MIXADELIC
UNIVERSE

from More Brilliant Than the Sun

We Are in Your System: Parliament

According to Trad media folklore, funk eases you into the groove; it puts you in touch with your body, it humanizes you. With Parliament, funk becomes P*Laranormalized, the prize and the stake in an ongoing battle between the alien and the adapted human, between abduction by audio and possession by phono. In the Parliament MythSystems, funk – like ovaries, sperm or the sandworm spice in *Dune* – is the vital force, the *clan vital* that visiting aliens want to extract and extort. The P*lunk track always demands that you ‘Give up the funk’.

Perceptual Infiltration

P*lunk is an encounter with the alien: ‘Good evening. Do not attempt to adjust your radio. There is nothing wrong.’ *’75’s P Funk I Wants to Get Funked Up* is the P*ho*noFiction of the nonhuman system that captures the frequencies, rides in on the radiowaves, seeps into your senses. It takes advantage of the ‘fearful medium’ of radio to manifest the alien power of broadcasting. P*lunk personifies the nonhuman force of media that releases what Schafer defines as ‘an invisible excitement for the nerves because we cannot see who or what is producing the sound.’

‘We have taken control so as to bring you this special show’; by commandeering the communications system, *Star Child* automatically gains access to the midbrain: ‘We will return it to you as soon as you are groovy.’ P*lunk is the p*honogenic infiltration of the recording apparatus and by extension the perceptual system. *Star Child* identifies the fatal human weakness: humans have no eardrums, and are helpless before aural invasion. *Star Child*’s voice is so excessively p*phonogenic that it becomes queasy and glistening. It is magnified, a manic, mocking closeup that nestles itself right inside your ear, insinuates itself through your hearing, sped up and reverbed until it secretes sense. It scans all the recording systems available and decides to cross into the auditory canal through the mike filter: an assault on all parts of the big brain by the universal invaders of funk.

The Spacelink

Radio opens up the spacelink, the channel between offworld and onworld. For Parliament, radio connects the human to the alien: ‘Welcome to the Station WEFUNK, better known as WE FUNK or deeper still the Mothership Connection, home of the extraterrestrial brothers.’ Listening to Station WEFUNK turns you into the medium through which the Unidentified Audio Object arrives on Earth. Broadcasting is the umbilical system which delivers the human listener into the comforting audio environment of the Mothership. Inside the Mothership you feel at home in the alien, enwombed in audio: ‘Coming to you directly from the Mothership Connection.’

Extract/Extort

I’ll funk with your mind: to funk is to threaten and promise, to exhort and extract, to funkataze the psyche through a logic of the pun which couples concepts while fucking you in the head. When Dr Funkenstein emerges from the Mothership, writhing down its silver steps in Madison Square Garden ’78, it’s the audio lifeform come alive. The Parliament fan craves the synthetic. The world of the track expands to devour the eager audience. Overton Lloyd, Parliament’s sleeve artist, designs Funkenstein according to Clinton’s specification: ‘Draw a spaceman, put a cloak on him, put diamonds on the cloak, make him like a pimp spaceman.’ He is the Spacepimp with spiderweb shades. The cartoon crosses from the Parliament universe into yours. The P*ho*noFictional personification captures the audience, drags it happily into the Parliament P*ossibility Space.
Emerging from the Mothership, he... it lolls and lurches from side to side like an invertebrate mandroid. Dr Funkenstein begins a sentence slowed down into an ancient alien, but by the end is a perverse imp always 'ego-tripping and body snatching'. The id hijacks the head and emits signals through the mouth, generating nausea through pitch adjustment. The master technician of Clone Funk wears spiderweb shades with white plastic arms that grip his face from temple to below the cheekbone. White fur coat trailing, carrying a cane, his face curtained by a long straight-haired wig and furry, floppy white hat which drops on the beat, its... his voice is perpetually mobile, roaming from sardonic scientist to squeaky id, unable to stabilize into a single self.

