

## Judge blows horn on unconstitutional fines

Lane County District Judge Bryan Hodges made a wise decision in his courtroom on Tuesday. Hodges ruled that motorists had the right to honk their horns in support or opposition to the Persian Gulf War while driving past demonstrators gathered downtown.

The judge determined that, under the circumstances, the otherwise illegal horn-honking was an expression of political opinion, therefore making it protected free speech under First Amendment.

That's one blow struck for freedom and one struck solidly against censorship in the name of maintaining the peace.

The whole horn-honking hullabaloo started when demonstrators, both for and against the war, gathered downtown at City Hall and the Federal Building. Some passersby in automobiles chose to show support for either side by honking their car horns — not the greatest form of speech ever, but the beeps, toots and honks did contain political expression.

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However, the Eugene Police Department did not find the horn-honking to be a positive political discussion of our country's current crisis. No, the officers of EPD decided the debaters on wheels needed to be hushed before any sort of riot ensued. Rather than opting for their usual "shoot tear gas first and ask questions later" routine, the EPD officers handed out tickets to drivers they determined were using auto horns for anything other than a warning.

Most of the 50-plus motorists cited for the heinous crime either pleaded guilty and got \$11 fines or didn't show up at all and forfeited the \$35 bail. So far, only two horn offenders appealed the case to the state District Court.

Luckily for the defendants, the judge in this case was wise enough to see what the police officers and policy makers could not: There are many ways to make sure a heated situation does not become too hot. Showing a large contingent of officers is probably the best way. And the EPD has shown it has a fine talent for using its chemical arsenal for dispersing crowds. However, in this country, prohibiting people from expressing their political beliefs is not an option.

If the police wanted to get to the root cause of the hot-tempered crowds that gathered downtown, they should have ignored the horn-blowers, and gone to Washington D.C. to ticket George Bush for blowing too much hot air.



## COMMENTARY

# Former student reflects on prof

By Allyson I. Barricklow

When I heard of Professor Emmanuel Hatzantonis' death, I struggled with the pain and confusion that I am sure I shared with thousands of students, colleagues and friends who felt his influence at the University and in the community.

I can't imagine Friendly Hall without him. It took a few minutes for the news to sink in when I read it in the *Oregonian*, and I didn't cry until I thought about his office being assigned to someone else. For some reason the thought of 224 Friendly being stripped of his character, the books, pictures, maps, memorabilia, student projects and other items collected over more than 30 years of distinguished service here and abroad, made the tragedy leap into reality for me.

He was my friend and mentor for 11 years, and I grew to consider his office a place where I was assured of a friendly greeting and a sympathetic reception to any problem I was having.

I first met him when I was an undergraduate. I can still see his smile as he shook my hand that day. My first impression of him was that he was warm and kind, and I witnessed more and more of those qualities over the next 11 years.

He was never aloof or indifferent to his students. Class time with him was always stimulating, as he seemed to enjoy conveying his knowledge to a new group of students.

I was a French major originally and I decided to study Italian, in part because my friend Helana was taking Italian and had such good things to say about her teacher, Maurizio Viano, who was one of those students whom Hatzantonis met in Italy and then exhorted to come to the University as graduate teaching fellows. I declared myself a Romance Languages major when I started my graduate study. I studied second-year Italian with Hatzantonis as well as Italian Poetry and Film. I also took the legendary Dante class for a year.

I left the University for three years and when I wrote him and asked him to recommend me for re-admittance, he sent me a letter saying he was filled with joy at the news that I was coming back, and he couldn't be happier to write me a recommendation.

I went to France for a year after that to teach English. Professor Hatzantonis urged me to complete the Perugia program the following summer

since I was already in Europe. I wrote and told him I wasn't sure I could afford it. He sent me all the materials for application and assured me that he would find something for me to do. He called later and told me I would be his co-administrator.

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I helped him out with meetings and administrative details, and when we had excursions I went along and did a few things to keep the brood in line. He did all the real work of grading and dealing with the University himself, so I was able to be a regular student with the rest of the "Gruppo Oregon."

I liked the way he had a solid grasp of what would be really important to us in Italy. Everywhere we went he had a literary reference for, and some cultural information to pass on, such as a personal anecdote or a song to teach us. He encouraged us to go out and do some living in Perugia. He didn't expect us to be entombed in a library for the summer.

When I came back to the states, he said the University was able to offer me a job as an Italian instructor. All through the year my classroom was down the hall from his office and he would drop in while I was teaching. Sometimes he would sneak up behind me while admonishing my students not to give him away.

The last time I talked to him, by which time I had said goodbye to him as my colleague at the University, I was harassing him as usual for a recommendation. He told me, "Ti voglio un mondo di bene." I have a problem translating that, not just because it is an idiomatic expression in Italian, meaning to have a world of fondness for someone, but also the way it reveals the unique depth of his commitment to his friends. I haven't found many people who would care for and take care of as many people as he did. I have a world of gratitude for his generosity, and a couple of continents worth of things I wish I had been able to say to him before he moved on.

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