

Anna Doel

Today is August 9th, 2023, and I'm Anna Doel talking with Arlie Russell Hochschild online. Arlie, where are you connecting from?

Arlie Hochschild:

I'm connecting from a small town in central Maine called Turner, and it's on the land where my grandmother grew up on a small dairy farm and where I came in the summers and worked on my grandma's garden.

Anna Doel:

Is that part of your background?

Arlie Hochschild:

It is. That line of ancestors has been picking corn and raising cows many generations back. And now 10,000-size mega farms in California are lowering the price of milk, putting small farms around here out of business. Over the summers, I've watched that sad story close up. It's given me some feel for rural life, even though I've lived all my life in cities in the US and abroad.

Anna Doel:

When were you born?

Arlie Hochschild:

I was born in Boston January 15th in 1940, so World War II had begun. My father was a lawyer in his own father's law practice on Beacon Hill, and my mother was a homemaker. My brother was six at the time I was born, and the war altered our lives. Too old to serve in the army, my father took a job in the State Department in Washington D.C. in economic warfare, blocking South American sales of steel to Germany. After the war he continued to work in the State Department. So I grew up in the suburbs around DC—Kensington, Silver Spring, Bethesda, Glenn Echo, in rented homes, four or five different ones, so different schools. I'm not sure why we moved so often.

Anna Doel:

If you don't mind me asking, you have an unusual name. Do you know where it comes from?

Arlie Hochschild:

My given name was Russell. But I met Adam Hochschild when I was 20, fell in love (with the man, not the name) and we married when I was 25, in 1965. I wanted any future children to share a last name, so I added his last name to mine, and have been spelling it for people ever since.

“Hochschild “is a German Jewish name, from Adam’s father and it means “high shield” in German. It was originally given to my father-in-law’s ancestors by a Swedish family back to the Middle Ages when Jews couldn't have their own last names, and this was given to the family. They lived in a tiny rural town, Biblis, Germany and the legend goes, saved money received for milk from a family cow to pay for sons to learn metallurgy in Frankfurt, and went into the metal business from there. They got out before the Holocaust. I’m always asked how to pronounce it, and every branch of his family pronounced it differently. Meeting strangers, I often use it as a humorous icebreaker.

Ann Doel: What kind of household did you grow up in?

Arlie Hochschild:

If I were to describe the household I grew up in by roles, I’d say my dad was a lawyer and diplomat and my mother, a homemaker and, to some extent, community volunteer. And otherwise, I’d add that I’m American-born, raised in the northeast, Boston, Washington D.C, white Anglo-Saxon Protestant.

But I think we begin life by studying the personalities of the people who raised us. If I were to think about what I learned from my mother, it was that things are not always as they seem. With her, it often seemed that whatever happened, there were two stories about it.

We'd go out to a family's house and on the car ride back, my mother would share an alternative, often darker, version of the event. So I think I learned from her, you better think twice about what you're looking at. She also studied things—not books particularly, though she was a reader, but people. My father was a man of action, deliberate, effective, and he felt about his life that he could make a difference for the better, and that my brother and I should a try to do that too. When I was 12, he became a diplomat, so he was always between social worlds, reaching out, negotiating differences. As a little girl I was under the illusion that I was helping him. I had an American flag on the handlebars of my bicycle, which he asked me to take off. These days I'm not putting a flag on my bike, but my last two books—*Strangers in Their Own Land*, and one on Appalachia I'm finishing now—focus on two hostile political tribes, each with its own story, and the need to reach out. My brother, Paul, became a psychoanalyst, shy, speculative, and I learned a lot from him that you get to wonder and question the origin of people's crazy feelings.

That was my family, and my early education was in their personalities. I wouldn't say my mother was a happy person; more than anything she was anxious, fearful, and a little depressive. Her own mother came from desperate poverty in Finland with a famine behind her and my grandmother—my mother's mother—landed at Ellis Island in New York and then pretended she came from New York. "Oh, I'm a city girl," she would say. So that was a family secret my mother grew up with. It wasn't a big secret as family secrets go, and my mother wasn't even in on it. But she doubted and guessed.