The Prelude from The Clones of Dr Funkenstein ends with his... its voice slowed down to a dredged-up drawl: 'And funk is its own reward. May I frighten you.' Funkenstein is not so much a voice as vocal matter mixadelicized into streams of reversed syntax, the groaning burble of the generalissimo drowning in quicksand, double-backwards tape reversing into a reverse narration, malicious ids gambolling and guggling at the edges of earshot.

P Funk compels you to succumb to the inhuman, to be abducted and love it. Funk gets drawn out of the body, an entelechy harvested by an alien force. In Unfunky UFO, the aliens traumatize the song's contactee with their demand for funk: 'Like a trick of lightning it came/filling my brain with this pain/Without saying a word I heard this voice/give us the funk, you punk.' The chorus multiplies into a multitracked swarm of aliens here 'to save a dying world from its funklessness.'

Like the spice the Atreides family mine in Dune, or the water Newton arrives to harvest in The Man Who Fell To Earth, funk revitalizes.

P Funk is the gladalover suffusion of Funkentelechy, the enjoyment of mutation. Instead of resisting alien extraction, dancing turns it into a gift, turns onto the joy of being abducted. Funkentelechy is the process which demands Abduct me! Abduct me! As soon as funk comes from off this world, it collides with common sense.

Possession by Cartoon
'I was merely the vessel for Casper and Boatzilla to construct their funk.' Bootsy Collins is possessed by cartoons – a phenomenon that Ishmael Reed explains, 'in which a host becomes a human radio for cosmic forces.' '78's Hollywood Squares announces Bootsy's animanifesto: 'I've got a cartoon mind.' P Funk is a consensual audiohallucination that allows 'the mind to enter the world of cartoons', a goofy Sonic Fiction sustained across concept albums. Each record is a fragment from the world it auditions.

When you meet me again, I hope that you have been
the kind of person, that you really are now
Sly and the Family Stone

Advance Probe
The Mothership is an advance probe sent ahead to anticipate new kinaesthetic universes. In the final minute of Mothership Connection [Star Child] a MiniMoog spacechord suspends time. Travelling along a line of light, all sound drops out for a beat. This funky vacuum only lasts a blink but when sound returns it arrives from far off, from 'light years in time'. The psychoacoustic space of the track has inexplicably altered, crossed an event horizon in less time than it takes to wink. Like the unaccountable hours lost by the abduction, you're somewhere and somewhen else now. Memory plays with you, leaves you baffled. P Funk splices tapes to make you doubt your mind. Collapsing the spacetime continuum funks with your recognition processes. The sense of being inexorably pulled along by the simmering backbeat becomes a rockabey motion which 'swings low'. Bernard Worrell's MiniMoog synths arc and ascend in wistful, forlorn fugues. By equalizing its frequencies to ikhz, Star Child's voice thins out, croons down an interstellar phoneine, faintly, from light years away. It travels gigantic distances, arriving from the future into '74 to become the end of the track: 'Light years in time, ahead of our time/Free your mind, come fly, with me.' The MiniMoog's astralized trails synthesize sensations of yearning and wonder. The stars are so high and you are so small. Stay as you are.

The Aeronaut Emerges from Anachronosis
P Funk's connection forward in time to the Mothership allows an equal and opposite connection back in time to the Pharaonic connection, both of which converge on the present. The pyramids become examples of ancient alien technology which the extraterrestrial brothers 'have returned to claim'. Funk becomes a secret science, a forgotten technology that 'has been hidden until now'. This information is broadcast to 'recording angels', Earth people and all 'citizens of the
universe’. In Parliament MythScience, funk is genetic engineering and prehistoric science: ‘In the days of the Funkapus, the concept of specially designed Afronauts capable of funkating galaxies was first laid on Manchild but was later repossessed and placed among the pyramids, until a more positive attitude towards this most sacred phenomenon – clonefunk – could be acquired.’ Cloning funk in the 70s reactivates an archaic science. The futurist feeds forward into the anachronic futureestates of Atlantis and Egypt.

The Afronaut space program is launched by a narration shifted down into threatening pitch: ‘There in these terrestrial projects, it would wait along with its cohabitants of Kings and Pharaohs like sleeping beauties for the kiss that would release them to multiply in the image of the Chosen One.’

