

Peaches celebrates herself, Susie Wang dreads it in the museum

The Canadian musician discovers the aging body as a source of lust at the summer festival at Kampnagel, the Norwegian group new extremes.

"There's Only One Peach With The Hole In The Middle", the stage play by Canadian electro musician Peaches, is announced as a theatre by the International Summer Festival at Kampnagel. De facto, the two-hour evening is a concert. But what a concert! Never has Peaches, who has lived in Berlin for so long, played in Hamburg with such a large band, string quartet, brass section, background singers. With dancers who flood the stage in the best moments as orgiastic twitching body mass. With light harp. With acrobat Empress Stah, who lets a laser shine out of her vulva at the trapeze. Wow.

19 years ago, the then 33-year-old Menill Beth Nisker released her first album under her stage name: "The Teaches Of Peaches", dry, rough electro clash with lyrics that explicitly revolved around sex. The line "There's Only One Peach ... " comes from the song "Diddle My Skittle" contained here; so the evening is a review: a look back at how the changes in gender relations over the past two decades are reflected in Peaches' songs, a best-of concert that celebrates queerness, self-determined sexuality, the fun of obscene and increasingly also the aging body as a source of pleasure. In 2000 it would have been a frown when a 52-year-old announced a song as an ode to her genitals; the fact that "Vaginoplasty" goes through without a hitch is also thanks to Peaches' pioneering work.

Although the evening stretches the limits of what can be shown in a pop concert, it remains conventional. The sound, the exaggerated, even the celebration of her own magnificence, which Peaches once stole from hip-hop, seems strangely soft, precisely because the artist is currently showing "Whose Jizz Is This?", an exhibition at the Kunstverein that is far sharper and more political than this stage performance.

The Norwegian theatre collective Susie Wang also deals with expectations of the body, especially the female body. Without betraying central elements of tension: In "Mummy Brown/Mumienbraun," viewers need strong nerves in view of the artists' preference for horror.

It begins harmlessly: The exhibition hall of a larger museum rests venerably. The usual whispering and strolling of the visitors can be heard from offstage. The exhibits almost look like the results of lead casting. A very high column and a yawning black hole in the floor are conspicuous. Mona Solhaug watches over the hall with an empty gaze. She advises tourists in summer clothes to reach courageously into the objects.

Soon horror breaks in. If you have problems with blood, for example, you won't find any joy in this performance. Susie Wang plays with the stereotypes of horror, with gender attributions, with the archaic of existence in the face of tradition preserved in museums.

The theatre group pushes things to extremes that seem little subtle and totally exaggerated. The chaos collides with the Attendant's pronounced sense of order, who is able to shine in a few playful, humorous scenes. Afterwards you won't see a Museum Attendant with a harmless look anymore

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