



### Man Himself Talking

STUDS TERKEL's daily radio programs, featuring readings, documentaries, and interviews with world notables in literature and the arts, are heard in Chicago over WFMT, an award-winning commercial "fine arts" station, and in New York over WRVR, the noncommercial Riverside Church station. Listeners occasionally have been startled to hear unidentified voices of people who are unmistakably not of the academic or celebrity worlds. One voice, in response to the question, "Suppose you were God?" answered, "I'd have it so, when somebody goes to kill anybody, whatever they're usin' wouldn't work. And they couldn't kill nobody. They'd all go out and work together and grow food and stuff. They'd have fun together after workin' hard. No one person could set hisself up as lord and keeper."

The voices—compelling, provocative—are excerpts from more than a hundred on-the-spot interviews recorded by Mr. Terkel in Chicago: on streets, in taverns, in offices, in homes. They are, he says, people of "inchoate thought . . . rather than the consciously articulate . . . homeowners, homemakers, landladies, project dwellers, old settlers, new arrivals, skilled hands, unskilled, the retired, the young, the *haut monde*, the *demi-monde*, the solid middle *monde* . . ."

"Guerrilla journalism," the interviewer calls it—"making conversation; and listening." Now this urban prowler with the tape-recorder has edited the transcripts of the interviews and assembled them in *Division Street: America*, a book to be published in January by Pantheon. People who have read advance copies report that they "can't put it down. It just holds you." Students of urban life will find the book a valuable social document. The general reader will be entertained by it, often moved. The author, busy with his regular broadcasts, says he hasn't had time to produce a radio series of his tapes. But this, in its origin, is radio—good radio—and it should be heard.

At the Johnson Foundation's Wingspread Conference on Educational Radio in Racine, Wisconsin, where I first heard excerpts, the conference participants searched for a role that noncommercial radio could play in the coming era of satellite communications. "Do what broadcasting was meant to do," a speaker told the conference. "Confront great numbers of people with relevant and revealing images of themselves. Don't aspire to high culture, imitating

educational television. Get out into the community. Stop talking in élitist vocabulary. Get the silent people of our society into the democratic act. Nobody else is doing this in broadcasting. It's virgin territory. Grab it."

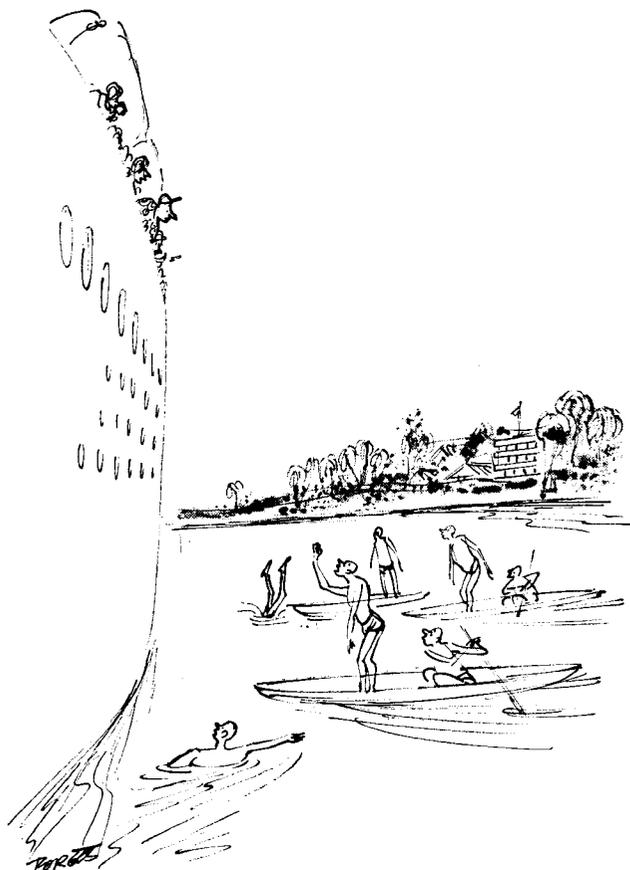
Studs Terkel has done just this. The subculture is not necessarily a matter of social class. He has a Chicago social lioness on his tapes; two advertising agency men ("one of whom loves his job as much as the other loathes his"); the wife of an ex-Wall Street lawyer, and others of the middle and upper classes. The real subculture lies in the hidden feelings and thoughts of Americans buried under the official mythology of the mass media. Radio today is awash with talk, but most of it is the yawp of trivia, chatter, gossip, the strident rasp of the staged controversy or the measured intellectualism of the public figure. The Bomb is a theme in the Terkel interviews; so are Vietnam and civil rights and automation. But these archetypal

issues are set in the context of people's deepest, most poignant, triumphant, or bitter personal experiences. "Not the doctrine of the announced idea. The man must listen to man himself talking." These sentences are spoken on one of the tapes by a Chicago architect, expressing his faith that "in the individual must lie the way out, because he is society."

In the phrase "man himself talking" the architect tersely described *Division Street: America*. There is hate in the talkers, and tenderness, despair, hurt, cynicism, an agonizing emptiness, and, sparingly, a sad hope. "I'm dedicated to one principle," declares a fascinating, compulsively fierce Chicago con-man, "taking money away from unqualified dilettantes who earn it through nepotism." In each of the speakers there is a piece of every listener.

