

*Things were quite different in law school than in the university. Learning from an instructor rather than tridimens and tapings was unsettling enough—but what the instructor had to say was downright shocking. . . .*

## ALL IN GOOD TIME

*by Miriam Allen deFord*

GOOD MORNING, LADIES AND gentlemen, and welcome to your first session in my course.

Before we get down to cases . . . That was a pun, class, and you're supposed to laugh at my jokes—haven't you been told yet that old Dr. Hunnicott is the campus character, the faculty's prize eccentric?

Before we get down to cases, then, let's get some things straight. You are first-year students in this law school, which is a graduate school of the university. You will find things a bit different from your experience in undergraduate work, wherever in any of the Three Planets your colleges were located.

Hitherto you have been instructed by tridimens and tapings, and your reports and papers have been graded by cybercom. They will still be so graded, but now for the first time you will be face to face with your instructors. You're going to be asked questions and will have to give immediate answers; I know

that's going to be hard for some of you to take, unaccustomed as we all are nowadays to direct communication. But it isn't just an archaic holdover; when a few of you—just a few, I must remind you sadly—have completed your courses and taken your bar examinations and been admitted to practice in the Interplanetary Courts, you'll find that law in some respects lags behind the other learned professions.

For example, I see some of you having difficulty already in understanding everything I am saying to you. For those who have always spoken vulgar and colloquial Intervox, and know no other language, learning to understand and speak classical Intervox, with its outdated words and strict attention to grammar, is going to be almost like acquiring a new tongue. But that is the language of the courts, and you're going to have to reconcile yourselves to it. If you find it too hard or too distasteful, it's not



yet too late to transfer to medicine or education or engineering.

But if our language indicates a cultural lag, I can assure you that our procedure does not. Law has kept abreast or ahead of all the other disciplines. To demonstrate this, it is my custom, at the beginning of every term, to plunge you eager embryo attorneys headfirst into consideration of some quite modern case. That will not only convince you of the contemporaneous nature of our jurisprudence—that's right, make a note of the words you don't understand, and look them up afterwards, instead of wasting our time now—but it will also give me a chance to find out how you respond to the give-and-take of a live lecture. Your other instructors will cover their particular specialties; old Dr. Hunnicott's function is to give you a broad orientation.

Yes?—you with the red hair—I don't know your names yet. Oh, I thought you were asking a question. No apologies needed—I often make people yawn.

The case I'm using this time as a preliminary example of the legal approach dates from 2160, only 23 years ago. It was quite celebrated in its day, and may even be known to some of you—though I should say your average age is about 25, so you couldn't have been very much interested at the time.

What's the matter, young lady?

Didn't you get enough sleep last night, either? I promise you the dry part of my discourse is about over.

In fact, I hope it will wake you all up when I tell you that this is a criminal case in the realm of sex-relationships—to be precise, a trial for bigamy. It is the case of Government vs. Summers, Interplan 78,239-60NY.

To give you the necessary background, Halton Summers, the accused, was at that time 38 years old, a historian by profession—in fact, I believe some of his historical tapings are still used in colleges, and some of you may have scanned them.

He was married, and in 2160 had been for 12 years married, to one Marion Garth, an architect—though her occupation does not enter into the case. They had no children, and apparently on the husband's side, at least, the marriage had ceased to be a happy one, though neither had any grounds for divorce. The wife seems to have been not so much jealous as possessive; she demanded a good deal more of her husband's attention than is customary in our modern unions. As a matter of fact, they were both bored with each other, but expressed it in different ways. With Summers, it took the form of spending as much time as possible away from home—home being a servo-unit on the edge of the metropolis, only 20 minutes,



even by slow copter, from the old city of Manhattan: I mention this to note that they were not suburbanites or exurbanities, and therefore were not afflicted with any of the well-known emotional disturbances common among people suffering from agrarian neurosis. (You will find, ladies and gentlemen, that frequently legal problems are entangled with medical ones, as Dr. Singh, your professor of psychosomatic jurisprudence, will soon make clear to you.)

