

**Crystal's
Gay &
Lesbian
Dance Club**

**Saturday
August 17, 2002**
Melody Ballroom
615 SE Alder
\$10 Cover at the Door

Full Service Bar
Catered Buffet
No Smoking

Produced by
CME Productions
Sponsored by Terri
Popejoy & Celia Lyon of
Bella Casa Realty, Inc.

Welcoming the Gay World Series Softball Teams!

**you
DELIVER**

Delivery Driver Wanted

Need money for back-to-school?
Need money to pay for summer vacation?
Need some money period?

Deliver papers twice a month for **just out**
(First and third Fridays)

Reliable car and dependable owner required.

For details contact Erin Sexton
at (503) 236-1252 ext. 10

**WE LOVE
OUR VET!**

Companion Pet Clinics Portland \ Salem \ Vancouver

M-SAT
8am • 6pm
WEST LINN Sun 11am-4pm

WEST LINN 19343 Willamette Drive • (503) 635-3115
CLACKAMAS 16317 SE 82nd Drive • (503) 657-9225
TIGARD 13500 SW Pacific Hwy • (503) 670-9707

Fine Arts & Crafts Festival
Labor Day Weekend
August 31
September 1&2
Saturday & Sunday 10am-6pm
Monday 10am-5pm

**ART
IN THE
PEARL**

Chris Giffin, "3-D Mixed Media"

Liz Page, "Glowing Tree" Pendant

Tony Natsoulas, Maria do Carmo, Mirandan da Cunha

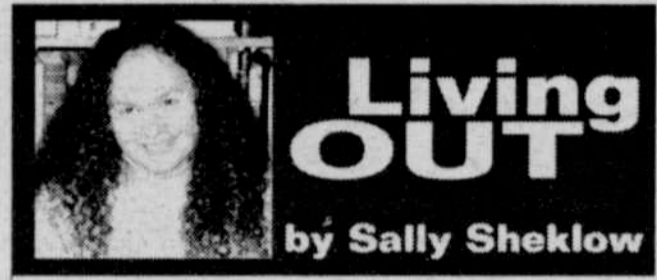
NW Park Blocks
between Burnside and Glisan
Portland, Oregon
www.artinthepearl.com

TRI-MET
NEWS-TALK
860
KPAM

HUMOR

Barely balanced

Religion peddlers never cease to amaze



I should have just stayed naked. I was working in our home office, diligently trying to surpass the rank of ensign on our new computer pinball game, when I heard knocking. It seemed not to be coming from the basement, where our washing machine occasionally takes itself for a loud walk during the spin cycle. It sounded more like the front door.

I glanced up at the clock and wondered how a whole hour had passed since I sat down to balance my checkbook. I hadn't even found my checkbook yet. Could there really be such a thing as procrastination police?

The knocking became urgent, as if our next-door neighbor had run out of lemon juice in the middle of a recipe. Or maybe Ed McMahon had finally found my address. By this time the pinball had rolled past the flippers, and I would have to start a new game anyway, so I stood up to get the door.

That's when I realized I was still naked. When I woke up this morning and promised myself I would finally tackle the bank statements—OK, the past six months of bank statements—I was naked. I usually am naked first thing in the morning, unless I haven't gone to bed yet. But this morning I opened my eyes, made that checkbook promise to myself and went directly into the office without the formality of underwear and T-shirt.

I stood up from my desk chair and looked around. Ed McMahon was unlikely to be as appreciative of my full monty as, say, my dotting bride, but I didn't have any clothes in the office. Mental note: When tidying up, leave one T-shirt over the back of the chair, just in case.

The doorbell rang. Whoever it was really wanted to see me. It couldn't be any of my close friends because they would have given the secret call, which, if you promise not to tell, is "yoo-hoo!" The hall from the office to the bedroom provides a view of the front door. (Our dog has long ago chewed away the lower third of the curtain that blocked her view of the street.) So I could see the front porch and shiny shoes and straight-legged dress slacks. Maybe it really was Ed!

I ran into the bedroom and slipped into the first thing I could grab: my rainbow Lesbian Pride T-shirt and Sweetie's striped yellow shorts. If Ed had his TV cameras with him, this would have to be good enough.

I pulled open the door and got an eyeful of two dykey spiky haircuts, crisp white shirts, black jackets and thin neckties. Sugary after-shave wafted through the screen. The baby-dyke faces shone, smiling in the morning sun. I squinted in my most charming morning mole face, trying to make sense of this picture.

Could these young toughs be queer youth canvassing? I've certainly stood at my share of front doors waiting to inform residents about whatever anti-gay ballot measure we were campaigning against that year. But our state's latest measure didn't make it onto the ballot (hooray, hooray), so what could this be about?

A black name tag gleamed from the lapel closest to me. Without my glasses I couldn't make out the name, but the embossed letters clearly spelled "Latter-day Saints."

Suddenly the two cute butchies at my door morphed into a couple of Mormon proselytizers. (What is it with men going around dressed like dykes?) Words failed me. All the times I've been caught off-guard by door-to-door salvation hawkers, and I still haven't come up with the perfect thing to say.

Once, a car full of them drove up the ranch road where a bunch of us bare-breasted women were bucking hay. I was nearest, so I trotted over and leaned into the front window, all saucy and smart-ass: "You might as well turn around, there's nothing but us heathens here." Wrong! These folks knew exactly what to say to heathens, chapter and verse—literally.

And then there was the time back in my years of youthful indiscretion when my date



and I were all coked up and enjoying an afternoon of jumping naked on the bed. (What is it about nudity that attracts these people?) We saw the nice ladies through the window and went to the front door in all our sweaty glory. That wasn't a deterrent, either. They launched right into their rap and gave us no choice but to close the door rudely in their earnest faces.

I have tried it all: explaining I am Jewish (do not try this with Mormons!), atheist, Wiccan, socialist, queer, whatever. Nothing stumps them; they have a pitch for everything. I had no clever remarks or even hostility. I just saw that name tag and my eyes rolled on their own. A beleaguered groan—the sound of deep disappointment—emerged from my throat.

An understanding look crossed the faces of the two young Not-Ed, Not-Dykes. "OK," the blond guy smiled, "thanks," and they backed away. ☐

SALLY SHEKLOW lives a quiet Jewish, atheist, Wiccan, socialist, queer life in Eugene. Write her at sally@wymprov.com.