

David Isay – founder of Story Corps

Everyone around you has a story the world needs to hear

https://www.ted.com/talks/dave_isay_everyone_around_you_has_a_story_the_world_needs_to_hear/transcript#t-188139

2:00 – 3:05 mins

Over the next 15 years,

Over the ^{NEXT} FIFteen YEARS

I made many more radio documentaries,

I made ^{MANY} MORE RA di o DO cu MEN tar ies

working to shine a light on

WORKing to SHINE a LIGHT on

people who are rarely heard from in the media.

PEOple who are RAREly HEARD from in the ME dia

Over and over again,

Over and
Over a GAIN

I'd see how this simple act of being interviewed

I'd SEE how this SIMple act of BEing INter VIEWED

could mean... so much to people,

could MEAN SO MUCH to PEOple

particularly those who had been told

par^{TIC}ticularly THOSE who'd been TOLD

that their stories didn't matter.

that their STOries DIDNT MATter

I could literally see people's back straighten

I could ^{LIT}erally SEE PEOple's BACK STRAIGHten

as they started to speak into the microphone.

as they STARTED to SPEAK into the MICroPHONE

In 1998, I made a documentary

In ¹⁹⁹⁸ I made a 'DO cu MEN'tary

about the last flophouse hotels

about the LAST FLOP house ho IE's

on the Bowery in Manhattan.

on the BOWery in Man HATtan

Later, I wrote a book on the men

LA^{ter} I WROTE a BOOK on the MEN

with the photographer Harvey Wang.

with the phoTO gra pher HAR^{vey} WANG

I remember walking into a flophouse

I re^{MEM}ber WALKing into a FLOP house

with an early version of the book

with an Ear^{ly} VER^{sion} of the BOOK.

and showing one of the guys his page.

and SHOWing one of the GUYS his PAGE

Guys stayed up in these cheap hotels for decades.

GUYS stayed UP in these CHEAP hotels for DE CADES
↓

They lived in cubicles the size of prison cells

They LIVED in CUBIcles the SIZE of PRISON CELLS.

covered with chicken wire

CO vered with CHICK en WIRE

so you couldn't jump from one room

so you could_{nt} JUMP from ONE ROOM

into the next.

into the NEXT

He stood there staring at it in silence,

He STOOD THERE STARing at it in sil^lence

then he grabbed the book out of my hand

then he GRABBED the BOOK out of my HAND

and started running down

and STARted RUNning DOWN

the long, narrow hallway

the LONG NARrow HALLway

holding it over his head

HOLDing it over his HEAD

shouting, "I exist! I exist."

shouting "I exIST! I exIST!"