Summer's special interest in history was the mid-20th century—as those of you who may have scanned any of his tapes will be aware. As a registered member of the Interplanetary Historical Association, he had, of course, a license to use his regional time-traveler, in order to verify or elaborate points in his researches.

Yes?—the gentleman with the Martian haircut, in the third row.

Oh, perhaps I should explain that; neither Mars nor Venus has time-travelers yet, since the history of both colonies is so recent. On Earth we have government-owned instruments—I'm not mechanically-minded, and I've never seen one, but I understand they are collapsible capsules dialed for place and time and for duration of stay—in each of the five federated regions. Their use is limited to qualified persons—government officials, law enforcement officers and privateers, historians and archaeolo-

gists, and some other scholars. Licensed users have to apply in advance for a booking, just as you would make a reservation for a space-berth. Does that answer your question?

Well, Halton Summers naturally had occasion to use the time-traveler a good deal. His usual system, when he was working on a book, was to go as far as he could with recorded secondary material—discs, microtapes, and the preserved old print-on-paper books which were still in use 200 years ago, and then reserve passage on the time-traveler, to consult firsthand sources—to talk to the persons concerned, read contemporary newspapers and magazines, see their newsreels and television interviews, all that sort of thing. According to his wife's testimony in the court trial, he usually taped a book every two years or so, and during that period was absent in the 20th century for four to six visits on each book, each visit lasting from three to ten days.

What? I don't think that's exactly relevant, but if it will make it easier for you to understand the case—

Yes, I believe all qualified persons must not only show complete familiarity with the exact language of the time and place they visit, back to 3000 years ago, as far as the time-travelers can reach in their present stage of development, but they must also know the cus-



toms, beliefs, manners, and technical development of the time and place they visit, so that they are able to pass without question as contemporaries. Government specialists provide them with the proper clothing and equipment. And all license-holders are conditioned psychologically, so that it is impossible for them to reveal to any person in the past that they have come from the future.

Well, as I was saying— Did somebody else have a question? Oh, yes, the lady from the African Region.

No, I don't think any of the visitors could—how did you put it?—influence history by any action of his in the past. Whatever he did would only change history as it has come down to us. And please don't raise the issue of his killing his grandfather—that old fallacy has long since been exploded. If he'd killed his grandfather in the past he would never have been born and so he couldn't be going back now for that purpose.

To return to Marion Garth's testimony during her husband's trial, she said that during the preparation of his last book, which he began late in 2157, his whole procedure had suddenly changed. Instead of going back for a few days, two or three times a year, he began reserving the time-traveler whenever it was not in use by anyone else, and finally it came to the place where he was spending at

least three quarters of his time in the mid-20th century. The exact year he was visiting she did not know, since she herself had no access to the time-traveler reservation records, but since his book before that had brought the cultural history of the Newyorkopolis area (that was his particular field of inquiry) up to 1960, that was the most likely date.

Her always latent suspicions having been aroused, she determined to find out why her husband went away so often and stayed away so long every time. Another woman would have queried or challenged him—as perhaps she would have done in the earlier, happier days of their marriage; but by this time, though still living together, they were barely on speaking terms.

What she did was to hire a private eye, a well-known practitioner named Stanley Wiggins, to (as she put it) "go back there and see what Hal was up to."

Since Wiggins could scarcely have found out "what Hal was up to" unless Summers was on the spot to be observed, he had to use a time-traveler belonging to another region, at a time when Summers was using their local one. It must have cost her a lot of money, but that didn't seem to bother her. It was almost a year before the private eye could get the use of a free machine at the right moment.

Well, since I told you in the be-



ginning that this was a prosecution for bigamy, you can guess what Wiggins discovered. Summers had married a mid-20th century woman—her name was Enid Harkness—and was cohabiting with her. Moreover, he was about to become a father by her.

