

*the Booty
Live*



FUNK

— TO THE —

FUTURE



A FUNK ODYSSEY · ANNO 2026

— MISSION BRIEFING —

STAR MAP • TRAJECTORY • CREW

Bayou 7

Arrakis

Jupiter

Yuma

MEET THE CREW



FIG. I — TEAMWORK IN RETRO-INDUSTRIAL STYLE

LINER NOTES

– Ten tracks. Ten stories. Each one forged from the BootyJive crew’s most outrageous encounters across the galaxy. –

In January 2026, The BootyJive set course for the interstellar metropolis of Zerbst/Anhalt to record what may well be the most electrifying funk album of modern times—tracked over one intense week at MJM Studio.

Studio owner and technical mastermind Jabba Mo created the perfect conditions: top-tier recording gear paired with a warm, open atmosphere that instantly felt like home.

We had the whole house to ourselves. Jabba Mo’s mother, Princess Monika, welcomed us into the family’s magnificent private quarters with unmatched hospitality.

Breakfast to band room—no commute, no limits. While overdubs rolled later in the day, the rest of the crew turned the kitchen into a battlefield of creative chaos.

Then came Commander Fux.

Having already shaped the very first BootyJive production, he took control once again — guiding the sessions with surgical precision and cosmic instinct. Fox ears. Eagle eyes. Maximum performance.

Seven days later: 3 dead cables. 10 broken drumsticks. 6 snapped strings. 77 blown sax reeds. 1 broken nose. 16 cases of beer. 41 bags of chips. 30 kg of coffee.

Every note: captured. But recording was only the beginning.

Commander Fux sealed himself inside his vacuum mixing capsule for weeks, extracting the raw essence and bending it into sonic gold - along with overdubs recorded at Kaitano studios in New York City. The final masters traveled to London for completion, while Mama Bayou delivered the visual counterpart—artwork worthy of the sound.



*This record exists thanks to a crew of extraordinary beings.
And now—so does the funk.*

SUERTE BOMBO

– *el hermano del lado bueno* –

Every family is different. The Fett family? Exceptionally so. No mothers. One father—Jango. Several million sons. Not exactly a locker room you'd volunteer to enter.

Only one got a name: Boba.

Like his countless brothers, he lives for anger and combat.

But even in this chaos, there's an outlier: Brother Bombo (self-named). A black sheep with better priorities.

Hanging. Smoking. Touching. Drinking. Grooving.

May da funk be with you.



– *written and developed by Takaway and The BootyJive* –

SUERTE BOMBO

SPACE FUNK
FOR THE COSMIC SOUL



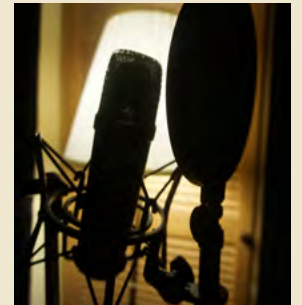
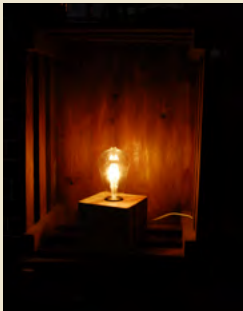
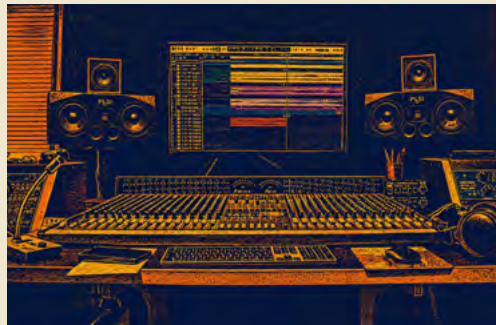
FIG. 2 — HERMANO BOMBO EN SU SALON DE FUMAR





HOLO DANCE

- on the holo deck, anything goes -



We've lost count of how many nights we crashed the Enterprise crew's party strip — birthdays, Father's Day, or just because.

Perfect music. Infinite landscapes. Questionably irresistible alien company.

No rules. Just dance.



- written and developed by Takaway and The BootyJive -

ALIEN INN

– sandworm burger special –



Even at warp speed, space gets lonely
So when civilization appears—you stop.

