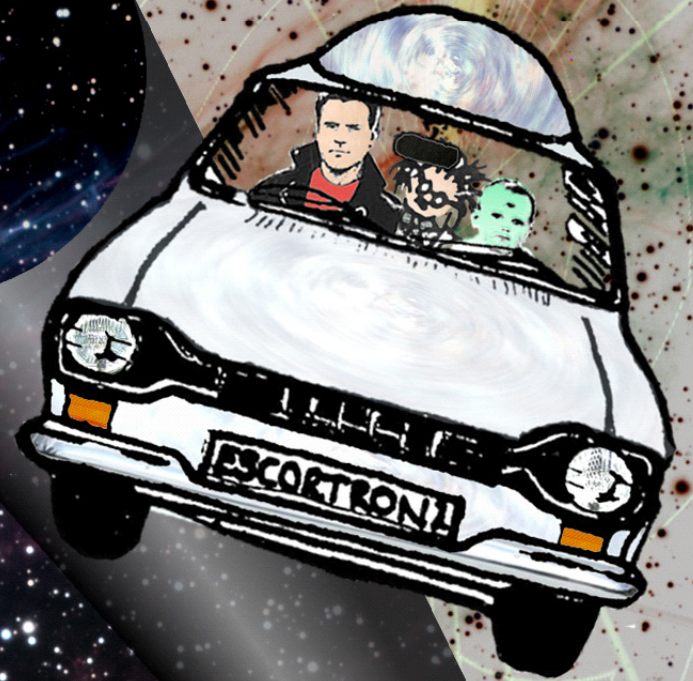


**MUSIC
MOMENTS**
AT
TWILIGHT
TIME



FLASHBACK

Ω

ULTIMATE



INDEX



FLASHBAX Ω ULTIMATE

ADDITIONAL FEATURES



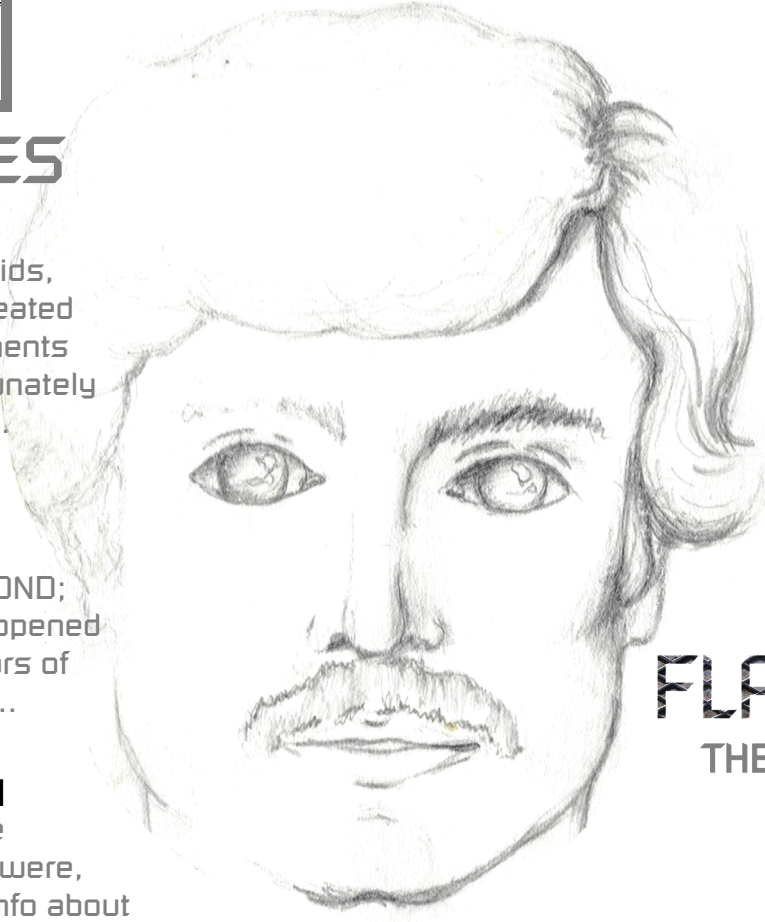
Page 3 - 'The Band'
Meet the various aliens, biodroids, humans and machines who created and performed that Magic Moments At Twilight Time sound, unfortunately called 'Weirdobop' for a while...



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ALPHA - OMEGA AND BEYOND;
Read the story of what happened between those golden years of the underground and now...



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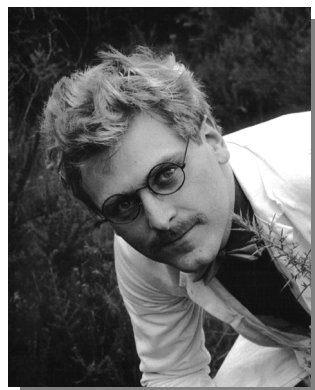


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www.mickmagic.net

MAGIC MOMENTS AT TWILIGHT TIME



Dr. Mick Magic PsD
[Dr. Albert Michael Tron]
Band founder, October 1986.
Electric guitar & acoustic
12 string, synthesizers,
sequencer & pulse code
modulator programming,
voice



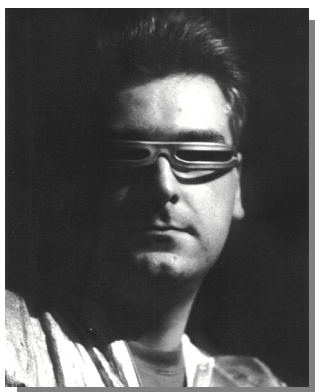
Shona Moments
[The Actress]
Lead vocals 1987 - 1989



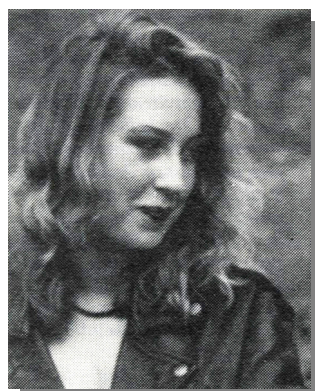
Kate Twillight
[The Countess]
Synthesizers, voice
1987 - 1988



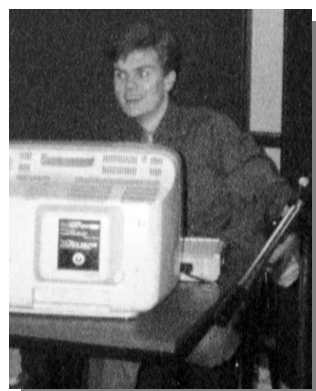
Jay Time / J.A.T.T.
Bass guitar, synthesizers,
voice 1987 - 1988



Mick Tron
A biodroid built by Dr. Magic
in his Wimbledon laboratory
in 1958, complete with full
memory duplication and
Gamma Syndrome
Corporation Genuine
Synth-Emotion 2.0™,
I replaced my creator in the
band, circa February 1988,
after a certain time trip
which changed the band's
history. The old scientist
never returned, so I took
over the use of his name
from the beginning of the
band's first 'comeback' in
the Spring of 1991



Leonie 'Lulu' Jackson
Lead vocals, synthesizer
1990 - 1995



Pete Program
Visuals & synth FX
1989-1992



The Psychotron
A psychotronic sound processing machine, incorporating a
Gamma Syndrome Corporation Spacetime Continuum Hyperdrive
Dome™, built by Dr. Magic from an old sideboard in 1987

THE BAND

01. State Of The Art [5:13]

It's no use crying, kid, you gotta go
You stay around, you're gonna take my soul
My mind keeps slipping, gonna lose control
It's no use crying, kid, you gotta go
This way...

That's the state of the art
Dhi'rhyv q'ohp pa'en uq ryl ['Within love for all time']
Es Saffronitia ['You are all, Saffronitia']

Don't look twice, you might not like what you see
Bogard Soultaker is a haunting me
The band is playing "In Your Mind To Be"
The movie's silent and the post is free
This way...

And so to this
Lyz'ryt Ly'vyr Ur Wunqy'ryl ['Magic Moments At Twilight Time']
Show me some magic

I was born with a storm behind my eyes
Just half human, do you dance or cry?
It ain't enough and can you wonder why?
Born by fire, by fire must die
This way...

This is The Stranger
Zuh'tyv lyz'ryt [Sacred magic]
Zuh'vtyn, Zuh'vtyn [The Stranger, The Stranger]

There's something schizoid and it's in my head
And demons lurking hold me in my bed
Flood the room with darkness that the light can't end
Wake me, Stranger, let the First World end
This way...

Ladies and gentlemen
Magic Moments At Twilight Time
Y vo'vy'pihn [My universe]

I hail from The Second World, the planet known as Gamma Syndrome, due to its ongoing sponsorship by the galactic corporation of the same name. I had necessarily become exiled from my homeworld due to a slight mishap with some Gamma Syndrome Corporation Atomic Storm Bombs™. I knew of many inhabited worlds in our galactic quadrant, but none beyond the reach of the Corporation's Soultakers. My only choice was to escape in the Ford Escortron, an invention I had been working on secretly for some years, but had never had the opportunity to test. Necessity, as they say, is the mother of invention. I fastened my seatbelt, set the hibernation controls to reawaken me when I arrived at a suitable world, and duly pressed the 'I wonder what this button does' button. I had gone to sleep as a man of 57 years old, I would be awoken entering your system's heliosphere, over six centuries later. I celebrated my 677th birthday as I entered Earth's atmosphere on 21st April 1958. From the moment I arrived, I had always struggled to get used to its alien customs and nonsensical social rituals.