Okay, I expected you to be horrified at the idea of a contemporary of ours mating with, and even having a child by, a virtual barbarian—as, from our standpoint, the people of 200 years ago undoubtedly were. Just take it in your stride; you'll learn many still more shocking things when you begin to practice law. And it ill behooves any of our young men who came back from occupation duty on Titan with aboriginal brides—

Sit down, sir, and calm yourself. I know nothing about the private lives of any of you, and there was nothing personal in my remark. If you are so quick to take offense, you don't belong in the law. Wait till some prosecuting attorney really lets go on you some time and you have to keep your temper or the bailifrobot will throw you out of the courtroom!

Very well, then. We now have the background of the Summers case. On information from his wife—his 2160 wife, I mean—backed by the testimony of Privateye Stanley Wiggins, Halton Summers was indicted on a charge of bigamy and tried in the Regional Court.

Now, of course you have no acquaintance as yet with either regional or interplanetary law. That is why, in this introductory lecture, I am taking as illustration, not a case depending on colonial relations or space-scope limitations, but one dealing with a situation as old as human marriage itself.

What I'm trying to get over to you is that law is not merely a set of arbitrary rules, but that common sense is a ruling factor in it. That is especially true of criminal law. Most of you—the ones that get through law school, pass their examinations, and are admitted to the bar—will find yourselves practising as defense attorneys; vacancies in the various Boards of Prosecutors, like vacancies in government service, are few and far between, and the civil service examinations to fill them are ferocious. Unless—which I hope every year, but I seldom find my hope fulfilled—I have a legal genius or two in this class, most of you, as I have said, will wind up in the lower courts, where plain horse sense is just as important as is knowledge of the minute points of recorded decisions. One of my objects in this whole preliminary lecture is to test your ability—since you are still completely laymen—simply to put two and two together and make four.

So I'll tell you right now that Halton Summers was acquitted.



One statement by his attorney ended the whole case.

And I'll tell you that the reason for this was not the citing of some obscure decision, but an obvious statement of fact that even a jury—that body of lay citizens which in the old days used to decide whether the defendant was innocent or guilty—would have realized must end in his discharge.

I'm going to give you three minutes to consider the situation and discuss it among yourselves, and then I'm going to ask for suggestions from the class as to *why* Summers was set free. . . .

. . . The three minutes are up, ladies and gentleman. Who will be the first to brave old Dr. Hunnicott's derision of an inept response?

Ah, there's a courageous young man. Stand up, sir, where we can all see you. What is your conclusion?

Now, that really is a lallapalooza and a humdinger—which, if you want to know, is ancient slang for what you call a glub.

No, citizen, it was *not* because his 1960 marriage to Enid Harkness was not legal in our eyes. It was entirely legal by the laws of the place and time in which it occurred. And so—to forestall another foolish suggestion—was his marriage to Marion Garth in 2148.

Yes?—the gentleman who got so angry because he imagined I was insulting his Titanian wife.

I'm glad you've cooled down, sir. What is *your* idea?

No, I'm sorry to say you're wrong too. Summers had instituted no secret divorce proceedings against either wife. He was legally married to both of them at the time the alleged offense took place.

Anybody else? Come, come, class, surely you can do better than that.

Ah, our red-haired friend has waked up! Yes, sir, what do you suggest?

Oh, no, quite impossible—remember that the 20th century wife had no idea whatever that her husband came from the future. I suppose Summers gave her some excuse about a job that required traveling, to account for his absences from her. If he disappeared permanently, she could only think that he had deserted her—or that he was dead. Presumably she would make efforts to have him traced, but naturally they would be futile. So it is utterly impossible that she should have appeared suddenly in his defense or even given him any kind of affidavit offering to give him up if the suit against him were quashed. I doubt if people in the 20th century were civilized enough even to make such a gesture—aside from the fact that she had no inkling of his true status.

