tion. He answers. The contestant is asked whether the celebrity's answer is true or false. If he is correct in thinking that the celebrity's answer is true, or if he is correct in thinking that the celebrity's answer is false, he gets the square, for his "x" or his "o." If he is wrong, the other contestant gets it. The object is to be right about three celebrities in three boxes in a row—vertically, horizontally, or on the diagonal. Just so the audience does not lose its grip on the point of the game, the contestant usually announces his intention—say, "Charlie Weaver, to block," or "Rose Marie, to win." There is an added fillip: the Secret Square. One box, with its celebrity in it, is worth a mine of prizes if the contestant is right in believing or disbelieving the celebrity's answer to the question posed. Only the audience at home knows which is the Secret Square. The prizes attached to that box are again described in pure advertising detail, *whether the contestant wins them or not*. The secret ad.

But here is what is oddest: The show used to have the implication that the celebrities answered to the best of their knowledge, and the contestant's problem was to discern which celebrities were best informed—unless, of course, he already knew the answer himself. The show was, in essence, based on a condition of trust. But in the course of time the celebrities, in their boxes, began to make so many ad-lib jokes that the jokes began to be part of the show. Now the ad libs are written by joke writers in advance. The audience is warned that the celebrity may or may not be trying to mislead the contestant. The honesty—more on the order of sincerity—of the whole program is called into question here, although, of course, sincerity is hard to measure, and impossible to monitor in investigational terms. Even the questions, although they are sometimes on the order of "Do both male and female reindeer have antlers?," often specifically mention a current book, writer, or magazine. On one recent show, there were, among others, the following three questions: whether, according to *Glamour*, there is any difference between jogging outdoors and jogging in place, at home; why, according to the *Ladies' Home Journal*, there are so few male secretaries; and what, according to *Cosmopolitan*, the value is of rubbing a frog on one's face. The whole thing has become an utter muddle of trust, ethics, joking, advertising, and quizzing. Nobody seems to mind.

At noon, there is "Jeopardy." This show was conceived in 1964, as incorruptible, quiz-disguised comedy; but the audience's disappointed feeling for some combination of mind and money, for getting ahead in some reasonable way, was apparently such that "Jeopardy" gradually did become a conventional quiz show. Except that what is given is the answers, and the contestants are meant to formulate the questions. That was where the comedy used to come in—on the order of: What is the question to which the answer is 9W? "Is your last named spelled with a 'V,' Richard Wagner?" It could not be kept up. The contestants, who used to be stars but are now civilians, go for straight answers, some simple, some extremely difficult, and are rewarded for correctness with money. Not great sums, but money. I don't know who watches "Jeopardy;" surveys show, in addition to housewives, a high proportion of both college students and people over sixty-five. About half the answers for which contestants find the questions are too difficult for, for example, me. "Jeopardy" receives little of television's ethnically bewildered, psychotic, or hate mail, but there was one letter complaining that so many contestants were Jewish the program ought to be renamed "Jewpardy," and another—from someone who apparently misunderstood one of the program's categories, "Potpourri"—expressed a distaste for this reference to "Popery," as "ridiculing the head of one of the great religions of the world, 'The Pope,' the head of the Roman Catholic Church." "Jeopardy" ranks ninth among the daytime programs—slightly ahead of "The Newlywed Game," "Let's Make a Deal," and "The Dating Game." With *those* shows one gets into another world entirely, closer to and yet farther from the Moment and the point.

DAYTIME television, strangely, accounts for seventy-five per cent of a network's profit. The production costs are low, the addiction tends to be daily, and a single hour of soap and/or quiz can bring in seven million dollars a year. There used to be two weekend conventional quiz programs: "The College Bowl," in which college teams answered what turned out to be increasingly difficult questions, and "It's Academic," in which high-school teams competed. "College Bowl," after more than ten years, has gone off the air, maybe partly because the students were beginning to answer and behave with a certain radical, or just antic, irreverence, but mainly because the football games were on at the same hour. "It's Academic" remains, and local high-

"Hari Krishna."

"Thanks, Pal. Merry Christmas to you, too."

VILLAGE VOICE JUL. 23, 1979

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