This probably wasn't aided by the... er... minor error I made when I first got here. You see, I had landed on Wimbledon Common, where I had mistakenly believed the small furry litter-picking creatures I had met there to be the predominant species of your world. It was 28 years before I realised that there was more to terrestrial life than making something new out of things that everyday folks had left behind. I left the burrow on my 705th birthday, armed only with an LP boxed set of their greatest hits and an innate sense of tidiness. The next problem was that humans didn't look much like me either, at least my friends on the common had been a more comparable height! I doubted I would have much of a future here as a small three-eyed green alien, unless I could get a part in a TV commercial as a rather queasy looking Homepride flour man, which seemed unlikely, so I would need a Plan B. I travelled back to 1958 once more in the Ford Escortron and, with the aid of a little more stolen Gamma Syndrome Corporation technology, disguised myself as a human baby, got myself adopted and began to grow up, something Sensemillia still encourages me with to this day. Unfortunately, the brain of a newborn is not the best for holding a lifetime of memories, so much of what I had been before was lost to me. "State Of The Art" was the first MMATT track I had written lyrics for; words that touch on my struggle with human relationships and the beginning of my integration into human culture, intermingled with fragments of memories from my former life and smatterings of words and phrases I recalled in my native tongue. The title had a dual meaning to me; on the one hand, it meant the state of my life at the time, whilst on the other, it was in tribute to the great domed citadel in which I had previously lived, named The State Of The Art by the Corporation, a scientific and engineering marvel in the midst of the Zoen badlands on the island of Ecia. The original, with a far inferior vocal by myself, appeared on our first demo release in March 1987. This version, by the famous foursome, was our first ever studio recording, made for Earworm Records, in their Brunhildes Foot Studio in Clapham.



02. Story X [6:08]

Hiermit regeln sie die geschwindigkeit der chorus-modulation oder den sogenannten sweep. Wenn der einsteller ganz entgegen den uhrzeigersinn gedreht wird, erhöht sich die sweep-geschwindigkeit. Beim schliessen rastet der deckel automatisch ein.

A soft electronic breeze blew across the plains of this floating diamond. If not here, it was somewhere close by that I existed. A pool of hazy violet fluid had formed by my feet over the last few drifting hours and a voice had said to me; "Understand such dark pretensions as you would have." The voice died. The violet fluid became some nature of being and began to emit strange beams of energy, radiating in all directions simultaneously, save west. Over a period not exceeding twelve seconds, I questioned and rationalised my existence. With freshened hope, I set off on my quest. I noted that an hour had elapsed between my former location and my bedroom door. No doubt this would be due to a discarded portal, carelessly left in my path by one of the many mindless creatures that inhabit this wilderness. I had stepped through many since my earliest childhood, resulting in the total disruption of the linear patterns of my life. I opened the bedroom door and crossed its haunted threshold, feeling the chill of other confused entities as they passed through me and me through them. I paid my respects, being the only safe form of conduct at this point in my life. A certain darkness lay waiting for me inside the room I had entered to search for The Stranger, or Zuh'vtyn as our Second World legends would have it. They had spoken of him in the strange domed world at the far side of creation and at the Ceremony Of Knightessence as a powerful un-definable life form. But myself, my interest in him is merely sexual, a lust to feel the energy of his orgasm.

Outside the sunlight had been genuine. In here it was obviously artificial. Although this bedroom was mine, I did not recognise it. It was possibly due to the many recklessly discarded time portals that I had stepped through, creating surrealistic centuries since I had last been here, minutes earlier. My name had long since left my memory, though my identity seemed to have survived erasure. I could feel hands of heatless flame burning the clothes from my body. I caught sight of my own naked body in one of the countless hideous mirrors that lined the walls of my bedroom. Only now, I began to wonder if it had ever been mine. A small speck of silver light developed in the ceiling. Suddenly, it was many millennia since anybody had been within these four walls, or however many there had been. My hearts began to pound in unison, pumping life-giving fluids to every part of my being. I found the speck of light exciting, its silver colour caused throbbing sensations in my sexual organs, though I could no longer recall where they were, and my identity began to die with me.

Niveau de l'effet: Ce potentiomètre contrôlé le niveau du signal traite aux deux sorties. Le niveau du signal non traite ou brut aux prises de sortie n'est pas affecté par ce potentiomètre. Le potentiomètre "niveau de l'effet" est utilisé pour contrôler l'intensité de l'effet de cœur.

The darkness and the silver light began to emit notes an octave or so apart in frequency, and the silver light began to grow out of the music, occasionally becoming the pool of violet fluid I had seen by my feet a timeless eternity before. The hideous mirrors distorted my image so I could no longer recognise whatever it was that had once existed in my place, and all at once I could comprehend the sheer futility of my coming here. My instincts for self-preservation were gradually overcoming all other concepts, save for the heated sexuality that this threat of death had caused. A myriad of demonic creatures dissolved the walls of the bedroom that may or may not have once belonged to me. They used a sick perversion of the violet fluid. For the first time, I felt that unseen powers were taunting me in some form of morbid foreplay. I would have laughed, but found that I did not have the organic components necessary to produce such a sound. The demon creatures had come to murder me. I could hear their whisperings of mirth and pure evil as they cut away small portions of my flesh with their jagged blades. I would have liked to scream but found this was also beyond my capability. Thousands of whispering voices filled my hearing organs along with much electrical crackling, and one voice stood out among the rest, whispering; "Kiss your ass goodbye."

As monotonous music filled the sky as far as the horizons of this floating diamond, pain filled my being. The jagged blades slashed and ripped at limbs too countless to mention. A small pool of violet fluid again formed by my feet, covered with specks of silver light, dancing on its thick greasy surface. With the level of torture varying, I passed through spells of intense pain and unconsciousness. Some periods lasted for millennia, others for seconds, time had no rules in this domain. At last I knew where I was, or perhaps where I had been, but one point of reference amidst this confusion was welcome enough. More pain came in vicious waves each one being a little deadlier, so time began to pass both ways simultaneously. I could feel agonised parts of me slipping backwards into the past while others continued their slow journey into the future. Thoughts of sexuality confused themselves with those of death, as I fell back on to my bed, whispering; "Fuck me." I pulled back the continental quilt to let the sunlight warm my breasts. They were covered in sweat, rolling from my body on to the sheets in small drips. It must have been summer. Now it was all over, a distant nightmare somewhere back in the single direction that time runs in this particular frame of reality, save for a few savage cuts that covered the inside of my thighs...



From "The Journals Of
Dr. Mick Magic PsD"

1st March 1987; Continuing my study of the psychotronic arts, I engaged in an experiment with L.S.D. today. In the deepest part of the trip, I encountered a young lady who calls herself Shona Moments. Incredibly, I have managed to bring her back from my L.S.D. trip to this state of reality. She told me a children's story which I recorded this day and called 'Story X'. However, L.S.D. is not the most stable of substances, I wonder how stable will a female be that was brought back from an L.S.D. trip?

It's fascinating to read these old journals again, those 28 years past make it feel like a different lifetime. But the memories, ah, still so fresh in my mind of the first time I set eyes on Miss Moments. The air around me was swirling with strange shapes, the patterns on the wallpaper enjoying journeys of their own, and long vivid motion traces were following the sweeps of my arms. As the sweeps would come to an end, droplets of coloured rain would emerge at speed from within the trace to settle on the backs of my hands. Then I looked up, and amidst a swirling kaleidoscopic vortex, there she was. I was listening to some of the 'Line X Sessions' recordings I had made a couple of weeks previously, marvelling at their lysergic enhancement. At this point, a then untitled piece began. She smiled, picked up the instructions for one of my effects pedals from the coffee table and began to read them out. In German. She dropped it, paused, and with the most intense look upon her face, began; "A soft electronic breeze blew across the plains of this floating diamond." The words and music married instantly, as did Miss Moments and myself the year before, such are the myriad joyous complexities of time travel. Although our marriage came to an end in the Summer of 1988, we remain good friends to this day. Exactly where this lysergic dimension exists remains an unsolved mystery, though there are some clues in the words she spoke; the mention of a "strange domed world at the far side of creation", for example. This seems to be a clear reference to my own former home, so one would imagine it to be at the other end of the universe from there. Which would be helpful, if only I could be sure where the world I came from is or had been. If you ask Miss Moments where she came from, she will tell you she was born in Wellington, New Zealand, and came here by ship. Oh, but I think you and I know better, do we not?

03. Pandora [5.10]

Dance your way to the street of forgotten men
Sometime Venus, a chance to show off again
Evening clothing gracing your stylish chic
Love 'em and leave 'em, share un moment magique

Chorus

Pandora, verlorenen, die buchse der, Lulu lament
Steal my heart in silents, away... steal my heart in silents, away...

Einer buchse, einer tagebuch

Berlin's darling, a social celebrity
Ever calming, a tranquil serenity
Sometimes dreaming who I'd most like to be
Prix de beauté, seems like a dream to me

Repeat Chorus

Is Pandora coming out to play?



Quite simply, a love song to one of the most enchanting and beautiful women I have ever had the pleasure to meet, Louise Brooks, star of the silent screen. With lyrics constructed from the titles of her movies, the most famed of which was "Pandora's Box", it sits in eternal tribute. I have long had an affection for the silent era of cinematic history, a golden age where language was no barrier and the idea of region coded DVD's was the stuff of science fiction. I would love to have talked to her, danced with her, romanced with her (this was before Miss Moments, of course), but we were chronologically out of synch,

her life having ended the year before I left the burrow on Wimbledon Common. Then I saw that Christopher Reeve movie, "Somewhere In Time", hopped in the Escortron and went back to late 1920's Berlin. Magic moments indeed. There is one question I often get asked of our time together, but then a gentleman never tells...

04. Traveller II [5:42]

Intro

I see you look a little curious, could that be something to do with me?
You're a traveller, you say? Well, there's an awful lot to see
You see that small bright star up there? There's a planet there I knew
It had a discotheque I once danced at, you see, I'm a Traveller II

You, now you're into something new
I get the feeling that there's nothing to do
Life, life is so strange at times
I finally think I'm going out of my mind, over you

Chorus

I am a Traveller II, I've been across this spatial void a thousand times or more
I'm greeted by the aliens with rockets labelled "Nuclear" exploding at my door
"I come in peace!" I cry, but always land up in a state of war
I am a Traveller II, expendable, that's why I've been before

You, now you're out of something new
You're in a rut and you've nothing to do
Life is static, there's no room for change
Another year and I'll be back here again, wonder who?

