 to broad critical acclaim.

"Yo Ears Been Drafted..." was the first of many rap tracks to come from East Palo Alto in later years. **RECORDED *atha* BRAIN** influenced the work of fellow E.P.C. rappers C-Funk, Totally Insane, Sean T and Chunk among them. The album was praised in BAM magazine by Davey D, still the foremost Hip Hop journalist in the Bay Area



"The Funky Man" then expanded his reach by producing the theme song for local East Bay Cable network SOUL BEAT TELEVISION, as well as for KPFA's "History Of Funk" radio program. Teaming up with Rickey, "The Uhuru Maggot" Vincent in 1993, "Funky Man" put his deep spiritual knowledge to full effect, contributing key ideas to Vincent's just published 'Funk' book, including "The Five Dynasties of Funk" and "The Seven Levels of Funkativity." "The Funk Is A Mystery System..." writes Funkyman, "there's rites of passage, and ways to better yourself."

Funky Man is now in the throes of his latest masterpiece, the album *Sooth the Savage Beast* and single "Ice Funk", featuring members of DIGITAL UNDERGROUND. With a message in the music and guest appearances by **Shock G** and **Humpty Hump**, along with slickly grooving tracks "Haywire" and the powerful social commentary of "Black Familiee Day," The Funky Man has delivered **RECORDED *atha* BRAIN** to yet another level of groovallegiance.



ARIS-THE OVERTHROWIST

Aris Wilson is the serious West Coast enigma that has been dubbed the OVERTHROWIST. He's busting stealthy moves on the funkworld with amazing precision as a producer of P-Funk independent or retro product. His ultimate plans, include taking Scheme Division hold on P-FUNK and beyond. A 53 jokes-per-minute is a serious scartoon on his own plans for worldwide domination. But here's a sneak preview of his new solo stuff. don't shoot him yet, even Pedrodolic has plans for him! "Identified as part Martin Lawrence, part 2Pac and part Jimmy G. Aris Wilson makes his mark playing music (harp, gtr, bs, flt) producing, writing (liner notes, books, comics) and video production."

PRODUCTIONS/BANDS: So&So, JAMAZONZ, NAPRICORN, WEEKEND, VABLAXYON, ZLEXAGON

NEW PROJECTS:TAWL ROSS, INFERNO FIRE, Recorded Atha Brain, Dub the Savage Beast (Co-producer), Black Majik

BOOKS: ORAL HISTORY OF P-FUNK/Co author with David Mills/Rolling Stone Press

Eddie 'Maggot Brain' Hazel (Biography In Progress)

ETHNOS/ clone generated samurai-zulu warrior prototype hero in the New World Clone Regime.

EXPERIENCE: (Too much to list-ed.)

CONTACT: Hard Headed, Inc. 158 E. 87th St. LA, CA 90003

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ENEMY SQUAD

From the Funkasphere of Detroit, drummer Gabe Gonzales has paid his respective dues as the bigfoot of P-Funk's touring band and as the low-profile leader of E-Squad who basically strap thier groove into a early Funkadelic/new funk school mix. Their new full-blown LP is due out any minute with a tentative possibility thatt the fearsome graphic mercs of Artbezi 'quad will be doing the cover art. Unlike the other groups featured in this article, Enemy Squad does include members of P-Funk making guest appearances on some of the tracks. Preliminary earscooping of the early mixes detect that the octave thunder of E-Squad is a worthwhile addition to any funkateer's arsenal.

ENEMY SQUAD ULTRA FUNK UNIT:

World Beats, Synthsizer, Loop-Jacking & Trap Kit: Gabe Gonzales

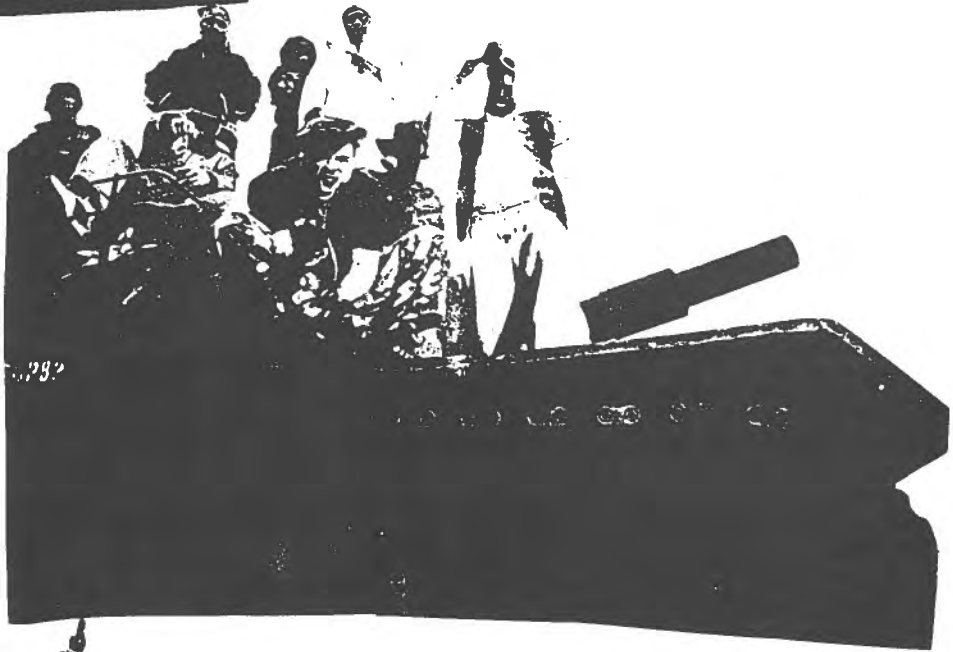
Sub-Octave Frequencies & Low End Bass: Joe Heyden, Dwight Braxton, K.C. & Mike McCleod
Electric Axe Murderous Rythm Guitar Army: Duminie DePorres, Ron Smith, Maurice "Pirahna Head" Herd, K-Pimp, Dewayne Blackbird McKnight

