

whom I was not anxious to see any portrait. If Michelangelo were around today and sculpted his impression of the electrical outlet by my desk he might do as great a vision as anybody could of an electrical outlet. But he probably could not do anything I would consider great art because the subject matter is just not

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compelling enough. The people in R_a_g_i_n_g_B_u_l_l are certainly more compelling than are electrical outlets, but not enough so that I could really enjoy the film.

My friend commented on my saying that as far as I was concerned that the best films of the 1980s were T_h_e_K_i_l_l_i_n_g_F_i_e_l_d_s and EMPIRE OF THE SUN. He said:

E_m_p_i_r_e_o_f_t_h_e_S_u_n was an interesting film -- I'm not convinced it was a good film, though. John Malkovich was good, the story was certainly interesting, but overall the film struck me as long and drawn out and an eager attempt at something beyond the average American film. It failed in that as far as I'm concerned.

E_m_p_i_r_e_o_f_t_h_e_S_u_n made a strong impression on me. It put me into the center of what I considered to be great events and a society I had not seen before. More importantly Stephen Spielberg recognized how filming in China was different than filming anywhere else in the world. Specifically extras are cheap. So he put onto film scenes that would be too expensive to film anywhere else in the world. He filmed the solid wave of humanity in Shanghai at the time of the panic. Anywhere else in the world you would have to film it close up and show much fewer people. The director can leisurely pan back and show you what really happens to a city in panic. Spielberg had something like three days to film in China, for T_h_e_L_a_s_t_E_m_p_e_r_o_r Bertolucci had many months. Other than a few exteriors at the Forbidden City, Bertolucci wasted actually being in China filming scenes he could have easily filmed in Italy. I have a mathematician's mind and mysticism rarely works for me in films. Here it did because I had enough in common with Jim. It is sort of a boy's mysticism based on the love of airplanes and I can certainly understand that. I can see myself in a lot of the similar situations that the boy was in this film.

The best part about T_h_e_K_i_l_l_i_n_g_F_i_e_l_d_s was, again, Malkovich. And, of course, Spalding Gray's bit part. But like E_m_p_i_r_e_o_f_t_h_e_S_u_n, T_h_e_K_i_l_l_i_n_g_F_i_e_l_d_s struck me as muddled. I haven't seen it in the past few years, so I can't make specifics. I would, rate, T_h_e_K_i_l_l_i_n_g_F_i_e_l_d_s far above E_m_p_i_r_e_o_f_t_h_e_S_u_n. But, compared to R_a_g_i_n_g_B_u_l_l, both fall far, far behind.

No wonder he rated it much lower than I did. He was looking at the American story. I see the Americans as just prologue. This film is about Cambodia's huge dilemma. You see the Americans totally mismanaging the war and you think "Ugh! What could be worse than this? The Americans are destroying a country they don't understand at all." Then the Americans disappear and you find out what they had been holding back was a hell infinitely worse.

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I get the impression that in a film he want to get inside people's heads (even people like Jake LaMotto), and I like to get inside get inside big historical events, to see what they were like and understand the issues. Both are reasonable goals, but we have to recognize they are different and the reader should factor in that difference if one reads my reviews.

2. The last issue had the right volume and number (10/52) but the wrong date; it said "6/19" when it should have been "6/26." [-ecl]

Mark Leeper
MT 3D-441 908-957-5619
...mtgzy!leeper

God was able to create the world in only seven days
because he had no installed base to consider.

-- Andy Finkel, Commodore-Amiga Inc.

