

COUNTERCLOCK

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INTRODUCTION

The first three issues of CounterClock will be generously distributed throughout Europe, in the US and to Australia. I also hope to make contact with Japanese sf-fans. At first I considered the title *Counterclockwise*. Then I decided to let the readers judge for themselves if they find anything *wise* in this fanzine. But time to produce another zine, it is. From 1978 to '85 I wrote most of my fanzines in German language and was fairly successful with it. However - very few compared to the vast number of German speakers, will ever master this tricky language perfectly. I finally gave up. Living in Sweden, my practice of German deteriorated since my main considerations in life shifted. It's just the way it goes. I thought I could resist - until I didn't wish to resist it anymore. Even the pyramids will eventually succumb to erosion.

From 1979 to '89 I wrote many fanzines in Swedish language as well. Until I concluded that all I did was more or less a complete waste of time and paper. It was fun while I did it, but my ability could not keep up with my ambition. And my ambition increased with the insight I got from reading other peoples work. Between 1990 and '95 I was convinced I had nothing of any significance to tell and that *I wasn't good enough*. Not in any language. Then I decided to brush up on my English and put it to some use. That way I could let my German *and* Swedish friends read the same fanzine and I wouldn't have to translate anything. *And* I could make new friends, which I have. I can still be mindnumbingly boring, but I guess that is no excuse not to try. This time I turn to international readers. It has been long due. I've been stuck in the Grand Canyon of Self-Criticism long enough and I feel confident in my ability to give back a small portion of what I have been given in inspiration and encouragement. There will still be German and Swedish readers to this. But the global community of fandom is growing, thanks to Internet most of all, I guess.

I am motivated and inspired by the fanzines that I have received during the past year and encouraged by the people I have been in contact with. So thanks to Pam Wells - *Attitude*, Fiona Anderson - *Babel-On*, Maureen Kincaid Speller - *Snufkin's Bum*, Nicki & Richard Lynch - *Mimosa*, Dave Langford - *Ansible* and very much encouraged by Mike Glycer - *File 770*. Also thanks to Teddy Harvia, Jan Van't Ent and Miki Dennis. To anyone who discovers similarity between this fanzine and Cheryl Morgan's electronic zine EMERALD CITY, I can hereby confirm that I've been reading EmCit with great pleasure and have occasionally been contributing to its contents. So it's no accident that I have some inspiration from her. Cheryl has also kindly been giving me some advice on writing, for which I am grateful. I have also been inspired by Brian Stableford's brilliant stream of thoughts on the art of storytelling and why science fiction is not only useful, but necessary. I heard some of it in Dortmund, but it wasn't until I read a print-out of his

Confuse'91-GoH-speech (in Linköping / Sweden) that it sank into my heart and conscious mind.

Having been inspired, motivated or encouraged by the previously mentioned people does of course not indicate that I have achieved their quality in any way. I hope to find a quality of my own, eventually. So, thank you - all of you! I'm sorry I didn't find the time to keep in touch more during 1998. It has been a rough year for me in the second half.

JUniCon 18-20/6 -1999



Among the guests we find Swedish sf-writer Bertil Mårtensson and the most appreciated Swedish artist of sf, fantasy and horror Hans Arnold. From the UK - FGOH: Martin Easterbrook. In Nacka Conference Center outside Stockholm (where also NaSaCon 11 was held in 1990) we launch a convention done by two experienced teams; the people from SFSF (Stockholm and SIGMA TC (Saltsjöbaden). In every way it looks good on paper so far. If we succeed, we may continue our joint efforts, which we possibly do anyway. Details about the program will eventually be accessible at our website (as soon as we get it in plain English -the current text may be of little use to you, except if you can read Swedish. Well, reading it may not be the problem as much as *understanding* it.):

<http://www.sigmatc.a.se/junicon>

Have a monthly look at it until we get the update...

Attending membership will be approximately 18 ½ GBP (250 SEK) until May 30th 1999 or 22 GBP (300 SEK) at the door.

As we will settle matters of life and death in this issue of CounterClock, we can move on to knocking the Big Bang-theory (and other modern mythology) in the next. And as soon as we have settled all questions of life and death, the eternal, instant, infinite and infinitesimal, omnipresent, non-existent, all-powerful and impotent... Well, as soon as we wrapped up all this larger-than-life mumbo-jumbo we can debate topics of substance and consequence (*such as the further adventures of Ipswich Town in Premier League. They're not there yet - but they're on their way to get back there*). Which I sincerely hope that you'll contribute with. I prefer e-mailed LoC, cause they're so easy to 'cut and paste'. For now the extreme will just have to do! Don't take it too seriously.