Toy Piano Keyboards & Nord Lead Synth: Joseph "Amp" Fiddler

Turntable Wizards, Platter Masters & Cuts: DJ's Lynn Swann, Blackman, Undi\$co Kidd

Front Ground Vocal Assault Team: da' Undi\$co Kidd, Dan "Blackman" Harris, and Michael "Clip" Payne

Background Vocal Violators: Steve Boyd, Belitta Woods, Louie Kabbabie, Michael "Clip" Payne, James "Jamalot" Anderson, Robert Vonce Johnson, Lex Underwood, George "Uncle Jam" Clinton, Duminie DePorres, Kyle Jason, Goddess of Groove, Talese Harris, Bill Beaver, Nkenge Lowery 7 you too, right?



TOP 5 GOBLINS VS. P-FUNK FACTOIDS...

1. CLINTON wore many masks, as Sir Nose, Dr. Funkenstein, etcetera etcetera (and especially etcetera)...but he took 'em off! THE GOBLINS have never been seen in public without their masks, and all have been fired from jobs for refusing to unmask. Point: **GOBLINS**
2. Though THE GOBLINS may be more punk than funk, there is no denying the the rump frying bottom of Dom Nation's Fender bass attack. But BOOTSY has better shoes. Point: **P-FUNK**
3. In 1996 The P-FUNK reunion featured a miniscule Mothership. In 1996 THE GOBLINS stagemow featured CHIMP-O-2000, a fully operational, larger than life, robotic monkey drummer. Point: **GOBLINS**
4. Every member of The Goblins' Castle of Freaks and The Goblins' We're A Winner Fan Clubs recieved buttons, flexi-discs, ID cards and more. Every FUNKADELIC Fan Club member got their name hand written by Pedro on the back cover of *Uncle Jam Wants You*. Point: **P-FUNK**
5. P-FUNK's latest is available on Sony. THE GOBLINS latest, GOBLIN PRIDE, is available June 10th on Truckstop/Atavistic. Shoplift the former, buy the latter and take a listen...you decide the tiebreaker!

To join The Goblins' Castle of Freaks, or The Goblins' We're A Winner Club, write to 1507 E. 53rd St. #617 Chicago, IL 60615

THE GOBLINS



AKI (ANT) ANTONIA

This cute-C.-Pootic Jazz Zart (see foto page 78) is respected in the clubs of the Checkerboard City (aka Chicago). With concept, curves, business and splank level tech skills this diva has plenty flex. Between freelancing live or studio gigs, Aki's own musical configurations, AKI ANTONIA TRIO/AKIBOARDS makethe rounds. She has done tours & recording on an international level (with eclectic crews from Peabo Bryson 2 the PHAROAHs), even though anti-pullatics caused her to be a paid but uncredited participant on some name brand albums. Show her too much unprofessionalism and she could turn into Fire Ant without missing a beat. This full-talent keyboardist is also part of the delayed-in-process TRIPZILLA group. Contact her through Splankwerks/Zeep.

MYRAZON/FREEDOM SUITE

During the summer of 1996 I found myself in the ironic position of having some personal business opportunities in a time window that was flexible enough for me to adjust in conjunction with the P-Funk Mothership Reunion Debut. I needed some crashspace to avoid the serious wallet damage of being in New York, so I started to activate my network for options. Through Brazen Hussy connection (a trillion thanx to Girlock Davis), I got hooked-up with Myra Adams for some crashtime.

In addition, she was invited to play at the P-Funk Tribute Night at the Wetlands Club, so I got the chance to hear this microbrick pimpslap thumpasaurus (zeepspeak for five-string bass player) in action: Needless-to-say this leprechaun sized nubian PLAYS some bass! It was easily apparent as to why she's in such demand in NYC. Instead of relying on effects she uses her fingers to create a variety of bass styles. Recently she hooked up with an all woman band called Freedom Suite. I'll turn the microphone over to M.C. Press Kit now, but keep your ears peeled!

"MYRA ADAMS : A heavy dose of talent and eighteen years of experience have landed Myra gigs with Harold Melvin and the Bluenotes, The Main Ingredient, Leni Stern and David Sanborn. Her R&B style of bass playing has been influenced by Rufus, Chaka Khan, Larry Graham and James Jamerson. Myra was originally self taught, first on four, than on five string bass. After a few years on the local NY circuit, she studied at Five Towns College and Jazz Mobile. Since then she has toured both nationally and internationally, worked off-Broadway as a pit musician and recorded for various artists, including a video for April Harris' single Stop Pretending which can be seen on VH1. Currently she is in the studio with her band Freedom Suite."

FREEDOM SUITE-Together less than a year, their brand of "free-style soul" has already made an impression in the NYC club scene. The Freedom Suite sound layers traditional R&B and jazz over the modern influences of funk, rap, and reggae, and tops it off with truly gifted vocals.

Lyricaly inspired by the creative talents of singer/songwriter Samora Free, Freedom Suite aims to give a feel good song a social conscience. Classically trained, Free displays rare vocal range and clarity with the surety and conviction of a singer with something to say.



Free's vocals ride the smooth grooves created by Yvette Scott (drums), Diana White (guitar), Ado Fukhara (keys) and Myra Adams (bass). Freedom Suite's solid musicianship gives the band the versatility to comb many styles for inspiration and weave them seamlessly. By fusing jazzy guitar with funky beats, Freedom Suite offers the listener a unique blend of sounds able to fill the heart with soul. The music inspires a self aware, socially conscience space that grooves on its own.