LETTERS TO THE PRESS edited by John Michael Gibson and R. L. Green
University of Iowa Press, 1986, ISBN 0-87745-137-0, \$29.95
SHERLOCK HOLMES LETTERS edited by R. L. Green
University of Iowa Press, 1986, ISBN 0-87745-161-3, \$27.50
Two book reviews by Evelyn C. Leeper
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L_e_t_t_e_r_s_t_o_t_h_e_P_r_e_s_s is a collection of Arthur Conan Doyle's

letters to the press on various subjects (in my previous review of Peter Costello's R_e_a_l_W_o_r_l_d_o_f_S_h_e_r_l_o_c_k_H_o_l_m_e_s I discussed Conan Doyle's role in various criminal investigations). It starts with a couple of letters on obscure medical matters which may discourage you, but have faith--most of the book is perfectly understandable I did tend to skip the letters on occultism, which occupy an increasing percentage of the chapters as the book progresses (it is arranged chronologically), but the rest cover a fascinating range, and many of them remain topical today, including comments on the Contagious Diseases Act and the Coronation Oath.

In S_h_e_r_l_o_c_k_H_o_l_m_e_s_L_e_t_t_e_r_s Richard Green collects published announcements of the various Holmes stories, letters to various publishers about them and about Holmes in general, reviews of plays, etc. Some of the letters are lengthy analyses; some are brief one- or two-liners.

Somehow, it's impossible to review book like these, so I'll just say that at almost \$30 each these would be for completists only, but remaindered for \$4.95 at the Strand (and possibly elsewhere), they are fun reading for the fan and good background material for the historian.

NIGHT ON EARTH
A film review by Mark R. Leeper
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Capsule review: Five cab rides in five major cities all happening at the same time and none really go anywhere. This film is mostly about personality and talk, but you won't remember any of the cab rides any more than your last real cab ride. This is Jim Jarmusch's most commercial film to date, but it is still not greatly recommendable. Rating: 0 (-4 to +4).

Jim Jarmusch's films are an acquired taste. In some ways they are just too realistic to be really enthralling. Particularly in his first film, S_t_r_a_n_g_e_r_T_h_a_n_P_a_r_a_d_i_s_e, his characters always think for five or ten seconds before speaking a single sentence. This made listening to the conversations just a bit frustrating, which I suppose was the point. After his D_o_w_n_b_y_L_a_w, his most recent film was M_y_s_t_e_r_y_T_r_a_i_n, three interconnected stories taking place the same day and night in Memphis, Tennessee.

N_i_g_h_t_o_n_E_a_r_t_h is five stories involving taxi cab rides taking place at the same instant. The stories are less connected than those of M_y_s_t_e_r_y_T_r_a_i_n. Each takes place in a different city: Los Angeles, New York, Paris, Rome, and Helsinki.

In Los Angeles, a rather butch tomboy cab driver (played by Winona Ryder) drives a casting agent (played by Gena Rowlands). Each is discouraged by the way things are going on her job and the other may be able to help. In New York, a black man (played by Giancarlo Esposito) hails a cab and finds his driver (played by Armin Mueller-Stahl), a recent East German emigre', knows nothing about New York or driving a cab. Esposito's frustration gives way to friendship as the German is pulled into his life, but then the German ends up worse than when he started. In Paris, a black cab driver (played by Isaach De Bakole') first is the butt of racist remarks from two drunk black passengers. He throws them out of his cab and picks up instead a blind woman who is non-discriminatory--she has a nasty attitude toward everyone.

Rome is the site of the fourth story where a very funny and inventive cab driver (played by Roberto Begnini) confesses his sins hilariously to a priest in his cab. It may or may not be a joke, but it has serious consequences. The final sequence takes place in Helsinki. This time the driver is played by Matti Pellonpaa (who played the manager in the worth-looking-for T_h_e_L_e_n_i_n_g_r_a_d_C_o_w_b_o_y_s_G_o_A_m_e_r_i_c_a). He picks up three drunk passengers who tell him a sad story that he matches with one of his own.

Any of these segments might add needed texture to somebody's film about a cab driver but it overall is a film that had the viewer asking at the end of each segment, "Yeah? So?" Perhaps the idea, like in M_y_D_i_n_n_e_r_w_i_t_h_A_n_d_r_e, is just to let you hear the conversation, but since the characters are so contrived there is little feel that these are real conversations. And lulls in the conversation tend only to stretch out a film already too long for many audiences.