But I do enjoy a good philosophical debate about how the future is created today. Every now and then I can throw in some info or reports on events of any consequence in Scandinavia and Northern Europe. That is, events like JUni-Con'99, the BEC 2000 in Bergen, Norway or the ESE 2000 in Darmstadt, Germany.

The future is perhaps not "The Undiscovered Country" that Shakespeare referred to when he let Hamlet contemplate...

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THE PSYCHOLOGICAL IMPACT OF LONGEVITY OR IMMORTALITY...

During SF-Tag 9 NRW in Dortmund and with the aid of the British sf-writer Brian Stableford, I asked the assembled fans at this program-item to contemplate on the ramifications of their predicament provided they've been blessed (or cursed) with immortality. Brian and I had agreed to disagree on this subject. He was the optimist looking forward to spend eternity with the endless prospect or possibility of learning new things. I was the 300 year old swordless "Highlander", with no heads to chop off, no excitement to look forward to, but with the words of Werner Herzog's NOSFERATU echoing in my mind; *"There is a fate worse than death and it is NOT BEING ABLE TO DIE. To spend an endless number of pointless days."*

I have spent a considerable amount of time, thoughts and research on the idea of *being around* for an indefinite number of years as the average guy. Once I had achieved immortality, there were still an awful lot of other things to go about. I was still the ordinary mediocre person that I am in this scenario. No superhuman strength or psychic powers... just me and eternity. However... eternity is a bloody long time... infact it is beyond my power to imagine what it is like to be alive for that long. I believe that Marvin said something like this (having waited in the carpark for over 576 thousand million years) in *The Restaurant at the End of the Universe*: *"The first ten million years were the worst. The second ten million years, they were worst too. The third ten million years I didn't enjoy at all. After that I went into a bit of decline. The best conversation I had was about 40 million years ago, with a coffee machine."*

As an immortal, facing eternity, 576,000 million years is nothing. One should perhaps begin and try to imagine a human lifespan and the impact of being around for 80-90 years, which is a lot.

An unavoidable consequence of *being around* is that you physically have to be somewhere at all time and that you will have a memory of being as you were. This may sound so obvious that it doesn't need to be stated - but I wonder if this is taken into account when we read or talk about entities five hundred years of age or more (Perry Rhodan, Nosferatu, Dr. Who, etc). I feel that the fact that someone is a thousand years old or so, only can be dealt with easily for as long as you disregard the full impact of such longevity.

What about memory? If one is burdened with the memory of a thousand years of existence? With some people the memory of real events gets mixed up with events imagined or dreamed of... If we have a limited capacity of remembering, then we're bound to forget a lot if we exist for a thousand years. A colleague asked me to solve Rubik's Cube the other day. 16 years ago I solved it in 58 seconds. Now I needed two hours! Provided that our mind is still clear - what do we remember and how do we remember things at the end of a human lifespan? I think that we choose to forget some events. I believe that a memory has to be exercised, if we wish to keep it. I'm convinced that every intelligent being searches for some kind of *universal epignosis*, a complete knowledge that brings structural harmony to the universe.

With this follows that some things *are* and others things *never can be* considered to be important for an immortal.

Note that an immortal basically has to come to terms with eternity, where an imbecillion number of years still approximates an infinitesimal (I have to see immortality as a curse - if death isn't an option). But can our petty concerns end within a human lifespan? What will our ambition become? Ambition is *for the young* people. Coming of considerable age we no longer need to be World Champion of anything, famous or powerful. Wealth always comes in handy *as a tool*. But wealth is also gained, lost and gained over and over again for as long as we are allowed to exist.

To see how well my theories hold up I began to make a number of conclusions about the particulars of the human mind of people who have been around in existence for more than twice as long as I have (with all their faculties intact). Matters such as memory, ambition, curiosity, concern, natural desire and so on. My own dear grandfather has unfortunately a memory disorder (he is now 89) and was unable to provide any answers to my questions.