Freedom Suite is currently in the studio recording their debut album, produced by legendary drummer Omar Hakim. In a town full of new voices, this all female, unsigned band of native New Yorkers are succeeding in their struggle to be heard. Contact: (212) 252-3534."

Left:
Freedom Suite
(Clockwise from Left)
Yvette Scott,
Myra Adams,
Ado Fukhara,
Diana White,
Samora Free.

Right:
Myra Adams



PUMPSY -IN-DA-HOUSE

Okay, this one is easy: lemme call Pumpsy's style of synthesizer/thump machine stroke Muckle Zeep. If this sounds too corny for you, play attention-his heroes are Bootsie and Captain Crunch. Between cheesy ballads, Pumpsy boldly gives props to big booties, dancefloor pullage and (!) cereal! Obviously I'm tripping offa his (Zanesville) Ohio player vibe. Ain't nothing wrong wit' a little-country hook for the beat. A Pumpsy/Pedrodelic collab is in-the-works though both were involved in an earlier project called Jamaflage. The alignment is called Pumpsy and the Funkbezi Subwoofer Clan. When budget permits Pumpsy will be asked to guest-stroke on the TRIPZILLA project. Funk junks can surf the net or drop-a-peek in future issues of ZEEP. (Pumpsy is aligned with the Pedrodelic Planet Network.)



GROOVEPUSHERS

Pedro sez: "Dag---! These-supposed-to-be-myboyz and they ain't right!" Maybe it was intentional that they dropped off a borderline quality picture and no bio---just so that I'll be forced to hype 'em up. Nope. By purpose or by accident, I ain't gonna freestyle like that (with the little time that I have to do dramatic liscence moves...I'm definately using this to the vested groups.)

Anyway, this Chitown-based crew is part of an earlier Tackheads/The Plane/P-Funk departures, but don't quote me on it: I have no presskit for the correct story.

These funk refugees have a pre-release demo of their upcoming LP with "Stanky Sonic Boom" and "Funk & Roll", two nice semi-Parliament level songs. In fact, George Clinton still shadows the G-Pushers at any given oppurtunity to Tyrone-Davis them to give up their songs.

They ain't going there with that as Groovepushers believe in getting paid. They're also pretty active in the Chicago outdoor tour circuit as well as select nightclubs doing P-Funk cover tunes and original material. Supposedly, the new LP is going to be out this year. In any case, yours truly will give GP some props in the octave thrill department even if they-buisness with the advance PR is weak.

I HAVE HEARD THE FUTURE AND Y'ALL AIN'T IN IT!

BEHOLD! THE COMING OF MARLARKY MUSIC

CLONE NOW AND AVOID THE RUSH



"HEY-LISSEN-DA-FLUNK UP!" THE MUSIC BIZ EMPIRE IS PRETTY PISSED-OFF ABOUT ALL THIS OCTAVE CLUTTER OF TODAY'S MUSIC. THEY DON'T UNDERSTAND OR LIKE ALL THIS NEW-FANGLED CRAP!

BUT, THEY GOTTA GET PAID, SO BY USING COMPUTER TECH AND HIRING TOP BEANCOUNTERS, THEY'VE GOT A PLAN TO REPLACE YOU UNRULY CREATIVE TYPES ON THE MARKET WITH MARKET-SAFE & EASILY DISPOSABLE PRODUCT ("SEE-YA!").

MY ALTER-E GOS NEVER LIE--- THEY JUS' MULTIPLY!
ART BY: CAPT. DRAW

GURANTEE YOUR 7.5* MINUTES OF FAME! BECOME ONE OF THESE EXAMPLES!

▶ STYLE: ALTERNATIVE POP
▶ GROUP: MAYA AND THE MS.HAPS



▶ FORMULA: THIS CONCEPT CONTINUES THE DELUSION OF WOMEN BEING TRULY-QUALIFIED AS MARKET-ABLE PRODUCT OUTSIDE OF THE USUAL SEXIST ROLE-PLAYING THAT THEY'VE BEEN PROGRAMMED TO DO. SO HERE'S THE FIELD-REPLACEABLE GROUP DETAILS:
① EX-PLAYMATE PINUP W/ FASHION DOWNGRADE BUT NEEDED FOR MUSIC VIDEO PECKS OF MICRO-SECOND NUDITY OF CURVE GOODIES. ② STANDARD-ISSUE BUNNY LEVEL, BURGER-SLANGIN' KLEPTO MALL TART W/ 1-900 SUCKME2 PROFILE FOR \$5M FANTASIES ③ TOKEN COLORED GIRL W/ EURO-CENTRIC FEATURES TO PASS AS A CONCEPTUAL OFFSPRING-OF-SOME- LUCKY-WHYTE-GUY-WHO-HAD-AN-AFFAIR-ONCE-UPON-A-TIME-W/ WHITNEY HOUSTON ("RITE-ON!") ④ THRIFT-SHOP MFTV LEVEL SEMI-BIKER SKEEZER W/ RUFFNECK TATOO COATING & 15 POUNDS OF BODY-STAPLED JEWELRY. ▶ EXCEPT-4-DA-SISTAH, DON'T EXPECT SINGING SKILLS, BUT THAT'S O.K. 'CAUSE THERE AIN'T ANY WRITING TALENT EITHER! (IT WORKS EVERY TIME!)