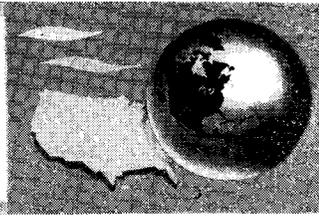
Industrial societies, a political scientist has said, create inevitable tensions which create destructiveness and irresponsibility. *Division Street* is a metaphor describing the split psyche and the schizoid society. If these are to be healed, they must be confronted, listened to. This is radio's unique opportunity. Studs Terkel has shown us one way to open the ear.

—ROBERT LEWIS SHAYON.



"What am I supposed to do with a subway token?"

# As Others See Us



## MONTREAL:

### *Labor's Changing Allegiance*

ONE OF THE MOST significant features of the election in the United States was the considerable movement of the labor vote away from the Democratic party and into the Republican party. It was of particular interest not because it was something altogether new, but as a return to an older viewpoint.

It was the advice of the great American labor leader of other days, Samuel Gompers, that labor should not ally itself too closely or for too long with any political party. . . . It would enlarge its power by keeping the parties guessing and waiting and soliciting. It was Gompers's formula that labor should punish its foes and reward its friends, no matter who they might happen to be.

It has seemed, for many a long year, as though the attitude of Samuel Gompers had been abandoned. Labor seemed to have committed itself to the Democrats. . . . There were, of course, exceptions. But these formed no general pattern. They were the particular decisions of particular labor leaders who had gone their own way and were singular in doing so.

But in this election the strategic shift of labor toward the Republicans as-

sumed impressive proportions. A remarkable example was in Detroit's Wayne County, where the membership of the United Auto Workers is concentrated. Its vote went for the Republican George Romney as Governor of Michigan. . . . Though [Gompers] may have modified his views in later years he retained his essential conviction that labor's power will never be so great as when it is a weight that can be shifted to different scales. In [the recent] voting in the United States this shift of labor's weight had notable results. —*The Gazette.*

## OTTAWA:

### *The President's Recovery*

WHATEVER MAY be said in criticism of the execution of some of [President Johnson's] policies, he is a man who has labored without ceasing, despite the dread warning of a heart attack years ago, in the service of his nation, which is also the service of freedom. . . . Mr. Johnson, resting after his operations in the security of [his home in Texas], should benefit from the rest doctors at last can order. If he returns to the White House well and refreshed—and a little more careful of his energies—the confidence of the free world will be given another lift.

—*The Ottawa Journal.*

**America—Nomad's-land:** Humbert Humbert, driving Lolita endlessly from motel to motel, lived out one of the most fundamental of all American myths, the idea that *you can always move on*. The feeling is one which I've heard even the most skeptical Americans express in one form or another. They mean it figuratively—that you can change jobs and even careers comparatively easily, or get a college education in middle life. But they also mean it literally—that if you don't like it where you are, there's always somewhere else.

Americans spend [billions of dollars] a year getting themselves about this vast country. . . . They move out of the country into the towns, out of the South into the North, out of the Midwest into the East, and out of practically everywhere—Midwest, East, North, and South alike—to the West Coast and the West. . . .

The faith in the potentialities of Moving On springs from the optimism which is such an attractive and humanistic attribute of the American character, and nourishes the sense of liberty which Americans undoubtedly feel. Like the hope of heaven, it makes the shortcomings of the here and now endurable; but I suspect that it also helps to perpetuate the shortcomings—to encourage the impermanent, makeshift atmosphere which renders some places in America so ripe to be Moved On from.

And imagine Moving On to heaven, and finding that it was after all only a temporary, improvised heaven, made tolerable only by the hope of eventually Moving On again—to another temporary heaven a thousand miles down the road. . . .

—*Frayn in The Observer, London.*

## MANCHESTER:

### *Republican Resurgence*

THE OFF-YEAR ELECTION—that is to say a Congressional election which falls between two Presidential elections—is more often than not a complicated and intensely domestic affair in which politicians with national ambitions labor to invent national issues. . . . Most of the time, while the off-year election is a local preoccupation of the voter, it is a professional concern to the pros, and an incomparable tracer of the rise and fall of personal political fortunes. The professionals, who two years from now will form the state delegations that pick the two Presidential candidates, look on the off-year elections as a new edition of the political Who's Who. . . . When the delegations to the national nominating conventions begin to form in the spring of 1968, the men who will be remembered by the out-party (the in-party has no other choice than the willing incumbent) are the men who racked up the suprising majorities. . . .

So far as we can see now, the Republican resurgence has thrown up two new "comers," Ronald Reagan of California and Charles Percy of Illinois; has strengthened the claims of an older one, Governor George Romney of Michigan; and has, most significantly, renewed Richard Nixon's presumptive lease on the White House. . . . At fifty-three, [Richard Nixon] has been a Congressman, Senator, Vice President, Presidential nominee, and he has the art of being all things to all the men who are greatly in his debt, including the Eastern establishment, the Midwestern core, and the West Coast right wing. The real Republican winner . . . was Nixon.

—*Alistair Cooke in the Manchester Guardian Weekly.*

## LONDON:

### *Strangers in a Strange Land*

NEW YORK CITY is not a friendly place. It offers little hospitality to its own sons and daughters, much less to those of other U.S. cities, still less to foreigners. . . . This has proved a particularly tragic problem for many United Nations delegates and their families. Too often, men and women who had been among the most respected citizens of their own lands arrive in New York to find they are even unable to rent a flat outside the black slums of Harlem. U.S. Government intervention has solved that problem somewhat.

But the problem of loneliness for these people has yet to be solved. It is such a great problem, in fact, that a number of Americans have formed "friendship" committees to help lonely delegates and