N_i_g_h_t_o_n_E_a_r_t_h is a just-okay entry in Jarmusch's filmography. I give it a 0 on the -4 to +4 scale. It is intriguing to compare Jarmusch's films to L_e_n_i_n_g_r_a_d_C_o_w_b_o_y_s_G_o_A_m_e_r_i_c_a. Aki Kaurismaki recognizably borrows from Jarmusch's style, an observation I made before I had realized that Jarmusch also acts in L_e_n_i_n_g_r_a_d_C_o_w_b_o_y_s_G_o_A_m_e_r_i_c_a. So the two directors have some cross-fertilization. Yet of the two, Kaurismaki seems the better director. Kaurismaki totally avoids the "so what?" response that so often comes with Jarmusch's work.

ALTERNATE KENNEDYS edited by Mike Resnick
Tor, 1992, ISBN 0-812-51955-8, \$4.99.
A book review by Evelyn C. Leeper
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(This is a very long review. If you'd rather skip the commentary on each individual story, just read the first three paragraphs and then skip to the summary in the last four. The same is true if you want to avoid any possible spoilers. In addition, there is an overview of the Kennedy family at the end to help you keep track of who's who.)

It's an ever-tightening spiral. First we had alternate history stories appearing in general anthologies. Then we had general alternate history anthologies (e.g., R_o_b_e_r_t_A_d_a_m_s'_B_o_o_k_o_f_A_l_t_e_r_n_a_t_e_W_o_r_l_d_s). Then came Benford et al's A_l_t_e_r_n_a_t_e_E_m_p_i_r_e_s and A_l_t_e_r_n_a_t_e_H_e_r_o_e_s. Then we had Resnick's A_l_t_e_r_n_a_t_e_P_r_e_s_i_d_e_n_t_s. And now we have A_l_t_e_r_n_a_t_e_K_e_n_n_e_d_y_s. What next? (Actually, from Resnick I would expect A_l_t_e_r_n_a_t_e_T_e_d_d_y_s, as he's written several mutually-contradictory alternate Theodore Roosevelt stories.)

But even A_l_t_e_r_n_a_t_e_K_e_n_n_e_d_y_s may be too narrow a focus. The twenty-seven authors seem to have realized this, and have done their best to choose original premises for their stories, so we are spared twenty-seven what-if-JFK-hadn't-been-killed-in-Dallas stories, but even so.... (By the way, the cover blurb says "Twenty-five

speculations" when there are actually twenty-seven. And what odd computer font glitch turned almost every "?" in the introductions and afterwords to "/"s?) This anthology relies on the "Kennedy mystique," and I suppose I should state up front that I find that my interest in the Kennedys as a whole is no more than the sum of my interest in the individuals and possibly less. And "Camelot" lost its luster long ago when someone pointed out that "Ask not what your country can do for you, ask what you can do for your country" is as applicable to the Third Reich as to an American democracy--or perhaps even more so.

So now that you have some idea of the attitudes I brought to this anthology, let us proceed with my usual interminable, story-by-story analysis. Those desiring the short version of this review should skip to the fourth paragraph from the end.

The first piece (after Resnick's introduction) is a poem by Jane Yolen, "Camelot Redux or, Jack Kennedy Seen as an Alternating Current." Alternating current, perhaps, but not an alternate Kennedy in the usual sense of the phrase. (In his introduction, Resnick said that he told Yolen if she didn't have time for a story he'd take a poem. One suspects poets might take umbrage at the implication here.)

Returning to the more traditional prose form, we have "A Fleeting Wisp of Glory" by Laura Resnick. This too is not a standard alternate Kennedy (although that element is there), but a story of the far future, after generations of tale-spinners had managed to merge Camelot (1) and Camelot (2). This particular story follows the Kennedy theme, but the idea that future generations will garble our history is not new to science fiction.

