

Neither did Aladdin Autoengineering partners John and Jenny Sutton. Garsch describes the prolonged legal struggle to limit the range of potential questioning on the stand. Davis met the Suttons at a nudist colony, and rumors of sexual irregularities were brought up by the prosecution during the pretrial discovery. Mr. Sutton told a lame and scarcely-credible story about found money [Pages 103-110] and Mrs. Sutton claimed to be uninterested in the business [Pages 111-113]. Neither was able to explain why they were so uninterested in discovering Davis's other connection to the industry.

Pretrial discovery did uncover one proof of the depth of Davis's planning. LA County District Attorney files contained a letter from Davis containing the details of Mrs. Gentry's criminal record. Garsch was able to suppress questioning regarding Davis's engagement to Mrs. Gentry, which he believed to be part of the deception plan by which Davis was to steal *Hired Girl* out from under his partner. Presumably Miles Gentry would have been implicated in the crimes of his new wife, thus enabling Davis's representatives to gain control of the company, while Davis himself was safely out of reach in cold-sleep.

Garsch is remarkably unsentimental about his client, who comes across poorly in any case. He describes with some distaste his client's disinterest in personal hygiene: "He smelled like a cat. His cat seems to have used his clothing as its litter box." [Page 27]. He may also have been drinking; Garsch mentions several potential witnesses who noted his incoherent behavior around the time of his marriage and believed him to be drunk at the time, if not doped up. One matter that was fortunately not brought out at the trial was the sexual relationship between Mr. and Mrs. Davis, which may have begun when she was only a child.

By publishing as an appendix the long narrative Daniel Davis wrote as an explanation of his actions, Garsch & Andrews (a former WAC sergeant who, after the death of her husband, an army officer, became a professional writer) may have divulged a confidence. The story reads like an extended dream and did indeed, after the verdict, make the presiding judge, the respected jurist Brian Kaelin (who, according to reports, may be under consideration for the next vacancy on the U.S. Supreme Court) wonder about Mr. Davis's sanity.



## Interview with Svetz

### Larry Niven and John Hertz

Svetz is the protagonist in a series of Larry Niven time-travel stories. Five were collected in *The Flight of the Horse* (1973), later reprinted at the end of the novel *Rainbow Mars* (1999). Niven thinks time travel is fantasy. But Svetz doesn't realize that, - he thinks he is a character in science fiction. The results are strange. Svetz works for the Institute for Temporal Research eleven hundred years in the future. He has traveled into the past, or something, many times.

**Ag:** How long have you worked at the Institute?

**Svetz:** By the Institute's calendar, eight years, 1100-1108 A.E. That's "atomic era"; we date things from the first controlled atomic explosion, in the middle of your 20th Century. Once, looking for a horse—they're extinct in my own day—I went back to -750 A.E.. I've been trying to get seniority from my earliest date in service, which would give me 1,900 years. Or there's sequential time. If I spend months on a mission, and return to the moment after I left, that's a lot of man-hours which don't show on the calendar. So far I've been paid by sequential time, which seems only fair.

**Ag:** What's it like to travel in a time machine?

**Svetz:** The time machine doesn't travel, really. It's underground at the Institute. It sends an extension cage back in time, then pulls the cage home. Inside the cage, gravity is funny. Otherwise it isn't bad.

**Ag:** While you were on Mars, the beginning of a song came to you. Have you any other muse—do you play, sculpt, dance, weave?

**Svetz:** I'm pretty good at filking—making up verses to fit stolen music. When the Secretary-General's Gila monster died of indigestion, I went back to medieval England trying to replace it, and served as a troubadour. It helps to carry a decent machine translator. Zeera Southworth, who also works for the Institute, says if I can sing, I can dance. She's better at dancing, I'm better at singing.

**Ag:** You used to say you didn't like exotic creatures. But you've brought more home for the Vivarium than anyone else. On Mars, where you met so many intelligent races it was a wonder they all lived on one planet, you seemed to get on with Lord Pfee and with the green giant Thaxir. Do you think you've changed?

**Svetz:** I believe I'm developing an affinity for exotic creatures. Partly it's been self-defense. Partly it may be living with Wrona, who becomes a kind of evolved wolf when the tides distort Earth's magnetic fields.

