

The WetSpots are Gonna Be HUGE!

So this is the big WetSpots story," singer/poet/sex columnist Cass King tells *The Nerve*: "About two years ago, we were double booked to perform at the same venue as the feature [at a book launch for Ivan Coyote]. We ended up performing at different times in the night and..."

"I ended up backing her up on sitar while she read so I got to stare at her butt for a while," interjects guitarist/singer John Wood. "Her piece happened to be a really erotic love scene between two women so I thought she wouldn't be interested in me, but I was wrong."

"Just goes to show ya: 'ASSUME' makes an ass outta you and me," laughs King.

Witnessing their witty, mutually affectionate rapport first-hand makes it easy to comprehend why after said gig they became inseparable. By July '02 they funneled some of their boundless energy into a musical project, The Wet Spots. Their songs run the gamut of lounge/pop from torch-y tunes like "Do You Take It" and "Wherever You're Going [I'd Like To Come]" to even polka-esque songs such as "The Kinky Neighbor Song" but, all contain saucy graphic yet, playful depictions of sex guaranteed to leave a good taste in your mouth.

"We try not to use foul language because it's a bit more radical to try to describe the sensuality-frank language that describes what sex actually is, in all its forms," says King.

So if you wanna hear smut or angst, be warned: their album *Ribbed for Pleasure* avoids those pedestrian views, focusing instead on what sex should be like: F-U-N!

"Our culture has a real problem with sex in general," says Woods. "It seems like songs about how horrible or traumatic the sex was are more acceptable than songs about how great the sex was or songs that are sex positive in an intelligent way."

Since their inception, The WetSpots have played numerous gigs "at fetish parties, burlesque shows, lots of places on the Drive and in the West End" but so far it's a comedy club in New Westminster where they've had the best reactions.

"The first time we played at Lafflines we thought they would run us out of town, but the more you go looking around on the internet for couples who swing, they're mostly from Langley, Surrey or New West—they are," admits King.

"Yep, the 'burbs represent in the swingers' ads," agrees Woods. "We usually dedicate our song 'Three-way Rendezvous' [at shows] to anyone who's willing to come home with us. The only place anyone has tried to take us up on it after a show was at Lafflines." (He was a burly, mulleted, John Deer cap-sporting-lumberjack type, no less!) Then there was the time a randy trio of twenty-somethings boasted, "Your song inspired us, we're gonna go have a three-way" and then promptly sent Web cam pix of their tryst to www.wetspotsmusic.com before Woods and King had even driven back to Vancouver! What greater compliments can be lavished upon a duo than "encouraging people to get kinkier?"

The WetSpots wanna spread themselves East, hopefully hitting some cities in the States as Cass feels, "They don't have the access to sex education like we do here." And who better to learn from? She also wants to pen an anatomically themed song (ala "the knee bone's connected to the...") about the clitoris.

God bless her.

In the meantime, Woods and King have a bigger project in their sights: getting hitched in



*I'm goin' where the lube is flowin'
The sun don't shine where I'll be glowin'
Wherever you're goin', I'd like to come*

From: "Wherever You're Goin' (I'd Like

*... cuz, I've ordered a shipment
of the relevant equipment
I've got lubricant and poppers and some
Do you take it in the ass?
Do you take it in the ass?*

From: "Do You Take It?"

*"Don't try to say it's wrong
Don't try to say this song
was only meant for two
Get on the freeway
To a three-way rendez-vous*

From: "Three-way Rendez-vous"

*It happens fairly often when we get to go
And then a soft and tender thud comes th
wall*

*We know that they can hear us
It's their little way to cheer us
Since they apparently have no sex at all.*

From: "Kinky Neighbour Song"

June—funny how what used to be the norm is now considered a big statement. Until the big day, they'll continue to educate, titillate and entertain us lucky locals.

"It's been a very good year for us. We've had many different liaisons with beautiful people, in both our performing career and sex life. It's all heating up!" quips King.

See The WetSpots live:

May 10th in Van. "Queen Bee Review" @ Honey.

May 17th "Wiggle", @ The Rage.

May 25th in Van. @ Arts Club Theatre's *Sketch in Time*

May 30-31 in Victoria @ the Lonely Cellar (Dominian Hotel)

By Casey Cougar

Picture provided by The WetSpots

Nerve Magazine
May 2003



Oooh, you're making me wet

Finally, if you're looking for a little pre-Valentine's sexy fun, don't miss the return of **The Wet Spots**. The newlywed duo of Cass King and John Woods have been getting it on with audiences across the pond with their hilariously ribald

"Überlesque" shows and recently earned the top spot as the *Georgia Straight's* "Best Adult Entertainers of 2003." Mixing original song-writing and sophisticated humour with jazzy bossa nova beats (such as the toe-tappers "The Kinky Neighbour Song" and

"Smack My Bottom"), the Wet Spots are also working on an upcoming musical called *Sing Your Way to Better Sex*, which will also be appearing at this year's Fringe. Not only are King (sex columnist and manager of the oh-so-sexy Womyn's Ware) and Woods (former Orchard Highway guitarist) part of Terminal City's burgeoning neo-burlesque scene, but they also have their own CD—*Ribbed for Pleasure*—and will soon be championing alternative sex at the prestigious Canadian Music Week in Toronto.

The Wet Spots
9 pm Friday & Saturday,
February 5-6
The Comedy Cellar,
759 Yates
Tickets \$13 advance/
\$15 door



MARK BRENNAN

The Wet Spots: a "hard" act to follow

—John Threlfall

MONDAY MAGAZINE - FEBRUARY 5 - 11, 2004

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THE WET SPOTS *Ribbed for Pleasure* (Wet Spots Music)

Spring is in the air, the birds and the bees are out and about, and here is **The Wet Spots'** debut, carefully positioned to capture horny listeners who aren't already looking at web porn, watching Sue Johanson's sex show on TV, or otherwise successfully amusing themselves. What the soon-to-be-married Cass King and John Woods do is intentionally anachronistic naughty cabaret, with songs that sound like something you might almost hear on an afternoon CBC radio show at a particularly campy moment. The production and performances are excellent; Cass has the right type of warm and somewhat thin voice and there's even ukulele where it's appropriate. One imagines that the visuals must be quite entertaining and that the principals mug shamelessly for their live audiences as they sing lines like, "Do you take it in the ass?" or "Never put a vacuum in your bum." This would be just the sort of live theatre for a risqué first date, but are you randy enough to listen to it at home?