But I did find two valid 'subjects'. First a freemason and still active bank-advisor (80 years old) and secondly a noble-man and one of Swedens wealthiest men (88 years), both with a clear mind and willing to share their thoughts on life, the universe and everything... (one cannot help but wonder if you really have to be rich to keep your mind clear for a 100 years...) I did find most of my theories confirmed by these two men.

Then I began making up a life where I was born on May 30th in the year 1697. I integrated some of my genealogical studies into this theory. I am well versed in Swedish history of 1697 to 1751. I even know such details as what wallpaper they had and what the weather was like in the summer of 1714.

I could tell you the complete story of my life (in detail) from the year 1700 (where I have my first faint memory). Between 1750 and 1800 (at this time I was an ambassador, living in northern Germany) I accumulated wealth. Most of the years between 1800 and 1900 I spent travelling all over the world. I spent more than 25 years in Japan between 1820 and 1850 (and I have since then almost completely forgotten how to speak Japanese). I spent both World War I and II on Iceland where I was living in solitude and fairly safe from stray bullets, grenades and bombs (because I don't like being shot at and have not yet tested if I can be killed conventionally). I became World Champion in icehockey with the British team in 1936. And I attempted to become the World Chess Champion in 1961 when Michail Tal was the No:1. But I lost! I have always been this mediocre kind of *immortal*. Of course I feel that I could become Chess Champion eventually, but that would probably be out of lack of competitors. But I could never become a World Champion weightlifter or being exceptional in jumping high or far... my body is not equipped for such an enterprise - and it will never be.

300 years... that's just about what I have been able to encompass so far. Basically I came to the same conclusion as Nosferatu (with a hundred years more of experience). We agree upon that there is a fate worse than death...

Another one who agrees is (or was) dime-story-writer and ex-US-marine Barry Sadler whose fictional character Casca or "Casca Rufius Longinus" was the Roman soldier who stabbed Jesus hanging on the cross with his spear. For this misdeed, Casca was cursed to exist as an immortal among us, fighting

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as a mercenary in all of our wars and living through every nightmare of mankind. For two thousand years he walks the earth, gets his heart ripped out by the Aztecs, fights with the Vikings and drives a german tank in WWII. He gets killed a number of times, but comes always back to life. And it hurts like hell every single time.

In the Perry Rhodan-series the immortal Atlan spends over 10,000 years on earth, reviewing mankind's progress towards the stars... (a little bit like Sid Meier's "Civilization"). But to avoid getting completely bored by spending too many years with the primitive monkeys that we were (are) he spends sometimes decades (and more) in deep hypersleep. That's kinda cheating, isn't it? But neither Atlan, Perry Rhodan nor any other of the immortals spend much time on nostalgia, melancholy and misanthropy. Somehow they manage to keep busy all of the time with really important things to do.

The happy days of mankind are the empty pages in our history books!
(Napoleon?)

But then again... none of the immortals in Perry Rhodan is an average kind of person. With Perry Rhodan immortality is a privilege of people being special. You'd have to be a mutant of some kind, a telepath or two-headed firestarter or something like that... None of us, mediocre people, need to worry about longevity or immortality there (except of course that a 200 year life is rather common in his universe 2000 years from now. Immortality is often a prematurely awarded epithet given by entities of limited perception. A fortunate circumstance for the Rhodan-immortals is that they can move among the stars. the average earthly immortal without the conveniency of a hyperdrive is faced with the prospect of being engulfed by a dying, collapsing sun in 7 billion years or so. Genuine immortality will therefore suck immensely if the question of interstellar travel isn't solved until then. And don't be so sure that it will be solved. Okay - so they said that the sound-barrier could never be broken and they were wrong about that. This is no evidence that they are wrong about the speed of light...

And it's not all pit black. Dr. Who, for one, endures longevity with dignity and style. On the other hand, the Doctor is not depicted as what I would consider a "mediocre" person. Let's step over to the contemporary mortal side and have an optimistic look at the prospect of longevity. As Brian Stableford pointed out at SF-Tage science may make this possible *soon*. There is no reason why we should not be able to live for 200-300 years. And as long as death remains an option there is no point in being gloomy about it. We have so much to look forward to. (Why does this argument remind me of a very surprised looking whale?) Where there is life, there is an option. For good and bad. It may be the best of times or the worst of times... Perhaps it is the obligation of every intelligent being to try to make all time *the best of times*.

