

Opinion

Long live the King

Elvis has come to Milton. Well, Shoeless Joe Jackson came to Iowa.

Things got a little too hot in Kalamazoo, Michigan where Elvis was seen in local supermarkets and Burger Kings. The King decided that somewhere a little more remote was necessary to maintain the low profile which he has cultivated since his 'death' in 1977.

Milton is the place. The King is an occultist, interested in all matter of things supernatural and ancient and unexplained. Milton spelled backwards is Notlim who was the Tibetan god of the branchless tree, which grows in the high mountain climates of Tennessee and Tibet.

Thus it was natural for Elvis to be interested in our fair town. He was going to shoot his classic film *Roustabout* here but was talked out of it by Colonel Tom Parker, his manager. The Colonel thought Elvis had requested Milton Burl the comedian as his co-star for a country and western remake of *Fantastic Voyage*, when he asked for *Roustabout* "to be in Milton."

Both the King and the Colonel weren't renowned for their mental abilities. The King did have a sense of style and the Colonel a sense of the carnival, where he spent most of his professional life prior to becoming Elvis' manager. Because of the straight shooting Colonel and his carny background it was decided *Roustabout* would be shot on location somewhere in the United States. Elvis films always had a sense of time and place.

Such is the nature of myth and reality. With the hundreds if not thousands of Elvis imitators around it is true that the King lives. Maybe not in our minds, maybe not in our hearts, but definitely on street corners, in subways and everywhere garish costumes appear.

The King lives by the persona which he cautiously created. The rebel with a cause, a generation gaping at Rock and Roll, the outsider who shunned society but yearned to be