▶ STYLE: ROCK
▶ GROUP: ZERDES FOR HERDES



▶ FORMULA: THE PERFECT COMPROMISE TO THE 'ANTI-ESTABLISHMENT' FAKE W/A SERIOUS FUTURE IN COMIC BOOK & VIDEOGAME MARKETABILITY!
① SCHEME LANTERN: HE CONS & STEALS JUST FOR HIS MUSIC ABIT. ② BLUNDER WOMAN: THE TROUBLE SHE'S BEEN IN... ALL-4-LOVE! ③ CRASH GORDON: UPGRADED BEACH BOY FOR CAR COMMERCIALS! ④ SMART VADAR: SO WOT IF HE HOGS DA SPOTLIGHT? FLASHY LOOKS & LEAD GUITAR PULLS THE BEST TARTS!
* DUE TO REPUBLICAN CUTBACKS, THE 15 MINUTES-OF-FAME CLAUSE HAS BEEN REDUCED TO HALF OF THAT.

▶ ALTERNATE DANCE-HOP
▶ 12-GUAGE SWEETIES



▶ FORMULA: A NEW MARKET PLAN WHICH OFFERS A BASICALLY UNTAPPED GAY POPULATION AND OTHER ANGLE, NOT-TO-MENTION PLENTY OF CROSSOVER APPEAL. THIS MEANS MONEY! NEO-GENDER FASHION OPTIONS, SQUISH DANCING (AS OPPOSED TO MOSH), JEWELRY ENDORSEMENTS AND GRANDTHEFT BENEFITS TO THE HAIRCARE FACTIONS. (A BRAND NEW SWITCH!)

▶ STYLE: CONSOLIDATED R&B
▶ GROUP: GROAN-UPS -TO- SHORTIES



▶ WELL, MOST USE-TA-BEE HIT R&B SINGERS CAN'T MAKE THEIR 'BENZ & HOUSE NOTES FAKING HIP-HOP TRACKS, SO THE FUTURE IS ABOUT USING THE GRANDKIDS AND HIT 2-MARKETS AT ONCE: A SESAME STREET-COMPATIBLE SONG LIKE "FATAL SUBTRACTION" COULD BE SLOW-MIXED INTO "SEXY DISTRACTION" FOR MUSIC VIDEOS, 2-FER-1 CDS AND HECK, EVEN LIVE CONCERTS! AND JUST THINK A-ABOUT THE COST SAVINGS!

STYLE: POP FUNK
 GROUP: BOOTYDELIC
 WITH GEORGE CLINTON'S EMPIRE IN POSSIBLE TURMOIL, THE BOYZ-AT-THE-TOP AWAIT THE FALL TO SANITIZE THE FUNK DOWN TO A STILL-NASTY BUT PREDICTABLE FORM FOR MEDIA MANIPULATION AKA FACTORY-AUTHORIZED "FUNKY!"
 ① CLINTON/FLAVA FLAV ZOOKEEPER/BUFFOON CLONE.

② "BONE STARR": ATOMIC DOG/BOOTS MERGER W/ ENDLESS COMMERCIAL OPTIONS. ③ TOKEN WHYTE DEVIL TO ELIMINATE ANYMORE MISINFORMATION ABOUT GOOD GUITARISTS WHO ARE BLACK ("NO-WAY, MAN!") ④ PRO-WRESTLING WORLD TYPE PERCUSSIONIST/STAGE JUNGLE-BOY ICON. ⑤ A REALLY-COOL KEYBOARDIST W/ JERRY KURLS AND ⑥ AT LEAST ONE SARAN-DRAPE SPACE HUSSY WITH A BIG VOICE, LIPS AND BUTT!



STYLE: HIP-HOP BOP-POP
 GROUP: THE CASI-HOZE
 FORMULA: PROJECTS-TYPE MARKETING COMPRESSION ELIMINATES FEMALE RAP & R&B TRIOS, DANCEFLOOR DIVAS AND ANY OF THOSE "FUNNY-TALKIN' OFF-SHORE 'BRAIDA-MAES' FROM STEALING YANKEE DOLLARS FROM GOD-FEARING U.S. RECORD COMPANY VAULTS THO' CASI WILL COVER ANY TOUR COSTS. O.K.?

① HIP-HOP COMPATIBLE - THINK-SHEEZ-ALL-DAT TYPE FANTASY CHALLENGE ② A DANCE-FLOOR DIVA 6-7 DAYS FROM AGE 40, WHO WILL SANG HER ASS OFF 4-1 MO CHANCE/CHUMP CHANGE SET. ③ NON-CASIO GRACE JONES REPLICIA GUITARIST FOR FREAKY VIDEO/TOUR PROPS. ④ 30-SOMETHIN' 50-50 SINGER WHO MANAGED TO MEMORIZE CASIO PRESETS. ⑤ CORN-FED, JAILBAIT HIP-HOP CUTIE WHO CAN SANG-AH-RITE.

STYLE: HEAVY METAL
 GROUP: A-SOCK-CLUE-LIST



FORMULA: THE 'PROPER LOOK' OF METAL WAS A PROBLEM BEFORE (FOR EXPANDED PROFITS) BUT IT'S BEEN SOLVED: ① MOVIE-READY JOCK/DIEHARD/MARINE ON LEAD GUITAR ② UPDATED OVER-40 VIKING FOR VIDEOGAME CONCEPTS ③ QUINCY JONES-CONNECTED BLACK GUY ON BASS ④ LEAD SINGER W/ CONCENTRATION CAMP JUMPSUIT & BARCODE TATOO FOR MEDIA APPEAL.

STYLE: ALTERNATIVE ROCK
 GROUP: BECKY'S BEDSIDE MANNERS

FORMULA: SAFE FOR VH-1 VIEWIN', TYPICALLY-CATCHY GROUP NAME AND GARAGE-LEVEL PLAYABILITY MAKES THIS CONCEPT A PERFECT ONE-HIT-AND-YOU-DUTTA-HERE DISPOSABLE PRODUCT (SOUNDS LIKE A UPSCALE TAMPON COMMERCIAL). IF THEY BEHAVE, THERE'S THE OPTION OF BEING RE-CYCLED IN 90210-TYPE SHOWS AND A BUNCH-OF-COMMERCIALS....