Anna Doel:

Do you know how your parents met?

Arlie Hochschild:

They met when they were both students at Tufts University. My mother was the first generation to go to college; she was the head of her class, head of her sorority, wrote for the college newspaper. My father was head of his class and fraternity and was editor of the Tufts Weekly; he wrote editorials against the death penalty, and for the League of Nations.

And they met when one day my mother walked into my father's fraternity house wearing a blue dress, and he and his friends began singing a song about "Alice's blue gown." They were deeper people than that story would suggest, but that's how they met.

They were both politically engaged and a lot of their conversation growing up was about foreign affairs. My mother was active in the League of Women Voters, and programs for the Gifted Child. I think she had my brother in mind.

Anna Doel:

It sounds like from an early age you were exposed to more of the outside world than an average child. Is that correct?

Arlie Hochschild:

Yes. If I think of my moments of awakening, the most important took place when I was 12 years old, living what I had imagined was an "average" childhood, going to an average public school in an average neighborhood, Kensington, Maryland. But I had the rare chance to get shaken out of it.

At 12 I was taken out of school and moved with my parents to Tel Aviv, Israel (My dad had been appointed chargé d'affaires in the US embassy there.) There I entered Tabeetha School, run by Scottish missionaries in the nearby, very poor town of Jaffa and the only English-speaking school in the area. Lunch hour lasted an hour and a half, outside in a dusty lot. It was also fiercely hot (something called Khamsin, a time of dry desert winds). Looking around, I found myself a head taller than all the girls my age, without the language of the playground or country- Hebrew, Yiddish, Arabic—and dressed wrong (Oxford shoes), unfamiliar with the playground games, an odd duck.

And inside my classroom, I was to discover the children of Jewish refugees from every country in Europe and over time I learned their stories. Ireni Hauer had been adopted by non-Jewish Poles and hidden from the Polish police in a basket. Sveea Schwartz was a Sabra, whose father ran an ice cream cart. Hiya Pinkoffs was born in Germany. Fawzia Shalom, a joyous girl was born in Iraq, and Claudette Khatan, the brightest of us all, was born in Iran and married off before she was 16. There was one other American at Tabeetha, a 6-year-old boy, and we were of no use to each other. Our Scottish missionary teachers were strict; when they entered the classroom, we were to stand and say, "Good morning, Miss. Minty." And Miss Minty would say "Class can be seated." We copied science theorems from the blackboard as there were no textbooks.

Coming home from school that first day, my mother asked, "How was school, dear?" and I could only weep. She listened to my woes and said, "Dear, if after two or three weeks you still hate it, we'll send you back to grandma and grandpa in Boston." Then I wept again, I was stuck. But, of course, this turned out to be one of the best lessons of my life. I hadn't been hunted

down. I was *getting to* go to school. In time I made fast friends, who became my real schoolhouse.

Also in those two years, 12 to 14, I had another kind of awakening. My parents would drive from Israel into Jordan at the Mandelbaum Gate in Jerusalem. Between New Jerusalem in Israel, old Jerusalem in Jorda the contrast was extraordinary. New Jerusalem seemed very freshly built, and children wore shoes. But crossing into Old Jerusalem, we saw dire poverty. My dad would park our Chevrolet in a public parking lot in front of the Casbah, an ancient, walled marketplace where western diplomats came to shop.

I'd been in the backseat, munching pistachio nuts, and listening to my parents talk in the front. After my dad parked the car and I got out I vividly remember seeing along the edge of the lot a row of child beggars, one blind, one nearly hairless, probably from lack of vitamins, one legless boy seated on a small platform he wheeled around with his hands, all much younger than I, all waiting around this row of diplomatic cars. I was aghast.