The Alien Inn, perched on the edge of the Arrakis drought, offers exactly what you need: space to stretch, and a sandworm burger with antimatter fries worth crossing galaxies for.

– written and developed by Takaway and The BootyJive –



BAYOUTONIC

– cocktail • on lava –

Say what you want about Earth—but never question its creativity in chemical exploration.

Respect where it's due.

Still, nothing hits quite like Papa Hooch's legendary creation: Bayoutonic on Lava.

Not for beginners. Not for the cautious.

But afterward? You'll understand hangovers on a spiritual level.





JUPITER KICK

— Planet-surfing for the brave, by Captain Rich —

Planet surfing: one of space travel's purest thrills.

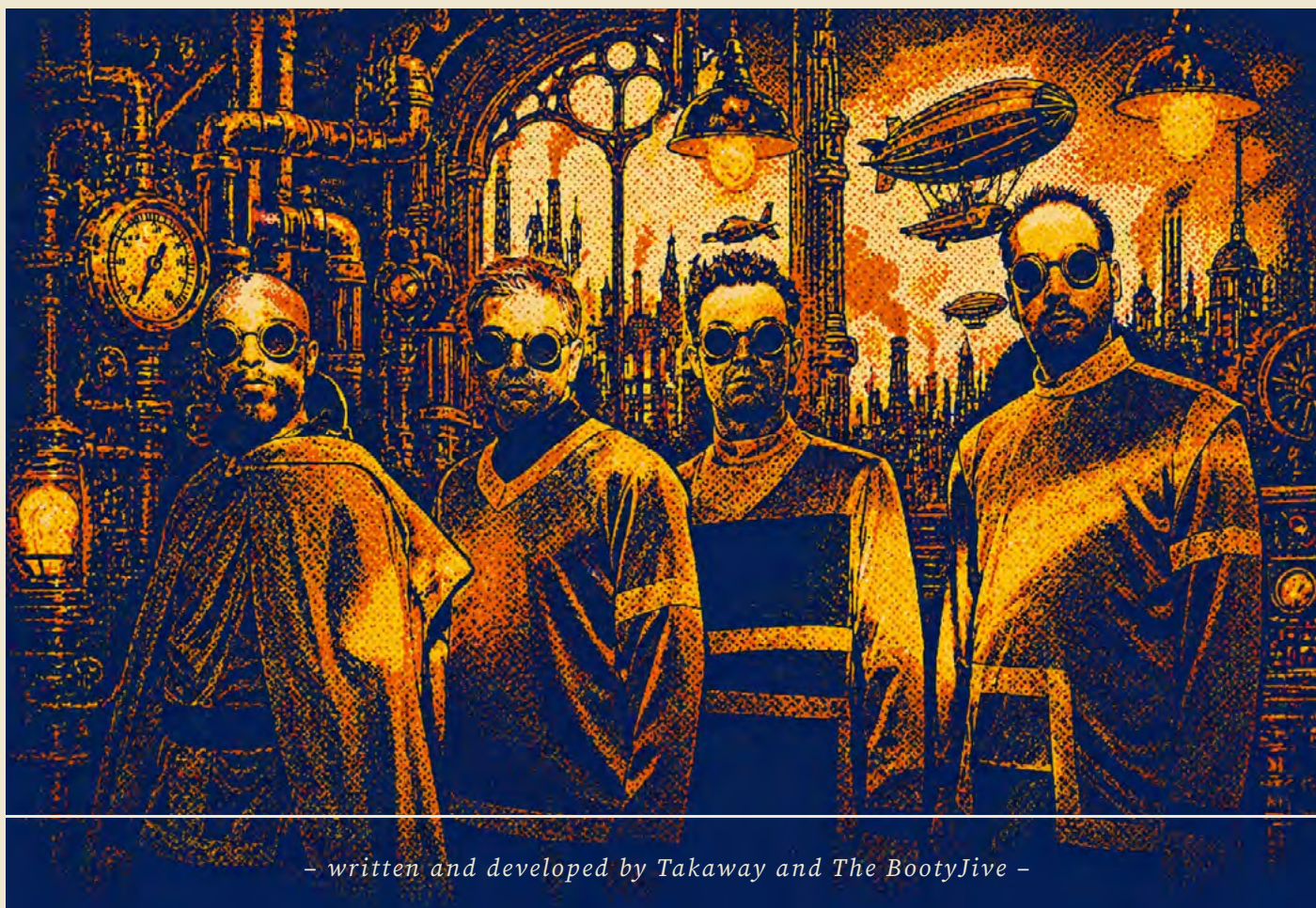
Also one of its deadliest.