Fact is that the audience in Dortmund got well split between our point of views and that it turned out to be an interesting debate. Perhaps we can continue or add to this debate in CounterClock? *Do you wish to live forever?* Another question is - have you ever read any credible characterization of an immortal (or someone of extreme longevity)? I haven't!

* * *

(Guess what I'm listening to while writing this. Here's a hint: I'll see you on the Dark Side of the Moon!)

TIME ...to wrap it up?

*Ticking away the moments that make up a dull day,
Fritter and waste the hours in an off hand way*

Going from one extreme to the other. From a 300 year life to the prospect of imminent (well, almost imminent) death. On December 10th I went to bed with the crazy notion that I would have roughly three years left to live. Next day I woke up with this notion matured to anxiety. I have no idea where it came from. Perhaps from a quick look into the mirror at the poor state of my teeth. It did remind me of mortality, but I wasn't aware that it could rattle my soul. That it could rupture my smooth path of existence and bother me subconsciously the way it obviously did. Suddenly I was convinced that I will be dead in about three years from now. I will celebrate my 42nd birthday in November 2001 - it will be one helluva party. But I won't make it to 43. Dead serious! So a reasonable question to pose myself was: "What am I going to do with the remaining three years?" And the next thing that crossed my mind was; "Write it all down! Write it *all* down!"

*Kicking around on a piece of ground in your home town
Waiting for someone or something to show you the way*

Life is complex, but when it gets too complicated, it may be a good idea to *discomplicate* it by writing it down and to shape abstract thoughts into...into...uhm Where was I? Abstract thoughts ...or what I sometimes perceive as fragments of ideas. Science has been preoccupied with putting down existence into neat equations so that everything can be explained approximately or exactly. With fractal mathematics we have been able to approximate the nature of creation itself. What a marvellous concept. Let's get on with it. If we finish the job soon, there'll be less questions left to ask. We can have all our answers in a book of equations and formula.

And then one day you find ten years have got behind you

No one told you when to run, you missed the starting gun

The words have been *haunting* me since the day I first understood their meaning. That would be some time in 1974. I wouldn't like the thought of *having missed the starting gun*. They made me consider my choices in life well. I have to know why I'm running and where I'm going. I don't want to regret a chosen path.

December 14th - and my life goes on like before. I wonder if the knowledge of my demise in three years would have altered my way of living drastically, had it been a more real situation or if I, as I do now would have started planning how to go out in "Grand Style". It is for certain that my resources can be depleted almost instantaneously, should I decide for such a course of action. There's still plenty of time left for that. All the things that can be done only once should therefore be considered most carefully. Here I see a flaw in the Japanese warriors philosophy. *Seppuku* or *harakiri* is *the easy way out* and perhaps practiced too soon by young fanatics who haven't learned yet how to handle a defeat. A warrior must expect and be prepared to deal with a defeat. I would like to debate this with some Japanese... Is the *D.I.Y.* method really the honorable way to go or is it just the escape of a coward (so they wouldn't have to deal with reality)?

*You run and you run to catch up with the sun, but it's sinking
And racing around to come up behind you again*

December 17th - What would be the point in panicking? Whatever there is left to be done, it ought to be done most

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thoroughly. It is common, I suppose, that one who is aware of the end, likes to leave things behind in a tidy and orderly fashion. My 42nd birthday-party ought to be the opportunity to *give away* stuff. Now that could prove to be fun. Kind of a "hobbit-birthday-party". However, my computer will be severely out of date by the year 2002.

December 18th - It isn't easy to constantly go around thinking about something fairly unpleasant such as death. These are the kind of things we tend to forget about. If I wish to keep it in mind, I guess that I have to embrace the idea. To see it as a release, something nice. According to my theory about the impact of longevity, the adventure of death should prove to be something really new and interesting. It is a pity that no one yet has truly returned from the Undiscovered Country to tell us what it is like. No one except Jesus, of course - but he never appeared on TV...

December 24th - Can't quite convince myself that this is going to work. Can't convince myself to *fear death*. Would somebody please point a gun at my head?

Perhaps we can travel the universe over, once disembodied...

Yes, we may travel the universe over in search of the beautiful. If we do not carry it with us, we find it not.

OK! So I can see that you are not going to buy this. I will just have to make up a more credible story about disappearance from earthly affairs.