Dear, dear, this is discouraging. Why, ladies and gentlemen, it's as plain as—as the dome on a space-platform. Can't one of you guess



it? Do I have to tell you myself?

All right, the reason Halton Summers was acquitted was—

Good! Let's hope that is a last-minute inspiration. You—the young lady from the African Region.

Ah, at last! Congratulations! At least one member of this class has some aptitude for the common-sense give-and-take of the legal profession as it is actually practised in the lower courts.

That, of course, is the correct answer.

All you had to do—as this young lady finally did—was to ask yourselves just what constitutes bigamy.

Bigamy, ladies and gentlemen, at all periods and in all places, is marriage to two women or two men—at the same time.

Simple, wasn't it? Let it be a lesson to you, the next time I call on you to use such brains as you were born with.

Now, before dismissing the class until Thursday morning— Yes, sir, did you have a further question?

How should I know what happened to Halton Summers after his acquittal? I never knew him—for our purposes he is only an interesting criminal case. I haven't the remotest idea whether he remained with Marion Garth or not.

One thing we can be sure of, however—he couldn't leave here permanently and go back to Enid

Harkness in 1960, no matter how much he might have wished he could. For one thing, the Interplanetary Historical Association must have expelled him—they're very sensitive to scandal. That would mean he would no longer have access to the time-traveler.

Oh, come, my friend—I'm afraid your *métier* is to be a crime-fiction writer for the pulptapes, not a lawyer! Granted, he might by some lucky chance have been able to wrangle one last trip back before the IHA expulsion cost him his license—just happened to find the machine free. But he could never have ditched the time-traveler in 1960 and stayed there for good.

Why? Why, because as soon as he had overstayed the period he had reserved the time-traveler for, an officer would be dispatched in another to find him and it and bring them both back here—and that time he certainly wouldn't be acquitted; he'd still be serving a good long sentence in the penal camp on Ceres. And if all that had happened, it would have made a No. 1 story for the sensational trimens newsreels, and I would certainly have known about it.

Oh, my own guess—I'm not much interested, but I should guess that Marion, who doesn't seem to have been a very pleasant character, would refuse, out of pure spite, to divorce him, and he had no grounds to divorce her. Probably he's still alive—he'd be



only 61—and still tied to her, still eating his heart out for the little barbarian of 1960, whom he seems, strangely enough, to have loved very deeply. And of course he could no longer earn a living as a historian, without membership in the IHA, so if he's still living he must be doing some kind of low-grade work just a cut above the robot occupations—epigraphy or translation or ghost-taping—the kind of thing that brings in scarcely any money because most of it could be done better by machines.

So if any of you in your future careers should have occasion to visit the past, let Halton Summers's fate be a warning to you never to go native! I'll see you again on Thursday.

... Well, I have only a minute. What is it?

No, no, my boy, let's not go on with the Summers case. You'll be late for your next class. Eh, *what?*

Oh, good space! Oh, how dreadful! If I'd had the slightest idea—Do please believe me, I chose the case just at random, because it made such a nice illustration.

I can understand you wouldn't take your mother's hobby of genealogy very seriously. But if your great-great-great-great-great grandfather was Halton Summers, and your great-great-great-great-great grandmother was Enid Harkness—

Oh, no, I beg of you, *don't* try to look him up, even to help him! The shock might well drive the poor devil mad!



## The return of Chesley Bonestell . . .

With much pleasure we announce that we have recently arranged for two more covers by Chesley Bonestell. Since Sputnik invaded the fringe of space, many of the more down-to-Earth seers of our field have been kept busier than ever as a result of increased scientific interest on the part of the general public, and Mr. Bonestell, Willy Ley, our own Good Doctor Asimov, and other such have found their work schedules jammed. We managed to keep a string on the Good Doctor, but we ran out of covers from the dean of astronomical art—a gloomy situation the end of which we are confident you will cheer as loudly as we do. . . .