**Reaume
With a View**
with BRAD REAUME

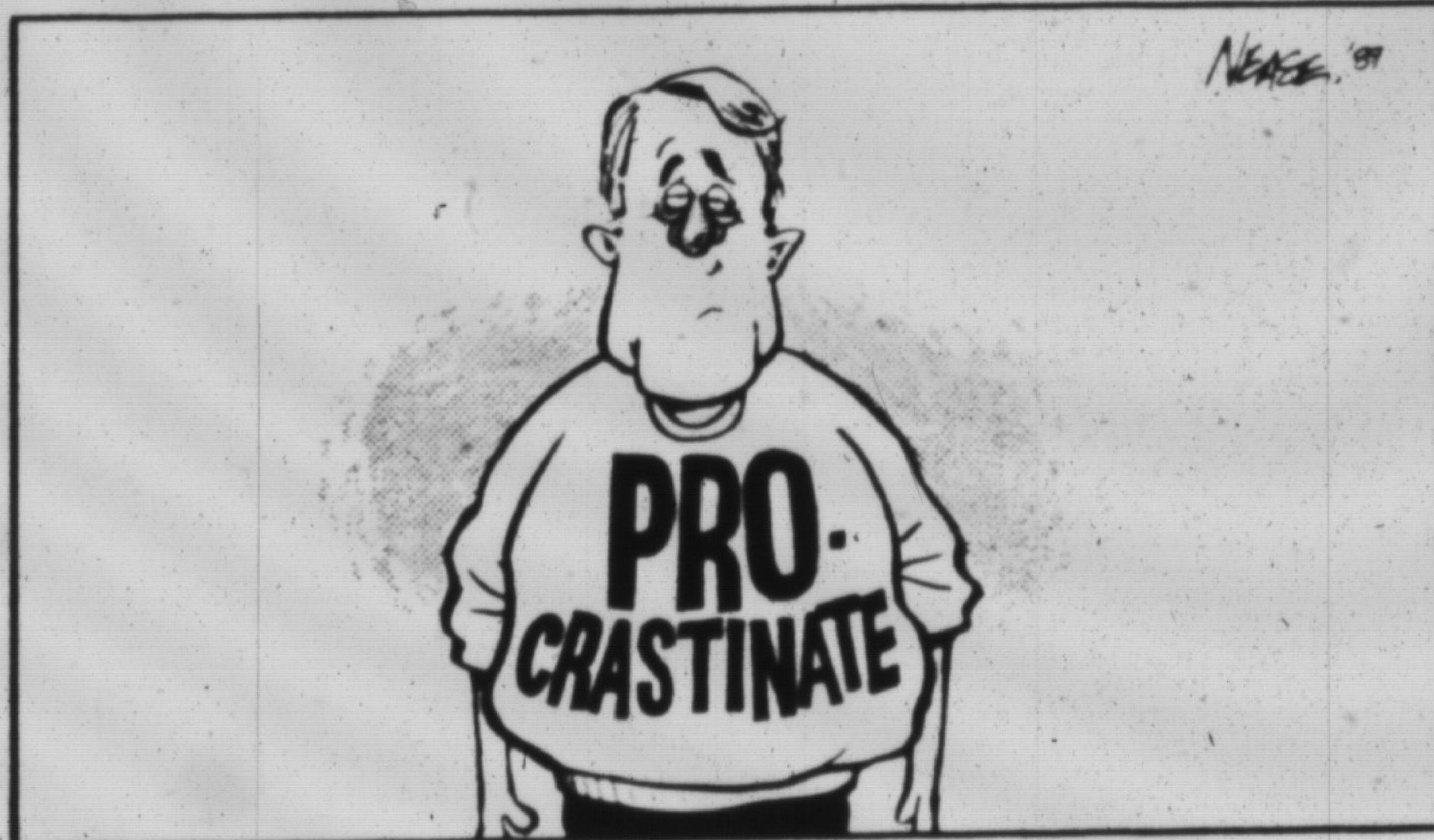
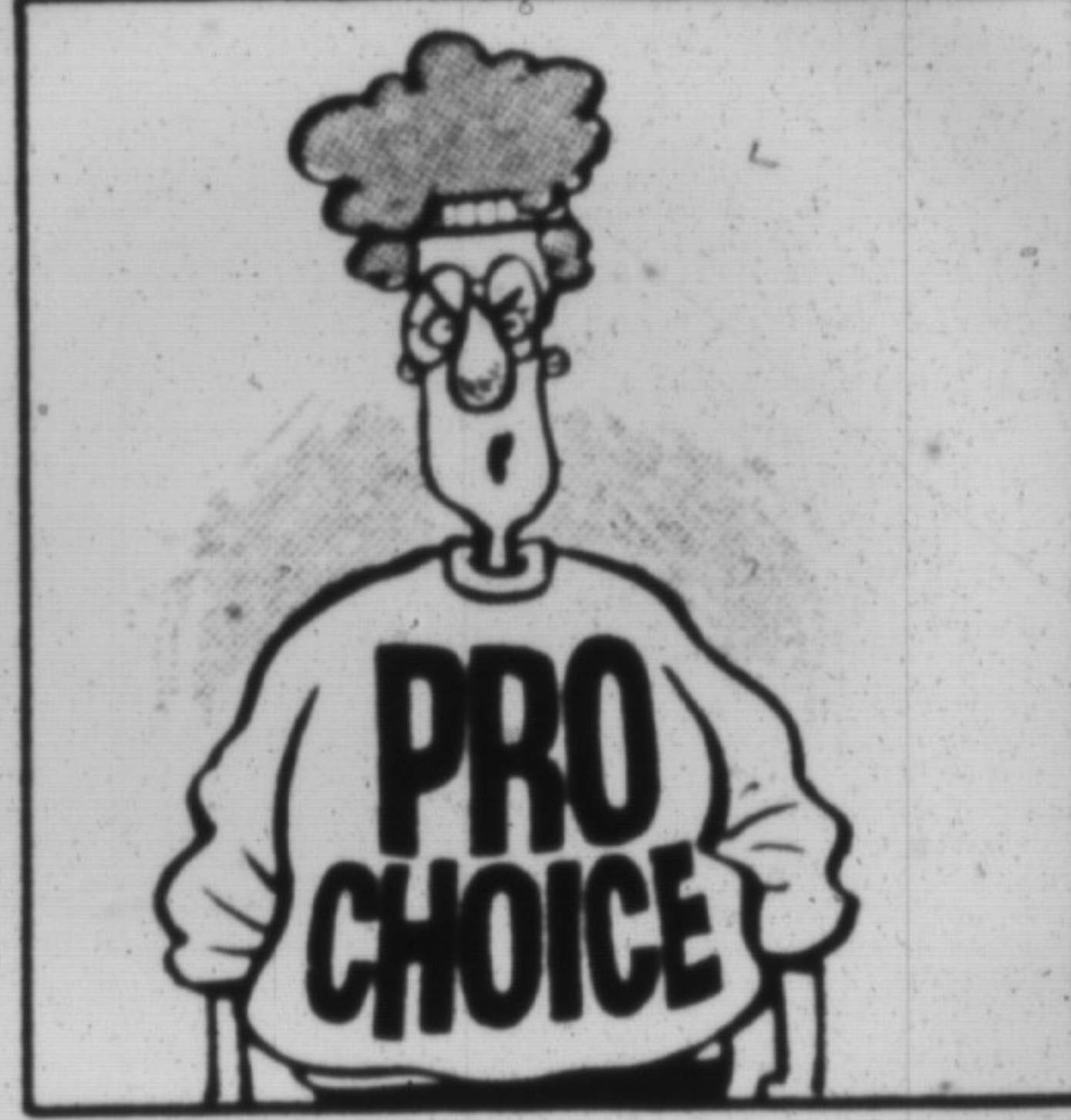
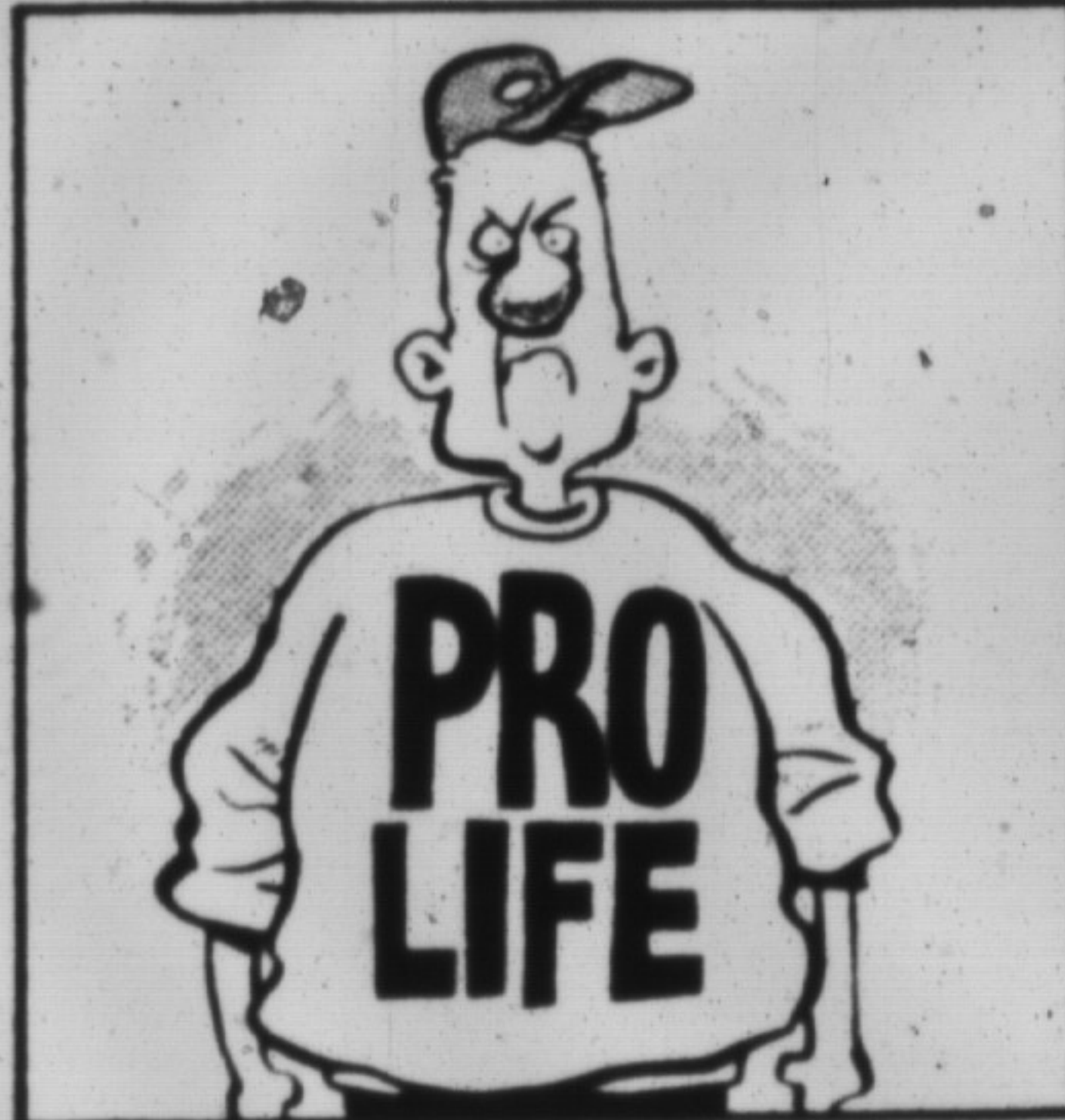
part of it, the closet drug addict, who loses everything important to him and then loses his life, which obviously wasn't important to him. Look at Elvis imitators, they are all outsiders to show business and usually to success.

