

THE REAL VILLAIN

Reading last week's letter [8/7] from Blake Andrews regarding Helvetica font (and how horrible it was for *EW* to use it on the cover), I am both sickened and appalled that someone would take issue with Helvetica font, considering the modern climate of endless war, corporate takeover and an ever-expanding prison industrial complex in our modern world.

The real villain here is Papyrus. While Helvetica remains a harmless, clean-cornered choice that caters to businesses large and small, Papyrus font often signifies a stable of unwashed, New Age employees ready to upsell their customers on some untested herbal remedy or tool to clean your chakras. That, or a mall kiosk that specializes in cell phone bling.

Regardless, it's not just a bad choice in font abused by coffee-cart start-ups (for those who use Comic Sans know not what they do), but rather, Papyrus font is an unchecked plague on the world of graphic design. Further, Papyrus is the only font that actually looks worse no matter what the layer effect, and until the bevel/emboss option is removed from future versions of Photoshop, using Papyrus font will forever be the single worst choice a person can make.

To think that marijuana and same-sex marriage are crimes, but Papyrus font is legal in all 50 states, is an undeniable outrage. Helvetica never harmed anyone (OK, maybe Helvetica bold is a little cocky, but Helvetica condensed makes up for it).

Please stop publishing letters from bored readers with nothing real to complain about. Instead, focus on the near-criminal effect that Papyrus font has on our community.

Ray McMillin
Salem

how unattractive Rhododendron Drive will look. Vowing not to lose a lush Rhody Drive, they will be saying "give the money back." I agree.

Sally Daugherty
Florence

ONE SOLUTION

Cross borders, kids in droves invade/ a newfangled Children's crusade?

ISIS cares not one whit who'll die/ Three planes, one week, fell from the sky / One, by Ruskies, likely shot down/ Russia, ruled by a quirky clown.

Iraq, Ukraine and Syria/ whose problems couldn't be drearier/ Ebola seems loose in our lands/ Israelis make outrageous demands / while Gazans shoot rockets with glee.

All this Obama didn't foresee/ Prompting the Republicans to sue him.

Of course, what else is new?

Jean Marie Purcell
Eugene

SUFFERING IN THE HEAT

Once again the beautiful Willamette Valley summertime isn't so pretty for those dogs whose owners leave them in cars parked in the intense heat. Despite warnings everywhere and widely disseminated information, this deadly carelessness is still going on.

Even more disturbing is a recent incident where Lane County Animal Services responded to a dog-in-distress in a hot car call. Albeit following the officer's quick arrival to the offending car at a grocery store parking lot where the heat was in the 90s, the responding officer stood around debating with the dog's owner for nearly 10 minutes longer — leaving the suffering animal *still* not only inside the car but in a crate inside the car.

The Animal Services officer apparently

was uninterested in trying to provide immediate relief for this poor dog which already had endured many long tortuous minutes in the heat. In 90-plus heat a dog already in heat distress is at death's door (or dead) after yet another 10 minutes.

Common sense, anyone? Anyone?

J.B. Baldwin
& S.K. Moore
Coburg

NO SHAME BEING SICK

So sad, the thought of Robin Williams being gone. I am asking myself how I can help. I send my love to his family and those he so beautifully touched. For self disclosure, I am manic depressive and have had two very bad depressions in my life. If not for friends and loved ones I would not be alive today. For those similarly struggling, if possible please ask for help. Asking for help is not a sign of weakness; it is actually a sign of strength and wisdom.

Please, if you sense someone is a little off, down, depressed or is joking about killing themselves, please reach out. A few moments can make a huge difference. This is life and death — a phone call, email, knocking on someone's door.

It's great if the person speaks up and asks for help, but from my experience, this is not always possible. We need to quit hiding in closets things like suicide and mental illness. There should be no shame in being sick. Let's open our hearts and allow ourselves to be vulnerable. No family is immune. Try a baby step and you will quickly see how amazing it can feel.

I will jump down from my soap box. I love you all, my community, you support me in so many ways. Know that I welcome your call if you ever wish to talk. May you be at peace, Robin.

Tim Boyden
Eugene

UO Ahead of the Curve

SWAT AND SEXUAL VIOLENCE PREVENTION

My "sex education" classes always failed me.

"Your privates are gonna get bigger and you're gonna start smelling bad," one of the teachers said during my fifth-grade sex-ed class. At the end, the teachers provided us with a stick of deodorant — thanks, Mr. Johnson.

In middle school, health classes were more of a "you-need-to-exercise-or-you-will-get-fat-you-pathetic-pear-shape" than about sex at all.

In high school — I don't remember. There were a bunch of worksheets that the teacher gave the answers to, and then he would let us out early. Oh, high school.

In sum, I learned next-to-nothing. It wasn't until college that the issue of sexual assault was brought to my attention in an educational setting.

I sat through the "It Can't Be Rape" play as an incoming freshman just like every other incoming freshman has for years at the UO. I didn't identify as a feminist; I thought the play was funny but also preachy. Still, it made me question societal standards and opened my mind at least a little.

Fast-forward three years and I was auditioning for the same play that I had seen as an ignorant freshman. What had changed?

Although I have never survived sexual assault, it has hit close to home. Freshman year my resident assistant was nearly assaulted and a year later a friend confided in me about experiencing a sexual assault.

It made me furious but also hungry to instill positive change within the UO community.

So, I auditioned for "It Can't Be Rape." The play is put on by the UO Sexual Wellness Advocacy Team (SWAT), headed by Abigail Leeder, the director of sexual violence prevention education at the UO. Leeder has held the same position since 2005 and says that due to recent events, this is the most attention she has ever received. "It's wonderful that everyone is passionate about preventing sexual violence, and we know this is a problem on this campus and every other campus," Leeder says. "My hope is that people continue to care after the spotlight has faded."

That is my hope as well.

I have been part of this production for two years now. More often than not, students come up to us after the show and tell us how amazed, thankful, relieved and comforted they are that we educate people about consent and the beauty of it.

Those moments when students thank us make me think of my elementary days and wonder what the world would look like if students were taught consent long before they got to college.

Either way, the UO is doing something right — teaching every incoming freshman that consent is not the absence of a no, but the presence of a yes.

Kevin Sullivan is a UO graduate in journalism. While interning at EW and attending UO, he participated in the UO Sexual Wellness Advocacy Team.



hear ye, hear ye !!



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