Either Barry N. Malzberg's writing is changing, or my tastes are changing, but I find that I am coming to like most of his work that I'm reading these days, and "In the Stone House" is no exception. In this novelette, Joseph P. Kennedy, Jr., did not die in World War II and instead became President in 1952, but the real controlling force behind him, and John, and Robert, and Edward, was Joseph P. Kennedy, Sr.--"the Ambassador." "In the Stone House" looks at power and its effects on the controller and the controlled

in a very satisfying work. (Many of the stories will return to this theme of control by the senior Kennedy.)

"The Kennedy Enterprise" by David Gerrold is one of that sub-genre of alternate histories which ask the question, "What if a famous world leader went into the entertainment industry instead?" You wouldn't think there would be enough of these to form a sub-genre, but after Howard Waldrop's "Ike at the Mike," it's become a popular concept. (With ex-actors becoming President and Presidential candidates playing saxophone on "The Arsenio Hall Show," I admit the alternate history scenario resembles reality more each day.) In this case, the leader is again Joseph P. Kennedy, Sr., who decides to stay in Hollywood with Gloria Swanson instead of moving into politics. Given Gerrold's background, "The Kennedy Enterprise" is predictable but, like Gerrold's best-known work ("The Trouble with Tribbles"), fun while it lasts.

In "The Best and the Brightest" Kristine Kathryn Rusch gets away from both Joseph P. Kennedy, Sr., and JFK altogether and gives us an alternate Robert Fitzgerald Kennedy. But though RFK is central to the story, he is also "off-camera" for most of it, providing a welcome break from the seemingly endless march of Kennedys across the pages. Rusch also brings in the one major non-Kennedy icon of the times, Martin Luther King, in a story with multiple layers of "what might have been"--what might have been on a national/global scale, and what might have been for one individual based on the choices he makes. In doing so, she highlights better than any of the other authors how everything we do, every decision we make, every "road not taken," leads to one alternate history or another. I can't help but think of the old line, "One person can change the world." You don't have to be a Kennedy to do it.

Once you have the title of Jack C. Haldeman II's story, you know what's coming: "The 1960 Presidential Campaign, Considered as a World Wrestling Federation Steel Cage Match or Short Count in

Chicago." (However, both the table of contents and the page headers settle for "Short Count in Chicago.") It's the Hyannis Kid versus The Trickster, with refereeing by Chicago Dick. Twenty-five years ago, J. G. Ballard wrote "The Assassination of John Fitzgerald

Kennedy Considered as a Downhill Motor Race." Coming only four years after the assassination, Ballard's story was considered in poor taste by many and was not widely available. So some readers may think this story original; I see it as an updated allusion, or perhaps homage, to the Ballard.

Susan Shwartz's "Siren Song" combines a legend of a sailor from thousands of years ago with one of a sailor from our own time, with JFK meeting a mermaid after his PT-109 crash. But this siren gives him a choice.... A bit too much time was spent on the love story for my tastes, and the whole idea of JFK and a mermaid is not my cup of tea in any case.

Judith Tarr's "Them Old Hyannis Blues" is yet another "entertainers" story--the four Kennedy brothers become the world's biggest rock sensation, Elvis Presley is President, Marilyn Monroe is a lawyer, and John Lennon is secretary of State. There are other well-known personalities in unlikely positions, but on the whole this offers nothing new over Waldrop's "Ike at the Mike," and the Waldrop story was w _ i _ d _ e _ l _ y seen.

"Rosemary: Scrambled Eggs on a Blue Plate," on the other hand, i _ s original. Co-authored by Alan Rodgers and James D. MacDonald, this is probably more accurately categorized as a secret history than as an alternate history (or alternate Kennedy). (The same can be said for other works in this volume as well, but to say which ones might be to give something away.) The distinction is that an alternate history relies on facts contrary to our reality (e.g., JFK ducks the bullet in Dallas and goes on to win a second term), but a secret history gives a new interpretation to events and is not contradictory to events in our world (e.g., JFK was actually an immortal who staged his assassination to allow himself to move onto a different identity). This story is told from the point of view of Rosemary Kennedy, the retarded sister who had a lobotomy in 1941. Rodgers and MacDonald propose an explanation for her condition, and for a lot of other things as well, thought some readers may find the story disturbing--as I'm sure the authors intended.