STANDARD MARKETING PROFILE
 ① THE PRETTY BOY
 ② THE SENSITIVE BOY
 ③ THE DADDY/GRACIA SUBSTITUTE
 ④ THE INSIGHTFUL WRITER

STYLE: DANCE
 GROUP: VIRTUAL BOPPATRON

FORMULA: DANCE FLOOR ARTISTS ARE NOT LONGTERM PROFIT CASH COW\$ 'CAUSE THEY RARELY HOLD-UP IN LIVE CONCERTS. SO MARLARKY MARKETING WILL MAKE THIS A HUMAN-FREE PRODUCT BY USING COMPUTER-GENERATED PIXEL PERFORMERS IN PAY-PER-VIEW ELECTRONIC VIDEO CONCERTS! ((IT'S CHEAPER TO COMPUTE!))



IN CONCLUSION
 IF YOU CAN'T SEE YOURSELF FITTING INTO ANY OF THESE CONCEPTS, THEN I'LL SUGGEST THAT YOU SHOULD CHECK OUT THE FIELD OF COUNTRY-N-WESTERN MUSIC...
 END



DROSKI GENERIC

PRESENTS

CHEAP STUDIO

BUILT-IN MIC AND LINE INPUTS FOR SAMPLIN'

CASIO SK 1-5

- SK-1 SAMPLE TIME: 1 X .7 SEC.
- SK-5: 4 X .7 OR 2 X 1.4 SEC.
- VOICE QUALITY: FAIR TO CHEESY
- RHYTHM SLAM FACTOR: FAIR

CHEESY-TECH MIC INCLUDED

CASIO RAP MASTER

- W/ SCRATCH, MIC AND VOICE EFX
- VOICE QUALITY: STRATE TO SMOKIN'
- SLAM FACTOR: KILLAH!

PITCH WHEEL

YAMAHA SHS-10

- W/ BUILT-IN AND ADJUSTABLE E/FX, MIDI & PITCH WHEEL
- VOICES: FAIR TO STRATE
- SLAM FACTOR: STRATE

CASIO 540-640*

- BUILT-IN STEREO E/FX, MIDI, 2 BANKS OF SPECIAL SAMPLES.
- VOICES: STRATE TO SMOKIN'
- SLAM FACTOR: STRATE
- *640 HAS 10 MORE VOICES THAN 540

LIKE AIRBODY-ELSE, YOU'VE HEARD ENUF GAR-BAGE ON THE RADIO TO THINK "YEAH—I COULD DOD DAT." SO NOW YOU DO SUM KINDA HOME RECORDING ACTION FOR DAT DEMO -- EXCEPT YOUR CRINKLY IS WEAK.

BUT--THANX TO ME, YOU CAN SLAMMING TRACKS LIKE THE BOOS-WAHS... FOR A WHOLE SOUND & RECORDIN' SYSTEM FOR ONLY SLIGHTYY MORE THAN ONE OF THOSE NEW 4-TRACK RECORDERS!

WITH THE EXCEPTION OF THE RAP MASTER AN' DA MIC... ALL OF THIS STUFF IS CONSIDERED PAST-TENSE WHICH MEANS YOU CAN GIT THEM FOR LOW COINAGE!

RATING DATA

- VOICE QUALITY: PERCUSSION AND/OR INSTRUMENT SOUNDS
- SLAM FACTOR: RHYTHM PRESETS QUALITY

THE CASIO RAPMASTER IS HIP-HOP READY WITH FAKE "SCRATCH" DISC, SLAMMING SAMPLES AND COLD BOOMIC BEATS! THE CHEAPEST PROGRAMMABLE SAMPLERS EVER MADE WERE THE CASIO 'SK' SERIES-- BUT YA GOTTA TALK FAST TO FIT THE QUICK SAMPLING TIMES!

THE YAM' GUIT-BOARD EVEN HAS MIDI-OUT AND A DEEP BASS PRESET. USE THIS AND THE PITCHWHEEL TO DO BOOTZILLA FAKES.

TALL STEREO EXTRAS ARE BUILT-IN THE CASIO '40s ALONG W/ MIDI-OUT/IN, A KILLAH ASSORTMENT OF PRESET SAMPLES AND A SAMPLED DRUM KIT. COP A YAMAHA AND MIDI-DRIVE ONE OF THESE MA-CHEENS FOR A JAMMIE THROWDOWN!

THEY ALSO HAVE THE WIDEST VARIETY OF GOOD RHYTHM PATCHES/PRESETS FOR LAZY JAKES!



UH-HUH. UH-HUH. HEY-LOOK, GURLFRIEND, I HAD THE SAME PROBLEM OVER HERE! I SAID WAIT, BABY-- I GOT SUM SHOES IN LAYAWAY THAT I GOTTA GET OUT, LIKE -- TOMORROW, OH-KAY? SO U-BETTA CALL-UP YOUR STRANGE-LOOKIN' HOM-MEE GENERIC AN' GIT HIM TO SHOW YOU HOW TO DO A SO-CALLED DEMO -- WIT' THE LIT-TLE CHANGE YOU-GOT! YEAH, GIRL -- I CLOKED HIM! ALL DESE MENS ARE LIL' BOYS FOR-THE-TOYS. AND BEE DOING-UP ALL KINDS OF DREAMING, RIGHT?!