I remember being approached by a parking lot attendant, himself leaning on a crutch, and being asked, "Is your father a diplomat?" "Yeah" "From Israel?" Yeah. Do you know how much money America gives to Israel, but it doesn't give to Jordan?" Pause, no. Can't you see what we need? Good that the US gives it to Israel, but we need it too." So I took that in and on the trip back, I brought it up "Daddy, it's good America gives to Israel, but can't we give to Jordan too? Those beggar children are poor." I remember my dad agreeing the beggar children needed help and added the idea that the parking lot attendant might have been talking to me in order to get to my dad. So much seemed shocking and wrong; it gave me a lot to think about.

When I returned to the US, to my old neighborhood and friends two years later, I'd skipped a grade, and all my old friends felt young to me; they were dancing the jitterbug, practicing cheer leading, talking football, rah rah. So now I didn't fit into life back in life "back home." So I told myself it's okay if I don't fit in *now* because maybe I'll fit in somewhere else *later*. In junior high I waited for high school, but by then the family left for New Zealand where again I didn't fit in. So I moved my expectations forward to college, then graduate school, and along the way, it dawned on me that being a misfit was okay. And looking back years later, I can see what a great gift it was to get this "odd duck challenge" while being quietly supported "from the back" so to speak by my parents.

Anna Doel:

When you came back to the states from Israel, what were your own interests as a 14-year-old?

Arlie Hochschild:

Well, I loved art and loved writing. Back when I was 10, I did this big, long, five-chapter little booklet called *Coleen*, an Irish name, modeled after the maid in a Nancy Drew mystery. Coleen was always playing mischievous tricks on her father. The principal of Kensington Elementary School invited me to read parts from it in various classrooms. I was thrilled and in fact so thrilled that in one classroom, I couldn't get through the story without giggling at it myself. The teacher scolded me, "Arlie, if you can't stop laughing, we'll have to stop." But I was just so tickled, it was very hard to stop. I was into sports, and I read but really digging into reading came later for

me. As an adult, I wrote a children's book by the same name, *Coleen, The Question Girl*, about a girl who asked “too many questions” for the Feminist Press.

Anna Doel:

What kind of books did you like to read?

Arlie Hochschild:

Well, depends on at what age. As a kid I loved Nancy Drew mysteries. She was heroic, brave, purposeful, solver of mysteries. She always had a sidekick who expressed fear “for” the fearless Nancy—“Oh, poor Sally. She's afraid!” The subordinate characters expressed fear for Nancy. That always fascinated me, even then, I think, that division of emotional labor. Later I got to thinking about “girl feeling rules” and “boy feeling rules.” But honestly, books didn't really kick in until college and then it was philosophy. As a kid I was outside a lot and interacting with my brother a lot inside, quarreling. We fought a lot.

Anna Doel:

What did you do together? Well, apart from fighting.

Arlie Hochschild:

My brother was actually quite a solitary person, hugely gifted, and I quite adored him and he me. I think, even though all the fighting, and we “discovered” each other after he went off to college and returned home for visits. These talks were hugely fascinating to me as he was training to be a psychoanalyst, and what he did was climb inside crazy people's heads. How is it to feel like you are Louis the Thirteenth? Or King Kong? Or that you're being swallowed up? He could roam around various emotional states; I loved that.

And often for my current work now, a book that's coming out next year, I have interviewed a neo-Nazi who's on the spectrum, very bright but at the same time insistently reality-avoidant, and violent. And I'm exploring how he won't—and it seems--*can't*—tolerate shame. And when I'm trying to figure him out, “I feel like I'm channeling Paul,” exploring without being threatened. I recently talked to a psychologist who said, “Euww—talking to a neo-Nazi? How could you?” as if he had some communicable disease. To me, she wasn't taking on the real task of figuring out what went haywire. That was Paul's big gift to me.

Anna Doel:

Did your family belong to a religious congregation?