**Ag:** What exactly is your relationship with Wrona?

**Svetz:** That is part of my private life. One day we hope to return to her own timeline.

**Ag:** Maybe we can talk about all these creatures. When you went to get a horse, the animal you brought back had a horn—

**Svetz:** Please don't start saying horses have no horns. Mine does.

**Ag:** —and was fiercely antagonistic, except to certain women. The whale you found was white, trailing a corpse of a bearded man with one leg. The Gila monster had wings and breathed fire. Wrona, when you met her, was a woman. When you and she got back to your time—it was forward, not back, for her—

**Svetz:** Don't worry about it. Just ask your question. These things hang everybody up, unless you talk in equations like the temporal physicists.

**Ag:** —she was a female wolf, or something like a wolf. Have you ever wondered why, traveling back in time, you keep meeting such odd creatures and events? Could there be something odd, something fantastic, about time travel itself, that might bear on this effect?

**Svetz:** My boss, Ra Chen, asked me that once. But he and the researchers hadn't done their homework. It shows in my mission orders too. When I go back to some earlier time, it doesn't look the way I was told, and I have to improvise. I admit it isn't easy for them. Wars and natural disasters wipe out records they need, or people throw things away when there's a change of fashion. On the Mars mission it started getting to me. I was falling in love with Miya Thorsven of the Space Bureau, and I was afraid it was all some kind of fantasy. But things kept happening, and we all had so much to do, I let it go. Afterward the research director put in a long memo, but I haven't read it.

**Ag:** Ra Chen calls you his best agent. You seem able to think of things others don't. Your improvisations have been pretty good, if it doesn't embarrass you to hear that. How do you do it?

**Svetz:** Thanks. I can't tell you much. It always feels like I should have known right away, but it can take forever. I have to go down all these blind alleys first. I eventually get it.

**Ag:** Zeera Southworth was your mission leader in 16<sup>th</sup> Century Brazil. You brought her a Portuguese silver coin for repairing an electrical circuit. She found the silver was alloyed with base metal, beat the coin into shape with the butt of a blaster, then had you transmute the metal into gold with your trade kit to put into the circuit. When did it occur to her that, gold being more malleable and ductile than silver, especially pure gold, she could have saved a lot of work by transmuting first? How long was it until she would talk to you again after that?

**Svetz:** I'm not sure she ever tumbled to it. While she was pounding at the coin, and swearing, I was asleep in a chair. If I hadn't been so tired I might have thought it through.

I had tapping noises and a woman's voice in my dreams. And she might have been angry with me about something else unspecified. That happened a lot.

**Ag:** There are time-travel paradoxes in every one of your published adventures. You've been in them; you've caused them, or uncaused them; you've nearly been killed by them. Can you explain?

**Svetz:** No. We're still trying to figure them out.

**Ag:** Well, thanks for your time, if that's not a bad way to put it. What's next?

**Svetz:** After the Mars mission I sometimes think I'd better retire quick. But the Chinese guy who owned the Gila monster spoke to me oddly. He said I would live in interesting times. It may take me forever to visit all of them.



## Lunar Interview

Michael A. Burstein

Interview with the instigators of the Lunar Revolution, timeline Neil Armstrong (variant #2), as recounted by Robert A. Heinlein in *The Moon is a Harsh Mistress*.

The interview with the three was conducted via subspace radio, with the interviewer on the Earth and the principals in the Raffles Hotel in Luna City.

MAB: Bernardo de la Paz, Manuel Garcia, Wyoming Knott, thank you for being our guests today.

BDLP: It is our pleasure, my dear boy.

MG: What Prof said. *Spaseba*.

WK: Although I honestly don't know what we could possibly tell you that would be interesting.

MAB: Well, you'll find out. Also, may I ask you to talk Earth-talk for this interview? It will be easier for our readers to understand.

(The three glance at each other.)

BDLP: Fine.

MAB: Thank you. The first question I'd like to ask is how you feel about the current political situation. In particular, what are your opinions on the Iraq War?

MG: I've never really considered myself very political. I'll pass.