WITH ACTION
REBUTTAL
YANG
BY

BRENDA BARCOA

SHURE SM
57-58

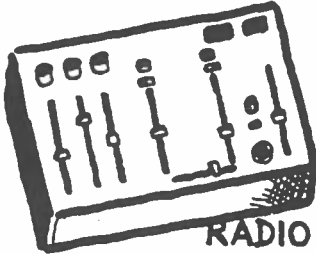


THESE TWO STYLES
HAVE DIFFERENT
AUDIO 'CURVES'
TO SHAPE YOUR
SORRY VOICE!



RADIO
SHACK
DIGITAL
STEREO
REVERB

JAM YOUR MIC
THRU THIS FOR HYPED E/FX



RADIO
SHACK D.J.
MIXER



ARE YOU
GETTING PAID
TO DOO THIS??
I-WANNA-
KNOW 'CAUSE
I NEED SUM
MON-NEE...



SHES JUST LIKE THE
WOODMAN YOU-GOT!
FOR AT LEAST HER 'TUBE!

THE ONE AREA WHERE IT AIN'T
COOL TO BE SKATIN'--IS THAT
MICROPHONE STROKE...YOU'RE
GONNA HAF' TO BLEED A BIT
ESPECIALLY IF YOU REALLY
CAN'T SANG--OR CALL YOUR-
SELF SOME KINDA RAPPER!
I'M SAYIN' THE SHURE SMs
WILL PULL THRU FOR YOU
EVEN IF SOMEBODY GETS
ILL ENUF' TO WANT YOU TO
EVEN DO A LIVE SHOW (OR
DEEJAY/RAP)...

THEN HAVING AT LEAST
ONE EF-FECT FOR DA MIC
IS THE BEST MOVE TO MAKE:
IN THIS CASE, IT'S A
DIGITAL REVERB UNIT BY
RADIO-SHACK, WHICH THEY
ARE TRYING TO DUMP.

BRING THEM CASH AND
TALK CRAZY. THIS BOX IS
IN STEREO AND HAS MIC
MIXING SO YOU'RE GETTIN'
A EXTRA CHANNEL
OUT-THE-
DEAL!

NOW YOU GOTTA PUT
YO STUFF ON TAPE AND
HERE'S THE WAY TO PLAY
IT--COP THE RADIO-
SHACK DJ MIXER!

YEAH--U-HEARD ME!
WHEN IT'S ON SALE--
CAN'T NOTHING-ELSE
TOUCH IT IN THE INPUTS-
PER-DOLLAR RANGE!

IT'S GOT FIVE INPUTS
(SEVEN IF-YOU-COUNT
STEREO), SEPERATE
VOLUME CONTROLS ON
ALL CHANNELS AND BEST
--THREE MIC INPUTS
HAVE PANNING SLIDERS
FOR LEFT/CENTER AND
RIGHT IMAGING!

FOR JUICING-UP THE
STEREO, MONITOR JACKS
ARE THERE AND TAPING
'OUTS' FOR RECORDING
AT THE SAME TIME.

FOR Y'ALL WHO CAN
PULL-DOWN SUM CREDIT
AT THE SHACK, YOU CAN
GET THE 'VERB, MIXER
AND THE RAP MASTER
TOO (CONCERT-
MATE 000)



..AND WHEN HE TOLD ME
DAT HE STILL NEEDED A
NEW TAPE DECK--I JUST
STARED AT HIM, OH-KAY?!
'SAID YOU-BETTA-GIT
YO-SELF A REAL JOB.
BRA-THA! HUH? OH
YEAH--GIRL... I WAS COLD-
BLOODED, BUT HE STILL
AIN'T DONE-UP THAT
LUTHER TAPE THAT
HE PROMISED
ME!



SEE NEXT PAGE WHILE I
GET MY TART FX...

UNT-UNT!
GIT YO'
HANDS
OFFA
ME!

GENERIC SLAM SETUP

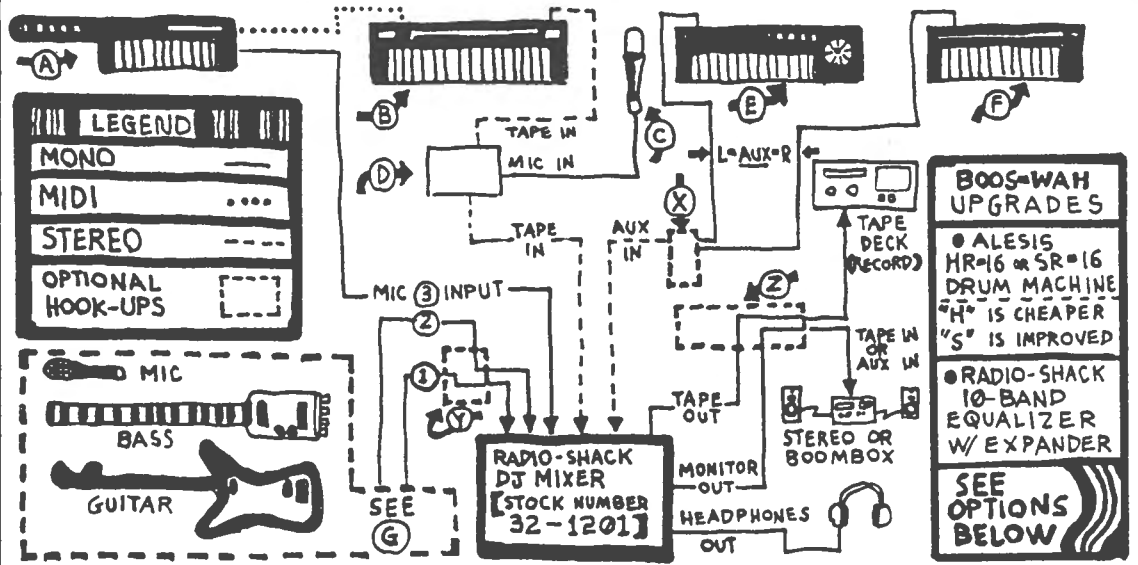
3

MULTI-DRUMS! MULTI-VOICES! MULTI-SAMPLES! MULTI-PATCHING!

