

**Tree you later**

I am annoyed by the decision to remove the tress behind Knight Library, and though I believe there was, and maybe is, a need to show the administration how disappointed some of us are with that action, I agree that vandalism is not an acceptable form of protest.

However, would someone like to tell me about the location of the slogans? Are they still on the sidewalk next to where the trees were? That sidewalk, also in the course and name of library expansion, was removed shortly after the trees surrounding it. I would hardly say the protesters "defaced our campus" when that sidewalk is no longer part of our campus any more than those tress are. As far as the costs of "cleaning," the construction crew seems to have done a thorough job.

Kathy Austen  
Dance

**Oxymoron**

Regarding Bryan Westby's letter (ODE, May 6):

"Homosexual is, by definition, an oxymoron." Homo — same. Sexual — sexual. Same — sexual. This is about as oxymoronic as similar-pleasant or different-sensual. For the unenlightened (such as Westby) an oxymoron is a type of word that contradicts itself, such as jumbo shrimp, work party, or military intelligence.

"Heterosexual is redundant." Please note that here, as well as in the previous sentence, the first word is a blanket noun, rather than a state of being. This would equate to saying "ball-is-healthy." This is almost too good of a "straight line" to pass up.

"Gays, lesbians, and bisexuals are all anti-sexual." Funny, I always considered myself quite the sexual person.

"Everyone has the freedom to be sexual or asexual" Science says you're wrong. I suppose this means women can give up childbearing and begin budding any time they want to. Or did you mean anti-sexual again?

Paragraphs four and five of Westby's letter will not be dealt with here, as they are incomprehensible.

Perhaps Westby should consider changing his major from English to something else.

This author would endeavor to explain why all individuals, no matter what their sexual orientation might be, are equal, but has done so before and is limited to 250 words.

Den Elms  
Student

**Judd-heads**

On May 4, the Judds performed at the University, drawing many people and their money into the Eugene area. I will not deny that this is a definite benefit to the community, but I find the image that these "Judd-heads" bring to Eugene and the University one that the University has no business being attached with.

Decent citizens like myself are frightened by the strange dress and lifestyles of the kind of people that follow the Judds. They arrive by hundreds in caravans of chartered buses instead of nice, shiny cars. They wear funny hats and shoes, and say "yee-haw." Is it no wonder we are intimidated by their presence?

As if their dress and speech were not enough, these people bring with them racist attitudes and general discriminatory values. They are well-known for their drinking to excess and subsequent violence. Surely, everyone will agree this behavior is not the kind our University



community should be known for supporting.

Even if these problems are not as bad as they seem, we need to ban the Judds from performing in Eugene until their fans can come up with a plan to remedy this situation. By then, however, it may be too late for the Judds to perform here for another year, anyway. I think that would be quite convenient.

All the good citizens of Eugene need to accomplish this ban is 11 more letters. That's University policy. Sound familiar?

Joshua J. Cox  
Music

**Et tu Brute**

The greek system has always

been the vanguard of tradition and patriotic American values at this University. The very fact that we have provided a bulwark against the tidal wave of unrest and subversion has made us a target of concerted onslaught by the unwashed blame-America-first lobby that permeates this campus.

The struggle that we find ourselves in is one that we can win. However, when members of the Interfraternity Council participate in events such as the anti-war/American protests of last term and openly socialize with our avowed enemies, then one can only be suspicious as to their commitment to our cause.

The council's endorsement of Bills/Watson in the last ASUO

election, despite their anti-greek statements and positions, only confirmed those suspicions: that the leadership of the Interfraternity Council supposedly fighting for our interests are in actuality convenient bedfellows with the left-wing extremists who seek our demise.

Make no mistake, the odor of oil is thick in the air and the nose-ring-wearing, tie-died barbarians are at the gate. If we are to survive as a system, then the greeks will have to wake up and hold their representatives in the Interfraternity Council accountable for this latest betrayal.

