

MEMORIAL RESOLUTION**BYRUM E. CARTER****(March 3, 1922 – January 1, 2015)**

Byrum Carter was born and spent the first passage of his life in Oklahoma. After high school he entered Frederick Junior College, interrupted his studies to serve during the Second World War in the Marine Corps and as a wage analyst on the War Labor board, and after the war earned a bachelor's degree from the University of Oklahoma. In an interview which is part of the emeriti oral history archive, Byrum talks of the influence of one of his teachers at Oklahoma, a political scientist and a powerful speaker who had taken his doctorate at the University of Wisconsin and pointed Byrum towards Madison. Byrum enrolled in the doctoral program at Wisconsin, receiving his PhD in 1951. Before he completed the degree, he was offered an appointment in political science, then called the Department of Government, at Indiana. He wrote his dissertation while teaching in Bloomington, a task complicated by a curious event; its draft and some supporting material was stolen from his office in Lindley Hall. This loss set him back a year, but Byrum thought the delay and the necessary rethinking might have improved the work, which later became his highly regarded book on the office of the Prime Minister of Great Britain.

At a celebration of Byrum Carter's life and achievement in May 2015, the remarkable character and range of his work during his long tenure as a scholar, teacher, and administrator in Bloomington were recounted by Kenneth Gros Louis, one of Byrum's successors both as dean of the College of Arts and Sciences and Chancellor of the Bloomington campus, and Russell Hanson, his colleague in the Department of Political Science.

KENNETH GROS LOUIS, University Chancellor Emeritus; Emeritus Professor of English and of Comparative Literature

The eye is a region of mostly calm weather at the center of strong tropical storms. The eye is so calm because the powerful surface winds that converge toward the center never reach it. It is surrounded by a ring of towering thunderstorms where severe weather occurs.

Byrum Carter was like that eye, calm as so many around him grew more hysterical and paranoid each year, like towering thunderstorms seeking to damage all within their purview. Many IU administrators, some trustees, certainly many legislators considered Bloomington students beyond the pale and in need of strict control. Byrum knew otherwise. Serving as dean of the College of Arts and Sciences from 1966 to 1969, and then as Chancellor and Vice President from 1969 to 1975, he lived through one of the most wrenching times in American higher education. But he knew that the number of faculty and students who were radical in their views were in the minority. And it was Byrum who intervened to prevent that number from growing. Some administrators, for example, wanted to plant IUPD officers in buildings where demonstrations against companies recruiting in Bloomington were planned and then arrest them. With the assurance that characterized him, Byrum argued that such action would increase the number of protestors, give them more publicity, and encourage non-protestors to reject IUPD actions and become protestors themselves.

Think of what the nation was facing – the 1968 Democratic National Convention in Chicago and the arrests there; the numerous anti-Vietnam demonstrations, mild in Bloomington and violent elsewhere; the opposition to certain companies (especially Dow) for their role in providing chemical weapons for the war; the growing demands of black students to have their own dean and academic programs; the feminist movement; the early gay rights advocates; *Roe v. Wade*; the FCC's decision to investigate some religious broadcasting channels; Watergate. And through all of this, Byrum Carter was in charge of a campus that many legislators thought should be shuttered.

At one large demonstration in Dunn Meadow, Byrum named faculty observers. We were so identified and assigned to assure that neither demonstrators nor police would do something extreme. I think we were a calming influence. The eye of the storm. Tensions elevated when a fire in Franklin, then the library, sent flames licking towards Dunn Meadow. Both pro- and

anti-Vietnam demonstrators blamed the other side. Luckily, the fire, that destroyed much of the German collection, was put out quickly. Keith Parker, President of Student Government, used student government funds to fly to Hanoi. His intent was to meet Ho Chi Minh and negotiate an end to the war. You can imagine what legislators thought of that. Byrum did not praise Keith, but neither did he, as many others did, rebuke him, knowing that his intentions resulted in compassion and came from the heart.