Brian M. Thomsen has two stories in this anthology. The first, "The Missing 35th President," is in some ways similar to Laura Resnick's "Fleeting Wisp of Glory," though here the sources for the "history" are the supermarket tabloids rather than the village story-teller. It's amusing, but insubstantial.

Barbara Delaplace's "Freedom" examines the same issues of power as Malzberg's "In the Stone House" albeit in a much shorter form. Were it not for the presence of Richard Nixon, this could be a

secret history of Joseph P. Kennedy, Jr., and perhaps it would have been better that way. As it is, it's too easy to dismiss this as fiction instead of thinking about whether there might be some element of truth to what Delaplace describes, and what it means in terms of how parents and children relate to each other.

"A Massachusetts Yankee in King Arthur's Court" by Harry Turtledove is another non-alternate-history, a straight time-travel story: what if druids sent JFK back to the _ r _ e _ a _ l Camelot? JFK may be a bit overdone as a womanizer here (but maybe not; Turtledove usually does his homework well), but Turtledove can always be counted on for a good story with a well-researched background, and if the Kennedy aspect is just the McGuffin that gets it in this anthology, so be it. But it could just as easily have been Joseph Francis Kropinski who was sent back.

In Mark Aronson's "President-Elect," Richard M. Nixon becomes the 37th President in 1968. If this sounds like exactly what really happened--well, read the story. Aronson takes you on a roller-coaster to get there, and is convincing (at least on first reading--there may be some slips, but I didn't find any). Aronson has won a lot of awards for creative advertising, and I can see why.

Pat Cadigan had a tough act to follow. Her "Dispatches from the Revolution" in Resnick's _ A _ l _ t _ e _ r _ n _ a _ t _ e _ P _ r _ e _ s _ i _ d _ e _ n _ t _ s was the best in that volume (it was nominated for a Hugo and stands a good chance of winning) and was already an alternate Kennedy story. So I wondered if she could live up to that reputation here. She does, with "No Prisoners," which is once again the best work in the anthology. (The title phrase in this context comes from a supposed campaign slogan: "No quarter given, no compromise, and no prisoners," which describes Cadigan's writing as well.) Many of the stories here are alternate Kennedy (singular); Cadigan takes the plural to heart in this story centering around two of the siblings, Eunice and Robert, with guest appearances by several other alternate Kennedys. Like so many of the stories, this one also looks at the control Joseph P. Kennedy, Sr., exercised over his children, but Cadigan finds new ways for them to escape it. Robert goes to the one organization his father can't control--the Roman Catholic Church--and becomes an activist priest. Eunice (and Patricia to a lesser extent) escape by becoming politicians in their own right instead of the wives of politicians. If at times the number of Kennedys and Kennedy wannabes in "No Prisoners" threatens to overwhelm the reader, that's a very minor flaw in another excellent work by Cadigan. Look for this one at Hugo time next year.

Speaking of Kennedy wannabes, Mike Resnick's "Lady in Waiting" is not about any alternate Kennedys per se, but about an alternate Marilyn Monroe, a waitress named Norma Jean Baker. We've all known someone like Resnick's Norma Jean, someone who doesn't quite understand how it all works and who lives in a fantasy world.

That's probably why this story is so affecting--at first I felt it was out of place in an alternate Kennedy anthology (and so it may be), but it grows on you and stays with you long after most of the other stories fade away.

"The Inga-Binga Affair" by Michael P. Kube-McDowell may be based on well-documented fact, but it still didn't do anything for me. The story implies that events in its world will proceed differently from those in ours, but never actually shows us this, and I was surprisingly disinterested that a young JFK was boinking a suspected Nazi spy.