ADD STUFF

CHEAP STUFF

SOLO



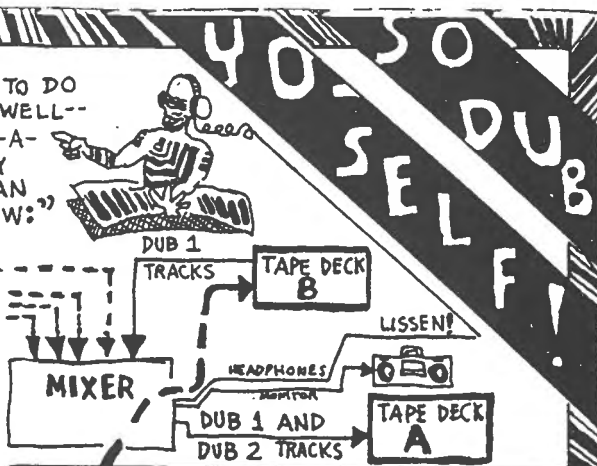
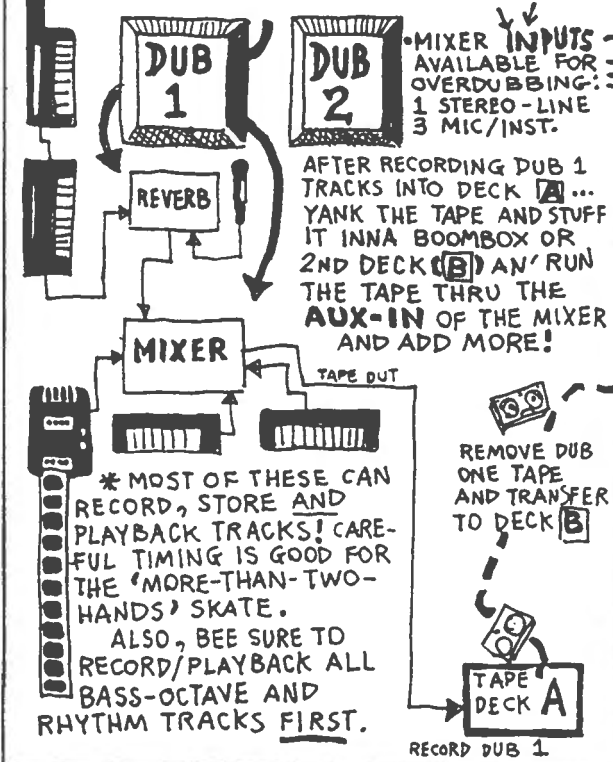
- A YAMAHA SHS-10 GUIT-BOARD
- B CASIO 540/640 STEREO BOARD
- C SHURE SM 57/58 MICROPHONE
- D RADIO SHACK STEREO REVERB (# 42-2108)
- E CASIO RAP MASTER (I.E. R-SHACK CONCERTMATE 800-# 42-4016)
- F CASIO SK-1/5 SAMPLIN' KEYS
- G OPEN CHANNELS FOR OTHER STUFF!

OPTIONS

- HIP-HOP OR SLAMTECH EQUIPMENT TURBO TYPES**
- ▶ MOVE CASIO TOYS TO MIC INPUTS 1 & 2 (SEE LOCATION Y) — THEN —
 - ▶ CONNECT DRUM MA-CHIEEN OR TURNTABLE CONSOLE TO AUX IN (LOCATION X).
 - ▶ CONNECT EQUALIZER (#31-2025) TO DOUBLED MIXER OUTPUTS FOR AUDIO-RANGE FINE TWEAKING (Z).



4 "ALL-RITE...YA THINK YA NEED A FOUR-TRACK TO DO MULTI-TRACKING IN MORE THAN ONE PASS? WELL-- YOU CAN KICK A HALF-TRILLION PARTS* AT-A-TIME, IF YOU'RE CRAFTY... OVERDUB IN ONLY ONE TAKE ... AND STILL SOUND BETTER THAN THAT GRANDTHEFT 4-TRACKER! HERE'S HOW:"



TOYS

NORMAL MIXER INPUT AS SHOWN IN DIAGRAM	KEYS	PRIMS	E/FX	SAMPLES	CHEAP DAMAGE *
MIC: SM 57 OR 58	SEE REVERB				\$89-99
SK-1 OR SK-5	AUX (R)	•	•	•	30-40
RAP MASTER	AUX (L)	•	•	•	70-80
YAMAHA	MIC 3	•	•	•	50
540 OR 640	SEE REVERB	•	•	•	80-125
REVERB UNIT	TAPE-IN		•		40-50
MIXER					70-80

LO-HI TOTAL ESTIMATE: \$429-524⁰⁰

OPTIONAL ALESIS HR-16 SERIES: 250. = 275.

OPTIONAL R-SHACK E.Q. # 31-2018 (DISC.) \$60-70
31-2025 (NEW) 70-80

*STREET PRICES (DISCOUNTED, SALE OR USED)



IF YOU GET LUCKY...OR MAKE-UP-A TUNE A-ABOUT HER... THEN U-AIN'T GONNA HEAR ANY STATIC FOR A LIL' WHILE..