The time is gone, the song is over,

Thought I'd something more to say (Roger Waters, 1972)

Rebuilding the Time Machine

A couple of years ago I found some old schematics or drawings in an Antique Shop. The old papers roused my curiosity. I could not resist the temptation and bought them right away. These documents turned out to be H.G.Wells' original blueprints for the time machine. Don't ask me how they came to be in Stockholm - I didn't bother investigating their previous owners or whereabouts.

It was quite interesting rebuilding his time machine and it gave me a lot of new insight into the theory of temporal mechanics. Some of the scribbings were extremely difficult to read and I had to guess my way through them. But I guess that I reconstructed all details pretty well. Old Herbert George would have been proud of me. But it appeared that Wells never actually used the machine himself. His notes advised caution and he did send a number of experimental machines, but they all disappeared. The story about Morlocks and the Eloi has obviously just been made up.

So I decided to try a model first and to send a tomato through time. The tomato was sent two minutes into the future and was supposed to reappear on the very same table from which it started. The model and the tomato disappeared, never to be seen again.

I was devastated but I decided to try it again. My experiment had not been a complete failure. After all, the machine had dematerialized and entered the temporal warp, or so I could assume, because it had definitely left my laboratory.

My second model had a potato-passenger. The controls were preset to return the potato to present time plus elapsed time. The second machine vanished also, never to be seen again. So

I went back to the drawing board to go through every single component of the time machine one more time. I began to understand why Wells didn't make the trip himself...

Everything should be working. Why the hell didn't the machine return? It should never have left its place in space. It had no means of propulsion for moving in any other dimension than time.

My third passenger was a cucumber. It was destined to spend 3 minutes in the year 2001 and then to return to exactly the same place in time when it left. Well, almost exactly... A fraction of a second was allowed to pass. It was so little that I should not even be able to notice its departure. But I was able to see the machine dematerialize - and for an instant I thought that I had lost the third machine and a rather expensive cucumber to go with it.

But then I heard the machine and the cucumber drop to the floor at the far end of my laboratory. And the cucumber was frozen stiff. Actually, it appeared to be so cold that I didn't dare to touch it right away. I thought it to be prudent to take its temperature first. And it was way below minus twohundred degrees Celsius (Oh yes, I do have quite sophisticated equipment!).

Somehow the time machine did move through space after all. But I could not see how. On my next trip to Moscow, I decided to buy a second-hand Russian space suit. Wells never had this option. Even if he had come to the conclusion that the machine somehow was moving through space... he could not find out for himself. Or he never came to that conclusion.

Getting the space suit was fairly easy compared to deciphering Wells' blueprints. I even got invited to see the Russian Neutrino-Observatory in the Caucasus Mountains. That would have been interesting, but I didn't have the time for this excursion. Not this summer anyway.

Upon my return to Stockholm I got back to work on my time machine. That day CNN had very interesting news for me. A space shuttle crew claimed to have found a tomato drifting in space together with some strange contraption that may be of alien origin. They were not quite sure about its function. But from the description I could tell that it was my first experimental model

Suddenly I realized why the machine had disappeared... Let's for a moment assume that the machine works the way it is supposed to work. And let's for a moment assume that the Sun doesn't move through space either. If I go half a year back in time, the Earth would be on the far side of the Sun, wouldn't it? But the Sun is also in perpetual motion.

Get this:

GALAXY SONG

"From Monty Python's - The Meaning of Life"

Words & music by Eric Idle

Intro:

WHENEVER LIFE GETS YOU DOWN, MRS BROWN,
AND THINGS SEEM HARD OR TOUGH,
AND PEOPLE ARE STUPID, OBNOXIOUS OR DAFT
AND YOU FEEL THAT YOU'VE HAD QUITE ENOUGH...

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Just remember that you're standing on a planet that's evolving
And revolving at 900 miles an hour,
That's orbiting at 19 miles a second, so it's reckoned,
A sun that is the source of all our power.
The sun and you and me and all the stars that we can see,
Are moving at a million miles a day
In an outer spiral arm, at 40,000 miles an hour,
Of the Galaxy we call the Milky Way.

Our Galaxy itself contains 100 billion stars
It's 100,000 light years side to side,
It bulges in the middle, 16,000 light years thick
But out by us it's just 3,000 light years wide
We're 30,000 light years from galactic central point,
We go round every 200 million years
And our galaxy is only one of millions of billions
In this amazing and expanding Universe.

