

Madonna: a sick farce as artist/musician



Jonathan Weber

Playboy pay-per-view debuts on prime-time radio...or so I thought.

Flipping randomly through FM stations one afternoon, my station-scan ended on a song I had never heard before. Sorting the disco-sap from the heavy-breathing and other female guttural sounds, the style became progressively familiar. "Sounds like Madonna," I thought. "Erotica," my car speakers whispered in confirmation.

What is it with her, anyway? What's this juvenile fixation with informing the world of her sexual preferences (if she has any)? Why does she persist in this sick farce as an artist/musician?

The major problem with Madonna is her use of music as a vehicle to promote her maladjusted sexual avalanche of sick-puppy self-exploitation. All things considered, the Playboy Channel seems the way to go for Madonna.

Why doesn't she just drop Warner records and concentrate on the adult viewer, mature audience scene? Simple. In Hugh Hefner's porn domain, the Boy Toy is a dime-a-dozen. But in the legitimate music industry, she sets the limits for what the industry will allow.

That, my friends, is power.

With no personal limit of self-exploitation, she sets the standards that competing artists must somehow meet in order to make comparable record sales. As if that's not bad enough, Warner refuses to control Madonna's smut factor, leaving such discretionary duties largely to radio and MTV. Scary.

Although MTV has banned Madonna's triple-X vids, it conceded to blacking out genitalia and dubbing objectionable verbiage in its edited version of the delicate documentary *Truth or Dare*.

Playing on Jeckle-and-Hyde vanity, *Truth or Dare* cameras secretly follow Madonna as she wows capacity crowds world-wide, laughing in their faces all the way to the bank. If you don't think that she's laughing, endure five or 10

minute's of *Truth or Dare*. I found the part where she makes sure Dad has a front-row ticket especially touching. Kind of like when you jam your fingers to the back of your throat—dry heave. How proud her father must have been, his daughter masturbating for tens of thousands of fans.

Cute? I don't think so. Does she go too far? Maybe not by *Playboy's* standards. The real shame is that her largest audience is the most susceptible: children. What a great role model she is for them; so many outstanding qualities for kids to internalize and pattern their lives by.

Finally, what an insult to musicians who are barely scraping just to get by. To quote a friend: "Too many people bleed music." Some musicians actually have to write viable material and

have to depend on musical talent to succeed. Some even display creative responsibility, establishing standards and boundaries over which they will not step. Some record companies even enforce policies of creative responsibility, holding their artists accountable.

Will the public hold Madonna accountable? Are you serious? They're too busy buying. Is there any doubt that Sex her nudy book masquerading as art will sell out? Hardly. Does Madonna have a responsibility to the industry that packaged and produced her? Is there any moral barrier that can contain the Boy Toy?

That's the thing about moral bankruptcy, you never have to worry about offending others.

About the cover:

The drawing "Dead Careers and Deader Ideas" by Peter Joya.

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