Explode. Implode. Burn. Vanish. Choose your ending.

Captain Rich—pilot of the seventh universe elite—perfected the art by riding only the heaviest giants. In this system, that means one thing: Jupiter.

Hit the angle. Ride the gravity. Kiss the edge. Launch back into the void.

That's the kick. Don't try it.



— written and developed by Takaway and The BootyJive —

**EXPLODE.
IMPLODE.
BURN.
VANISH.**





RECORDING LOG



JAN 2026

REC

MJM Studio · Zerbst/Anhalt

FEB 2026

MIX

Mission Control · Berlin

MAR 2026

MAS

London Mastering Studio · UK

The divine seed of life for all songs, except B1 and B3, was donated by Mr. Takaway. The evolution to the higher life form and the arrangements are the collaborative work of The BootyJive.

VADER STRUT

— *peace through funk · feat. the Imperial bong* —

SIDE B • TRACK 01

03:43

Darth inhales the Meters' funk with his Imperial bong.
Call it balance.



— *inspired by The Meters and John Williams, developed by The BootyJive* —

BOOGIE ME RIGHT

– *high noon on Planet Yuma* –

Sweat. Dust. Mosquitoes. Bad mood.

We came for guitar strings. Found a corporate complex.

SRI had taken over. Parking restricted. Ticket issued.

As the star sheriffs closed in, options ran out.

There was only one move left.

(And no—we didn't kiss the deputy.)

– *written and developed*
by Takaway and The BootyJive –



RAUMPATROUILLE

ORION

— radio message received from our friends of the spaceship Orion on September 17th, 08:20 p.m., in the earth year 1966) —



„Hier ist die Orion 7 unter Commander Cliff Allister McLane. An Oberste Raumbehörde Sektion 12, Abteilung Astrotechnik über Jupiter-Außen und EAS 3. Um meine Behauptung zu erhärten, dass eine Landung auf Rhea möglich ist, setze ich in wenigen Augenblicken auf Rhea auf. Das war die Orion.“



SHAKE THAT

— *last minutes before the black hole* —

Right before the black hole takes you, the questions come fast: Socks packed? Windows closed? Cat fed? Survival chances?

Then it begins—and none of it matters. Inside the collapse, perspective changes. Suddenly, a forgotten compost bin feels... irrelevant.



PHONKY NU WORLD

— complete bootification of planet Earth —

It's done. Earth is fully bootyfied. Humanity looks back on its past—confused, amused, transformed. Somewhere, Aldous is shaking his head. No publisher would've believed it anyway.



KORKUS IS GRATEFUL:

Commander Fux (aka Ralph Graessler)
for tremendous dedication, ideas, and belief in otherworldly funkyness —
fifth member of the band.

Jabba Mo (aka Moritz Ehle)
for day-and-night commitment in his nice studio.

Princess Monika (aka Monika Ehle)
for welcoming us with the greatest possible hospitality.

Mama Bayou (aka Alicia Buehler)
for conjuring up another great piece of artwork.

Burstlord Doom (aka Francis)
for bringing out the deep space of our sound.

— to all the festivals and venues who have supported us —
our gratitude. And to those who have yet to do so.

— KORKUS! HUHHH! —



TRACK LIST

- S I D E A -

A1	SUERTE BOMBO	03:02
A2	HOLODANCE	03:30
A3	ALIEN INN	04:21
A4	BAYOUTONIC	04:36
A5	JUPITER KICK	04:44

- S I D E B -

B1	VADER STRUT	03:43
B2	BOOGIE ME RIGHT	04:07
B3	RAUMPATROUILLE ORION	03:14
B4	SHAKE THAT	03:44
B5	PHONKY NU WORLD	01:58

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SCAN