Repeat Chorus

Repeat Intro



This piece was based on the same sad tale as "Zen Sequent", which unfortunately did not make it into the Top 12 of our poll, and is thus missing from this collection. During my time serving on the Starship Psychotron as Science Officer, we were given a five year mission to find the end of the universe. We succeeded in doing so, fell off the edge, spent several months trying to get back on it again, then had one hell of a party on returning home. But that's another story. This particular tale relates to the two robotics we had aboard; one a Shorra 1.1 All Purpose Service Droid, the other a Traveller II Scouting Droid, MY-5 [TL] Class. The latter was designed for reconnaissance work, observing new worlds and new civilisations, in advance of our consideration of making contact et al. These were a series designed to be expendable as they often bore a hostile reception from the alien races they spied upon. Normally, their databanks would be automatically broadcast to the mothership at the moment of their destruction, loaded into a newly constructed shell and duly reactivated. But something went wrong and 'Mystelle', as we whimsically called 'her', was lost to us. The Shorra 1.1 began to behave strangely after this, there was almost a melancholy about 'him', a dullness in his optical sensors during 'his' recharge cycle. Then one day 'he' simply initiated his self-destruct program, the 'Zen Sequent' as it was colloquially known in the scientific community [because it made a sort of 'budda-budda-budda' sound]. The implosion severely buckled a section of the lower deck, but nothing we couldn't live with, unlike Shorra 1.1, who clearly could not 'live' without 'his' Mystelle. We learned the true value of artificial life that day; the Gamma Syndrome Corporation billed us for its replacement on our return...

05. Blitzkrieg! [3:56]

I love the way the bombs keep falling
I get high when I hear that warning
That nuke explosion fries my brain
Fallout's crazy, just insane

Don't stop, drop the lot
Let the people die and the bone-flesh rot
No way, let me say
Plutonium would make my day

Chorus

Gotta keep dancing to the blitzkrieg bop, oh yeah
Gotta keep dancing while the mushrooms drop, oh yeah
You might as well do what you wanna do
They're gonna kill me and they're gonna kill you
Blitzkrieg!

The wind is a howling hurricane
And fireballs fill the sky again
Those dust clouds, oh, they feel so great
I love to feel them radiate

Don't cry, don't sigh
Don't be shy, let the A-bombs fly
Don't be dumb, it's gotta come
Don't despair when you lose your hair
It's fun!

Repeat Chorus



You'll no doubt recall I mentioned "a slight mishap with some Gamma Syndrome Corporation Atomic Storm Bombs™" a few pages ago; well, this is the song that stands as a memory for the once great citadel of The State Of The Art. Prior to my enforced departure from my homeland, I had spent the best part of my life with my one eternal love, a woman I affectionately called Darkness. The first time I had ever laid eyes upon her, she was dressed in a hooded cloak, such a dark shade of purple that it may as well have been black. As she unmasked her eyes, a dark purple themselves, in the

reflection of the light of our two moons on her cloak, I spoke the words "Love let thy name be Darkness". My every moment with her was the very joy of existence, although she did have a tendency to mischievous behaviour. For example, the occasion when she got hold of half a dozen of the aforementioned Gamma Syndrome Corporation Atomic Storm Bombs™ and lay desolate the citadel, running about in a cowboy hat, yelping "Yee-hah!" and shooting a toy cap gun in the air. And then she would just smile at you sweetly, and it was simply impossible to be cross with her for long. But the angry retribution of the ageing scientist who loved her was the least of her worries. She had come to the attention of The Soultakers, our citadel policing agency, following a string of killings in the dome. One in particular, an especially malevolent force by the name of Bogard. She had been baiting him for some months, but her game playing would finally catch up with her on this day of great destruction. As we were making our way to the secreted Escortron, he appeared. I shot him with my Gamma Syndrome Corporation Mk. II Ray Gun™, but as he fell to the ground, he discharged his last round into Darkness, who died there in my arms. Only this time, she did not return. Let me explain; I had seen her die several times in my 57 years, but she had always come back. It would perpetually be in a different form, but instantly recognisable. This time, she did not. And so I left my world alone, in the eternal hope that she did not return after my departure, only to walk the ruins of the citadel these last six centuries, wondering why I was not there. For many years beyond, I would be haunted by the spirit of Darkness, as more and more memories of my previous life continued to return. There are some, however, I dearly wish would not...

You seek, but you know you can't find
They hear what you say, "She's in you", think you're out of your mind
I am the spirit of Darkness, the spectre of all you once knew
If dreaming is believing, the meaning of my belief is you
(from "Storm" an unreleased track from the "Creavolution" sessions, 1995)

06. Psychojolting [6:01]

Okay, initiate machine, and run...

I stand on the electro-floor
I feel the oscillators roar
The rumble turns my alpha on
So welcome to The Psychotron

Projectors swirl in empty space
Synchro-sound-light interface
The sonic generator's on
So welcome to The Psychotron

Chorus

I'm psychojolting to the sequitron
I look at you and say, "Come on, electrify my mind."
The stroboscopic light distorts my eyes
I look at you, I'm mesmerised, danger by design

The modulators wave in phase
The colours leave my sensors dazed
The voltage turns the filter on
So welcome to The Psychotron

I feel the electronic sound
I feel the synthesizers pound
The signal runs, the program on
So welcome to The Psychotron

Repeat Chorus

In the April of 1988, Jay and Kate announced that they were quitting the band. After some discussion, Kate decided to stay on, but Jay's mind was made up, he had other musical adventures to plan. Things had changed more dramatically than we had expected when we took the trip back in time to change the band's history a couple of months earlier. We now found ourselves a trio called The Psychotron, under which banner we would only ever record two songs, this and "Aftermath". While the latter dealt with my final moments on my homeworld, "Psychojolting" was effectively nothing more than a replacement for "Us Weirdos Gotta Stick Together" as our 'theme tune', hence the lyrics "Welcome To The Psychotron". The song is based around a favourite dance Darkness and I would do at The Psychotron Discotheque back at the onset of the 13th century. It was an incredible venue for young people [I would not then have been out of my teens!], with its synchro-sound-light interfaces, Gamma Syndrome Corporation



And then there were three - The Psychotron (l-r): The Actress, Mick Tron and The Countess

Electro-Floor™ technology and wondrous projections. The 'Psychojolt' was the dance of choice of the young and wild amongst us, the highlight of which would be your 'psychojolting' between two subspace-connected portals at opposite ends of the dance floor. If you timed it right, you could see yourself begin to materialise from the other before you had completely left the first, it was just a question of keeping one eye briefly either side of the portal's transference plane. Ah, the joys of youth. Over six hundred years later, things like that were just distant memories and rarely concerned me. I now had a band that was falling apart at the seams to deal with. After my marriage to Miss Moments ended in July 1988, Kate drifted away amidst all the uncertainty. Shona and I worked through our difficulties and swore to remain friends, fulfilling our last remaining live obligations and doing one last album together, "Zoen Nostalgia". Although now separated by some 260 miles, we stay in touch and get together to chat over old times whenever we can. Sadly, I think I only ever saw Kate a couple of times after the split. She died tragically in a road accident in Sunningdale, Berkshire, in September 1999. She will never be forgotten...



07. Get Into The Dream Cream [5:25]

Do it to me now, come on, let me show you how
 Get into the dream cream, dream cream
 Throw me on the bed, come on, eat me, gimme head
 Get into the dream cream, dream cream
 Take me, don't shy, come on, fuck me till I die
 Get into the dream cream, dream cream
 Take what you can get, come on, rub me till I'm wet
 Get into the dream cream, dream cream
 You gotta share my joys, turn me on and get me moist
 Get into the dream cream, dream cream
 You'll be my number one, if you only make me come...

Do it any way you want, come on, show me what you got
 Get into the dream cream, dream cream
 Do it to me now, come on, let me show you how
 Get into the dream cream, dream cream
 Throw me on the bed, come on, eat me, gimme head
 Get into the dream cream, dream cream
 You'll be my number one, if you only make me come...

Chant

Masturbate me, come fellate me, fuck me, suck me, make me groan
 Fornication, copulation, lick me, dick me, scream and moan
 Cunnilingus, sticky fingers, grope me, poke me, strike me dumb
 Don't despise me, sodomise me, bed me, head me, make me come

Repeat Chant

Take me, don't shy, come on, fuck me till I die
 Get into the dream cream, dream cream
 Take what you can get, come on, rub me till I'm wet
 Get into the dream cream, dream cream
 You gotta share my joys, turn me on and get me moist
 Get into the dream cream, dream cream
 You'll be my number one, if you only make me come...

Repeat Chant Twice And Wash Your Mouth Out With Soap And Water

As I said, that 'one last album together' was "Zoen Nostalgia", recorded in the Spring of 1989, and billed accordingly as 'The Final Album' on the advertising posters. With the original Dr. Magic having vanished, although I had most of his memories, it seemed verging on morally wrong to further mine them for Mmatterial. The story of the ageing scientist had been told, and my plan now was to tell that of the new band, The Psychotron. Of course, only five months since he had gone, I'd already managed to split that band up, so had nobody left to actually play any new music, thus I came up with the idea of using old MMATT tracks backwards. "The Rock The Taxi Rap" told of how I'd gone back to driving a taxi to pull in some extra money, mostly to help run the newly formed MMATT [Music & Elsewhere] label, "Tranzphorm" told the story of how I'd broken up the Doctor's marriage for him as well, and then there was this...



... about which the less said, probably the better. Suffice it to say I was alone again for the first time in some years and keenly pursuing female company once more. Being a gentlemen, I would never name the young lady concerned with this particular plethora of utter naughtiness, but I figured writing a song about it would be okay. To me, the *real* mystery is how I ever persuaded a nice young lady like Miss Moments to sing those lyrics! Ahem, moving on, we come to a certain party in Lightwater, Surrey. It concerned an old promise I had made to a young lady called White Hawk, photographed left, in shades of purple, with regard to her 18th birthday; that whatever may happen inbetween times, Magic Moments At Twilight Time would play her 18th birthday party. As it turned out, it was a hugely fortuitous promise, as in the crowd that night was one Sensemillia Peach [secret identity: Samantha J. Taylor], who I would talk to after the gig, begin courting a couple of weeks later, and who would ultimately become my third wife and the mother of my child, Twizzle Magic. Small world...



