

for HIV Alliance. Sam's Place will also be a proactive force of support at Gay Pride.

It is absolutely reprehensible for one gay organization to publicly attack another. The only way for us as a community to grow and earn the respect of our straight neighbors is to work together and show goodness to each other.

I would also like to add that in my years as an entertainer I have learned a valuable lesson. The only thing that can disappoint my fans are my own actions. Please consider that.

Chandler Jordan
Eugene

CHEMICAL CRIMES

Another Mother's Day has come and gone. On May 2, U.S. Highway 101 was being prepared for mothers — with herbicides. Many shoulders of our state highways were being sprayed. The coastal state parks also showed their appreciation for mothers one week early by spraying herbicides.

A growing number of people who have

been chemically injured are being denied access to travel. I am one of those people.

It has been six years since I have spent Mother's Day with my mother. It has also been difficult for my daughter and her family to spend the day with me.

Not only can I not travel on sprayed highways for weeks, but others can't come to me after traveling them. Vehicles, people and groceries will have residue of herbicides on them due to powerful sticker oils and surfactants.

How would you feel? What would you do? I could feel sorry for myself and others who suffer terribly from this unnecessary criminal act of spreading poisons on our state highways. I don't.

Instead, I shout out loud to the Oregon Department of Transportation to stop denying access of travel to those who are disabled because of chemical sensitivity. Stop using herbicides on our state highways. Find an alternative to herbicides for controlling vegetation.

I encourage others to help the chemically injured and sensitive to regain the freedom of

SOMEONE GOT LOST

Everything looks good from a distance. Following the I-5 corridor to Eugene to relocate was easy and felt natural. From a distance, I could see the nursing degree I would soon have in my hand, the community I would celebrate, and the life-pounding hiking trails that run like veins and arteries on this sweet cheek of our Mother Earth. "It's a hippie town." "It's organic." "It's liberal and left-wing with active politics." Good, I like that.

Somewhere amidst all these wanderings, someone got lost and found themselves in a toxic kitchen pouring Drano and rat poison and cold medicine and took it to get high. A good high, I hear. It probably makes you feel very beautiful and omnipotent, and from a distance one may think it can sustain you. Not such a good high, when in fact it can crack the community into a black hole of disease.

I live a simple life and try to maintain that. I work as a nurse at Sacred Heart, I go to yoga class, I bike around town, cook and eat well, get eight hours of sleep at night, and I keep crank out of my life — crank, crystal meth, speed, ice. Yet as I try so hard to keep it out of my life, how did it creep into my backyard, smash into my house and go riding off into the full moon street on my bike with my camera, my power tools, my belongings that I worked for, only to end up at a pawnshop in exchange for a demonic fix?

If only drug addiction could be a personal choice, and to each their own, but it has become like an epidemic, and good people get caught in the proverbial cross-fire of passive violence. And active violence.

This is *not* a victimless crime. Drug use has a lengthy and ill journey to find its way to your veins, and there is horrific violence involved — economically, spiritually, physically, emotionally, socially.

I feel as though this town is quickly morphing into a science fiction horror full of pod people and shells of people who once were and who are now taken over by a virus that must continuously feed itself this poison. How beautiful are you when your soul is shattered into hollowness from a drug that will permanently alter your brain function into such a state of irrevocable atrophy? How beautiful are you when you need to steal from other people to maintain your beauty, your drug, your disease?

I feel sad, and from a distance I can see this once genuine and beautiful "organic and hippie" town disintegrating from the lack of law enforcement and legislation to stop this epidemic. It seems ironic that I am moving to New York to live in a safer place.

Kesa Emi Nomiya
Eugene

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