

Redd Boggs' **SPROUCHES**

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OBIT FOR A MEMORY

Adlai Stevenson lost luster in my eyes, and in the eyes of most liberals I know, during the last years of his life, when he performed as a meretricious apologist for the Establishment's foreign policy. One is reminded of the career of Daniel Webster, who fell like a star in the regard of all liberals when he championed Clay's Compromise of 1850 and the Fugitive Slave law. Emerson said that "all the drops of his blood have eyes that look downward." Such could be said of Mr Stevenson, too.

I saw Mr Stevenson once, in March 1956, the same month in which I saw Sequin (a famous strip-teaser of the era), Richard Eney, and Dean A. Grennell for the first time. Three or four months before he took off on a second, unsuccessful campaign for the presidency, Mr Stevenson appeared at a "nonpolitical" convocation at Northrop Memorial auditorium on the campus of the University of Minnesota, and I went to hear him. He was, I think, the most famous man I had ever seen up to that time, and I was very impressed with him.

Northrop auditorium, quite a large hall, was full, and the audience was warm and responsive, but on the other hand few people were turned away for lack of seats, and those present did not evince the sort of passionate enthusiasm that crowds showed for President Eisenhower on his visit to the Twin Cities in the autumn of the same year. Mr Stevenson's greatest claim to fame is as a speechmaker, and though his appearance at the University of Minnesota can hardly have been of major importance, his speech showed him at his best: witty and genial, without descending for a minute from the level of idealistic motives and intellectual aims. No man ever expressed from the platform more sincerely and convincingly my own best thoughts. "Here," I thought, "is a man worthy to be called the spokesman for humanity."

After the speech, I edged out of the crowd and started on my way to wherever I was going, only to be caught up in another eddy. A small throng was gathering outside a side door to Northrop auditorium where a limousine was standing, its motor purring. I paused, and was just in time to see Mr Stevenson emerge from the building an arm's length from me, accompanied by two or three assistants or bodyguards. Up close, he wore the dwindled, ordinary look of celebrities seen in person whom you have seen before only in newspaper photos or on television. He grinned a little embarrassedly at us and, getting immediately into his car, tossed us a wave through the window.

I must have been impatient to be gone, and the car must not have left the door of Northrop very quickly, because I had walked a consider-

able distance across the campus when I saw the car again. The campus, I remember, showed that depressing barrenness of the world between the time the snow melts and green-up season. Brown grass, covered here and there with the dingy scud of melted snowdrifts. Bare black trees, with a few rattling leaves, standing against a somber sky. Hardly anybody was in sight in this part of the campus.

I came to a street and looked up before I crossed. Down the street came Mr Stevenson's limousine, moving slowly, as if in a procession, though there were no other cars behind or ahead of it. On the curb I waited for it to pass. As the car drew past me, standing alone on a forlorn street corner, Mr Stevenson opportunely gave me a brisk wave -- "What the hell! Maybe one more vote!" he must have said. I waved back, and his car moved on down the street, through a landscape as cheerless as his prospects for the presidency.

I felt very sad to remember this incident at the time of the Cuban crisis of 1962, and even sadder to remember it in recent times when Mr Stevenson spoke in defense of the Johnson administration's policy in Viet Nam and the Dominican Republic. Although he is said to have had private reservations about intervention in the Dominican Republic, calling it "a massive blunder," Mr Stevenson at least did not have the courage of his convictions; he did not resign. No man need be a career soldier, a cop, a lying politician, against his will. I grieve that he who put the term "egghead" into the popular language should show at the last such shabby feet of clay. I honor the man only for what he was, not for what he became.

1.	19 Nov 1964	4 pp	Apa L #5	9.	10 June 1965	2 pp	Apa L #34
2.	Thanksgvg 1964	1 pp*	Apa L #6	10.	17 June 1965	2 pp	Apa L #35
3.	3 Dec 1964	1 pp§	Apa L #7	11.	24 June 1965	2 pp	Apa L #36
4.	17 Mar 1965	4 pp	Apa L #23	12.	1 July 1965	2 pp	Apa L #37
5.	15 Apr 1965	2 pp	Apa L #26	13.	8 July 1965	2 pp	Apa L #38
6.	22 Apr 1965	3 pp	Apa L #27	14.	15 July 1965	2 pp	Apa L #39
7.	27 May 1965	2 pp	Apa L #32	15.	22 July 1965	2 pp	Apa L #40
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* Back-to-back with The Hexamorous Horsetail (Schwenn), 26 Nov 1964.

§ Back-to-back with The Sultan's Horsetail (Schwenn), 3 Dec 1964.

L'ENVOY

There is more material in the files; the lead article in this issue was substituted for one written previously, and other items have been waiting print for weeks and months. But, as I intimated in Spirochete #13, it is time to be gone, and upon reflection I see that with a few slight revisions most of this material could appear elsewhere. Therefore, such items as "Encounter on the Road," "God of the Philosophy Department," and "13 Topics for Freshman Themes" will be held for another time and place, at some co-ordinates or other in the wherewhen of fandom. And so, reader, farewell to Spirochete! At least for a while. I may publish in Apa L again in the future, but not immediately, not next week or the week after, or the week after that. Leben Sie wohl; thanks.