

# DOWNLOAD PDF PRODUCING TRASH, CLASS, AND THE MONEY SHOT

## LAURA GRINDSTAFF

### Chapter 1 : Staff View: Media scandals :

*The Money Shot: Trash, Class, and the Making of TV Talk Shows [Laura Grindstaff] on calendrierdelascience.com*  
*\*FREE\* shipping on qualifying offers. He leaped from his chair, ripped off his microphone, and lunged at his ex-wife.*

The Money Shot is a compelling and exciting account of the way daytime television talk shows work, how they are put together, what the problems are for both guests and the producers, and how the tension between the need for spontaneity and the unpredictability that entails is all orchestrated. Laura Grindstaff has made a strong and valuable contribution to our understanding of the mass media. Becker, author of *Outsiders* "Grindstaff veers in a refreshingly different academic direction. Approaching the subject from the inside, by interviewing producers, assistants, and guests, as well as describing her own yearlong internship at two unnamed talk shows, the author provides a behind-the-camera perspective that differentiates her material from other sociology books on the topic. Diana and Randy are likewise pseudonyms, although they refer to real shows. This is Carrie, from Cedar Rapids, Iowa. I do a lot for my father; I try to do all the things a good daughter is supposed to do. I sighed and adjusted my headphones more comfortably around my ears. She did cry easily, however, and that was in her favor. Transcribing the line was one of my least favorite jobs as an intern. Callers rambled on and on, and they never seemed to get to the point. Sighing again, I cued the tape to the next call. The producers had more than enough potential makeover candidates. My name is Carlos. So I ran away to Orlando and, uh, went into prostitution. And my parents are having a really hard time with it. And I would love more than anything to be on your show, Diana. I hit the pause button on the tape recorder and turned around. Her face was flushed and her voice full of tension. Pushing back from the table, I tossed my headphones aside, grabbed my clipboard, and left the bustling production office for Stage 12 on the other side of the studio lot. Outside, the sun was blinding as it bounced off the metal siding of the surrounding buildings, and the ever-present din of construction rose faintly in the distance. Within minutes I was at the stage, an immense warehouse containing more offices, dressing rooms, a lounge and kitchen area, the "green room," a control booth, editing suites, and a huge set with seating for roughly two hundred audience members. This is where *The Diana Show* is taped, one of a dozen or so daytime talk shows produced in the United States, and one of two produced at Zenith Studios. At the sight of a stretch limousine parked at the rear entrance, my heart sank: I took the stairs two at a time and went inside, greeted by a blast of cold air and the distant shouts of George, the stage manager, who was complaining about the position of the overhead floodlights. The first show today was about childhood sexual abuse, and, on the basis of the script that I photocopied for the producers, I guessed that this was Karen, a young woman repeatedly molested by an uncle. I took Karen first to one of the dressing rooms, fixing her name tag to the metal plate on the door just below the gold star, then to the green room, which was equipped with couches, a television monitor, and an assortment of catered foods. People rushed back and forth, readying equipment and attending to last-minute details. Heidi gave me explicit instructions to keep the pedophile as far from the other guests as possible until taping began to avoid any friction. This proved easy enough, as the man stayed in his dressing room with the door closed until called by the wardrobe personnel to get his hair and makeup done. While Heidi made the rounds securing written consent from the guests for their participation, the stage manager wired them for sound, and the producers prepared them for key questions that Diana, the host, would ask on the air. I knew the routine by heart: Just tell it like it is, straight from the heart. Now, when Diana asks you to describe the first time your husband beat you, what are you going to say? Taping would begin in fifteen minutes. Diana said a few words of welcome to each guest, then went out to greet the audience. I raced back across the lot to the production offices for the third time that afternoon to retrieve a set of photographs that had to be scanned and prepared for use later in the show. The office was just as busy as before since there would be a second taping later in the day and two more tomorrow. I delivered the photos to the graphics department and took my seat in the control booth above the set just as the director started the countdown. The room was cool and dark, illuminated primarily by the