Steven J. Weideman  
International Studies  
Fraternity member

FORUM

**Professor Hatzantonis made student's trip 'magical'**

By Dana R. Watrud

Last Thursday, a friend called from Eugene to tell me that Professor Emmanuel Hatzantonis' body had been found in the McKenzie River. A week later, I still cannot accept the idea that he is gone. Ever so often during the course of a day, that thought will occur to me, and it just does not seem possible.

**Commentary**

The first time I met Professor Hatzantonis was in my second-year Italian class in 1981. It's hard to believe that it has been 10 years. He was such an energetic and exacting teacher that I learned a lot from him. More than that, he convinced me that I wanted to study Italian. I didn't see Professor Hatzantonis for another four years, since I took a leave of absence from my studies to work and travel. When I saw him again it was at a meeting for the study in Perugia program. He was as energetic as ever and encouraged me to go to Perugia for the sake of my language skills, since I was a Romance Languages major.

When I arrived in Perugia in June of 1985, I found that thanks to the efforts of Professor Hatzantonis, I already had an apartment and that I had been registered for school. The next day at noon when my schoolmates and I went to lunch, there was a line of about 50 students from various European countries waiting to register for classes. Italian bureaucracy being what it is, most of them missed lunch that day in order to register. Later, I made friends with some of the students who'd come from Spain, France and Germany, and they told me that sometimes it took them as long as a week to find decent housing and that in the meantime

they had stayed in hotels or youth hostels.

That summer in Perugia was magical. Everything was so different from what I knew in the United States: the people, the social life, the classes, the art, the architecture. It was like a dream to wake up every morning and be surrounded by people who would speak only Italian to me.

That summer, Professor Hatzantonis took us to museums, cathedrals and the opera. We visited the Vatican, Ravenna, Rome and Florence. We celebrated the end of the term at a very elegant restaurant in Perugia, where we were joined by our professors from the University for Foreigners.

Not all of my experiences in Perugia were pleasant ones. There was the matter of our landlady entering our apartment without knocking. We asked her to knock, but she continued to open the door with her key. After the third time, Professor Hatzantonis came and explained to her in a very firm and uncompromising tone that not only would she have to knock, but she would have to call and give us notice before coming over. Not only did she knock after that, she seldom came over.

Then the money that I had been waiting for from the States was delayed for more than two weeks, and Professor Hatzantonis lent me the entire sum until my check arrived. During our overnight trip to Venice, one of the students suffered a mysterious attack at 2 a.m., and Professor Hatzantonis accompanied him to the hospital, made sure that he was signed in and being looked after, and returned to the hotel on foot at 7 a.m., about the time the rest of us got up to have breakfast.

These are just a few of the episodes that Professor Hatzantonis dealt with that summer. I marvelled that a

man of 60 years had more energy and patience than any of us, and I felt fortunate to have someone like him introduce me to Italy.

I am now a graduate student in the Romance Languages department at the University of Washington, and therefore am not aware of the full nature of the problems that arose with regard to the Perugia program. What I am aware of is that Professor Hatzantonis managed a delicate balancing act in his capacity as director of that program. He was available to respond to crises, and yet did not hover over students who should have been adult enough to figure some things out for themselves.

I recently ran into a woman with whom I had attended the Perugia program. It was so hard to tell her about Professor Hatzantonis' death and the investigation that preceded it. We agreed that although we did not hear any complaints from our fellow students in 1985, some of them were probably too young to have gone, and might have had a greater appreciation of their experience had they waited a year or two.

I don't know why Professor Hatzantonis took his own life. It's very painful for me to think about it, since he was my mentor and my friend. He was also one of the most compassionate, intelligent and honorable men I've ever known. I wish I'd had the chance to tell him how important he was to me, how because of his encouragement and support I'm pursuing my Ph.D. There are a lot of us who have benefited from Professor Hatzantonis' generosity as a man; and his knowledge and talent as a teacher. I know that I speak for many when I say that he will be missed.

Dana R. Watrud is a former University student now attending the University of Washington's graduate school.