Overthrow the Cool

Each track is an audio universe, from which PhonoFictions emerge.

On the front cover of ‘79’s Funkentelechy vs. the Placebo Syndrome, Star Child crouches against the stars, zapping the ‘super cool oh so unfunky’ Sir Nose with his Bop Gun. Sonotronic power flowers in a rose-red efflorescence.

On the back cover of Funkentelechy, Sir Nose is lur’d up, saturated in the redlight of the flash-funk rhythms. The flashlight zaps! melts his supercool psychic armour, until he loses it, starts gurning as the spasms beep in. His jacket shucks itself off him, shirt loosening, and next thing he’s dancing, trilly replaced by visor and afronaut puffs: ‘And in a flash of light, Sir Nose gives up the funk.’

Funk is Mutation Positive. To be zapped by the energy of the flashlight is to bathe in the freakencies of mutation, the funkflash energy emitted by the Bop Gun, the sonic weapon. Therefore Cool immediately becomes ridiculous, rigidified, devoidoffunk. As the alien personification of unfunkiness, Sir Noise makes Cool audible. In the Parliament universe, Cool is always derided, harassed and harried into giving it up, surrendering the force. Therefore Star Child delivers a diklit on cool, puts out an APB on Sir Nose.

As Ben Sidran explains, Cool operates by detachment, by ‘the active repression of emotional turbulence.’ As an emotional anaesthetic, cool crowns the head king of a body organized into a poised corporation of one. Star Child wheedles, teasing, insinuating: ‘Picture within a picture behind a picture/Revealing a nose I recognize/Come on now Sir Nose.

dance.’ Parliament overthrows cool, dethrones it to install funk inside a mixadelics of perpetual mutation. Across the Mothership Connection concept-album cycle – ‘75’s Mothership Creation, ‘76’s The Clones of Dr Funkenstein, ‘77’s Funkentelechy vs. the Placebo Syndrome, ‘78’s Motor-Booby Affair, ‘79’s Gloryhalla stoopid I Pin the Tail on the Funkyl and ‘80’s Tromburbation – Star Child harangues Sir Nose in a duel of funk vs cool. Where Star Child is sinister and insidious, Sir Nose is manic and mournful, a munchkin at the mercy of mixadelia who therefore makes unfunkiness all the more appealing. In the Parliament cosmos, Funk humiliates cool as often as it can, deriding it as devoidoffunk.

Sir Nose is all audiotoric, not human at all but infrahuman, animated phonomatter, a giggling gremlin in perpetual motion of giddiness and glitch, a glyph transmitted from the electronic epiglottis of the vocoder: ‘I am Sir Nose Dee Void of funk. I have always been deee void ov funk. I shall con tin uuurhh to bee dee void ov funk.

The vocoder generates a menagerie of machine voices, nonhuman subjects. These voices aren’t anemathetic or robotic. Rather they are disconcertingly oral, larynx machines, synthetic pharynxes that stretch the vowels into plastic. Sir Nose declares itself ‘the sub lim in aAAl se duc afh’ who ‘will never dance.’ Its voice modulates into Fu Manchu tremolo, triple speeds into 3 voices gabbling all at once, pitchshifting transmitting through Sir Nose in a corporation of one. It’s a perverse imp, a syntactic ripple, an audio id, a microphone fiend.

CESK: Earworm of the Third Kind

Unlike Kubrick’s luminous uteronaut in 2001, Parliament’s Star Child, the Protector of the Pleasure Principle, Dr Funkenstein’s emissary, is disconcertingly creepy. Far from being a body-enhancing, life-affirming soundtrack for young soul rebels, ‘74–’77 era PFunk is underhand and insinuating, sly, contemptuous. Star Child has a floating, ultraphonogenic voice, miked so that it’s always intimate, tactile.

Star Child isn’t so much a microphone fiend as an earworm, an alien ohrwurm, an audio-insinuation that seeps into the ears and taps out amnemonics on its drums. It smirks, sated – because as soon as you drop the needle on the track, you’re in its domain. Now you’re there it’s ‘doing it to you in your earhole’.