Rick Katze's "Bobbygate" puts the break-in to National Headquarters in the 1964 campaign instead of the 1972 and had it be the Democrats doing the breaking in. Oh, yes, and JFK was still President--no mention of how that came about. Once again, it's Joseph Patrick Kennedy, Sr., running everything, and somewhat better than Nixon et al did in our world. But the story doesn't go anywhere--it basically gives the reader the premise, fleshes it out a bit, and then stops.

But even emptier of content is "Now And in the Hour of Our Death" by Debra Doyle and James D. MacDonald. What if Kathleen Kennedy had not died in a plane crash in 1948, but had survived and retreated from the world to a convent under an assumed name? That's it; that's the whole story. I think it might have worked in a non-specific anthology, since it seems to lead up to the big surprise at the end that the Sister is actually Kathleen Kennedy, but Resnick's introduction removes any lingering surprise that might have been there. (By the way, Resnick claims Kathleen divorced her husband, but all other sources I checked say that he died four years before she did and don't mention any divorce. In fact, she was buried in his family plot.)

Nancy Kress's "Eoghan" (pronounced "Owen," and in fact the "Eoghan Ruadh O'Neill" of the opening poem is frequently seen as "Owen Roe O'Neill") is a fantasy explanation of how a family so favored could become a family so cursed. The story begins in Ireland with Patrick Kennedy, Joseph Patrick Kennedy, Sr.'s grandfather, preparing to leave Ireland during the Great Potato Famine of 1848. Walking home one night he meets one of the _ a _ e _ s _ s _ i _ d _ i and gets from her a magical guinea. But its magic is as much in the obligation it carries as in any gift it brings; for as the old woman tells him, "Good fortune in yers, and yer sons', and yer sons' sons', so long as ye use yer power to the good of the people who look to ye. If not--." The rest of the story is mostly the story of Patrick's journey to America, and his life there, and his son's life, and on to his great-grandson John Fitzgerald Kennedy and his encounter with the magical guinea. Kress is a consistently good author (and is also nominated for a Hugo this year), and "Eoghan" is worthy of her.

"Til Death Do Us Part" by Charles Von Rospach (Better known to Usenettors as Chuq) is another Marilyn Monroe story, but with a touch of John Collier. Anyone familiar with John Collier's work will understand this statement; everyone else should go read some immediately. My enjoyment of this story was lessened by two factors: 1) I am female and it seems a story written much more from and for a male viewpoint (much as Connie Willis's "Even the Queen" would seem to be from and for the female viewpoint), and 2) by this point in the book, JFK's sexual escapades in general and trysts with Marilyn Monroe in particular were getting boring. Still, some clever ideas keep this story afloat and amusing.

Brian M. Thomsen's second story in this volume is "Gloria Remembers," a deal-with-the-devil story involving Joseph P. Kennedy, Sr., and remembered by Gloria Swanson. Swanson is totally unnecessary to the story--she serves only to relate events which could have been told by any third person, or even as third-person omniscient. The idea here is the same as in numerous deal-with-the-devil stories (it is perhaps best done in the film _ B _ e _ d _ a _ z _ z _ l _ e _ d), and this is one of the weakest of the stories in this volume.

Esther M. Friesner, on the other hand, takes almost precisely the same idea and turns it into a wonderfully humorous tale in "Told You So." You may see the climax coming before it hits you, but that just makes it better, like watching the peak of a roller coaster approach as you climb makes hurtling over the top more exciting. And Friesner gives the reader a little bit extra after the climax as well. Not earth-shaking, perhaps, but a wonderful bit of comic relief.

