

ARTS & CULTURE

Whips, chains, cock cages
an' a whole lotta lovin'

Dartmouth S&M store a business like any other

BY JEN CLEARY AND
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Taking a long drag of the cigarette nestled between his fingers, Wolfgang appears to be a regular guy.

And who's to say he isn't? Besides the fact he sells cock rings and custom-made leather apparel, his fantasies, complete with strap-on dildos and leather whips, are restricted to the bedroom — hidden, like most with an interest in sadomasochism.

Don't let Wolfgang's (he prefers "the Wolf") pleasure pastime deceive you. As much as I'd like to tell you that he and his partner Jim Bain worship Satan and have a torture room in their basement, this is clearly not the case.

Wolfgang Leathers, located in the living room of a house in Dartmouth, is a business like any other. Although making love is what they sell, it's making money that they value.

"We just sell the products," Wolfgang assures me when I ask him if he encourages violent sex. "It's up to the customer what they do with the items when they get home."

He calls his products "marital aids": "It's just like buying lingerie,

a dildo or renting a porno."

In fact, customers are not composed primarily of sadomasochists. "They come from all walks of life," Wolfgang says. "Young or old, straight or gay, married or single."

The customers are as diverse as his products are sexy.

"Dominatrixes come in here all the time," Wolfgang begins to explain while his partner leaves the room to do business with another customer.

"A woman came in the other

organizes orgies in hotel rooms.

Even as I flip through the magazines with pictures of naked people with leather G-strings and body harnesses, I never feel uncomfortable.

But that's his job, I guess. He makes people feel like it's okay to think or talk about sex. Perched on the corner of a stool, he sits still, with legs crossed, and a big smile on his face. Appealingly assertive. I must say, though, I don't think I'd come a' knocking on his door if I needed someone to talk to.

The Wolf's casual demeanor and the

"A woman came in the other day and bought a cock cage..."

day and bought a cock cage," he said as he places a leather contraption on the table with 80 dollars pencilled on the price tag. Appropriately named, the leather straps are held together with metal studs.

"The loop on the end is designed to attach a leash." I sit back and try to imagine being the one holding the end of the leash. He adds with delight, "They always know exactly what they want."

He tells me a little bit about his own sex life and about the offers he gets for sex from the people coming into his humble establishment.

He talks about a group called the Maritime Connection that

store's atmosphere provokes you to open up, as I'm sure nothing you could say would shock the Wolf. Chances are he's probably already done it.

Although I was comfortable in the Wolf's presence, there was still something I found creepy about his incessant preoccupation with sex. I can't seem to wrap my head around the desire to be spanked by a leather whip.

Maybe I'm not kinky enough. Maybe I'm too much of a prude.

Whatever it is, I'm not sure I want to understand this sex-crazed phenomenon. I'd rather stick with a white T-shirt and a pair of boxers. That's sexy enough, isn't it?



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I Get knocked down... but I get up again

Your A to Z recap of Wrestlemania 15

BY PHIL LEWIS

I awoke this morning after a bizarre dream about demonic creatures of the night, beer-guzzling rednecks, and even a *Playboy* cover-girl.

I then tried to remember what I ate last night. It wasn't what I ate though, and it was no dream.

It was *Wrestlemania*.

The bar was filled with men — beer in hand — waiting to be carried away to the farthest corners of their imagination.

But the crowd wasn't just men

— women were scattered around the bar, proving wrestling isn't just a man's soap opera. It's an escape for everyone. Whether your tall or short, male or female, black or white, wrestling speaks to all of us.

It's the physical manifestation of our inner desires and animalistic instincts. Wow — that's deep. But enough of the philosophy. For those of you who didn't see the show let me take you on a magic carpet ride through the world of the WWF.

The show began with the Hardcore Championship match between Al Snow, Hardcore Holly, and "Bad Ass" Billy Gunn. Chairs were thrown, bats were swung. When one man tried to score a pin the third man made him regret it. Snow was knocked out and Bad Ass went for the pin. Hardcore Holly cracked Bad Ass in the head and scored the upset.

The upset of the night, though, went to Butterbean as he left Bart Gunn beaten silly.

Gunn had achieved some tough-man legitimacy when the WWF held their Brawl For All tournament last fall.

The tournament format was three-round boxing matches, with points included for take-downs.

Bart Gunn knocked out almost all of the competition and this was only his first opportunity

to challenge a legitimate boxer.

He was knocked out in the first round. Oh the humiliation!

Mankind did not disappoint as he tried to puff and puff and blow the "Big Show" Paul Wight down. While Mankind failed to make the pin, he managed to win the match through outside interference by the Rock.

This meant Mankind would referee the main event between the Rock and Stone Cold Steve Austin.

Road Dog Jesse James retained his Intercontinental Championship in a hard fought four-corners match. The Road Dog re-started his singles career when he became a competitor for the Hardcore Championship. The Hardcore format let him cover-up some of his weaknesses by throwing everything — including the kitchen sink — at his opponents. At the title match last Sunday he showed that he no longer needs baseball bats and chairs to look good in the wrestling ring.

In the 'what the fuck was that about?' category, the Undertaker put a noose around the neck of the Big Boss Man and hung him, immediately after their 'hell in the cell' match. Boss Man's face turned red, started to swell and then the lights went out.

This is a classic example of

why many people say they can't get into the storylines of wrestling. Fifteen minutes previous to that Mankind was carried out on a stretcher and sent to the hospital, much to the shrieks of commentators. But the announcers take little notice of the Boss Man's execution! My friends, this is disturbing TV.

Sable kept her women's title when her opponent was laid out by a female bodybuilder making her WWF debut.

The main event of the night was better than last year's between Shawn Michaels and Steve Austin, but the outcome was just as predictable.

Yet the match between Austin and the Rock still fulfilled much of the hype.

While Mankind won the right to ref the fight, he was 'at the hospital.' So the match began with one of the regular refs.

It wasn't long before there was a knock out — the ref!

Near the end of this 'no disqualification' match, the fight was on their third ref and Stone Cold knocked him out. Mankind returned, beaten and bruised, to finish officiating these electrifying superstars.

Austin hit the Rock with the Stone Cold Stunner. One, Two,



Three; Stone Cold is your new WWF World Heavyweight Champion!

The biggest pay-per-view extravaganza of the year has come and gone. And in its wake, it's left impressions with me that will last much longer than the musical career of the Spice Girls.

Wrestlemania delivered the goods this year when it came to giving the people what they wanted. It delivered the matches everyone wanted to see. It ended storylines that have been building for close to a year. It also began new storylines for our next magic carpet ride.

