Hans W. Mattick died on January 26, 1978 at his home in Hyde Park. He was 57. He had been Professor of Criminal Justice and Director of the Center for Research in Criminal Justice at the University of Illinois Chicago Circle campus since 1972. He was an expert on jails, prisons, and penal reform.

Mattick was Associate Director, and later Co-Director, of the Center for Studies in Criminal Justice at the University of Chicago Law School from 1966 to 1972. Previously he had been director of the Chicago Youth Development Program, assistant warden of the Cook County Jail, and a sociologist working with the Illinois Parole and Pardon Board.

Mattick entered the University of Chicago in 1946, and received a Bachelor’s degree in liberal arts in 1948. From 1949 to 1951 he did graduate work in sociology, criminology, and psychology, receiving a Master’s degree in 1956.

He is survived by his wife June and his mother.

Reprinted below are excerpts from Norval Morris’s remarks delivered at the memorial service held in Bond Chapel on March 31.

Remarks by Norval Morris*

Hans W. Mattick spent two periods of his life at this University—from 1946 to 1951 and from 1965 to 1972. We gave amply in the first; we received abundantly in the second.

A wandering childhood, six grade schools, three high schools, periods on and off welfare, periods on the road in the sense known to a young hobo of the Depression, four years in the Army, of which two were in the European theatre, all brought an unusual first sergeant to the College, to the Department of Sociology, and to the Committee on Social Thought. It is a sobering aside that another Hans Mattick—if we were blessed to find one—probably would not be admitted to our University, and certainly would lack the accelerated opportunities that greatly helped to shape Hans’s mind. We should have more wild cards to play.

For Hans, the wild card was held by Joseph Lohman; it came into Lohman’s hand because he had the perception to be fascinated by a chunky youth he met by chance one night, behaving aggressively on the uncertain edge of delinquency but with a copy of The Origin of Species poking out of his hip pocket. Why did he have it, Lohman enquired? For the compelling reason that the young Mattick liked it,
and what business was that of anyone else? And Lohman had the sensitivity to understand Mattick's potential, and later the energy to support his growth.

When he came to us, Hans had already read widely, but with complete lack of direction. Very difficult times and his voracious energies had combined to give him a diversity of experience, street wisdom and understanding far beyond his years. This University in its vigorous and ranging post-war years taught him to cultivate his enquiring and independent mind, taught him to harness and direct his intelligence, taught him the grind and the joy of scholarship. He wrote Parole to the Army as the culmination of that period and was launched on a career as a professional criminologist, a professional criminologist with a most unusual personality and an extraordinary range of interests.

Hans Mattick mastered one subject better than anyone else in the world—the American jail. He came to know it from administrative experience (again under the influence of Joseph Lohman), from earlier brief visits as a client to an occasional lock-up, from research, and from study. It was a subject appropriate to Hans's pervading concern for the diminution of human suffering. In the jail is collected, as he often told us, a vast array of the victims of adversity, the socially incompetent, the physically and mentally ill, the retarded, the luckless waifs and strays of a harsh society, as well as a powerful admixture of the wicked and the evil. He was moved by his heart, of course, but his mind always held a steady regard for political and social realities and achieved a firm adherence to scholarly range and precision. His Illinois Jails Survey is a model of these qualities, carrying forward the great traditions of accuracy and controlled fervor for reform of John Howard, the first of the penal reformers outside the Church to care for minimum decencies even in the jail cell.

Few feel the lash on another's back; we all have blinkers to the suffering of others; but Mattick more than anyone I have ever known managed without sentimentality to empathize with the downtrodden. He often risked himself on the line of principle—his resignation offered if the child remained in the jail; his resignation completed as a protest against executions at the jail. And one always knew in dealing with Mattick that he expected similar behavior from you; hence he elevated and developed his colleagues and friends as carping critics never can.

When he returned to this University, he taught us daily for over six years at the Center for Studies in Criminal Justice. His formidable intellectual and aesthetic range of interests, combined with an utter seriousness of purpose, made him a great teacher. He launched a series of studies which shaped the lives of more than a few of us in this chapel this afternoon; they will continue to dominate our scholarly and community efforts—studies in violence, in sentencing, in the work of the police, in prisons and, of course, in jails. He was, for those graduate students and colleagues who fell within his powerful concern, a lasting influence. He
was exhaustive but never dull, a tough critic but one who always suggested a way out or a way around. He knew a very great deal and what was constantly surprising was that so much that he knew turned out to be true!

By precept as well as preaching, action as well as advice, he led us, his students, in this chapel today and elsewhere. We were privileged far beyond our deserts; none of us would wish ever to be free of his tutelage. And none of us will. Hans was no one for dreams of immortality; but it is certain that all who related more than transiently to him will be influenced throughout their lives by him. And so the ripples of decency and informed humanism of his life will spread.

Our present sense of grievous loss should not obscure the fact that Hans was a joyous man. He took great pleasure in the senses, delighted in wit, had a developed taste and knowledge of jazz, a trained feeling for art and poetry. What a tumultuous delight he must have been in his rapscallion early manhood—not at all easy to keep up with but a jewel of a companion if one could.

Let me close this memorial meeting by reading a poem to you—"Dover Beach" by Matthew Arnold—in which Hans took particular pleasure, his favorite poem, set deep in his affection, to the degree that he commissioned an artistic representation of it by Ed Balchowsky entitled "Where Ignorant Armies Clash by Night." The poem reveals something of the fire and ice, the joy and sadness, within Hans—a tension known to a degree to all of us; but, I suspect, Hans lived the conflict more insistently, with more direct feeling, higher plateaus, and deeper depths, than the rest of us.