Maybe somebody will build a Las Vegas stage in an Iowa cornfield and Elvis Presley will twitch and sing for a California educated family man and his daughter, who will grow up to wear a beehive and sing *Rock Lobster* after an education at a liberal arts college in the New South.

"If you build it he will come," could mean Shoeless Joe Jackson, Elvis Presley or, to someone with less conviction and imagination, Mel Torme. The more practical might fear building inspectors, by-law enforcement, zoning restrictions or simply government red tape in general. I mean, didn't Kevin Costner need a zoning change from rural agricultural to baseball recreational or baseball professional?

I feel like James Joyce with stereoscopic vision. Everything is so clear to me and yet so jumbled on paper. My brain is spilling out venom in every direction. It may seem senseless, but I'm using all five senses to rationalize things.

I guess the bottom line is 'Elvis is Everywhere' because people want him to be. You can build monuments to people and they will be there in spirit if not in fact. Those monuments might be actual buildings, or they might be constructions in your mind. Either way you are bringing a person or an idea into reality, and that alone gives it life.



Coping with 'surprise attacks'

In an evolutionary sense, premature ejaculation had survival value. Animals were vulnerable to a surprise attack when copulating, therefore the quicker an orgasm is achieved the better. Now, of course, sex has acquired recreational and interpersonal importance, in addition to reproduction, and a "fear of a surprise attack" just won't wash like the old days.

Premature ejaculation is the most prevalent sexual problem in men. It occurs on an occasional basis in most men (in which case the diagnosis is not appropriate) and more often in many, especially younger men. Sometimes the man has an orgasm before he even enters the vagina, more often within a few seconds after.

Some authors define it as "premature" when a man is unable to hold back long enough for the woman to have a climax 50 per cent of the time. However, most researchers don't like the idea of defining it based on a partner's responsiveness, therefore the *Diagnosis and Statistics Manual* (American Psychiatric Association, 1980) considers it when: "Ejaculation occurs before the individual wishes it, because of recurrent and persistent absence of reasonable voluntary control of ejaculation and orgasm..."

The intent is to focus the definition on the man himself ("when he wishes it")... yet I do believe it would be rather naive to overlook the lady's influence over the man's judgement of what is and is not "too soon".

In general, premature ejaculation is associated with a good deal of anxiety. It occurs in many men when they are unusually excited; when they are having sex for the first time with a given lady; when they haven't had intercourse for awhile; and on several other types of occasions. If it occurs often, early in life, or when a man wants very much to please his lady, it can cause anxiety and fears about performance, which in turn can cause more premature orgasms. It can be a tremendous blow to the ego and a great source of frustration for both partners.

The causes of premature ejaculation are unknown. One theory holds that the orgasm comes quickly because the man is unusually sensitive to erotic stimulation - but the data doesn't



Psychology
with
ARNOLD RINCOVER

support this. Another theory suggests men with this problem aren't perceptive about their arousal level (how close they are to orgasm); yet ratings by men with and without the problem show no differences in the (in) accuracy of their judgments.