08. Shades Of Purple [4:43]

Shades of purple are what you want
It's something like a question of faith
Come to the party and believe
Trust me...

The darkness comes and the White Hawk flies
The tension breaks and the dream arrives
You swish your cloak and you close your eyes
We live in truth, we live in lies
The music plays and you realise
Your entity exists in shades of purple

Everything you ever wanted is here
Open your eyes, find me
If you can just overcome your fears
Trust me...

Seductively you beckon me
Your eyes are filled with mystery
You whisper words that puzzle me
"Give me faith, I'll find your dream."
And if you learn to believe, you'll see
Your entity exists in shades of purple

Have you ever believed in witchcraft?
Some kind of foreordination, perhaps?
I never used to either
Trust me...

There's a pulse that fills the fluid air
Played out memories, never care
Eyes meet eyes with a knowing stare
Of destiny I was unaware
Guidance came and crimped her hair
And showed the future lay in shades of purple

I always knew you would be here
I've been waiting for you
It's a spell I knew when I was a child
Trust me...

The party ends, it is time to go
But I linger on as you never know
Imagination starts to flow
A rush of sensual feelings grow
I caught her eye and she twitched her nose
Now sorcery leads me to shades of purple

I've done it again, haven't I?
Don't be sad, I'm still here
I just need your time and devotion
Trust me

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April 2011

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For Samantha

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OUR CELEBRATIONS START HERE

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Samantha and I married in Lower Washfield,
Devon, on Saturday 2nd April 2011, after
a 22 year courtship. We wanted to be sure.

09. Bewitched [4:04]

Sensemilla, darling, I'm so glad you could come...

The Witches' Spell;

Hocus pocus, spell with me
And cast my love with sorcery
Hubble bubble, seek and find
Such trickery to steal his mind
With wing of bat and spider's eye
I summon thee to take my side
With apricots, truffles and marzipan
I beckon thee to be my man

Bewitched...

You cast your spell and witchcraft is happening
My head clouds up and I'm out of it again
Entranced
Crossed by time all to be by my side
Where you found me, but I wouldn't try to hide
No chance

Bewitched...

The cauldron boils, making love to my effigy
You steal my soul and have need of my empathy
To live
My spellbound love draws ever into me
Fulfil yourself in white witch sorcery
Forgive

Bewitched...

The wind, it blows, but the rain couldn't spoil the day
And thunder came, but you can't blow the web away
Not free
And I don't know what's got in to me anyway
My spell's inversed, you have your wicked way
With me

Bewitched...



In the Zoen; 'The Three Witches' who recited 'The Spell' on 'Bewitched', relaxing post recording at our old Frimley base. L-R: Julie White Hawk, Sensemilla Peach and Spliff

As "Shades Of Purple" was written as an affirmation of my great affection for White Hawk ['Uncle Mick', she would call me, I liked that], "Bewitched" was a love song to the Lancashire girl who stole my heart. I was quite besotted with Samantha the witch, played by the lovely Elizabeth Montgomery [b&w photo below left] in the 60's TV series of the same name, during my early



'growing-up' period. As soon as I found out one of White Hawk's best friends was called Samantha, I simply had to ask her if she could twitch her nose. She couldn't, but left quite an impression on me anyway. After the party, I decided to pursue the matter in a mature and considered manner, so I got White Hawk to phone her up and say "My mate fancies you." And the rest, as they say, is history. Appropriately, when we got married, the bride entered to the theme tune from "Bewitched". For my entrance music, I wanted "Gay Bar", but she wouldn't let me. C'est la vie...

10. Spirit [4:31]

Prologue;

You call my name
Remember me
Nothing's changed
I'm still not free
Believe me
I said goodbye
The night I watched you die

I still recall the night you left me
For the other side
I still recall how life bereft me
All those tears I cried
And now you're back
Your face before me
Haunting spectral light
Ever into darkness
Draw me
Deeper into night
Release me

Chorus;

Will you walk through my wall, like a dream
So unreal, evermore?
It's over, our love's memory
Say goodbye, matador

I turn away but you're still with me
Feel your ghostly stare
And every mirror on reflection
Shows me you're still there
And I can feel your
Arms around me
Chilling through my soul
Touching death comes
To surround me
Damn you, let me go
Release me

Repeat Chorus

Repeat Prologue



Three days before the release of "Zoen Nostalgia", Tuesday 4th July 1989, tragedy struck. Samantha was working at her parents café in Knott End-On-Sea, Lancashire, for the Summer, before going on to college in the September. The first time I went to visit for a few days, we were having a pleasant drive out Pilling way in the Ford Escortron, when overtaking a tractor resulted in the vehicle hitting a wooden post and ending up in a ditch. Though extremely nippy through the hyperways of the spacetime continuum, the Escortron wasn't quite so at home on narrow country lanes. The car was a write-off. As, more significantly, was the Gamma Syndrome Corporation Spacetime Continuum Hyperdrive Dome™ on its roof. I was Earthbound. And a prisoner in linear time. In utter dismay, I made my way back to Frimley, by coach from Blackpool, to attend to the launch of the album. Unbeknown to me at the time, Magic Moments At Twilight Time had not come to an end with this event, and I had already met our next singer, in The Bridgers in Camberley, within a couple of weeks of it. That singer was Leonie Jackson, whose first words to me were "Could you lend me a pound?" I didn't even know she could sing at the time. In any event, I probably wasn't in the best place to be putting a new band together, what with the tragic loss of my trusty craft of gleaming silver white [well, post car

wash] et al. "Zoen" was well received, described as "the greatest concept album ever" in a warm act of consolatory exaggeration by The Organ, bless them. However, most of my efforts were going into working with Christ & Satan, the first new band to appear on our label. In the December, I did a couple of synth sessions for Alex Cable's Internal Autonomy [sorry, that's the biggest picture I have of them], at his Raven Studio in Camberley, for three tracks which appeared on their vinyl LP "Inquiry" [Recordrom, 1990]. Soon after, AI had asked me about helping with a piece he wanted to do for a forthcoming project about the Spanish Civil War. What he wanted was a piece of guitar music that imitated a traditional Spanish style. I put together a piece on my 12 string and returned to Raven to record it in the February of 1990. He added a little reverb and percussion and later presented me with a cassette of it. It would be some years before I heard the Internal Autonomy version, "Here In Our Hearts", now available as part of the double CD collection of their works, "Discography" [Front Cover, 2010]. But in the meantime, I had really grown to like the instrumental and written a set of lyrics of my own for it. One evening, sometime in 1990, I regret I can't be any more precise than that, it all happened in *the last year*, Leonie [below left] and her boyfriend had walked into The Bridgers with the most triumphant of looks upon their faces. It emerged that she had just won a classical singing competition that had been staged at the Royal Albert Hall. Ah, the joys of serendipity. Following a promising demo version on the TEAC Portastudio, the two of us went to Raven to do it properly in the October, and that's



the recording you hear now. Some years later, we electrified it for inclusion on our CD album, "Creavolution". Although Lulu's vocals on that one are utterly breathtaking, there's something about the purity of this original take that makes it my own personal favourite...

11. Acidic Heaven [6:47]

I dropped ten tabs of L.S.D.
I have to admit, they got the better of me
Took me from my mediocrity
And lead me down
They lead me down

I dropped those tabs of L.S.D.
Intent to solve life's mystery
It lead me to perversity
It lead me down
It lead me down

Refrain

I'll look for you inside my dreams
And throughout my lysergic means
Can I be sure you're what you seem?
In my acidic heaven, scream

Another trip through the door in the wall
Another chance to have a ball
I sometimes think I've got it all
It gave me sound
It gave me sound

Repeat Refrain

I'll drink mescaline and mushroom stew
Hallucinations get me closer to you
I sometimes wonder if it isn't the truth
That I have found
I'm coming down

Reality is restored
Ciao...

And so to our most popular song ever, "Acidic Heaven", a loving tribute to the substance that provided my second wife and lead singer. This was the third version we recorded of it, released on our best selling cassette album, "White Hawk Atomic: Live On Alpha Nebuli IV" [MMATT 34, 1992], but I'll come back to that. The first version was recorded in April 1987, an epic at nearly 23 minutes, a collaboration with vocalist Chris Carter of The Charles, a popular local gothic punk band we were gigging with at the time. The second was the classic 'famous foursome' version, originally from 'The Magic Moments Album' [C-4013, 1987], but later spread around the global underground as part of "Psychotron 0: The Best Of Magic Moments At Twilight Time" [MMATT 20, 1988], as well as appearing on "Flashbax Vol. 1", released on Acid Tapes [UK], Harsh Reality Music [USA], Trost Records [Austria], Krime Sonik [France], Echt Zeit / Tonspur Tapes [Germany], SPH [Portugal], Left As In Sinister [Australia], Trilogie [Belgium], Wipe Out Records [Greece] and Gendai Records [Japan]. Unfortunately, because of a flaw on the master, that version, the very one that topped our poll regardless of it, ended up in two parts that had to be pieced together manually. The resulting jump in it is something that has always annoyed the fuck out of me and I hope to develop the digital skills to correct in the near future. Meanwhile, however, I decided to use this take, the story of which I shall now tell you. In the Summer of 1991, I received a feint signal from the Alpha Nebuli star system, on the Gamma Syndrome Corporation Interspatial Transcom™ I'd salvaged from the Escortron, prior to its ceremonial burial in the village of Pilling, Lancashire, nearby the crash site. It turned out to be an invitation to play a MMATT 5th Anniversary Concert on the 4th planet. It was one of the places we'd played on our Autumn 1987 'MMATT Galactic' mini-tour, in particular the world we received the best reception on. Although the last MMATT gig was well over two years ago by this point, we would have been foolish to refuse, though there would be one or two issues to sort out; e.g.



