

Written by [lloyd bradford \(brad\) syke](#)

Thursday, 28 February 2008



**The Wet Spots** bill themselves as 'sophisticated sex comedy' and that's about as whitewashed a descriptor as I can imagine. These Canadian 'pervoyeurs' of urbane rugby songs are decidedly PG. They've been described as lewd and loveable and that does it for me. Never has live porn been more agreeable, affectionate, generous, inclusive or empathic.

**Cass King & John Woods** are sensitive, new age bipeds. Raucous, raunchy, out there, uninhibited, unexpurgated, uncensored ad libbing, standup and ditties comprise their tight (I won't go there) 75-odd minute act.

But wit, worldliness and surprising sensitivity rescue them from merely rolling in dirt. Their songs are as cleverly constructed as Cole's; as intelligent and charming, if in an AO way.

Their stagecraft, too, is polished and impeccable; timing, brilliant; costumes, right on; musical gifts, almost sublime, especially the harmonies and vocal versatility of **Ms King**, the extroverted dominatrix and mistress of ceremonies.

They've spread their cocky cabaret far-and-wide: not merely in their native Vancouver, but across the western seaboard of the US, London and downunda (could there be a more appropriate locale?).

Their influences are easy to spot: the Spots wouldn't be the Spots were it not for Python and (South) Park; wittingly, or otherwise, they're also redolent of Lehrer and Zappa. Essentially, it's not even about sex: irreverence is their stock-in-trade and don't we sorely need more of it in our miserable, over-governed, climate-changed lives?

Opening with the hopelessly romantic family fave, '*Do You Take It?*' (Well, my father says you're nifty, And you've heard of Beaudelaire, And we both agree that human rights abuses are unfair, You understand your feelings, And you're not afraid to share,

And I think I could do something with your hair! You smell nice, And you're groovy, And we both like foreign movies, My mother says you have that touch of class, Well, I could see a shiny future, Where we'll dialogue and nurture, But there's one thing I feel I need to ask: Do you take it in the ass? 'Cause you're beautiful and curvy, But unless you're kind o' pervy, There's no way you and me are gonna last.'), The Spotsters took an under-capacity crowd (perverts, I know you're out there!) on an orgiastic adventure, via songs (all penned by the pair) such as (*Bi-Curious*) George, who wonders what it'd be like to kiss a 'gir-r-uy', the authentically *Hawaiian Labia Limbo* ('way down south, in a tropical land'), and so many more. Indeed, there's a wealth of uproarious lines in their spellbinding, side-splitting carnal canon & I can hardly wait for a chartbusting Shannon Noll cover.

Of course, much of the humour is through gesture, nuance and, shall we say, visual innuendo, so, as entertaining as a copy of Hello, Kinky, their latest disc, will surely prove, this is an act that truly has to be seen to be conceived. For example, they're by no means averse to dealing or demanding spankings, with a little help from their hapless audience (only go for front row if you can take it on the backside).

I'll avoid all the pathetic puns and wink-wink nudge-nudgery around penetrating humour and such: suffice to say **The Wettest of The Wet Spots** was devilishly incamate.

## THE WETTEST OF THE WET SPOTS

**Venue:** The Studio | Sydney Opera House

**Dates/Times:** 27 – 29 February @ 9.30pm

**Tickets:** From \$20 to \$49 or \$20 to \$39 concession

**Bookings:** 9250 7777 or [www.sydneyoperahouse.com/thestudio](http://www.sydneyoperahouse.com/thestudio)

Share this article



[Quote this review on your site](#) | [E-mail](#)

**Be first to comment**