OH-GURL...U-KNOW WOT?! MAH BAY-BEE DONE CAUGHT HIMSELF SOME KINDA DEAL OFFA THAT DEMO! YOU-TALK A-ABOUT BEING SHOCKED--! HEY--I EVEN SAW THAT BIG CHECK, OH-KAY?! I JUST SENT HIM OUT TO PICK UP SUM RIB TIPS SO I COULD CALL YOU-N-RUNDOWN THE 4-1-1! HEY--I FIGURED-YOU WOULD DROP-A-DIME AFTER NINE AND IT AIN'T A-ABOUT TAKING NO PHONE CALLS TONIGHT, OH-KAY?! THIS BABYDOLL'S ON-A-MISSION! AND YOU-KNOW I GOT THAT COLD SKIRT IN LAY-A-WAY! HOME-BOY AIN'T GONE-KNOW WOT HIT-HIM -- WHEN HE BRINGS HIS BUTT BACK-HERE!

GENERIX BY CAPT. [2] DRAW! ©1991 Pedro Bell



ZEEP MARKETING SURVEY

Well WHO-DA-FUNK-ARE-YOU? That's what ZEEP wants to know. The Zeepwave Domination Network needs to commit the necessary R&D efforts to ensure your funkactivity and a regular drain of your money as well (better us than P-Funk, huh?). So Zerox these pages, fill out this form, and mail it to: ZEEP SURVEY c/o SPLANKWERKS EAST, P.O. BOX 208309, Chicago, IL 60620-9998. Be sure to make photocopies (survey only, ya bozos!) for your fellow Funkateers and DON'T FORGET TO PRINT ALL DATA INPUT, OK?

(X) All applicable information and use seperate sheets with alphanumeric I.D. when applicable.

Name

Nickname

Age

Date Of Birth

Street or P.O. Address

Apartment, Cell or Ward #

City

State

Zeep Code

Country

Code (If Applicable)

Phone number

E-Mail Address

Web Site Info

In future issues of ZEEP what do you want to see?

P-Funk groups/releases

Ex-P-Funk groups/acts

Retro Funk Mob Groups

Zeepwave Music Groups

Zeeptech (i.e. Droski Generic, etc.)

Zeepalenes (Pinup cuties)

Zeepgear (Fashions/Jewelery Features)

Zeeptech Advanced (Computers, etc.)

___Zeepfilm (Videos, tapes and info)

___Zeep text (writers) _____

___Zeepart (artists) _____

___Zeep Squads (Text & Graphics)

List three favorite writers and artists or features this issue of ZEEP

1. _____ 2. _____ 3. _____

Please indicate by number (0=no interest to 5+much interest) the products you want to see available

___Original artwork___ Limited Art Prints___ Poster Art___ P-Funk trinkets___ Z-Funk

Trinkets___ Z-Funk Music Groups___ Zeepwave music groups___ Jackets___ T-

Shirts___ Hats___ Buttons___ Videos___ Analog (board) games___ Digital (CD-ROM/Disk-based)

games___ Video (game system) games___ Zeepwear fashions___ Zeepwear

jewelery___ Zeepbooks___ Zeep (like this issue)___ Zeep video___ Zeep comix

If you do not own, operate or desire a computer, shoot self in foot or head and proceed to next section

___Own computer___ Use computer___ Business___ Home___

What type?___ IBM-PC compatible___ Mac compatible___ Other _____

USE ADDITIONAL SHEETS FOR FULL SYSTEM SPECS IF KNOWN

___Sound card___ CD-ROM (CD-ROM X SPEED _____)___ Modem___ Music or graphic add

ons___ Game Ware___ Business Aps___ Music Aps___ Art /Video Aps___ Other _____

NOSEY DEPARTMENT:

STATUS:___ Single ___ Married___ Not Married But Enslaved___ Divorced___ Dead To The World

CASHFLOW: Approximate money earned last year (if any). \$ _ _ , _ _ , _ _ , _ _ . _ _

Good year? ___ Yes ___ No

GENDER: ___ MALE___ FEMALE___ OTHER

SCHOOLING: ___ Grade School___ High School___ College___ Post College___ Other

COLOR CODE

___ Brite

___ Yello

___ Red _____ Tribe

___ Brown _____ Roots

___ Black _____

___ Other _____



Funkadelic

SISTER SLEAZEBAGS FEED YOUR MIND
HEARTS AND YOUR
FOLLOWERS WILL

THE U.S.
FUNK MON!

RA

I WANNA
TAKE
YOU
SLY-ER

ONE NATION
UNLEASHED
OUR
GROOVE!

IS THIS GOOD
STROKIN' LEGAL?

THE
COMIC
BY
SIR TOB

April

THE
LONGHEAD
PANTHER!

I'M A GUY
OF
FUNKADELIC!
COLLECT THE FUNKS!

?!
DOES HE
WANNA HIT?

WORLD'S FUNKEST
COMIX!

DADDY, WHAT'S A
FUNKADELIC? AND
WHY DO THEY ALL
DROP THE BOMBS?

HI, DRO!
WATER YA DOIN'?

PEACE
ON THE
FUNK
PLANET

EAST
BLINDED BY
THE FUNK!

TOO
CON-C

Oops!
2 TRIPPY MUGS
ON DA "DRO"!!

ETHNIC-INSPIRED CUSTOM CLOTHING
HAND-DYED by Maillo Tsuru
Silks - Rayons - Linens - Hemps - Cottons



Top line: Rayon Field Vest (\$150), Rayon Two-way Pant (\$125), Linen Cowl Top (\$175). Raw Silk Great Coat (\$600), Rayon Skirt Ensemble (\$225). Second Line: Cotton Twill Duster (\$350), Silk Field Jacket (\$450), Cotton Broadcloth Cowl Top w/Trim Pant (\$225). Rayon Skirt Ensemble (\$225), Rayon Tunic, Scarf and Two-way Pant (\$275). Rayon Tunic and Trim Pant (\$275), Rayon/Wool Tunic (\$200).

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