In rehearsal for the Alpha Nebuli IV gig [MMATT Studio, Summer 1991]

transport and the lack of musicians. Leonie and I began rehearsing furiously as a two piece, before bringing back former stage visuals man, Pete Program, to add some synth FX to the mix. The head of the company promoting the concert, a dull greyish alien of non-specific origin by the name of Sta'anfahr'n Czhixoe, who we would teasingly call 'Stan Francisco', offered us an Alpha Nebuli Systems Mk.II 'Kronospatial Hyperdrive'™ unit in part payment [we would also get free drinks and crisps] for our playing there. It was a touch on the ancient side, they were on the Mk. VII by then, but anything that would open up the time and spaceways to us once more could only be welcomed. That was the clincher, it was a deal! Actually, I think they had Pete on free drinks and crisps. I have many great memories of that wild night; supporting ourselves, the three of us in disguise as Ehrlich Bullet, then barely managing to get off stage in one piece when the audience opened fire on us with all manner of ray guns, for starters! Our set was recorded by the Centauri Mobile, and with little more than a few vocal overdubs and post production [adding some snippets from the Lightwater party and putting extracts from Freedom Overflow radio broadcasts, featuring DJ Garry Lee, between tracks], it was released in the New Year of 1992 as "White Hawk Atomic" [the album was dedicated to her because we'd fallen out rather badly circa Christmas 1989, and I'd recently heard she'd been diagnosed with multiple sclerosis], which included the versions of "Acidic Heaven" and "Magic Moments At Twilight Time" on this collection. It was our last ever cassette album, our last ever live appearance and the end of Pete's involvement with the band. He now lives in the north west of Italy with his wife, Paola, and son, Roberto, but visits both ways are fairly regular. Nearly another 17 years would pass before White Hawk and I were able to put the past behind us. Now, I couldn't imagine my life without her in it...

From the inlay of "White Hawk Atomic" [MMATT 34, released January 1992]

Dateline: 25th October 1991: Alpha Nebuli Star System

The time of Zoen Nostalgia had passed. With the destruction of the Ford Escortron I had become Earthbound. 'Twould seem that once again the dream was over. But Spirit had been the resurrection of that dream, all with the coming of Lulu to my world, Miss Saving Grace... and so I return to my present and the flight we undertake... starbound once more.

Ms. Sensemillia Peach had the controls of the VW Polotron, effortlessly sweeping us through space towards Alpha Nebuli IV, the small grey / green planet that would play host to this, our fifth anniversary concert, the end of the long road back. I sat at Sensemillia's side, eyes keenly taking in the blurs of warp speed travel. Our diva, the enchanting Lulu, sat in the rear of the vehicle with our guest synth FX man, Pete Program, happily chattering away, experiencing memories of our last live outing from one who was there.

The stage was set on our arrival, sound-testing had been completed some hours earlier by the droids we employ for such functions. In the front of the curtains played our support unit, the neo-legendary Ehrlich Bullet, pulverising the senses of the waiting audience. They had the uncanny appearance of being Earthlike, those beings that had come to join our celebrations this night, reminiscent of a party we had once been to. I winked at my three companions, best not give the game away. The sounds of Ehrlich Bullet ceased, turning to screams as the crowd shot laser weapons at them in disapproval of their hideous antimusic. It was time.

We are Magic Moments At Twilight Time, we are The Psychotron, and we have returned. We listened to the mind numbing warblings of the crowd, weapons back in holsters, as the teletype began a journey through memories of the nuclear holocaust that engulfed the original band. The first synthesizer oscillated into life, sine waves flew and modulated around the venue. Explosions, sirens, panic, the drums began to pound their PCM beat, I hit my guitar and the curtains opened to Lulu's cry... I love the way the bombs keep falling... oh, how like Darkness she could be. The story turned to the aftermath of the holocaust as the lady herself had died in the ashes with the Soultaker. I wonder if she had thought of me at the time. But on we go to the coming of the age of machines, we bid you welcome to The Psychotron. Into space drifts our tale, memories of the suicidal droid that had inspired me so, visions of the electronic wonderland of White Cathay, memories of Darkness as a bittersweet child, sitting upon my knee, smiling with a jagged blade in her hands, then to tales of the acidic heaven from which she had come. From there we journeyed through more nostalgia, the probe-droids that visit all and sundry now and then, the queen of the silver screen who had won my heart many years ago, the bewitching being of Sensemillia who had won it now, loves past and present, the crimped hair and guidance of my lost friend, White Hawk, and we were back at the beginning as Darkness, in spirit at least, chased the Soultaker to the bitter end.

Encore, sighed the crowd. More? Then perhaps we can recount to you all the whole strange tale... the story started years ago, when came down from the skies, a craft of gleaming silver white, not seen by Earthman's eyes... but it has been seen by yours, keep watching the skies!

This album is dedicated to that lost friend, Miss White Hawk; "May you find the strength to live your life to the ultimate, and may our friendship be restored so I can be there when you do."

Mick Magic



The band at the time of "White Hawk Atomic" - left: Lulu and myself chillin' at Virginia Water in Surrey, right; Pete and Lulu go tree climbing



After parking the VW Polotron at the Alpha Nebuli IV Central 2 West Spaceport, they laid on a rather plush 6 seater 'space-minibus' to fly Lulu, Pete, Sam and me to the concert site. Photograph: Pete Program

12. Magic Moments At Twilight Time [9:10]



The story started years ago when came down from the skies
A craft of gleaming silver white, not seen by Earthman's eyes
Aboard, an ageing scientist from some far distant world
From spatial peace he came amid this human madness hurled
For many years he sheltered from the storm that followed near
Asylum from the 'Taker's gun, to bring the darkest fear
You hide away...

Friends are shadows, eyes gaze high
Searching for lights in night skies

The answer is The Sacred Scroll, pretence in searching for
In altered states experiment, for Darkness evermore
Said "Step from your acidic dream and welcome to The Ta'inge ['real world']
Stick with me, you'll never die, we're both a little strange."
A nightmare world of light and sound, some psychotronic trance
Captivity that brought me down, yet still I sang and danced
Can't run away...

Please release me from the stage
From this electronic rage

Then the revolution came, the freakshow came sublime
And Magic Moments filled my mind with sound At Twilight Time
Removed his mask, I saw his face, his flesh near crystallised
But something sparkled in his eyes, my time to realise
Hypnotically he held us all, like mannequins we played
Soon we knew our time had come to step out from the shade
Our time to run...
Out of darkness, blinding light
Give me freedom from the night

He understood his need for us, still cloaked in mystery
As back through time we travelled to distort our history
Before our eyes went time again, the scientist vaporised
He seemed to vanish into space and then before our eyes
The biodroid stood in his place, in leather clad he smiled
He put his arms around me, said; "Hey, kid, this ain't your style,
You'll find your way..."

Time is short now, take my hand
Spend it wisely, understand

He played guitar...

Into The Crypt we fade away, the dream had all but gone
But from The Crypt we rose again, the flesh, The Psychotron
In Zoen Nostalgia, meditate, the time had come to part
But memories can never die, the new state of the art
And ever on...

Electronic fantasy
Synthesis in mystery
Psychotronic entity
Strange emotion, entropy

The Adventure Continues...



B1. Introduction From Q.E.D. [0:19]

Hi there, my name is Albert
I'm from the planet Gamma Syndrome
And I'd like to tell you about this band called
Magic Moments At Twilight Time
Oh boy, they're weird...

B2. Xmas With Jody [14:36]

EPILOGUE [at 0:00]

Matt At [The MMATT Droid]: Ahem, cough cough. Good evening, ladies, gentlemen and alien droids, I'm Matt At, the MMATT Droid, and I'd like to introduce to you; the band that change your concept of sound, the band that breaks down musical barriers, the band that defies categorisation, the band that will make you believe your name is Albert, Magic Moments At Twilight Time...

ACT 1: INSIDE THE FORD ESCORTRON [at 0:38]

Albert: Inside the Ford Escortron, take one...

Dr. Mick Magic: Is everybody sitting comfortably?

Shona Moments / Kate Twilight / Jay Time: Yes.

Dr. Mick Magic: Then we shall begin. Randomise chronometer.

Shona Moments: Chronometer randomised.

Kate Twilight: I do love mystery tours.

Jay Time: Warn me before you go into hyperspace, I'm skinning up and don't wanna spill any.

Albert: Cut, do it again...

Dr. Mick Magic: Randomise chronometer.

Jay Time: Chronometer randomised.

Shona Moments: That was my line!

Dr. Mick Magic: Start continuum drive motor.

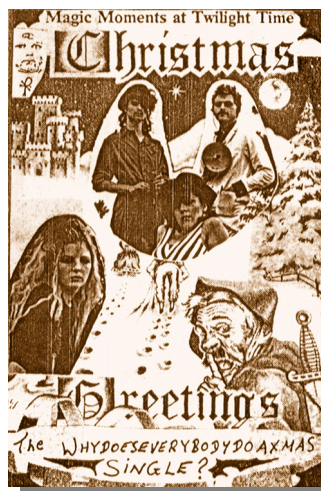
Kate Twilight: Continuum drive motor started.

Shona Moments: Well, it was my line.

Dr. Mick Magic: Hyperspace radiation shields on.

Shona Moments: Check.

Jay Time: I was supposed to say that.



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Shona Moments: Revenge, huh?

Dr. Mick Magic: Scanners on.

Jay Time: Check.

Dr. Mick Magic: Interdimensional spacetime converter engaged.

Kate Twilight: Check.

Dr. Mick Magic: Two pints of lager and a packet of crisps, please.

Shona Moments: Check.

Jay Time: We have lift off.

Kate Twilight: Lubricant?

Dr. Mick Magic: You're not supposed to say that.

Matt At [The MMATT Droid]: Can I go and get a cup of lubricant now?

ACT 2: THE BRILLIANT IDEA SCENE [at 1:56]

Albert: The brilliant idea scene, take one...

Dr. Mick Magic: According to the chronometer, we'll soon be passing May 12th 1987, the day the band was formed.

Jay Time: We can watch ourselves recording "Sister Jody" then.

Dr. Mick Magic: An historic moment, my young friends. If only you could have been with me at the start, 25th October 1986, the day Magic Moments At Twilight Time really began.

Kate Twilight: I've got a brilliant idea; we can!

