

Hoosier Witch Hunt Norwood Russell Hanson

Bloomington, Ind. Where the Bible Belt and the Corn Belt intersect, there lies Bloomington, Indiana — "the All-American city." It is as homey as apple pie, as right as rain, as good as gold — and as typically Neanderthaloid as any place in the country. For here in Hoosierland we have laws on the books concerning what people may *think* and what they may *advocate*. We also have here a golden-boy lawyer who would press onto Bloomington an anti-subversion law (McCarthy vintage) — a statute which should make Americans tremble with its portent of righteous stupidity. The law forbids *advocating* that the government of the United States or of the State of Indiana, should be overthrown by force. Not *doing*, mind you, but *advocating!*

Ah, but we also have Indiana University in Bloomington — with its courageous and outspoken faculty, its strong and liberal administration, and its keen, ever-inquiring student body. My foot!

Here it is all over again, folks, in *simulacrum*. Here is an Indiana University Law School graduate who means to do "right" for his town, whether they like it or not. He plays, harp-like, on a benighted community eager for any chest-thumping cause. After all, in what was KKK country thirty years ago,

Norwood Russell Hanson will shortly leave his present post as Chairman of the Department of History and Logic of Science at Indiana University to become professor of philosophy at Yale University. Winner of many scholarly awards (Fulbright Scholarship and Fellowship at Oxford, Fellowship at St. John's College, Cambridge, Ford Foundation and Rockefeller Fellowships, etc.), Dr. Hanson is also the possessor of the Air Medal and Distinguished Flying Cross, earned in World War II as a U.S. Marine Corps fighter pilot.

it should be no surprise to find urban renewal cited as "Communist propaganda," to find prayers-in-public-schools regarded as a good thing, opposed only by "atheist dupes"; and to find the Cuban threat regarded as something easily quelled if only them "Dems" had the guts to go down and drop an H-bomb on Havana.

This is the thick, frothing socio-intellectual brew into which our fearless Prosecuting Attorney, Thomas Hoadley, has thrown the Young Socialist Alliance (Y.S.A.),



And the responses of my town and my university should constitute an emetic for all readers of *The Nation*. We may all be ten years away from Senator McCarthy. But I am ten blocks from the office of the Prosecuting Attorney.

On October 22, fifteen Indiana University students organized the "Ad Hoc Committee To Oppose U.S. Aggression." They called for a demonstration *contra* U.S. Cuban policy on October 24, two days after the President's "quarantine" declaration. The Dean of Students and I.U.'s President Stahr promptly became schizoid: on the one hand, they insisted that our students would enjoy freedom of speech and assembly, and the right to dissent. But they also stressed that "students who consider participation in any public demonstration [should]

understand with whom they are aligning themselves" (Dean Shaffer). And "the most effective way to deal with minorities with whom we disagree in the present kind of situation is to ignore them completely" (President Stahr). The dean then went further, imputing ulterior motives — they are "endeavoring to attract attention to themselves." (How often minorities hear just that!) Perhaps I.U.'s administration does not really understand "freedom of speech," which should mean that *all* ideas may be expressed, to be judged only *after* having been heard. The I.U. upper echelon, however, used its position, its communication-net and its community influence to discredit the fifteen even *before* their position had been set out. That position, incidentally — although I cannot subscribe to it — shows more serious study of social and economic issues than can be attributed to the noisy flag-wavers who will not tolerate *that* position, whatever it may have been.

The demonstration? No speeches, no handouts — the student body never could know what the group was after (few of them know what "ad hoc" means). The fifteen "Ad Hocs" were called "dirty Commies," punched by the righteous crowd of 3,000 Midwestern Americans. Several times the fifteen were even prevented from walking away. They were pushed, shoved and kicked; their placards were torn from them — and everybody had a jolly good Hoosier time of it. The real patriots laughed in unison, loud and lustily. A faculty member urged that the demonstrators be heard. He was kicked and shoved (concerning which one of our campus cops said, "He shouldn't be here at all": the I.U. policemen are here only to protect "the liberties of 'Americans'").

Enter Prosecuting Attorney Tom

Hoadley, who had just squeaked through the elections via a recount: "I am not convinced that the total blame of this near-riot should be placed on the shoulders of these two anti-demonstrators . . ." (the two being anti-Ad Hoc kickers and punchers who got so excited that they ran afoul even of the I.U. cops). So fearless Tom dismissed all charges, indicating that an objective, dispassionate inquiry would be undertaken to determine whether the Ad Hoc Committee was "deliberately inciting a riot and if it was done as a provocation." But, he added, the investigation "will definitely not be taken as a witch hunt." For one flickering moment the Town-Gown community was in equipoise; the words "witch hunt" had been used and squashed by young Tom. But events since then have left no doubt as to the objectives of the prosecutor, the sympathies of the "real Hoosier Americans" and the collective spinelessness of our academic community.

