

Symposium on The Civil Rights of Public School Students

For Jack, Third World Traveler and Camouflaged Tiger

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FOR JACK, THIRD WORLD TRAVELER AND CAMOUFLAGED TIGER

Derrick Augustus Carter*

As Jack Hiller neared death last fall, his mind was clear, sharp, alert, and aware. During his waning days, his concerns were for others. For example, he feared for his troubled housekeeper; his last message to me from the hospital was short and to the point – “Help her!” When he died last Thanksgiving, he left instructions that he wanted no fanfare, no service, no funeral, and no memorial. We have respected his wishes. But we have our own obligations, and they include the duty to recall with gratitude many things he did for us.

I was one of Jack’s students, colleagues, and friends. And I am a 2010 winner of the Jack Hiller Distinguished Faculty Award for excellence in teaching, scholarship, and service. It’s extremely touching to receive an award named for someone I’ve known and admired throughout most of my life. Jack had a friendly, understated, approachable personality. He could read people and often met future friends from simply traveling along the road.

Jack managed to combine seeming opposites into a way of living. He was a local community guy with an international flair. He was a quiet revolutionary, encouraging rather demanding change by showing us the benefits of collaboration, adventure, travel, and scholarship that is ready to examine life in all dimensions. “The unexamined life,” Jack was fond of quoting Socrates, “is not worth living.”

Jack Hiller loved the law and he loved the arts. He and Professor Dick Brauer wedded art and law with a series of wonderful exhibits in the atrium of the law school. Jack had many other loves and friends. Many are gone, many remain. He cared attentively for his mother, who died at the age of 100. He left his home and other forms of property principally to his nephew. He left a huge moral legacy to his friends here in Valparaiso and throughout the world.

I am especially intrigued by the legacy of his awareness of the wide world around us. The principal manifestation of this gift of Jack’s is an immense project he undertook with our colleagues Paul Brietzke and Mary Persyn (and later, with Professor Penny Andrews of the CUNY Law School, with too brief a stop at Valparaiso, as Guest Editor of two issues of the journal), in editing and publishing the *Third World Legal Studies Journal* from 1985 to 2003. In this period Hiller, Brietzke, Persyn, and Andrews solicited and edited hundreds of articles on the state of international affairs.

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To appreciate the awesome grandeur of this endeavor, I invite you to sample past issues of this journal. You will find in these pages world-class scholarship on the great issues of the day: Developing Legal Resources with the Third World Poor, Realizing the Rights of Women, Police Forces and Human Rights, Reparations, Constitutional Reconstruction, Post-colonial Bills of Rights, Industrial Accidents, Pollution, Governance of Internal Security Forces, Teaching Law and Development, and a Middle Eastern versus Western view of Human Rights. The journal also reviewed the political and military turmoil in many countries, describing with painstaking detail mass killings, abuses, systematic rapes, female circumcision, genital surgery, and brutal beatings for female adultery.

The authors came from Harvard, Rutgers, Wisconsin, Indiana, University of Nairobi, Ghana, Ethiopia, Australia, Canada, Nigeria, Indonesia, Tanzania, India, New Guinea, Philippines, Cambodia, Peru, Australia, England, Khartoum, and France. These authors included professors, government officials, and scholars at think-tanks all over the world. They contributed incisive portrayals of the conditions of life in the Third World and decisive recommendations of practical steps needed to address a situation that is perilous for all of us when so many of us lack even the barest necessities for survival, let alone for well-being and the fullness of human dignity.

Jack came to these points of view through years of experience in Africa and Asia. He taught at University College, Dar-es-Salaam (Tanzania) and at the University of Nairobi (Kenya). He was also a Fulbright Professor in Malaysia.

It is unsurprising that the founding editor of the *Third World Legal Studies Journal* contributed the lead article in the journal's first issue in 1985. Jack's article is entitled "Lawyers, Alternative Lawyers, and Alternatives to Lawyers: Of Thomas Hobbes and Rumpelstiltskin." In the well-known story that Jack invokes, a young girl claims she could change straw to gold. A wizard rescues her from her failed attempts, then demands her first-born child unless she can guess the wizard's secret name. With help, she finally guesses his name, Rumpelstiltskin.

Jack underscores the moral of the story: "if you can name something, can put a label on it, then you have power over it, or, at least, it has no power over you." In this piece, Jack attempts to redefine the duties of lawyers and non-lawyers as social and legal activists. In order to encourage "alternative lawyers and alternatives to lawyers," Jack wrote, we academics must "encourage the necessary developments in professional socialization and legal education in order to produce a new

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breed of lawyers, para-people, one might say, interested in law reform and public service."

From Valparaiso to Africa, to Europe, to Asia, and all points in between, Jack was there. If I had to label Jack, per Rumpelstiltskin, I'd call him a "camouflaged tiger." I recall a poem by Solomon Solomon.

Dear God who cares for tigers,
I have much to thank you for.
My stripes and leafy jungle home,
My throaty purr, my roar.

I thank you for the blazing sun,
And for the cooling shower,
And for the tasty hunter
I'm preparing to devour.

Dear God you have been generous
To send this meaty one,
Encumbered by nearsightedness
And by a faulty gun.

Oh, he was easy prey to stalk!
A most unequal match!
I leapt on him with claws unsheathed
And slew with quick dispatch.

So now he lies before me
With dim, unseeing eyes,
His face bedecked with nothing
But a look of slight surprise.

And do I feel remorse's pull?
No. Not one guilty tug.
It's better he should be my lunch
Than I should be his rug.

So, God who cares for tigers
And who made us burning bright,
Thank you for your kindness,
I'll sleep happily tonight.

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I once read this poem aloud to Jack. It made him roar, not like a tiger, but with great laughter. I hope you too are joining in his laughter, echoing the roar of my friend, the “camouflaged tiger.”