Shona Moments: She's right, we've got the Ford Escortron!

Jay Time: Yeah, we can go back before we met you and change the history of the band.

Dr. Mick Magic: By Clinton, what an amazing concept! You could play on all my early recordings and make them miles better.

Kate Twilight: Yes, but then the first ten Magic Moments At Twilight Time tapes would never have happened!

Jay Time: And we'd have joined the band six months before we first met!

Shona Moments: And I could sing on "W20 Advance Guard" before I even existed!

Dr. Mick Magic: So our first albums would have been different!

Kate Twilight: When we came back from the past again, the new early album with all of us on would be waiting for you!

Albert: What a sneaky way to plug "The Time Machine" album that came out early next year. But now, some rock and roll. So long... [CONTINUED...]

ACT 3: FLASHBACK SEQUENCE [at 10:02]

Albert: Flashback sequence, take one...

Dr. Mick Magic: Here we are, May 12th 1987, the day the band was formed.

Kate Twillight: Yes, look, there's you and Jay playing "Sister Jody" in the MMATT studio.

Shona Moments: And that's an awfully big roll-up Jay's smoking.

Dr. Mick Magic: The moment of our creation.

Jay Time: Not really, once we go back in time and meet you on October 25th 1986, that will be the day... the band's birthday.

Kate Twillight: That's easy for you to say.

Albert: Magic Moments acting lessons are available from Jay Time, 41 Farm Road, Frimley. Thank you.

Albert: End flashback sequence, crossfade to "Return Of Jody".

PROLOGUE [at 14:06]

Albert: Merry Christmas, folks, yeuk...

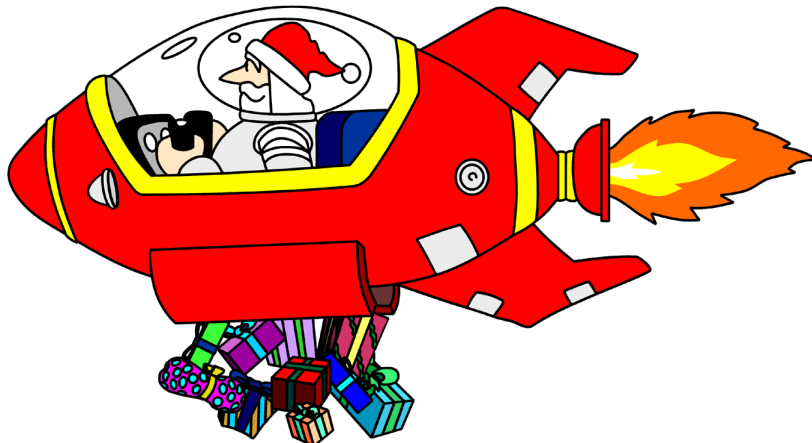
Dr. Mick Magic, Shona Moments, Kate Twillight, Jay Time:



♪♪ We wish you a Merry Christmas ♪♪
♪♪ We wish you a Merry Christmas ♪♪
♪♪ We wish you a Merry Christmas ♪♪
♪♪ And a Happy New Year ♪♪



Kate Twillight: I couldn't suss it out at all...



I have a confession to make; it has long been claimed that the dialogue on this track was taken from the actual live 'black box' cockpit recordings, made in the Ford Escortron, on that famous inspirational time trip itself. I'm sorry to say that's not exactly true. The music track started life as "Return Of Jody", the name taken from the first jam Jay and I had done together. We had wanted a good 'jam' track for our At Twilight Time set at the September 1987 Grain Festival, something we could have some fun with on the day, albeit around a pre-arranged framework. The day before the festival, we recorded our rehearsal of it, and save for a bum note [partially masked by Albert's burp on the final mix], it didn't sound too bad, so we kept it. Now, I would often put on my old solo demo, "W20 Advance Guard", when the others were around, I sometimes made comments like "I so wish I had known you all then, you could have made this sound so much better from the beginning." They would just laugh and say "But you didn't, so it's crap, that's why nobody ever bought a copy." Hmmn, I think the legendary trip itself was, by way of celebration, following the release of our "21st Century Schizoid Band" albums; The Magic Moments Album ["At Twilight Time", C-4013] and The At Twilight Time Album ["Magic Moments", C-4014], on 7th November 1987. I made the usual 'I wish the beginning of the band had been different, if only we could make that happen' comment, when young Kate piped up with "I've got a brilliant idea! We can!" And, of course, we could, and here we were, sat in the very object that made such a thing possible; the Ford Escortron. Following our arrival home, I think we all realised the historic significance of what had been discussed on board that day. I remember saying something like "I so wish I'd remembered to switch the 'black box' recorder on in the cockpit, it would have been amazing to save that conversation for posterity." And then young Kate piped up with "I've got a brilliant idea! We can!" I shook my head, "Don't forget that thing we saw on 'Doctor Who' about the dangers of crossing your own timeline." "No," she laughed, "I meant we can re-enact it in the MMATT studio!" And everybody's eyes lit up. "Actually," I said, "that might be a use for that 'Return Of Jody' track, we could sort of set the adventure to music." Miss Moments got all excited and said "It'll be Christmas soon, we could do it as a Christmas single! Can we? Can we?" Jay had looked up from his rolling activity and groaned, "Oh fuck, a Christmas single? No way! Why does everybody do a Christmas single?" And we all pointed at him and said in unison, "THAT'S IT!" And that's exactly what we did. "The Whydoeseverybodydoaxmas Single?" [C-4016] was released on 12th December 1987, effectively a mini album, coupled with another 15 minute piece called "R.E.M." It appears on this collection very slightly edited, the first 24 seconds missing due to the use of a couple of samples quite without permission; from Perry Como's "Magic Moments" and "At Twilight Time" by The Platters [they were no. 1 in the UK and USA, and the two tracks played on the radio while I was coming through Earth's atmosphere when I first arrived here]. You only miss Matt At saying, "Um, testing, testing, one... two... do we have sound? Oh, that's right, I have to press the pink button." And just as a matter of pride, when "W20 Advance Guard" was deleted, it had sold 2.

B3. The Time Machine [4:24]

Refrain;

The clock turns - anti
We're going - to gone by
It can fly through a hole in the fabric of space
Puts my brain outta place
I'm outta my face

I took a ride in my time machine
I'm going back to where I've always been
My tomorrow will be yesterday
That kind of concept takes my breath away
I hit the pedal in the Escortron
And all at once we will have been and gone
Far gone, rock on

Lead guitar...

Repeat Refrain

I took a ride in my time machine
It's outta sight if you know what I mean
To change the past is my latest dream
Then turn around see what the future brings
We gotta leave the present far behind
When we get back I dunno what we'll find
Oh wow...

Victoria: ♪♪ I took a ride in my time machine ♪♪

Albert: Oh, come on, Victoria, it's time to go.

Victoria: Alright, Albert.

Albert: Groovy.

+ A RELEVANT EXTRACT FROM "THE TIME MACHINE" ALBUM;

Shona Moments: Here we are, 6 Farm Court, 25th October 1986. Wow, look what a pit this place was when Mick lived alone.

Jay Time: Yeah, it's a bit of a shithole.

Kate Twilight: There's Mick in the sitting room. Looks as though he's just found the keyboards and effects the way Albert had set them up.

Shona Moments: Cover your ears, I think he's going to start playing...

The recording at the beginning of this track, however, is no re-enactment, it's the genuine article. It was taped by Jay Time, on a portable cassette recorder, on the actual trip that changed the band's past, made on Friday 12th February 1988, hence the lack of script, sorry. You can hear the Ford Escortron landing in Farm Road, Frimley, on 25th October 1986, the day it really all began. Then you hear Shona, Jay and Kate disembarking and chattering amongst themselves, some of which can be made out. Then everyone collapsing with laughter after Kate asked if I was going in first, which wasn't really funny, because I wasn't there. I'd had to stay in the car because of that thing about crossing your own timeline we'd seen on 'Doctor Who'. The song "The Time Machine" was our commemoration of this destiny changing event. The music actually comes from a simple choral overshoot, allow me to explain; as we'd got back to 25th October 1986, we'd naturally passed the end of my session first, gradually working our way back to the beginning. We'd slowed down to real time speed by then as it all sounded quite good backwards, an idea we may well come to use again once or twice. At the end / beginning, depending on your perspective, we were all chatting and laughing and I accidentally pressed on the accelerator. Before I knew it, we were back to Saturday 23rd August, the day I'd had a friend from work round for a jam, one Steve Jack, originally from Dundee in Scotland. What we'd actually been playing was an instrumental of "Burning Love" by Elvis Presley, but it sounded so much better backwards and I started singing "I took a ride in my time machine" to it. Et voila. Oh, the dialogue at the end of the song is, hands up, a most definite re-enactment. Jay's tape had run out by this point on the actual trip.



Steve Jack; he popped round for a jam on Saturday 23rd August 1986, never knowing his guitar work would end up being part of "The Time Machine" and MMATT history. If you ever get to see this, Steve, get in touch, I think I probably owe you a pint or two of heavy...

B4. The Cylinder [0:51]

No lyrics, it's an instrumental. This is the piece the time-traversing trio would have heard me start the W20 Session with, "The Cylinder", just myself experimenting with a Casio SK-1 sampling keyboard. It's the first ever Magic

Moments At Twilight Time recording. And the rest of the session would have been just as dull if not for their interference. But there's another story here; prior to our history twisting choral expedition we regarded the band's birthday proper as May 12th 1987. This was based on the date Jay and Kate joined us and made it a real band, rather than it just being 'a husband and wife duo from north-west Surrey'. Now, things had really started on October 25th the previous year, though my musical efforts went back just a little further;

From "The Journals Of Dr. Mick Magic PsD"

21st June 1986; It's a total of 338 months since my arrival on this planet Earth and I still can't say I understand these humans that well. Apparently, they take no notice of the words of their leaders, despising most of them, especially one called Thatcher, a female. Oddly enough, however, they listen to politics only when spoken by pop stars, or a gentleman by the name of Ben Elton. Thus, I made the decision today that if I am to enlighten this small world at the galaxy's edge, I must purchase a guitar and amplifier. I did so today at a place in Fleet, called Kingfisher Music. Interesting.