Ginjer Buchanan is a very good editor, but "The End of the Summer, by the Great Sea" does not mark an auspicious start for her as a writer. I _ T _ h _ i _ n _ k it says all the misfortunes of the Kennedys are caused by their being objects in a treasure hunt by children from another dimension. If this is the case, that makes this a horror story to me and not the "very young, very enthusiastic alternative" Resnick's introduction describes it as. "As flies to wanton boys, are we to the gods; They kill us for their sport" (_ K _ i _ n _ g _ L _ e _ a _ r, Act IV, Scene 1) was not intended to be amusing. It's possible that Buchanan _ i _ n _ t _ e _ n _ d _ e _ d this as a horror story, but if so the tone is all wrong--at least for me.

George Alec Effinger writes about "Prince Pat," Patrick Bouvier Kennedy. (I actually remember Patrick Bouvier Kennedy, which gives you some indication of my age.) At first glance, Effinger has chosen 1963 as the turning point, but no, he has actually gone back to a much earlier point (1941 is my guess) because only one of the cousins Patrick Bouvier Kennedy relies on in his Presidential campaign exists in our world, and for "Aunt Rosemary" to have had children, her operation in 1941 would have had to have turned out very differently. It's always dangerous to try to attribute motives

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to a writer, but I wonder if the idea of the sickly baby battling his way to health and success didn't have a special meaning for Effinger, who has himself had serious medical problems.

Robert Sheckley, whose story in _ A _ l _ t _ e _ r _ n _ a _ t _ e _ P _ r _ e _ s _ i _ d _ e _ n _ t _ s had Michael Dukakis meeting aliens from outer space, now gives us "The Disorder and Early Sorrow of Edward Moore Kennedy, Homunculus," in which the eponymous character meets the Martians. Sheckley's

stories all seem to have a manic paranoia to them, making them somewhat Dickian (no, not Dickensian), but they also frequently seem to have no point.

Rosemary Kennedy appears in more stories than you might at first expect, but she is clearly the best example of how close some of our alternate worlds are. A few millimeters in one direction or another during her operation and she might have become a force to be reckoned with, as she is here in "Rosemary's Brain" by Martha Soukup.

And finally, we have "Winterberry" by Nicholas A. DiChario. This, I believe, is a fitting closing to this anthology. I found it affecting (as have others), although some level of me also found it somewhat manipulative. Read it and judge for yourself.

One problem with A_l_t_e_r_n_a_t_e_K_e_n_n_e_d_y_s that surfaced somewhere around story number six or so is that reading story after story about the Kennedys can get pretty tiring. I would strongly suggest that anyone reading this anthology try to do it in pieces, and read other things between stories. (I, of course, had a review to get out, and no will power, so I did not take this advice.)

Another slight stumbling block I had was that I was expecting something different from what I got. As you may have noted, I frequently comment on a story, "This isn't a real alternate history." This is n_o_t a negative comment: one of the stories I liked best, "Eoghan," was not an alternate history, and another, "Lady in Waiting," is just barely alternate history. But since the title A_l_t_e_r_n_a_t_e_K_e_n_n_e_d_y_s led me to expect alternate history stories, I note when the story is not one.

I had said in my review of A_l_t_e_r_n_a_t_e_P_r_e_s_i_d_e_n_t_s (also edited by Mike Resnick) that "most surprising is the absence of the obvious turning points. No one wrote about ... [John F.] Kennedy n_o_t being assassinated (any stories on the last may be being held for A_l_t_e_r_n_a_t_e_K_e_n_n_e_d_y_s)." Well, they weren't. There have been some stories along this line already, of which the strangest is probably N_a_t_i_o_n_a_l_L_a_m_p_o_o_n's "Grand Fifth Term Inaugural Issue: JFK's First 6,000 Days" (February 1977) in which Jackie Kennedy died in Dallas instead of JFK. (But there seem to have about as many with R_o_b_e_r_t Kennedy surviving his assassination attempt, including Pat Cadigan's "Dispatches from the Revolution," Nelson W. Polsby's "What if Robert

Kennedy had not been assassinated (1968)," and William F. Nolan's "The Worlds of Monty Wilson.")

