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Plaster Caster

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groupie world — to get their pants down somehow," she said. "Seriously, that is how and why it happened — and it worked!"

But to this day, Caster likes the virginal mystique the basic all-white plaster casts in her collection portray.

"It also gives them a kind of a feminine touch," she said.

Speaking of which, Caster cast her first pair of breasts about two months ago.

It's remarkable that she hasn't yet received any feminine backlash for glorifying the male anatomy or using any means possible to get her subject to reach the size she needs him to do the casting.

"Everybody either laughs or walks away," she said. "They don't verbally assault me, to my face that is."

What could be the most controversial aspect of her art — the lengths she sometimes goes to get her models up-to-par — doesn't seem to be an issue at all with her audience.

In her maturity, Caster prefers to have her subject's sexual partner act as the plater, an English slang term for a person who gives someone a blow-job. Caster uses it to refer to any kind of stimulation done by a person on her subjects.

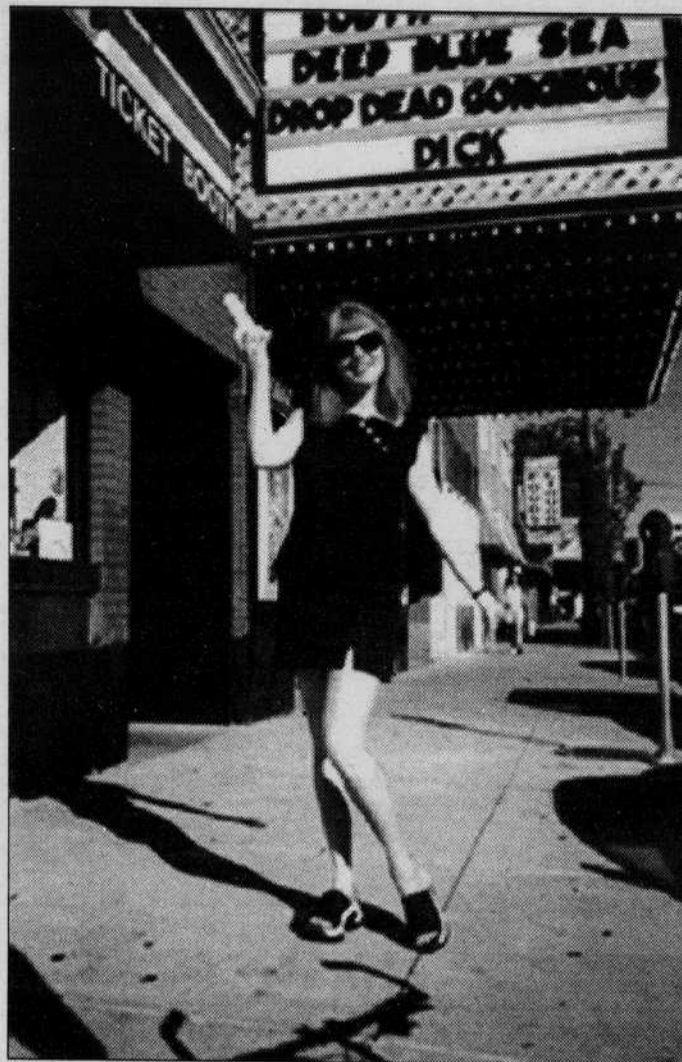
Her friends, however, have often assumed this role and Caster admits that lately, she's had to act as both plater and caster.

The dual role isn't at all sexy. Because she can't use a simple art mold that wraps around the penis for fear that it will destroy the hard-on, she must mix a vat of wet plaster that the subject can dip his penis into and out of, before he loses his erection.

She learned the hard way to always sufficiently lubricate her subject's pubic hair. While trying to remove Hendrix's cast penis — only the third one of her career — his pubic hair got stuck in the mold for 15 minutes. He was more than a good sport about it.

"Hendrix seemed to get off on the fact that he had this impression of his penis that was just the right size for him to fuck, so that's what he did while we pulled one pube at a time," Caster said.

Mixing the correct amount of alginate compound that makes



Cynthia Plaster Caster, phallic fiend, models the object of her obsession in New York. courtesy of Thread Waxing Space

the plaster can also be tricky. Often, it requires so much attention, that if there isn't a plater around, her men just have to fend for themselves.

"One of my subjects gave himself a hand job," Caster recalls, "though I don't know what he was thinking about because he was looking at my mother's picture and she was in her 70s."

Oglers of his penis will never know what he was thinking, but one thing is for sure, Caster speaks of her collection like a proud mother.

The early originals, which she affectionately calls her "oldest babies," are in a bronze form and kept in a bank vault in Chicago. She is quick to clarify that they are all her "sweet babies, though, and the youngest ones are still at

home with their momma."

In fact, she said, her apartment is "like, overflowing with cocks right now."

Thanks to the documentary in the works, however, at least she no longer has to do clerical work; Caster was a typesetter for about 20 years before they phased out the job.

A generous monetary advance has been making ends meet, though she swears her art is committed purely out of love.

"You can't pay me to cast your cock, if you had one," she said. "I would never sell the originals, but limited editions are a consideration. I'm thinking about it."

Editor's note: Sara Jarrett is a former Emerald writer currently living in New York City.

Don't forsake college to start family

Dear Harlan,
This letter is in response to the girl who wants to bypass college to start a family. I was a 3.0 high school student who easily could have been a 4.0 student had I actually tried. My parents had high hopes for me and my father thought that I would attend an Ivy League school.

What actually happened was I moved out of my house the same week I graduated high school and moved in with my boyfriend who was 6 years older than me. I had known him only two months and in that time he had already been in and out of jail.

Two months later, I was pregnant with my daughter. The relationship was terrible. While he was not physically abusive he was mentally and emotionally abusive. We kept splitting up and getting back together. My parents disowned me for not going to college and having the baby out of wedlock so there was nowhere to turn.

Just last year, at age 23 I got pregnant again and had a boy in February. The year before, I really thought my partner was improving or "growing up." Well, I was

ADVICE Ask Harlan

wrong. Now, that the new baby is here he is back to his same old self. He doesn't work. I pay all the bills and provide the care for our two children. He is never home, he is a heavy pot smoker and he has promised me he will go to anger management classes, which was part of the promise he made for me to get back with him. Our daughter is now 5 and loves her father very much. He does do a lot for her — he spends time with her — but that is not enough reason to keep a relationship together.

I am considering telling my parents they were right, that I was an idiot all along and beg on my hands and knees to move back home so I can pay off some bills, get away from him and straighten out my life. I don't regret having my children, even for a second. They are a wonderful blessing. And I'm damn lucky to have such a good job in the finance industry with only a high school education. But my advice is to get an education, find yourself and then

consider having a relationship and children. I will be 24 years old and have never even had my own room and never have had time just for me to be me.

— Been There

Dear Been there,
It's amazing you have time to work, time to support a family, and time to write this letter. Do me a favor and don't write any more letters. You're too busy. Take some time for you. Go home, regroup and get that guy out of your life. Be completely honest with your parents and hope they will open their hearts as well as their arms as they welcome you into their home.

Be proud of what you've accomplished. You've been through so much and seem incredibly strong and smart. Now, it's time to set an example for your children. Thanks for taking to the time to write and share your story.

Harlan is not a licensed psychologist, therapist or physician, but he is a licensed driver. Write Harlan via e-mail at harlan@helpmeharlan.com or online at www.helpmeharlan.com.