And that is pretty much how I set off on the musical path, a rather simplistic idea that if you want to change the world, you need to be a rock star. I realise how naïve that sounds now, but in my defence, it's not like you could simply do it by posting slogans on social media in those days. Anyway, I digress, which is very unlike me. I began with recording a neo-classical guitar piece, a handful of schmaltzy ballads and a couple of comedy songs. I was assured by my young friend, The Exocet Kid, that giving up my day job could be considered unwise. Then came the day I was paid a little visit by somebody small and green...

From "The Journals Of Dr. Mick Magic PsD"

25th October 1986; Albert had been in my living room by the time I woke up this morning. With great care, he had assembled my synthesizers and effects pedals in such a way that sheer magic emanated from them at my very touch. This was it! May Clinton Ford almighty bless you, Albert, for you have put me on the road to the discovery of the Weirdobop! I spent hours playing such strange and wonderful noises this day, I discovered the "Zen Sequent", "White Cathay", "I Feel Sick" and "Are Souls Epileptic?" amongst many other wonderful sounds. Truly this day has been one I shall remember until I forget it.



25th October 1986: The day of the W20 Session, the keyboards and effects as I found them when I walked into the living room that morning, all set up by a little green man in a bowler hat; Albert!

But forget it I never have, though my understanding of exactly what happened then runs so much deeper now than it ever could have at the time. My brain was still in a somewhat 'Swiss cheese' state that Autumn, I had barely been out of the burrow for six months and only a few of my original memories had begun to filter through. At that moment, I had no idea whatsoever that I actually WAS the small three-eyed green alien called Albert, and would one day be able to change form back and forth at will, courtesy of a reconditioned Gamma Syndrome Corporation 'Ultra 6 Tranzphorm' Quantum Particle Re-Patterning Pod™ I had swapped for a rare Japanese import Kinks LP on red vinyl. I apparently spend a lot more time in my small and green form in the future, but he [well, I, really, what a mindfuck!] won't tell me too much about what happens, he just waggles his little green finger and says "Spoilers!" You know, like they do on 'Doctor Who'. Oh, I suppose the 'Clinton

Ford almighty' reference must sound a bit obscure now too. In the burrow, we had all of his records, because people were always throwing them away on the common, we used to play them a lot and he became a very big part of my life. My autographed copy of "Country & Gospel" by Clinton Ford And The David Windle Sound is still one of my most treasured possessions. But I digress again, which I pointed out was very unlike me when I did it earlier on this page. So, to summarise; the first time around, Albert popped back on his own and rearranged everything to give me that Magic Moments sound, but the result was only the "W20 Advance Guard" demo. Thus there needed to be a second time around to try to change the beginning for the better, and that was the occasion we've already covered on the last couple of pages. After my future band had come back and changed "W20" into "The Time Machine", thus giving us a new debut album we could actually be proud of [just think of "Squashed Elephant" and "Bumble Bees On Acid" for starters!], it was just a case of sitting back and waiting for the future history they'd told me about to occur. And sure enough, I found Miss Moments in that L.S.D. trip on March 1st, and a certain Eddie Irwin brought Jay and Kate to meet me the day after my 706th birthday, then Jay came back for a jam on May 12th, all as they had said would happen. Seeking inspiration from a good size chunk of Moroccan, we chatted about life, the universe and Captain Lockheed & The Starfighters. I programmed in a basic sequence and drum pattern, pressed 'play', and we began. Musically, we were clearly on the same page, and that had been some damned fine Moroccan, because we just kept playing till the tape ran out, 32 minutes and 42 seconds later. And that's the next recording of your bonus download album...



J.R.A.T.T. / Jay Time - 'rather large rollie'
Inspired bass guitarist extraordinaire

B5. Sister Jody [32:42]

No lyrics again, another instrumental, this is the entire Jay Time audition jam, unedited [apart from putting a neat fade on the end, rather than the tape cutting out], exactly as it happened on 12th May 1987. We were so impressed with how it turned out that we decided to release it. The title of "Sister Jody" is taken from Jay's sister, er... Jody. It was first issued on the flipside of the recording of our debut gig, "Volume 4: Live Debut Plus" [C-4010, July 1987], but proved so popular it ended up with its own album title, "Acidic Dreams

With Sister Jody" [MMATT 23] in the Music & Elsewhere July 1988 'repackagings'. Jay was initially billed as J.R.A.T.T. [the initials of his Aboriginal dreamtime god name of Jhaat'wing Abortion Torso Torso], as we were using the abbreviated band name of Magic Moments A.T.T.; we started calling him "J-time" because he thought it always was, and it kind of stuck. And, of course, it worked even better when Kate Twilight joined the band a few days later, primarily as 'official groupie', but then as a fully fledged musical member before our debut gig. It was at that point we realised that if you put our names together, you got the full name of the band! Mick **Maglc**, Shona **Moments**, Kate **Twilight**, Jay **Time**. It was like destiny, quite honestly.

Seriously, what are the odds? Okay, it would be slightly more convincing if we'd had an 'Adam At' on sax or something, but that was never really likely, was it? Eleven days before Jay had come down for the jam, I had received a letter from Earworm Records expressing interest in the band, and now had a band they could be interested in. Which takes us back to where "Flashbax Ω Ultimate" started in the first place...



Kate Twilight - our delectable keyboard stylist, for enchanting melodies and wondrous squirly bits...



♪♪ "Into The Crypt we fade away" ♪♪ ... The 'famous foursome' on stage together for the last time, at The Crypt in Deptford, Friday 18th March 1988, supporting The Pink Fairies

And so it went round again; we made our live debut at Frimley Community Centre on Saturday 27th June 1987 - did a few gigs, played The Grain Festival, toured the planets of the Alpha Nebuli and Rigel star systems - released our seminal "21st Century Schizoid Band" albums - plotted and carried out the great time trip - Jay quit the band and we became a three piece called The Psychotron - started the MMATT [Music & Elsewhere] label - Shona left me - did a few more gigs, finishing on a high with a headline at The Crypt - recorded "Zoen Nostalgia" - totaled the Ford Escortron and ended up stuck here - as there was now just me left in the band, took a year out - came back with "Zoen Nostalgia II: Earthbound" in 1991 - played a 5th anniversary concert on Alpha Nebuli IV with Lulu and Pete Program - and that takes us back to where "Flashbax Ω Ultimate" ended in the first place... and, having toiled in relative obscurity for five years and seeing the original band consigned to history, "White Hawk Atomic: Live On Alpha Nebuli IV" suddenly elevated us to a state of previously inconceivable popularity on the global underground scene. I had started a MMATT oriented zine called The Mmatrix in the Summer of 1991, kindred spirits began to send tapes of their works and I stumbled into the underground network. In the April of 1992, I expanded Music & Elsewhere into an open and international label, and that's where the adventure got really interesting. It meant MMATT taking a back seat for the next few years, but we made some great friends, which leads me to...

B6. Freedom Overflow [6:30]



Shortwave, the final frontier
These are the voyages of the Starship Overflow
Their continuing mission;
To explore strange new music
To seek out new beats and guitar riffs
To boldly go where no waveband has gone before...

Intro

It's a bit of a storm - it's on my radio
It's a bit of a storm - it's Freedom Overflow
It's a bit of a storm

From the depths of megaspace came the Starship Overflow
All to save the human race from the horrors on the radio
And he said "Hello, Planet Earth, we have come to set you free."
And he said "Take me to your leader, I am Captain Garry Lee."

Into orbit came the craft, many miles above the ground
The transporter beam locked on, into Colchester they beamed on down
Now I can't wait for the weekend to turn on my radio
So have the time of your life, let your freedom overflow

The Black Widow at his side, he appeared down on the street
Jolly Roger flying high, they were dancing to the freedom beat
And he said "Fire up the transmitter, get the station on the air."
And he said "We'll play all the music that the others wouldn't dare."

So the station hit the air and the word soon spread around
So now all around the world you can tune in to a brand new sound
Now I can't wait for the weekend to turn on my radio
So have the time of your life, let your freedom overflow

Repeat Intro

Freedom Overflow was one of the great illegal pirate radio stations of the 80's/90's underground, duly named after the location of their transmitter antennae. DJ Garry Lee first got in touch in the Summer of 1991, having been nagged for some months by a guy called Grob, of Sonic Relief Promotions fame [as well as being the baker of the most amazing hash cookies I have ever had the pleasure to munch], who had seen us at The Crypt a couple of times and been raving about us ever since. Nice man. Garry and his then good lady, The Black Widow, broadcast from their home in Colchester, albeit very discreetly, playing all the kind of stuff we loved, from the great names like Hendrix [actually, I'm sure I remember them having a DJ called Sausage Hendrix] and Hawkwind, all the way across to the subterranean ranks of Bevis Frond and The Ozrics; a very nice playlist to become a regular part of. On April 1st 1992, known here as April Fool's Day, when it is traditional to play pranks and hoaxes on people, they went on air as 'Mmatland Community Radio' and played nothing but MMATT releases for the whole night, an hour and a half extract of which was later released on M&E [MMATT 35, 1992], much to their embarrassment. They invited me up for the Mayday Bank Holiday weekend to do an on-air interview and generally have a bit of a crack with them. I remember having a really good time there. Okay, the interview was a total disaster, but we both enjoyed doing it, that was the important thing. And, absolute respect to the Captain; never, in all my 735 years, have I seen so much gear smoked in a single weekend by a chronic asthmatic. I think he must have single-handedly made Howard Marks his fortune. Of course, we all had to go out into the garden to smoke coz little Baby Bill was in the house, and if they smoked in front of him, he'd want some too and get all upset when they wouldn't let him. They took me to Wivstock on the Bank Holiday Monday, brilliant day in the sun, entertained by a band who did the most incredible Doors tribute. Anyway, amidst all this frivolity, Garry asked me if MMATT would be willing to do a new theme tune for the station, the outcome of which is what you're listening to now. I don't know if it was our lyrics that inspired the name change to Starship Overflow, but that's what it's called today, still broadcasting after 28 years, now available globally thanks to the joys of the internet...