For some, Hoadley is the young Tom Dewey of these parts: he burst into an undergraduate's apartment, wherein was discovered a can of marijuana and I.W.W. literature. *Of course* anyone who takes dope and reads Red pamphlets *must* be affiliated with the Y.S.A. So why not just broadcast the news that way, and save time and taxpayer's money—and heighten the excitement? All the "baddies" linked: "Ad Hoc," dope and the Y.S.A.—with golden boy leading the "goodies," i.e., the American Legion, the 40 and 8, the Young Americans for Freedom and other *real* patriots!

So Tom linked 'em. But it turned out that the undergraduate guilty of possessing marijuana apparently had nothing to do with the Y.S.A., whose officers deny that she'd ever attended a single meeting.

The lies got worse. The Bloomington newspaper, far-Right traditionally but "wait and see who wins" in this matter, invited fearless Tom to write an editorial. The theses were what one might have expected: Willie Stark's beloved barbs in *All the King's Men*. All Communists are atheists, therefore all atheists are Communists. All Socialists are Communists; all Trotskyites are Communists: The Y.S.A. advocates Trotskyite socialism, so it is a Communist organization, probably re-

ceives instructions from Moscow, consists of atheistic dope fiends, etc. To let Communists speak at all is to give them just what they want; to give them what they want is itself subversive and un-American, so leftist professors who prate about the Bill of Rights are not real Americans—and so forth in spiraling syllogisms.

Alas, Tom was so busy prosecuting and indicting that he could not spare the time to write his *own* editorial; he copied seventy lines out of an article by A. O. Lovejoy—reproduced without references or acknowledgments of any kind. Even our inertia-bound faculty could not stand for that! Many protests were sounded. Tom's reply: there was no copyright infringement; Lovejoy's stuff is all "public domain"!

In all this, the Bloomington professors played a role somewhat comparable to that of the AAUP during the heyday of the ideaburners. They're agin' Hoadley—just ask them. But what have they *done*? Had these well-educated articulate Americans, 1,000-strong, spoken out forcefully and soon, the Hoadley-Y.S.A. debacle might never have been. But perhaps academics are never really complete members of the community they live in. Theirs is the city of ideas, of research, of grant-getting. They need peace and quiet—and noninvolvement—in order to be effective in their vocation.

Again, my aching foot! Bloomington is the *home town* of these I.U. professors too. Yet how far above the battle they seem sometimes in their majesterial, empyrean detachment! Hoadley's former mentors may trot out negative appraisals of his law-school record—but only at cocktail parties. Perhaps exchanging ideas on matters political, moral or religious with members of the untutored, unwashed Many—perhaps this does seem somewhat degrading from the ivory tower.

A university should know the myriad laws on local statute books, the better to reveal their deep defects before lives are ruined and the Supreme Court invoked. The law is an ass! Ambitious men can always harness it for their own questionable purposes. In a university town, this should be somewhat more difficult to achieve. After all, at I.U. we *have* had the Loyalty Oath for foreign nationals changed;

it no longer obliges them virtually to swear allegiance to the incumbent administration's foreign policy. If Hoadley can rightly claim that he is enforcing the Indiana law, then I.U. should remove that prop from beneath him by decrying its monumental unconstitutionality. University lobbies must be directed not simply to cornering more funds; their concern should also be better laws, more civic and academic justice, liberty, and a more critical review of our unquestioned mores, national and local.

If this country is worth living in, it's worth fighting for. The academic must fight in the only way he can—with his pen and his ideas, and his uncompromising conception of *the truth*. And he should be prepared quickly to swing into action with well-documented accounts of that truth—just as quickly as the Hoadleys, the McCarthys and the well-bred sons of local industrialists will join in with their Red-baiting, their idea-quelling propaganda and their "patriotic" invective.

Rights and wrongs of Hoadley vs. the Y.S.A. are not really at issue here. I am troubled by Hoadley—a man of the law—seeking to "try" three students via his own lurid newspaper accounts *before* the indictment was leveled. Worse, not one candidate in our recent primary spoke out against Hoadley's plagiarism, or against trial-by-journal, or against Indiana's antiquated anti-think law. And I am dismayed at the apathetic inaction of I.U.'s administration: shades of the University of Berlin in '33, the University of Washington in '49, the University of Mississippi in '62. Will academics ever earn that their rights to learn and study and write are not the automatic dispensation of a grateful populace, but must be fought for, uncompromisingly, at every turn?

You citizens of urban areas, of big Eastern and Western universities, of grassy communities lush with the leisures of "nice people"—don't be smug in estimating the distances of Bloomington, of San Francisco and *Operation Abolition*, of Oxford, Mississippi, and the small "heartland" communities wherein otherwise-unnoticed communal problems are exacerbated by the presence of a nearby seat of learning. In America there are no such distances any more.