It’s talked you into letting it molest your sensorium. The PFunk alien invaginates the ear and grows a universe inside your brain. Star Child is the tapeworm, the subliminator burrowing through the
vestibulae, its probing head protruding into the tympanum inducing what
Eno calls a queasy physical feeling.

Star Child sings nursery rhymes, memets that burrow familiar routes
into the brain, Trojan horses, pathways used to infiltrate the perceptual
apparatus. On Sir Nose the chorus sings nonsense rhymes of 'Threee
blind mice, Those blind threee mice' with a pedantic precision,
stretches out the vowels with an operatically preposterous seriousness.

I wanna be your toy,
W-w-w-w-w-wind me up,
I'm your rhinestone doll,
Oh yeah,
I'm programmabubble
Yabababadabadoo bubba

Bootsy Collins

PhonoSeduction
The nursery rhyme slips and sneaks past the ear, as your attention
sleeps like a dog. P°Funk is subliminal PhonoSeduction. It creeps in
under the cover of nonsense, rearranges the furniture of your mind,
leaving you feeling probed and palpitated. P°Funk feels up your brain,
molesting your medulla. Clinton’s alarming compulsion to pun, to 'funk
with your mind' erogenizes the brain. The pun pinches the chubby
cheeks of the cortex.

The clonebride chorus doesn’t sing, it derides: ‘Have you ever seen
such a sight in your life as these 3 blind mice?’ Equalizing the bass
convulses the audio universe, as if the entire track is about to throw up
A decelerated laughing box croaks derisively at your discomfort as
voices sneer more rhymes.

you are a programmed tape recorder set to record
and play back who programs you who decides what
tapes play back in present time

William Burroughs

Metafoolish Metaprogramming
Nursery rhymes reaches 'a part of their mind that makes them relate', as
Funkadelic guitarist Ray Davis points out. They regress you into Bootsy
Collins’ psychoticbumpschool, encrypting malevolence inside
innocuousness. The nursery rhyme is always 'gaming on ya' and 'laughing
at ya'. On Funkadelic's 76 Undisco Kidd, the laughing box autorepeats,
giving Clinton more free time to sneer at you incredulously because
you're the mug suckered into paying attention. The nursery rhyme is the
Trojan horse, the lure which lulls you as another medium infiltrates you.
'Pay attention because you can't afford free speech', this pun condenses
the illogic of the communications landscape, in which signal systems pay
for your attention span, compete to rent out your perception. The
subliminal ad gets free space in your head by riding on the back of
another ad.

The parliamentary universe is frequently chided for its systematic
silliness, its blatant impossibilities, its elaborately preposterous
foolishness - so far removed from the reality of crime figures and prison
statistics. But fictionalized funk only makes me and you into bigger
fools, into metafools for listening. Metafoolishness is the sudden
awareness of the frame you're in, the blinding realization of the game
you're in, games set up to play you for a fool. Clinton terms these games
doop-loops, the iterative processes that maintain consensual
hallucination. Because tapeloops form the basis of mixadelic sound,
Clinton abstracts this studio technique, this technical machine, into a
mental machine, a conceptronics which switches on the social machines
which generate the 'operative signals directing modern life'. The world is
a reality studio where all the tapes run all the time, do this - do that
loops internalized by humans as tradition.

Accelerating the voice into an elfin giggle couches aphorism inside
babble. Metafunk is at its most serious when it's funniest. In a world
'overburdened with logic' stupidity becomes 'a positive force, a creative
nuisance'. Metafunk lets you hear that 'you're destined to dooploop like
a computer with a nervous breakdown'. Caught up in the chain reaction
of events that calls itself history, metafoolishness hips you to how the
human biocomputer metaprogams itself.

To open the infinite recursion of John Lilly’s metaprogramming is to regress just like a baby. Funk reverts back to childhood, because that’s when the metaprogams become operational. In the disconcerting ’72 Running Away, Sly Stone becomes a psychotic baby crooning: ‘Look at you fooling you.’ Funkadelic draw!/ ‘How do Yeaw view You?’ the second ‘You’ being yawned until it rhymes with ‘miao-wwww.’ Look in the acoustic mirror: P°Funk is laughing at ya. How easily your sensorium is privatized! You’ve leased your nervous system to the lowest bidder! Giving away your ears and eyes, skin and nose on the open market.