Captain Garry Lee himself



The Black Widow, also artfully hiding her true identity from the camera, takes her shift as a DJ...



And, perhaps somewhat naively, they let me have a go too...

FLASHFORWARDZ ALPHA - OMEGA AND BEYOND...



It would be four years beyond the events covered in this collection before another Magic Moments At Twilight Time album would appear, that album would be "Creavolution" [MMATT CD 1], our first and only venture into the digital universe. Although I had neglected the band for much of the time inbetween, putting most of my efforts into Music & Elsewhere, I still felt there was one more album in us. Only there wasn't really any 'us' anymore. Lulu had left soon after the birth of her daughter, and I had no luck in finding a singer to replace her, let alone any new musicians. In the end, the album became a 'Mick Magic & Friends' project, utilising guest singers and musicians from around the M&E universe, though Lulu was finally able to take lead vocals on half of the ten tracks. Originally

scheduled for 25th October 1995, it's release was delayed by the 'Future Age Wars' with the Dark Starlord Xhenn Q'Inzz & His Evil Ampire, eventually not seeing the light of day until 20th May 1996, although the battles raged on into the following year. In the end, our victory rang hollow, the intense hostilities had taken a heavy toll on the crew, and especially on myself. The Starship Psychotron had suffered so much damage, we thought it highly improbable it would ever fly again. Ultimately, it seemed little consolation that the album went on to be our best selling by far. And there the story would have ended.

I continued to run M&E for a few more years, though it began to fade away beyond the New Year 2001 releases, after which there was only one more batch, in May 2003. A few months later, I announced my resignation and Music & Elsewhere was no more. As I returned home from the Post Office, unbeknown to me, a hearse had pulled up on the street outside 6 Farm Court, which was soon followed by gas being pumped through my letterbox. The next thing I knew, I was coming to on the sofa, feeling like I had been asleep for days. Everything appeared normal, but when I looked out of the window, I saw that I was somewhere completely and utterly unlike Frimley; I was in The Village. There was no escape, every time I tried, I was caught and returned by a strange white balloon. I would be summoned to the grand domed house and there would be a man, who rather oddly introduced himself as a popular colloquial term for the act of defecation, though I thought it best not to mention that at the time. He kept going on about wanting information, I would tell him he wouldn't get it, and he would tell me that by hook or by crook, he would. And then I'd run out on the beach and get jumped by that fucking balloon again. After nearly a month of them trying all manner



"I AM NOT A NUMBER, I AM A FREE MAN!"

of psychological torment and trickery, it turned out that all they wanted to know was why I resigned. So I told them, and they popped me on a train back to Frimley. I was still home before the postcard,

The years passed by and I had gone back to my old job of driving a taxi. One day, circa the Summer of 2006, I believe, a man got in, looked at me with great surprise and said; "Didn't you used to be Mick Magic?" I nodded. "My wife loved your stuff when she was younger," he continued, "she used to say it was spiritually enlightening. Could I get your autograph for her?" It quite made my day, I can tell you. It's not that often someone like me gets asked for an autograph. When I got home from work that day, I looked at the computer and thought "Hmnn, I wonder? Could it really be possible that I've not been completely forgotten?"

Google: m-i-c-k-space-m-a-g-i-c

"A children's magician? No, that's not me. What's that? Oh, batteries not included. Ahem. Ah, what's this?" It was some kind of cassette culture forum and I'd had a rather favourable mention. I mischievously added the comment "How strange to see my name on here, I'd heard I was dead." Suddenly, I was reconnected with people I'd been out of touch with for years. Oi' blue eyes was back!

STARSHIP PSYCHOTRON CREW J.O.



Name: Dr. R. M. TRON Ps.D II
D.O.B: 21.04.1958 [53]
ID No: BIODROID - 53^65`-V
Issued: 19.06.2008 [53]
Expires: HONORARY / O.O.R.

**SCIENCE
OFFICER**



My 're-surfacing' and the return of MMATT, Music & Elsewhere et al, would probably have been a lot sooner if not for the life-changing event that happened to me in 2008. On Thursday 19th June, I came home from doing the morning school runs in my taxi to find a flickering light on my Gamma Syndrome Corporation Interspatial Transcom™, I had a somewhat cryptic message

from the Ship's Counsellor, Zil, aboard the newly refurbished Starship Psychotron; "I am currently working with a person who is trying to trace their family tree and believes that you may have information which could assist her in her search." My first thought was that some poor child, the result of one of my misguided youthful 'conquests', had recently discovered I was their father. I wasn't sure quite how I felt about that possibility. I made for the bathroom, I had been out on the road for two hours after all, middle aged man and all that. Midway through my relief, the truth suddenly dawned on me. My eyes filled with tears and my trainers got watered. I hadn't just been adopted on Earth, that was something I had necessarily arranged myself when I had to re-boot as a human baby. I had also been adopted on Gamma Syndrome, 727 years earlier. All I had ever known was my mother's name and that she was quite young when she gave birth to me. Things were very different on Gamma Syndrome in the 13th century, I had always understood that, she would doubtless have had no choice about giving me up for adoption. I wiped my trainers and ran back to the 'com. "Hello," came the reply, "you have reached the Starship Psychotron. To help us pass you to the right department, please follow these instructions. For engineering, press 1, for..." Finally, I got through to Counsellor Zil, "Hi," I began, a little sheepishly, "It's Mick Magic... er... well, Tron, calling about your message." There was a brief pause. "Dr. Tron, yes. I wonder if you could tell me something about yourself?" I knew where this was going now. "What kind of thing?" I enquired. "Were you adopted?" **B-A-N-G!!!** Before I knew it, I was back aboard the trusty old ship, reassigned as a Science Officer, and heading off into deepest spacetime on a voyage of discovery that would change my life forever. When I returned to Earth in September 2010, I was a man reborn. After over seven centuries of not knowing, the truth was now lay bare before me; my mother, my father, my roots. I could trace my genetic lineage nearly a millennium on either side, I knew where I was from. And the biggest shock of all had been the discovery that my father had been a human, an Irishman, and he had many living descendents on Earth. I was no longer alone. I had never felt like I belonged here before, just an alien among you. Now, I had a tether to this world, I was home...

The thing about life-changing events is exactly that... they change your life, and a series of major changes were taking place in mine, not least actually having blood relatives in it for the first time. On Saturday 2nd April 2011, Sam and I were married at Hatswell Meadows, Lower Washfield, Devon. Amongst those present were my mother, and her other son, my half brother. They were both kind enough to switch to human appearance, courtesy of a Gamma Syndrome Corporation 'Ultra 6 Tranzphorm' Quantum Particle Re-Patterning Pod™, so as not to alarm the other guests, which was extremely considerate of them. But most exciting for me, there were also two of my father's living descendents. Total mindfuck!!! Oh, and Pete Program was Best Man.

11th March 2012: "The Magic Net" website went online at www.mickmagic.net

In the June of 2012, we bought ourselves a nice house on the Fylde Coast in Lancashire, and moved half a country away from Surrey, back to where Sam had come from originally, not knowing we also had a little stowaway on board. Twizzle Magic joined the cast at Blackpool Victoria Hospital, where her mother had been born a little over 42 years earlier, at 7.15 a.m. on Tuesday 12th March 2013.



10th August 2013: The first release on M&E in 10 years - "Decadion" [M&E 601]

10th November 2014: Following the success of that one, "Decadion 2.2" [M&E 602] is released.

And there will be more from Magic Moments At Twilight Time, as well as M&E. As soon as this album is released, I start work on the new MMATT project, "In Search Of Albert." It's really good to be involved in music again, I had so missed it in all my years away. I still miss my old gleaming silver white Escatron too, but at least living up here now, it's never very far away. Enjoy muchly...

Mick Magic



THE TIME MACHINE

[C-4017, February 1988]

The album that 're-started' it all, complete with a booklet to tell the story of how the October 1986 version of Dr. Magic managed to make an album with his future band before he met them...

PSYCHOTRON 0: THE BEST OF...

[MMATT 20, July 1988]

One of the initial 'repackagings' issued when Music & Elsewhere became an 'official' label, a 90 minute collection, including 2 new tracks, complete with booklet and a free plastic dinosaur...

ZOEN NOSTALGIA

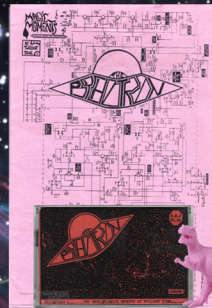
[MMATT 30, July 1989]

The much heralded 'one final album' that told the story of what happened since the band had split up a year earlier, complete with story booklet and a free plastic armadillo...

FLASHBAX VOLUME 1

[FX-001, from October 1991]

The first in the special series we developed for exclusive release on other labels, the illustrated one being from Krime Sonik [France], with the most brilliantly integrated booklet / cassette packaging...



ZOEN NOSTALGIA II: EARTHBOUND

[MATT 33, April 1991]

The 'comeback' album; side A exactly as the first edition, side B featuring new material we'd recorded in the interim. It did, of course, come with a booklet...

WHITE HAWK ATOMIC

[MMATT 34, January 1992]

The 5th anniversary concert, featuring the new line up of Lulu, Pete Program & myself, recorded live on Alpha Nebuli IV. The illustrated version is of the U.S. edition, released on Audiofile...

THE SECRETS OF SOUND EP

[SOS 003, 1993]

A 4 track EP with Sons Of Selina, The Original Mind Band, Frank's Dad & "Blitzkrieg!" by ourselves, released on Neil Crud's Secrets Of Sound label. It remains our only ever appearance on vinyl...

THE MMATRIX

[ED 033, 1993]

A special collection, painstakingly produced over a two year period [seriously!] by Clive Littlewood for his Electronical Dreams label. Came with a fantastic cover by Hawkwind artist, Alan Arthurs...

CREA EVOLUTION

[MMATT CD 1, May 1996]

Our first complete album on CD went on to become our best selling by a very very long way, actually outselling every other album we'd made put together! Sadly, it was also our last...