

JUNE 6
RICHARDS ON RICHARDS

I went to see Cansel de Ser Sexy to dance and look hot while doing so. But I didn't think I'd have such stiff competition.

From São Paulo, Brazil, the sextet's name translates as "tired of being sexy." Their half-Japanese frontwoman goes by the ejaculation-inducing name of Lovefoxxx and they sing about sex, music, bitches and alcohol. All this seductively matched with simplistic disco beats, surf-inspired guitar riffs and slapdash synths.

Though Brazilian baile-funk opener, Bonde Do Role, were to open, they were absent and no one came to take their place, including their supposed replacement, Busdiver. These no-shows forced the audience to endure a wearing two-hour DJ set before CSS finally took the stage. But thankfully, the Brazilians did a fine job of setting the crowd up for a flirty dance-punk groovefest on their own.

After throwing handfuls of glitter and blowing bubbles, Lovefoxxx, clad in a geometrical-print spandex bodysuit, sprayed potato chips into the delirious crowd. Taunting us with a smirk, she asked, "You want snack?"

And the crowd ate it up. During "Music Is My Hot Hot Sex" it was impossible not to dance—so much so, it ignited a dance battle between Lovefoxxx and myself. But all the moves I was busting out, she was busting better. Every time I shot her a stellar hip-swaggering attack, she would come back by ripping out some antic like running into the crowd and singing with the mic shoved down her top. Hmmph.

At one point, she even dragged a wasted-looking fan onstage and toyed with her, like a kitten with a moth. The fan flopped unfortunately about, draping herself across unwelcoming band members while Lovefoxxx giggled and grinded against her. The vocalist then gave 'the look' to security, and the fan was promptly shoved offstage.

Before long, the encore rolled around. It began with a forgettable new number and ended with "Let's Make Love and Listen to Death From Above." But during my last chance to finally stick it to Lovefoxxx, I realized something: it would be a total embarrassment to get caught up in this woman's antics. Watching her as she stood on a stage cluttered with smashed chips, used Kleenex and discarded Vans, she reminded me of this gymnastics friend I had in Grade 7, who was too hyperactive, too sexy and too insecure for her own good.

Soon after this realization, it was all over. Lovefoxxx held up her chip-encrusted sock to the crowd and yelled, "Look at my sock!" Yes, I did crane my neck to see, but only because I wanted to see her look dirty.

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