double row of television monitors in the far wall above the editing console. The soundboard looked like a miniature city block sprinkled with neon lights. It was my job to answer the phones in the booth so that those working there were not disturbed during the taping. For me, it was the most interesting of all my duties as an intern because I got to witness two performances at once: Her voice was high and clear, with a faint Southern accent. As soon as the stage manager gave the "clear" signal, the silence in the booth gave way to the buzz of conversation. When taping resumed a few minutes later, eight-year-old Troy described how his baby-sitter forced him to perform various sex acts over a period of several years, threatening to kill him if he ever told anyone. In a different way, so did the next guest to appear, a convicted child molester out of jail on parole. White, well dressed, and in his early thirties, he was, Diana announced, participating in a radical new therapy that brought perpetrators and victims together in direct confrontation. A short, gray-haired, elderly woman stood up and called him a messenger of the devil. The phone at my elbow rang; I put the caller on hold until the commercial break. The next guest waiting in the wings was Margaret, the incest survivor. Margaret was also, apparently, lesbian, for the host read the following tease off the prompter before breaking to another commercial: Suddenly, the director took off his headset and turned to the supervising producer. That Margaret lady got mad and took off. Just threw down her wireless and took off. I sat for a few minutes not knowing quite what to do. I turned to the technician. Had this ever happened before? He said no, not to his knowledge, and asked me to pass him the sports section of the paper. I glanced over at the others in the room. The director was yelling at somebody on the phone. The camera operators and various other technical staff had gathered at the edge of the stage. Diana was standing in front facing the audience, explaining that the delay in production was due to a technical problem with the sound system. I learned from a stagehand that all four were outside in the parking lot with Margaret. It took them almost an hour to figure out why she was upset and persuade her to return. It seems that, when Margaret heard Diana introduce her as a woman whose history of sexual abuse caused her to "turn gay," she bolted because she felt that the description was silly and untrue. At this point the executive producer apologized for the mistake, blaming it on miscommunication between the associate producer, who conducted the original preinterview, and the producer, who wrote the final script. Meanwhile, back in the booth, the crew was getting irritable. I knew that it would be quite late before I left the lot. Just as I was picking up the phone to cancel my evening dinner plans, Heidi rang on the other line. She was sending another intern to relieve me in the booth because she wanted my help backstage with the changeover; the guests for the second show were starting to arrive, and we had to clear the dressing rooms for them. The topic was "Former Child Stars: Heidi was anxious and stressed. Celebrities, even B-grade celebrities willing to appear on a daytime talk show, did not like to wait around. All five guests were former child stars from television sitcoms, three still eking out a living as actors, the other two having left the industry for jobs in the "real" world. All had been negatively affected by early fame. Overall, the show went smoothly; the producers relied heavily on visual elements such as photographs and old sitcom footage to vary the pace and keep audience members engaged. It was almost 10 p. Most of the time. The following day, while at lunch with some of the staff, I asked them about the incident with Margaret. Everyone at the table nodded their agreement. Diana was considered a "class act" with a "clean" reputation, appealing primarily to middle-class women. Whereas talk shows used to tackle serious issues in a more or less dignified manner, now they were more raucous and theatrical, with "sleazy" topics and younger, less-educated guests. That is, whereas talk shows used to be "classy," now they were "trashy. It was pretty much the same lament about daytime talk shows that I read in the newspaper, and I remember thinking to myself not for the first time as I walked back to the production offices after lunch that, rather than construct an image of "that kind of show" from the outside, I should go take a look for myself. Aimed at a younger, more gender-mixed demographic than Diana, Randy made no pretense about being classy. Topics were chosen for their titillating and incendiary qualities and focused primarily on interpersonal conflict. As I heard Randy himself say many times to his staff, "This is a show about relationships and conflict, about the drama of human conflict. This is not a show where you pull out a notebook and take down information. My clearest glimpse into the backstage relations between

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producers and guests came one day when Mark, one of the associate producers whom I had gotten to know, invited me to shadow him during the taping of one of his shows. Mark was an affable, easygoing man in his late twenties. He could use my help, he said, since they were going to simulate a homeless shelter on the set and might need an extra pair of arms to carry props. Titled "Provide or Step Aside! It featured only one story and one set of guests, which was somewhat unusual since most talk shows, Randy included, tended to stack the panel with multiple stories, each with a different set of guests. Colleen, a twenty-year-old housewife and mother of two, had called the line because her sixteen-year-old sister, Tina, had recently married a man twice her age and was now living with him in a homeless shelter. In fact, before she was contacted by the producers, Sharon had no idea that Tina was even homeless. For their part, Tina and her husband knew only that this was a show about "homeless couples" trying to make ends meet. I arrived early at the studio, not wanting to appear ungrateful for this opportunity to help out backstage assisting producers on the set was not a typical activity for Randy interns. The office manager was circulating a memo that listed the green rooms in use for that day.

## Chapter 2 : The Money Shot: Trash, Class, and the Making of TV Talk Shows - Laura Grindstaff - Google B

*Grindstaff traces the career of the money shot, examining how producers make stars and experts out of ordinary people, in the process reproducing old forms of cultural hierarchy and class inequality even while seeming to challenge them.*

## Chapter 3 : The Money Shot: Trash, Class, and the Making of TV Talk Shows, excerpt

*Grindstaff, Laura. The Money Shot: Trash, Class, and the Making of TV Talk Shows. Chicago: The University of Chicago Press, Pp. v,*

## Chapter 4 : The Money Shot: Trash, Class, and the Making of TV Talk Shows by Laura Grindstaff

*The Money Shot has 23 ratings and 5 reviews. Robyn said: Interesting, especially in terms of what Grindstaff concludes about talk shows and social class.*

## Chapter 5 : Laura Grindstaff " People in the Social Science Departments at UC Davis

*The money shot: trash, class, and the making of TV talk shows User Review - Not Available - Book Verdict. From the front lines of daytime TV talk shows, Grindstaff (sociology, Univ. of California, Davis) shares a captivating field study that reveals the history, motives, and methods of producing the.*

## Chapter 6 : The Money Shot: Trash, Class, and the Making of TV Talk Shows, Grindstaff

*The Money Shot Trash, Class and The Making of Talk Shows In reporting on how TV talkshows are assembled, Grindstaff -- a sociology prof at UC Davis -- offers an outsider's view that is insightful.*

## Chapter 7 : The Money Shot Trash, Class and The Making of Talk Shows " Variety

*The prologue for The Money Shot by Laura Grindstaff is aptly titled "Setting the Stage." Fast-paced and written in the first person, this short introduction describes what it looks like to produce a talk show.*