Byrum was always the eye of the storm. When black students boycotted the Little 5 race by lying down on the track, and when they locked the Faculty Council overnight in Ballantine 008, it was Byrum who eased the anger, and reached settlements. Others called for stronger action, but Byrum knew such would be counter-productive.

He may well have become the President of IU had he, not Joe Sutton, assaulted a radical publication with an axe, demanding it abandon IU property or have its office destroyed. Those outside of IU saw Sutton as someone who would confront the protestors and could bring IU Bloomington under control. They missed the point. That control was costly. Byrum Carter's way was the high ground, the educational sound ground.

Every year there is a reception for retiring faculty. Former administrators would attend. I would always introduce Byrum as the best administrator I worked with at IU. That was well deserved. Today, we celebrate his legacy.

I think continually of those who were truly great.
 Who, from the womb, remembered the soul's history
 Through corridors of light, where the hours are suns,
 Endless and singing. Whose lovely ambition
 Was that their lips, still touched with fire,
 Should tell of the Spirit, clothed from head to foot in song.
 And who hoarded from the Spring branches
 The desires falling across their bodies like blossoms.

What is precious, is never to forget

The essential delight of the blood drawn from ageless springs
 Breaking through rocks in worlds before our earth.
 Never to deny its pleasure in the morning simple light
 Nor its grave evening demand for love.
 Never to allow gradually the traffic to smother
 With noise and fog, the flowering of the spirit.

Near the snow, near the sun, in the highest fields,
 See how these names are feted by the waving grass
 And by the streamers of white cloud
 And whispers of wind in the listening sky.

The names of those who in their lives fought for life,
 Who wore at their hearts the fire's centre.

Born of the sun, they travelled a short while toward the sun And left the vivid air signed
 with their honour.

Stephen Spender, "The Truly Great"

RUSSELL HANSON, Professor, Department of Political Science

Byrum Carter had been at IUB for thirty-three years before I arrived in August, 1980. We saw little of each other in my first year, for we were all in temporary quarters while Woodburn Hall was being remodeled. The temporary quarters were in the Student Building, where a gym had been converted to "offices," by which I mean cubicles. It was hot, noisy and unpleasant, and faculty spent little time there.

That all changed a year later, when we returned to Woodburn Hall to occupy new offices. Doris Burton was in charge, and I remember very clearly when she led me to my first real office as a faculty member. It was on the north or Seventh Street side of the third floor, in a cluster of offices reserved for political theorists.

As I stood in the hall facing my office door, on my left (appropriately enough) was Bernie Morris, who taught courses on Marx, Marxism, and International Communism. Perhaps the most radical member of the faculty, ideologically speaking, and certainly the most iconoclastic. Later – much later – I learned that Bernie not only sympathized with student protests during the Vietnam War, but also served as an advisor and mentor to leaders of the protests at IUB.

To my right (also appropriately enough) was Byrum Carter, who taught courses in political philosophy and the history of political thought. Carter – my recollection is that is how he was known by colleagues, and I even recall his wife Beth referring to him that way -- was interested

in 18th- and 19th- century British ethicists, e.g., Henry Sidgwick. Carter struck me as traditionalist in outlook, in the Burkean sense – and he was the opposite of iconoclastic. Later – much later – I learned he had represented the university administration in responding to student protests.

So, there I was, unwittingly for a while, placed between protagonists of campus unrest in the late '60s and early '70s. I say unwittingly, for neither man spoke to me about those events, or referred to each other's role in them, for three or four years, when Carter let it slip that he was working on his memoirs. I expressed interest in learning more, but he demurred, saying that his account of the protests would be hurtful to some of the principals. He would not release the memoirs until they had passed from the scene.

Many knew of the memoirs, but no one knew what happened to them. This spring his daughter Terry mentioned that she had them, and that she was placing them in the university's archives for future researchers. I haven't yet seen the memoirs, but I do know some things about Byrum's career as a faculty member and university administrator that I'd like to share in this celebration of his life.