The Universe itself keeps on expanding and expanding
In all of the directions it can whiz
As fast as it can go, at the speed of light you know
12 million miles a minute, and that's the fastest speed there is
So remember when you're feeling very small and insecure
How amazingly unlikely is your birth
And pray that there's intelligent life somewhere up in space
Because there's bugger all down here on Earth.

* * *

Perhaps the time machine could be used as a kind of reversed microwave-oven. By sending food into space and then returning it to the moment of dematerialization, the food would be efficiently cooled down. Well, perhaps. But I did have a greater vision than that. And I wanted to see for myself.

The moment I activated the controls on my time machine I knew it was going to be the most memorable trip of my life. So I have been to Montreal, Ottawa, London and to the Eastercon in Manchester. I've gone by bicycle from Stockholm to a nice spot in Germany near the border to France and Luxemburg. I've been writing filksongs in Moscow and I've been FGoH in Dortmund. But this was most certainly above everything else I've ever done. As soon as the time machine entered temporal warp I was separated from the usual three-dimensional universe. I could let the machine hover in zero-time in my laboratory and as I slowly moved the lever forward I passed through walls and everything. Passing through obstacles like a ghost. Unseen and unheard - out of time, beneath time.

A few seconds into the future or into the past - and I was already a million miles away from Earth. As long as I had the proper Earth-time-coordinates, I could always return to the laboratory to exactly the same moment that I left it.

Wonderful! However - since I didn't have the proper equipment, I could not observe much while moving through time. A good telescope could of course have been mounted on the machine. I honestly hadn't thought of that. The empty coldness of space soon became boring and I never came anywhere near enough to another solar system, to get anything of interest to look at.

So I went to see my brother, who is a quite skillful engineer, working for Ericsson and asked him about how we could

devise a simple robot that would control the movements of the time machine. It had to be a robot or a computer that would recognize an earthlike planet, take the machine out of temporal warp and take atmospheric readings of the planet and then return the machine to Earth. And it would need to have some kind of a beacon if it returned, since it would be moving through space with the planet it found, and most probably on a different vector than the one we were moving on. This would also mean that it had to take those atmospheric readings within the blink of an eye - or else that machine would be lost to me, unless the planet had exactly the same vector as Earth (which was most unlikely).

Usually my brother needs a lot of time to get anything done, which doesn't concern his own line of work - but in this case he got exceptionally enthused and had our controid ready within two weeks. As the base element of this robot, he used old 486 computers that no one would miss anyway, should they happen to get lost in space and time. And it is amazing, the things you can do with a PC when you install Norton Commander. We sent two machines. One that would scan the future and another that would scan the past. And if a planet ever should pass through exactly the same spot in time where Earth was as they left, the machine would return to me with that data. If machine A and B didn't find anything I could launch C, D and E etc, standing ready, because the Earth, the Solar System, the Milky Way and everything was constantly moving and I just had to find any spot where any planet with breathable atmosphere would pass through the Earths space-time-coordinates. I hope that I'm not getting too technical with you.

Needless to say - I lost 26 machines in this experiment and ran out of letters in the alphabet. It is fortunate that I got so generous sponsors for my project, and selling the patent of the inverted microwave to Ericsson did give me a considerable financial push. They never realized what they got, how it worked - but it worked. In my search for a planet I began to feel like the people on the SETI-project. But a couple of weeks ago, A2, my 27th machine returned. It's beacon told me that it had come down somewhere in the Stockholm archipelago. It was retrieved within a couple of days, but sadly enough - it had been ruined by the water. The data was unreadable. Finally it struck me what a fool I had been. Even if the data would have been readable, I could not have gone to that planet, since the Earth already had moved on. What a futile experiment it had been! I was angry with myself for not realizing this in the first place. Now I know why we have never met a time-traveller before.

If I did go myself - and if I did find another planet, which is unlikely (because space is depressingly empty most of the time), then it would most certainly be a one-way ticket. Who would want to go anywhere on such premises? All this work seem to have been good for nothing. Although time-travelling appears to be possible, it also appears to be absolutely useless unless the machine can move and relate to its relative position in space. This seemed to be an impossible task.

But yesterday a Police Box materialized in my laboratory and guess who came to ask me to quit messing with time!

It appears I have overlooked something...

