

# Master funkateer Clinton can still rock crowds

By Dianna Saffold  
Sentinel-Voice

"The world is a toll-free toilet. We're in a state of mental diarrhea, talking s\_\_t a mile a minute." And so it was spoken, during the concert in the Mandalay Bay's House of Blues by the masters of funk, George Clinton and his P-Funk family.

The stage was full from the onset. Opening with 16 pieces, including 6 guitars, 2 keyboards, horns, drums, the trademark diapered Funkateer and several talented vocalists including Sheila Horne of Detroit and Belita Woods, formerly of the group, Brainstorm.

"How is your funk?" shouted Woods in that TLC Left Eye sound. This began 30 minutes of pure introductory funk. "Cosmic Slop" brought the guru of funk, George Clinton to the stage. Like a bagman out of the night, Dr. Funkenstein appeared wearing a floppy hat over his trademark multi-colored dreads and a trenchcoat. Like a king, he was disrobed, and the party went into full swing. He raised his hands before him and shook them in a commanding way, the



Sentinel-Voice photos by John Broussard

*Legendary funk musician George Clinton and his wildly colorful and always zany P-Funk All Stars proved that time hasn't sullied their musical skill or their flair for the dramatic.*

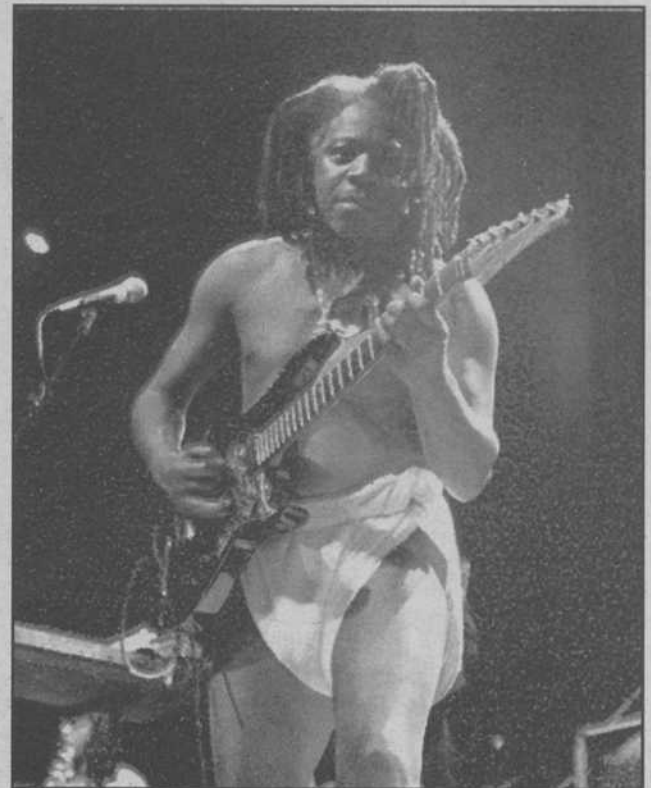
crowd went ballistic. When he placed a hand over his ear as if to say, "I can't hear you," the roar shook the art on the walls. As we all paid homage to the funk master himself, the words rang out, "Welcome yourself into the world of George Clinton."

We were allowed to stay in this world for five funk-filled hours. Each selection seemed to be endless, skillfully segueing into the next

hit. "Knee Deep in a Sentimental Journey," "Rubber Ducky," "Freak," all just melted together. When Clinton went into "Smacking That Ass," the crowd bent every which way, and breaking it down to my right was recording artist Catisha Marsh. The local reggae entertainer rocked like a true Funkateer, as did songwriter Terrence Reynolds of Detroit. "What is the booty, and how

do I know I am shakin' it?" The crowd answered by becoming one, smacking the funk and getting smacked with it.

Wait a minute. Where did all those people on stage come from, and how is that towel diaper staying up through all this funk...and who is the brotha working the body like a snake, wearing fur pants, a fake nose and a floppy hat? Five hours later, the first two



questions remained unanswered, the third solved.

Sir Nose was the dancer. He not only stood on his hands, but he bumped it, pumped it and did everything but impregnate it...he was definitely one of the babies of this crowd, since the average P-Funkite seemed to be at least 40. The master himself, celebrated his sixtieth birthday in July.

Having been here once this year, they were careful not to do a repeat performance. The energy and the funk remained, but the lineup included much more. After about three hours of non-stop funk, several band members, including Clinton, took a long break. With five pieces left, four of them guitars, the sound took a slight turn to-  
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