

For Spots, sex never turns into a flaccid subject

BY SHAWN CONNER

You'd think that between working at a sex shop all day and singing about sex at night, Cass King would be, well, tired of sex. Such is not the case.

"There's this comedian we know named Brad Muise, and he has a joke about this woman getting her tongue pierced so she can give a better blow job," says King, sitting at a bakery near her workplace, Womyns' Ware. "And his reply is, 'If there's one thing that doesn't need improving, it's a blow job. That's like finding a dollar bill and putting chocolate on it.'"

In other words: no, all this sex is not too much of a good thing.

As one half of the duo the Wet Spots, King sings ribald, cabaret-style ditties about threesomes, anal sex, and other not-ready-for-the-halftime-show topics with her husband, John Woods, a local musician who also plays with '60s popsters Orchid Highway.

Sex as a topic to be explored in front of a live audience is nothing new for the Toronto-raised King, who has performed at the National Poetry Slam in Austin, Texas, and other events. Before the Wet Spots there was Organ Grinder, a sex column she wrote for *Terminal City* in the early part of this decade, when she was also emceeing Blue Lizard cocktail variety nights.

It was on the local spoken-word circuit that the two met. "He thought I had a nice ass," King says of Woods, who would provide her musical accompaniment. "'Cause when you're playing sitar you're sitting down, and I was right behind her while she was at the mike," he explains.

The Wet Spots, says King, followed naturally. "We spent a year shagging, and then started writing songs. We were thinking 'Wouldn't it be funny if there was a song about this and that?' and realized there's really a niche for this kind of thing. If you're doing sex comedy, chances are you're doing old-school nightclub jokes or stuff that's so completely out there it's completely underground, like Karen Finley—stuff that's more performance art than entertainment-oriented."

Their act has taken them from fetish nights to trade shows to a Christmas party at a local gym, following up a father-and-son team playing Gypsy jazz. "That was one of the stranger gigs we've done," King recalls.

The Wet Spots have taken their act to Toronto and hope to play New York this year. For Valentine's, the duo has nearly a full week of shows planned, including Thursday (February 12) at UBC; Friday and Saturday (February 13 and 14) at Lafflines in New Westminster; Sunday (February 15) at Theatre Cares: A Burlesque Valentine, a charity fundraiser at the Arts Club Revue Theatre; and Monday (February 16) at Café Deux Soleils. A Wet Spots concert may feature costume changes, comedy bits, and audience interaction, or might just be a straight set of juicy, jazzy nuggets like "Threeway Rendezvous", "Wherever You're Going (I'd Like to Come)", and "Do You Take It?".

Those songs and others can be found on the group's debut EP *Ribbed for Pleasure*, available at some local record stores and Womyns' Ware, where the disc is proudly displayed by what the singing expert calls "the dildo bin".

All this activity does have a fallout, however. King may not be tired of sex, but "sometimes we're too busy to have nookie," she says. "And I think 'We're the Wet Spots, we shouldn't be having these problems!' " ■