

**CULTURE**

# A day late and a dollar short

Let *Just Out* help you say goodbye to last-minute shopping stress

**Y**ou're tapped out. You're tired out. You don't know what to buy anymore, and you don't really care. Well, listen up. A colorful little store with 10 Portland-area locations (one near you) has the answer to all your holiday buying woes. It's called The Dollar Tree, and everything in it costs a dollar. Not only can you afford the stuff, it's easy to keep track of what you spend.

*Just Out* investigative reporters have already done the hardest part: They went in ahead of you. Each got \$5 to buy five gifts for loved ones. Here's what happened.

know exactly who these will go to, but I've got no shortage of aging party boys to choose from.

**Erin Sexton: *Just Out* Advertising Assistant, kick-ass lesbo activist, can't wait to have kids**  
Five bucks, eh? No problem. I took Jessica, our Gresham High School senior volunteer, out to do some last-minute gift shopping with an idea: What were your favorite presents to receive when you were a child? If you said socks and underwear, I am henceforth revoking your childhood and giving it to a noisy kid.

The goal: Obtain five clanging, chugging, ringing gifts to give to my children...I mean co-workers. First we found a delightful set of brassy bells to hang on a doorknob. No, for a real doorknob! Sheesh.

Then we moved on to the pink and blue rubber spider that squeaks loudly when you squeeze it. Look before you sit.

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I was drawn to the light saber that both flashes and makes canned *Star Wars*-type noises. Then, in preparation for my own version of O-Town, we got a package of beautiful plastic harmonicas.

Finally, Jessica just had to have The Dollar Tree mini-semi. Yes, that's right, her very first truck! It makes the sound of a semi struggling to start, then honks cheerily as its lights flash.

Keep on truckin' and have a safe and noisy holiday season!

**Marty Davis: *Just Out* Publisher, no friends, loves dog**

Fuck. It's festive holiday gift giving time. Usually by this time of the year I've pissed off everyone I know and don't have to shop. So where did I go wrong this time?

All right, flush with \$5 in my pocket I head off for my big 15-minute holiday shopping spree. Note to self: Don't have this problem next year.

For my favorite gay guy, Stubby, I happen upon gaily packaged "Pocket Rockets."

These charming suppository-shaped "toys" claim to "fly up to

30 feet." This will be about 29 1/2 feet more than Stubby's current personal best.

For my old girlfriend, Roberta, who occasionally likes to be called "Bob," I find a wonderful self-adhesive mustache disguise. Femme on the streets, hairy in the sheets.

For Nora "The Notcher" I buy a five-pack of guest toothbrushes. No doubt they'll be gone in a week. They're thoughtfully color-coded, though, should a guest be invited for a repeat performance.

I leave The Dollar Tree feeling warm and fuzzy because I've found the perfect gift of empowerment and sisterhood for all my women friends. Well, I should've bought reading glasses instead because now I'm stuck with 54 jars of Tussy Powder. Damn it!

**Michael Wayne Keck: free-lance writer, young, loves hair gel**

First, I got my grandma this hideous little basket filled with sculpted soaps because if there's one thing I've learned, it's that there's nothing a grandma likes more than scented, lime-green, seashell-looking doodads.

Speaking of doodads, what do you get a dad? It's an age-old problem that's been around longer than Bob Barker. Last year I got Dad a nice ink pen, the year before a snazzy tie, this year...dress socks. It's the thought that counts, right?

For my roommate, Abby, bless her cute little pigtail-wearing heart, I got some hair clips. She keeps telling me she wants her hair to look like Jennifer Aniston's. As every gay boy should know, that takes a stylist, a lot of product or at least some damn hair clips.

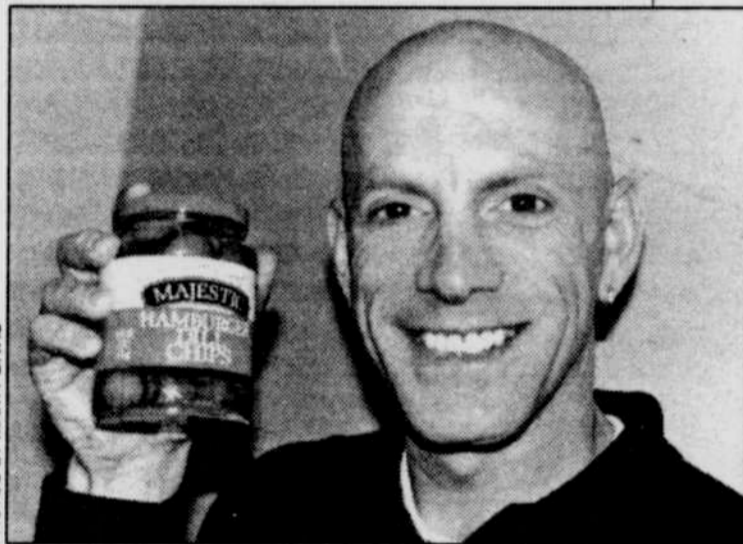
For my friend Kevin, I got a key chain that says, "Looking for a man who hates football and can cook." I'm not sure if that's from the Bible or not, but it really reached out and spoke to me.

Last but not least for the person who...do I really need to say why I got a 13-inch flute for someone? Use your imagination. [7]

For DOLLAR TREE locations, visit [www.dollartree.com](http://www.dollartree.com). Just

*Out* would like to point out that half of our participants chose the

football/cook key chain, which clearly indicates the perfect gift.



Floyd is a shopper to be reckoned with

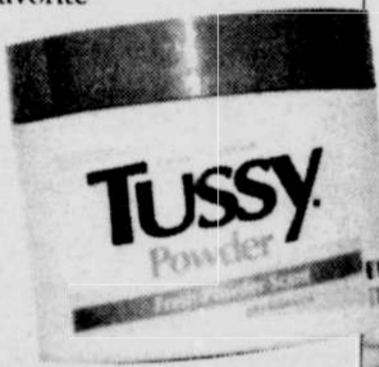
**Floyd Sklaver: free-lancer writer, long-term relationship, suburbanite**

The Dollar Tree is the kind of place where you're bound to buy stuff you don't need just because it costs a dollar. But I'm on a mission—and in luck. Walking down the first aisle, I find an elastic scungie made out of fuschia-colored hair—perfect for my favorite drag queen, Amanda B. Reckonedwith.

In the next aisle, toys (no, not those kind), I find the Smart Fireman with movable arms and head for my friend Roger, who loves firemen so much he gets hot whenever he hears a siren. (OK, maybe it will be that kind of toy).

Next is foodstuffs, where a bottle of pickles leaps out at me for my lesbian friend Riley, six months pregnant and craving all kinds of odd things. I get her the sliced dills because she won't put anything resembling a penis in her mouth (artificial insemination).

Finally, next to the cash register are key chains. I grab two: One says, "Forty is the Ultimate F Word," and the other says, "Looking for a man who hates football and can cook." I don't




Erin revisits her childhood



Michael and his magic flute (with cleaning rod!)

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