Byrum's book on the office of the British Prime Minister (Princeton University Press; Faber and Faber, 1956) does for that office what had been done for the American presidency and treats the office in all its political aspects. His courses in the history of political thought from the beginning until the end of his teaching career were strong. He won the Frederic Bachman Lieber teaching award in 1957, and a College of Arts and Sciences Distinguished Teaching Award in 1987.

Early in his time in Bloomington Byrum also began serving in important administrative posts – as Assistant (1959) and then Acting (1963) Dean of Faculties; as dean of the College of Arts and Sciences (1966), after a short turn in that year as chair of his department; and then as Chancellor of the Bloomington campus (1959). During this tenure in that office the School of Public and Environmental Affairs was established (1972), and both the Black and the Latino Culture Centers were created (1973). The University supported the founding of the Association for Intercollegiate Athletics for Women (1971). And as the chief academic officer of the campus Byrum was responsible for maintaining conditions in which learning and research could flourish during the years of student unrest.

The causes of student protests were many: tuition increases; protests against the Vietnam War, ROTC, and defense contractors on campus; race and gender discrimination. In *Dissent in the Heartland: The Sixties at Indiana University* (Mary Ann Wynkoop: IU Press, 2002), Byrum wrote in "A View from the Administration,"

Many American universities exploded violently. Indiana did not. The basic reason for this was the nature of the student leadership, which chose more moderate ways. An equally significant factor was the solid attachment to the

university by a large proportion of the faculty. Faculty members were largely anti-war, but they were also supportive of the university administrators' efforts to keep classrooms open. When the movement's effort to blockade classes developed, it was the faculty who urged the blockaders and other students to return to class... In the past, few safety division personnel had been used to maintain the peace. Instead the university had relied upon the local sheriff's office, some city officers, and occasionally state troopers. Many of the sheriff's deputies hated the student radicals and were quite ready to use clubs and other weapons. The traditional procedures were likely to produce street clashes. The newly expanded university police force, which had received specialized training in crowd control, became a means of protecting the "ridge runners," so-called because they lived in the south and east of Bloomington. Many of them were sheriff's deputies. The safety division also changed its own procedures in dealing with large marches. The focus was put on assisting protestors by marching with them. The division's officer marched in front of the demonstrators in large numbers and in nearly the same numbers on the sides. *The effect was to limit heckling and also to legitimize the march.*

His memoirs will tell us more about this delicate balance.

In June 1975 Byrum resigned as Chancellor and returned to the Department of Political Science. This could not have been easy for someone who had been a full-time administrator for nearly ten years. Moreover, he was returning to a department in which several faculty members sympathized with student protestors, and who blamed the administration for adopting and enforcing a code of conduct that regulated time, place, and manner of protests, though it did not ban them. Just as importantly, the department and indeed the profession of political science were evolving rapidly in the direction of emphasizing the scientific investigation of political phenomenon, with a goal of understanding how people actually govern themselves - with less emphasis on how we ought to govern ourselves, which is the domain of political philosophy.

Yet Byrum resumed his academic duties, once again winning an award for his undergraduate teaching. He also commenced another book. In one of my notes to him preserved in his file, I naively urged him to engage recent scholarship, failing to note that at this stage of his life Byrum was having a much deeper conversation with political philosophers past and present.

I should have known that, for I was aware the Byrum was a voracious reader: he read a book a day, and was prepared to discuss each book in some detail with whosoever would accept the challenge. Hence I was not surprised when a colleague approached me after Byrum's death with a wonderful report. This colleague's father was a retired academic in the same residence

as Byrum. The father reported to his son that he had recently had a very stimulating conversation with Byrum on Plato. Even at the end there must have been moments of lucidity, when the life of the mind reclaimed its place and Byrum was once again in his milieu.