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O presidente chinês,

Doja Cat enciende el escenario en Londres: un espectáculo de fuego y pelucas

Doja Cat deslumbra con un concierto lleno de fuego y pelucas en Londres, donde presenta un nuevo look en respuesta a la demanda del público. La artista, conocida por su frecuente transformación de imagen, se presenta con una larga peluca negra con flequillo y gafas rectangulares, dando la impresión de una sexy secretaria con mal genio.

Una noche de fuego y pelucas

La banda en vivo de Doja Cat se ubica en plataformas cubiertas de extensiones rubias, mientras que una trenza gigante y rubia desciende del cielo para que Doja Cat se acaricie contra ella. Si bien el espectáculo no es tan desgreñado como su actuación en el Festival de Coachella en California en abril, en la que sus bailarines parecían una bandada de Cousin Itts cabeza adelante de *La Familia Addams*, es suficiente para causar una impresión.

En 2024, Doja Cat se afeitó la cabeza y las cejas en vivo en Instagram, lo que causó preocupación entre sus fans. Sin embargo, la artista respondió con su estilo característico. "Quieren cabello", parece decir su actuación. "Aquí está su cabello".

Un espectáculo de fuego y agresión

Los frecuentes estallidos de fuego contribuyen a crear las atmósferas infernales de los últimos álbumes de Doja Cat: *Escarlata* y su versión extendida, *Escarlata 2 Claude*, lanzados en abril. La portada del *Escarlata* tour presenta a Doja Cat como un succubo, perchada sobre el pecho de un durmiente abatido. Su canción Demons es una de las más contundentes de la noche, con Doja Cat golpeando el micrófono contra el suelo y el público terminando las líneas de sus arremetidas rapeadas, empapadas de agresión y astucia.

"Mucha gente que estaba dormida dice que ahora rapeo", se resiente, en un estilo que recuerda mucho al de su ídolo, la excelente Nicki Minaj. Aquellos que estaban dormidos podrían ser perdonados. Antes del *Escarlata*, Doja Cat batió récords de streaming y ganó premios por un cuerpo de trabajo pop y R&B, como su éxito número 1 de 2024, el lite disco Say So (con Minaj en el remix), y el jugueteón *Planeta Her* (2024); trabajo que Doja Cat ha desestimado recientemente como "una operación de efectivo".

Su actuación de esta noche es casi por completo amarga y procaz, entregada sin disculpas con una serie de contoneos y movimientos de cadera, además de una travesura inusualmente sonriente a través de Say So. En abril, Doja Cat criticó a los padres que llevaban a niños pequeños a sus shows. Hay algunos aquí esta noche que no recibieron la nota y se sienten un poco por ellos durante Wet Vagina.

Para una artista tan entretenida, hay barreras para disfrutar sin problemas del trabajo de Doja Cat. A muchos les parece que Dlamini ha estado en una misión para perder fans e...

This controversial, avatar-like vocalist does conventional things surprisingly well A number of factors were at play: the increasing demands of "stan" culture, where largely female stars, often

running their own social media, have become held to unreasonable levels of accountability by fans whose opinions on the artist's output and life become increasingly aggressive; and Doja Cat herself, a digital native with a very chequered online existence, whose attitude to trolls is to throw hunks of flesh at them. Or to out-troll them. "If somebody wants to fight me on the internet," she said in *Variety* last year, "I will gladly join in, balls to the wall. It's fun for me. I'm a very messy bitch." Tonight's gig actually doubles as something of a charm offensive, however, one in which this controversial, avatar-like vocalist does conventional things surprisingly well. Doja Cat has been an able and fluent rapper for a very long time in internet years: her breakout viral track, *Mooo!* from 2024, was a cow-themed romp that skilfully referenced vintage hip-hop artists such as Wu-Tang Clan, Ludacris and Kelis's *Milkshake* (2003) while packing in quips about breastfeeding, beef and methane. *Get Into It (Yuh)* is one of few fun tracks that survive tonight from *Planet Her*, displaying Dlamini's cuter, more tongue-in-cheek side, complete with a breathless Minaj-aping flow. *Paint the Town Red*, *Scarlet's* breakout hit, is the defiant climax, however. "Yeah, bitch, I said what I said," she raps, leaning hard into her devilish persona. "My happiness is all of your misery." For someone who seems to exist entirely online, and to be making dismaying choices there – most recently, Doja Cat was slammed for wearing a T-shirt featuring an internet-infamous rightwing comedian – IRL Doja exudes old-fashioned showbiz skills and presence. Her rap credentials are further burnished by an absence of dancers, as there might be at a pop show: she carries the show largely alone, save for four backing vocalists. As for the band, for all the hair-booted electric guitarist's solos, the drummer outshines him, manning a giant kit with audible muscle. Most shocking of all, perhaps, is not Doja Cat rapping, or doing the splits, or grinding on a hair-covered mic stand. It's when she says *those* three words – "I love you!" – at the end of *Get Into It (Yuh)*. On the recorded track, her love is addressed to Minaj. But when Doja Cat says it tonight, she is beaming straight at her assembled fans, all smiles.

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