**Mixadelics Fictionalizes Funk**

Dr. Funkenstein takes funk forward to the lab. The lab is the possibility space where funk is synthesized into new genetic lifefroms. In the mad science of the studio, mixadelics is science gone glad.

Funk is extraterrestrialized through the mixing desk. Through multitracking, reversing, equalizing, slowing down, speeding up, double backwards tapeloops, it becomes what Clinton on the back sleeve of ’79’s Gloryballastoid calls mixadelics.

Clinton’s concept of mixadelics means the psychedelics of the mix: the entire range of sonic mutation through studio effects. Mixadelics makes funk fictional, draws you into an offworld universe, a world of loops where looptillas, bootzilla and atomic dogs hunt in packs that ‘really dog you’, in Prince Paul’s words. Tape techniques create new sounds, which are fictionalized into audio-lifeforms, bred by reiteration like the hornwebs of Mutator software.

The Funkenstein voice is filtered until it becomes a flux ‘burning, churning and turning’ along the sensorial spectrum between mad and glad. A snickering, sped-up gremlinvoice mocks Funkenstein into ‘burning you on your neutron, expanding your molecules’ until the voice breaks through into hysterical babble. Babble is the voice plunged into vocalization, phoné bubbles without an object, bursting in causeless exuberance.

**Funk is a P*haromatopia**

In ’77’s encyclopaedic concept album Funkentelechy, funk is synthesized into a *pharatopia, the universal product drug. The entire album is set inside the American consumer sensorium, drawing you inside its monstrous pulsations, magnifying the mass mind manufactured by media. The P in P°Funk stands for *pharma-con, *placebo, *panacea. Funk is an omnicommodity adapted by advertising in order to feed on more media.

Funkentelechy is a product tested on you, an experiment in altering listener response trapping you inside the double bind of ‘urge overkill’. ‘This is Mood de Control urging you to funk on. Do not respond. This has been a test.’ The Trad response to Parliament in the UK ever since — the 2 or 3 things you know about Clinton, One Nation Under etc., Who says a Funk Band Can’t Play Rock Music?, Free Your Mind and Your Ass Will Follow, faithfully repeated ad nauseam — indicates Mood Control’s total success in reprogramming of the human biocomputer, the distributed brain of biological complexity.

Parliament sells you to the product: the happy fan is a human taperecorder, that happily replays these same slogans forever. The Funk P°Program uses these fans to replicate itself across the mediascape. The P in P°Funk stands for P°Psychoacoustic, for a funk which takes you through a spectrum of moods. ‘Fasten your seat belt while I take you face to face with the nighest computer I know.’ Here P°Funk operates as a psychodynamic program, a sensory apparatus of disconcerting hypertactivity.

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Do thoughts of you make you high or shy?

**Funkadelic**

**Mood Elevator**

Funk is a thermostatic device that alters environments. In Funkentelechy the singer becomes a voiceover. Humans are replaced with Advertising Deities. Mood de Control and Mr. Prolong. A voiceover cajoles: ‘Mood Mood, Someone funkung up the mood.’ Funk is a mood elevator that alters the environment through which you move. With the right sensory tech, McLuhan dreamed that ‘whole cultures could now be programmed to keep their emotional climate stable.’ Funk is this technology, an Applied Rhythmic Technology, an ART that amplifies cybernetic despotism until it programs reality.

As a Mood Control, funk is an audiosocial interface which reaches inside you and massages your heart, kneads it into a sodden muscle that lurches while you stomach skips a beat: ‘Someone’s talking, funkung with the Mood Control.’ At ‘Mood Control’, the tempo doubles in speed and rears up to hug your face.

EQ-ing makes voices come down telephone lines; conversely it makes
sounds jump out at you, brings voices and unplaceable things
discoconcertingly face-to-face. A voiceover starts out trebly — 'Deprogram'
— then slows down to bass drawl: 'And reprograaam.' Between
'Deprogram' and 'Reprogram', time crumples up and the second
command lunges at you, punching you in the face, defenseless from the
fx of sound.