On the whole this anthology is not nearly as strong as
_ A_ l_ t_ e_ r_ n_ a_ t_ e_ P_ r_ e_ s_ i_ d_ e_ n_ t_ s. I can recommend the Cadigan, the Rusch, the Kress, the Mike Resnick, and the Malzberg, with the Gerrold and the Friesner as being fairly amusing as well. Some of the others have their points as well, but do not try to read too many at one time. Think of it as a box of candy and have only a piece or two at a time.

Kennedy Family Overview

They say you can't tell the players without a scorecard, so here's a quick summary of the Kennedy family:

Joseph Patrick Kennedy (09/06/88--11/18/69) was married in 1914 to Rose Fitzgerald (b. 07/22/90). He was ambassador to Great Britain from 1937 to 1940. They had nine children:

1. Joseph Patrick Kennedy, Jr. (1915--08/12/44) was killed in combat.
2. Rosemary Kennedy (b. 1918) was diagnosed as mentally retarded and was lobotomized in 1941. What was supposed to have helped her instead turned her mild retardation into severe retardation.
3. John Fitzgerald Kennedy (05/29/17--11/22/63) was almost killed when his PT boat (PT-109) was sunk in 1943, but survived. He married Jacqueline Bouvier (b. 07/28/29) on 9/12/53. JFK was elected President in 1960 and assassinated on 11/22/63. They had three children: Caroline Bouvier (b. 11/27/57), John Fitzgerald Jr. (b. 11/25/60), and Patrick Bouvier who died in infancy in August 1963. (Jacqueline Kennedy married Aristotle Onassis in 1968; he died in 1975.)
4. Kathleen Kennedy (1920--1948) married the William Cavendish, the Marquess of Hartington (who died in 1944) and was killed in a plane crash.
5. Eunice Mary Kennedy (b. 1921) married R. Sargent Shriver (on 05/23/53); he was active in politics and was the Democratic

vice-presidential candidate in 1972. They have five children: Robert Sargent III (b. 1954), Maria Ownings (b. 11/06/55, who married Arnold Schwarzenegger on 04/26/86), Timothy Perry (b. 1959), Mark Kennedy (b. 1964), and Anthony Paul (b. 1965).

6. Robert Francis Kennedy (11/20/25-06/06/68) married Ethel Skakel in 1950. He served as Attorney General while his

brother was President and then as a Senator from New York. He was running for the Presidential nomination when he was assassinated on 06/06/68. They had eleven children: Kathleen Hartington (b. 1951), Joseph Patrick II (b. 1952), Robert Francis Jr. (b. 1954), David Anthony (1955-1984, of multiple-drug ingestion), Mary Courtney (b. 1956), Michael LeMoyne (b. 1958), Mary Kerry (b. 1959), Christopher George (b. 1963), Matthew Maxwell Taylor (b. 1965), Douglas Harriman (b. 1967), and Rory Elizabeth Katherine (b. 1968).

7. Patricia Kennedy (b. 1924) was married to the actor Peter Lawford in 1954 and divorced in 1966. They have four children: Christopher (b. 1955), Sydney Maleia (b. 1956), Victoria (b. 1958), and Robin (b. 1961).
8. Jean Ann Kennedy (b. 1928) married businessman Stephen Smith in 1956. They have five children: Stephen Edward Jr. (b. 1957), William Kennedy (b. 1960, who was recently acquitted of rape in Florida), Amanda Mary (b. 1967), and Kym Maria (b. 1972).
9. Edward Moore Kennedy (b. 02/22/32) married Virginia Joan Bennett in 1958; they were divorced in 1983. He was elected to the Senate in 1962. On 06/19/64, he was in a plane crash in which his back was broken. On 07/18/69, he drove his car off a bridge on Chappaquiddick Island, killing Mary Jo Kopechne. He staged an unsuccessful bid for the Presidential nomination in 1980, but remains a senator from Massachusetts. They have three children: Kara Anne (b. 1960), Edward Moore, Jr. (b. 1961, who lost a leg to bone cancer in 1973), and Patrick Joseph (b. 1967).

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