Yet a third theory suggests that these men climax at a lower level of sexual excitement than other men - some data does support this, but they are not conclusive. In short, we know very little about what causes premature orgasms, and it's entirely possible that there are several different causes for different men.

Treatments are available, however. Serman (yes, that's his real name), a US researcher, has a technique where in a series of extended sessions are designed for the female to stimulate the male's penis in a "stop and go" fashion. Masters and Johnson developed the "squeeze" technique, where the woman applies pressure to the glans of the penis just before orgasm (stopping it). Both have been shown effective.

It is interesting to note that both techniques also involve increasing the frequency of sexual contact. It is interesting because there are other data to show that men without this problem have sex about 2.5 times as often as men who do have the problem. Consequently, some authors claim that premature ejaculation may actually be a problem of not having enough sex and its solution requires increasing the frequency of intercourse.

Increasing the frequency of sex may help to extinguish the man's fears, decrease his arousal level during intercourse, and give him practice at holding back his orgasm. It is not clear that the "squeeze" or "stop and go" aspects are necessary, though most therapists continue to use them.

Writing on the night shift

Last summer when the kids and I moved to the cottage, I envisioned a wonderful season of creativity in which I would be overflowing with ideas for my column.

Instead, the summer heat forced me into the lake at frequent intervals - ah, the hardships of cottage living - and the rest of the time, I buried myself in romance novels which I discovered were addictive. I did not stoop so low as to get hooked on Harlequin but I came close.

If the children were lucky, they got fed now and again, but as the day wore on, my enthusiasm waned for preparing any meal that required turning on the stove.

I am determined to turn over a new leaf this summer and be PRODUCTIVE. Yes, the heat is still on and the lure of the refreshing water constantly beckons, but I have pushed the romances to the back of the top shelf in my closet and I have set myself writing projects.

There may be certain jobs in the home that can be carried out under conditions of never-ending interruptions, but writing for me requires long periods of time in which no one bothers me. Unfortunately, those precious moments occur at night after everyone has gone to bed, when I too feel inclined to hit the sack, but since that is the only part of the day I can call "my own", I stay up.

At the cottage, around 10 in the evening, all is quiet except the croaking of frogs, chirping of crickets and the mournful wail of the loon. I look out of the sliding-glass door of my office onto the still, black liquid of the lake - the stars, moon and fireflies providing the only light.

I am alone at last. But wait, our three black cats are still awake. They gravitate to my office. Other cats I have had enjoyed the solitude of their own company and I assumed that since we had three cats, they would stick to their own. I was wrong.

Take the other night, for instance. Hanky was



**On the
Home Front**
with ESTHER CALDWELL

curled up on the top bunk in my office. Purr-Puss was keeping vigil at the screen door, tormented by the frenetic moths on the outside, and Panky was desperate for my attention.

Mr. Panky wound up his purr motor full tilt and jumped up on my lap then onto the desk, pacing back and forth over the paper I was writing on. He demanded to be patted and I complied. I lowered him to the floor. Back up he jumped. Again and again.

If the night is hot, I compete with bugs for my desk lamp. The smaller species of the insect community sneak in through the screen just to get closer to the tantalizing light located inches from my face.

These creatures dive-bomb me and do hundreds of flypasts. Others plunk themselves on my paper and perform wheelies. Some nights I encounter thousands of minuscule insects that form a haze around every switched-on light. On these occasions, I close the hallway and outside doors of my office and proceed with the work at hand, sweating profusely in the stifling chamber. Ultimately, I give up the fight and go to bed, abandoning the bugs to the bathroom night light.

I suppose I could find moments of creativity at sunrise before anything or anyone moves, but I have experienced the early rise a couple of times in the last 40 years and I feel so sluggish and nauseous that I marvel that anyone can ever carry out a task before 7 a.m.

I'll stick to the night shift. The distraction of cats and creepy crawlies merely serves to enhance my feeling of accomplishment when I actually manage to complete a project.



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