**Songlines of the Sponsored World**

Funk becomes a mass-media epic of rhythm arrangements, horn
orchestration, operatic tapeloops, choral interruptions, all organized
according to the overlapping rhythms of the sponsored world of advert
overload and gameshow routine. Drums are processed into shimmering
cymballic scintilla; hihat hiss becomes a splash stretched out into thin
wires of simmering depression.

Mixadelics multiplies the Parliament chorus into a choir of clones of
operatic womanmachines, the Brides, the Extra Singing Clones of
Funkenstein. The chorus is loop d'looped until it scales between alien
and human, slips across the value slide.

They liquefy the solid states of sense and nonsense, intoning
sentences that start as babble, reverse into gibberish then modulate into
basso profundo. Voices reverse into a human river of heaving groans,
crowd babble and breaking surf. In an audio parallel of a timelapse
flower's bursting stamen, the Clones loom up out of the reversed sound
into a sped-up nursery rhyme not so much sung as lectured so
insistently you feel like saluting.

**The Consumer Pantheon of Advertising Deities**

Mood Control doesn't sing because it's not human presence. As an
Advertising Deity it beams, brims over with an inhuman bonhomie. The
Song distends into an psychofanatic opera of counterpunchlines
orchestrated from the infosphere: 'A funk a day keeps the nose hairs
away. Name that feeling!' The voiceover doesn't recite. Instead, it lights
up its words in neon, energizing everything with urgent CAPITALS
riveting your ears until you're staring at the sound: 'The secret to funk is
to pay attention.'

Voiceovers reorganize The Song into a mixadelic arrangement of
sponsored slogans and operatic oneliners, of emphatic encomiums and
Corporate Kissoffs: 'There's nothing that funk will not render funkable.'
The corporate host brings the permanently good news, a perpetual
bright'n'breeziness: 'You deserve a break today! Have it your way. While
funk is not domestically produced it is responsive to your mood, you can
score it any day on WEFUNK.'

**Extreme Levels of Audiovisualization**

A Parliament album is an orchestra in which string sections are replaced
by rhythm arrangements and horn arrangements. As Clinton explains
'Everything was stacked but separate because it would move out the way
of each other just in time. We stacked it on top of each other and made
points and counterpoints.'

Funk becomes mobile audioarchitecture, the simultaneous sliding of
rhythmic strata. Musicians like Bernie Worrell, Fred Wesley, Bootsy
Collins and Michael Hampton are all virtuosos — but Clinton, like Brown,
is not a musician so much as a conceptualizer, a high-density neologist.
Not playing instruments is a good preconition for derealizing music
into impossible states. Where Brown hears funk as this cyclic machine
whose tensors captures the body and lock it into perpetual motion —
into the groovey — Clinton's the conceptualizer, the imagineer, the
universe designer, the terranovatist whose studio fictions are
operated by such animatographos as Worrell and Collins.

**Psychokinaesthetics of the Low End**

Bootsy's Mutron-processed Space Bass and Worrell's Moog and Arp
synths are psychokinaesthetic. Sound snatches you into the skin you're
in, abducts you into your own body, activates the bio-logic of thought,
encourages your organs to revolt from hierarchy. Mutronic bass chars
your stomach into a duet, tugs at your ins, humps your ass in a seismic
bump. It heaves in a peristaltic motion, like the amplified insides of a
huge stomach. Worrell's Moog synth is an tentacular treble that's all
slide and no backbone, no attacks and no delays. Worrell uses the
Modulation wheel on the ARP synth — set at oboe and clarinet — to
synthesize a funky worm from tremolo as thin as cheeseewire.

By mutating the low end, funk invades perceptions, capturing the
sensorium by altering the order of your organs while they're still inside
you. Instead of anchoring the track to the heartbeat, bass mutation
kneads dispersing tremors across the body surface, so that the skin turns
into a giant, palpitating, convulsing heart. This induces a queasy motion
sickness, as if the carpet's undulating underneath you.

