

As I look ahead to our next show on March 19th, *The Time Machine*, I keep thinking about when I first discovered it. I was twelve. A friend of mine had the book and talked about it nonstop telling me about the strange future, the eerie creatures, the adventure of it all. I don't remember understanding every detail, but I do remember one thing very clearly: the idea of time travel completely blew my mind.

It wouldn't leave me alone.

I'd lie awake imagining where I'd go if I had a time machine. Not to change history—just to witness it. I wanted to meet Shakespeare and ask him about *King Lear*. Why that ending? Why such heartbreak? I imagined just sitting with him, listening, soaking it all in.

I also dreamed about going back to see my parents when they were young—before I existed. To see them as people, not just as “Mum and Dad.” And of course, I'd have to go to Liverpool and stand in the Cavern Club at one of The Beatles' early concerts, right beside my mum—hearing that raw sound live. I loved the idea of being there but invisible, present without interfering.

At twelve, I wasn't worrying about paradoxes or timelines unraveling. I didn't care about the grandfather paradox\*. I just wanted to see the past and experience the future. That was enough.

What I didn't know then was that H. G. Wells wasn't just spinning a fun fantasy. He was playing with serious ideas. In the Victorian era, science was changing how people thought about everything—evolution, industry, technology, progress. Wells grabbed onto this bold idea that time might be a fourth dimension—something you could travel through, not just endure. That was a radical thought in the 1890s.

And the Victorian setting really matters. It was a time of enormous confidence—empire, invention, industry—but also of deep inequality. Wells looked at that world and pushed it forward to its logical extreme. The Eloi and the Morlocks aren't just strange future beings; they're a warning. They reflect the class divisions Wells saw all around him. The book isn't just about traveling through time—it's about asking where society is headed if we're not paying attention.

What my two friends Ben and Jess have created for you is a wonderful adaptation that gets right to the heart of that vision. It keeps the excitement of the journey, but it doesn't lose the deeper questions. It understands that Wells wasn't only imagining gadgets and spinning dials—he was asking what becomes of humanity.

So as we head toward March 19th, I feel that same excitement I had at twelve—just with a little more perspective. *The Time Machine* still sparks that childlike wonder in me, but it also reminds me that time travel, in Wells' hands, is really about us—who we are, how we live, and where we might be going.

And that's what makes it such a great ride.

See you at The Villa, 7:00 PM, Thursday, March 19th.

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\* **The grandfather paradox:** If you travel back in time and prevent your grandfather from meeting your grandmother (or, in the more dramatic version, kill your grandfather before your parent is born), then your parent would never be born. If your parent is never born, then you are never born. But if you were never born, you couldn't have traveled back in time to interfere in the first place. So which is it? That circular contradiction is the paradox.