Mutant bass dissolves the rigidity of hipness, collapses the distance
that Cool demands. As a homeopathic agent, 'Funk not only moves, it
can remove' the sensations of feeling walled-in, closed-up, cased in
armour. It squirms like a tapeworm, heaving and contracting along your
intestines. It's a basssnake that undulates the inert abdomen and pelvis
in S waves, snake motions that sideward along the thighs.

As Sly bassman Larry Graham explains, "I'm gonna add some bottom
so that the dancing just don't end," and then my fuzztone came in. See,
my fuzztone is a little box you step on. It's a distortion box y'know.'

Instead of an inert lump of bass, Graham's fuzz bass distorts the low
end so it powers into the lead sound, careered up from under in
humpbackbeats, melodies from the bottom which bumpstart the arse
until it begins evolving into the ass and then the booty. With Sly and the
Family Stone, the bass deepens through distortion and starts roaming
around as low end rhythmology.

\textit{Whatcha gonna do without your ass?}

\textit{Sun Ra}

\textbf{Scramble the Human Security System}

This reversal of sound, in which the bass takes over from the guitar so
the low end plays the high end, immediately alters the sensorial
hierarchy demanded by The Pop Song. The ass, the brain and the spine all
change places. The ass emerges from its status as sensory untouchable to
become the motor-bootsy, the psychomotor driving you to dance. The
Clintonian brain puns compulsively, issues an alarming narghilea.

Bootsy's bass activates the distributed brain of the body. The ass
stops being the behind, and moves upfront to become booty.

Funk, reorganizing the shape of The Song in space, unnerves the
bodyshape presumed by Pop. It exaggerates all your extremities.

Extraterrestrial funk alters its aliens at their outer extremes of ass,
nose and trunk. Parliament is full of desperate warnings against disco's
superior cloning capacities, processes which leave you funkless, snatch
your booty. On '79's \textit{Gloryhallastoopid}, the Clintonian reversal reaches
runaway point. The booty comes alive, makes its escape from the rest of
the body, is surgically amputated in an assendectomy, replaced by
prosthetics while the nose extends into a monstrous trunk.

\textbf{Perpetual Bass Mutation}

Bootsy uses the Mutron Bi-phaser so the bass rrRevs, a motorbike
powering the track. Fictionalizing this sound into a low end lifeform,
Mutant Bass becomes the Spaceface double bass of \textit{Flashlight}, the
underwater bass of \textit{Aquaboogie}. With Bootsy the bass becomes a one-man
rubber band, a tone-effect generator. As well as being the anchor which
weighs the mixadecile arrangement, it now extrudes spinal textur-rr-rriffs,
low-end glutamate that reverses the gravity of the Parliament universe.

Why Spaceface? Because it turns gravity upside down. Now that the
low end arrives from above, the bottom is now above your head. There's
no ground in Bootsy's amplified physics. Instead his bass swaps functions
with Worrell's Moog synth, both acting as low end mutation engines.

\textbf{Landing on the Moog}

On the 10:38 \textit{Flashlight} 12 mix, former child prodigy and New England
Conservatory-trained Bernard Worrell becomes the latest Afronaut to
land on the Moog. Synthesizing the bass from the Moog turns the low
end into gloops and squidges from giant Claes Oldenburg toothpaste.

Worrell's mutant Moog is radioactive plasma, perpetually pulsating from
globules to strobing mayday signal, from the emergency signal of
computer malfunction to the crackle of crinkled plastic to the
sheetmetal clap which replaces drums with a wavering yet regular
impact.

Synthetic bass suckulates, the new Funkencyclo-p-dia term for a
sound which both sucks and spuses. Moog becomes a slithering
cephalopod tugging at your hips, dragging your neck into its boneless
maw, sinking holes in your ears and sucking out the balance mechanism
- thereby sliding solid ground from under you.

\textit{Flashlight} is the dreamvision of synthetic rhythm, light synched to
sound until it entrains the brain into the binding realization that 'We
are the Light.' The chorus is a loop of operatic Yiddish, perpetually
unwinding and uncoiling like a tapeworm made from choral chants.

\textit{Flashlight}'s voices are double-backwards tapes, phonemes sang
backwards then reversed, so the attack of each syllable flips over into a
\textit{Twin Peaks}-style grumble that lasts aeons then springs back allatonce in
a gabbling gremlin tone and a shivering 'Oooooh!' from Clinton. Bass
slithers in traction which sucks you down then expels you into the path
of Clinton crooning 'Now I lay me down' in a dazed drawl. There's an
awkward pause after the stunned elongation of 'down', before 'to sleep'
lurches and wrongfoot you. Splicing tape alters space, tricks expectation so you miss the next step on a staircase. The split between I and me makes a friend of psychosis. I is an alien which helps me 'to sleep.' II isn't merely another in the 19th C Rimbaudian sense. With Parliament, I is a population and you are a crowd. De la Soul equated the multiplex self as 'just Me, Myself and I' which makes 3, the magic number of You.

Symbiopsychotaxiplasm: Seen III Took 4

_Aqua Boogie_ 's subtitle, _Psychoalphadiscobetabioaquadoolop_, describes the parallel processes that _PFunk_ induces. The suffixes describe physical states [psycho, bio], mental states [alpha, beta], environments [disco, aqua]. The chorus loops the loop into 'A motion picture underwater starring both of you.' Striations of Bubblemoog and Bootsy's aquaw-w-wobble bass draw you inside the gigantic gulps of a superaqualung.

Rhythm Arrangements decompress you into the hyperrhythmic levels of the biocomputer. Stockhausen: 'We are a whole system of periodic rhythm within the body. There are many periodicities superimposed, from very fast to very slow ones. And all of these together build a very polymeric music in the body.' PFunk demands post-Cagean omnipresence. It activates the numbering capability of the big brain, the body. The feet that move, the hips which swivel in time, the head which nods, the nerves which pulse: all the body counts. To get funkified up is to acclimatize yourself to the endless complexification of these states, to be senzualized by all the processes that process you.

Hydroxants in Aquatopia

'78's _Motor-Boaty Affair_ draws the listener down into an Atlantis which Parliament's hydroxants want to 'raise to the top'. Raising Atlantis to the top means amplifying the low end until it becomes a liquid environment. Bringing the deep-sea island into dry shore demands an amphibian mixadelics.

Atlantis demands the artificial evolution of an nth-generation aquafunk, easing psychosensory tension in a new flowmotion. _The Motor-Boaty Affair_ 's seaswaying synths and horn descent lulls you into an Atlantean aquatopia, 'a mystical meeting ground' where 'we can swim through life without a care.' In _You're a Fish and I'm at Water Sign_ Clinton's frail falsetto longs to be 'on the same side of love as you.' Chorus becomes a buoyant choral reef with vowels and consonants now different pitches of bubbles. Voices don't sing; instead they gargle, through aqualungs, burble through snorkels in bubblicious baritone. Dancing the aquaboogie in liquid air turns you into an aquanaut on Bimini Row.

Spacebass pulls spaces and times out from between people. The floor slips from under your feet, flips over above your head. Assauge in outerspace. Aquabass draws you down into an aquaboogie in zero G, sucking your booties up into a low end above your head. Worrell's synth fluctuates from spongifoam timbres to inorganic soulclaps, from abrupt treble to warbling strobos of an emergency signal.

You're cradled by Walter 'Junie' Morrison's aqualunged croon: 'With the rhythm it takes to dance through what we have to live through, you can dance underwater and not get wet.'

_Aqua Boogie_ is a nu-groove, an impossible navigation through the audiosocial. _Motor-Boaty Affair_ announces an outer thought of the body in which the brain is a motor function and the booty is a brain. As Pedro Bell explains, 'Technology automatically causes the language to expand,' putting pressure on language, kneading it into new processes, new sensory lifeforms: suckulate, bootiful, throbsonian thumpasaurus. Neologic, 'the primal act of pop poetics' in William Gibson's sense, occurs at an extreme rate. Parliament are neologists, lexical synaestheses extrapolating universes from a grain of sound. Cosmogenesis at 33.3.