Arlie Hochschild:

Yes, it did. We were Unitarians. It's a very liberal Protestant sect associated with New England. One of its deep themes was incorporation, i.e., “we're all in this together.” In the 1960's many Unitarians were strongly involved in the civil rights movement, later in climate change. Also, while for Sunday services, you sat in pews, heard a sermon and sang to organ music, the idea was that the “sacred” was in the everyday. For Unitarians, the realm of ‘the sacred’ was so much

symbolized in objects and rituals as to be found in everyday life now, not in a separate heaven to appear in the hereafter.

And I was also very interested in the Quakers. And Adam and I met—getting ahead of the story a little—at a Quaker work camp in Spanish Harlem, and while we're not churchgoing, I'd say we're "Quaker-ish"—live simply, do good work, try to make a difference. I went to Swarthmore College, which was founded in the mid-19th century by Quakers and has that feel to it. It seemed to convey the message, "Don't get hung up on worldly status, or on smartness per se either." I think for both of us, the message rubbed off. Adam and I are not practicing church people, but we focus, in our writing, on moral issues, you might say.

There was another connection too. When I got back from Israel, and before going to New Zealand, in the mid-1950s, I attended BBC (Bethesda Chevy Chase Highschool). And more than high school the place I really fit in—on weekends—was Neighborhood House, started by Quakers I think, and run by two male conscientious objectors, John Giddings and David Ingle. (It was their alternative service). It was located at 10th and L Street in Washington, D.C., in the heart of an almost all-Black area—the other end of the Great Black migration from the South, I think. During my last year of high school, I went there every weekend I could. Maybe a dozen volunteers from high schools and colleges, white and some Black, came on weekends. We cooked together, talked, helped families clean out their yards, paint their homes, kill rats, put on a block party, helped the elderly, got to know the kids.

In the afternoons, families would be sitting out on their porches talking, and people would exchange friendly greetings—"Hi, how you doing?"—I loved doing it. I felt alive. It was my best memory from my high school years. Decades later when I was giving a talk in D.C., I tried to find Neighborhood House, but it was long gone.

Ann Doel: Did you have friends in high school?

Arlie Hochschild:

Yes, one was the daughter of a labor union official in Washington DC and ended up on a horse ranch in Montana. The other one I've lost touch with. The friends I kept in touch with were the volunteers and leaders at Neighborhood House. Then in 1956, when I was 16, I went with my parents to Wellington, on the southern tip of the North Island of New Zealand and a new chapter began.

I enrolled at Victoria University—Vic we called it—and became a serious reader, starting with Bertrand Russell's *History of Western Philosophy* and A. J. Ayer's *Language, Truth and Logic*. That was the first time I really got mad at a book. Much of my later reading loves became tacit rebuttals of it because it basically squeezed all of the sociology of emotion into a tiny, insignificant, boring box. Any "meaningful" statement, he argued, had to be one of two things. It had to be scientifically verifiable—I was certainly fine with that—or it had to be a matter of logic (things tautologically true)—I was fine with that, too. But what was left over were statements of ethics (things were good or bad) and statement of subjectivity - which boiled down, in Ayer's mind, to "boo" or "hurrah." That was all emotions were really saying, and so they were not really "meaningful." Ayer seemed to be driving out the whole show I was watching at home—of my mother being a diplomat's wife and relating to what amounted to hundreds of

people a year, putting people at ease, what I later came to think of as “emotional labor.” Mother was like an actress, but not a very good actress. I could actually tell she was sick of all the socializing but keeping up a dogged gaiety. She really loved my father and really believed in his mission, but there was always a part of her detached from it and suffering from it. She was sacrificing herself and A. J. Ayer had no room in his scheme for sacrifice. As I heard him, Ayer was saying my mother’s whole life boiled down to baby talk. At the time, I didn’t even know why I was so offended. She was making small talk, so she was “small. “I felt like Ayer was blind to her work and value as a person. I think my childhood was a long span of fieldwork for *The Managed Heart*.

So you might say that a lot of what I took in in graduate school was bits and pieces of one great big answer to A. J. Ayer. So much of the world was apprehended through that one tiny door he wanted to close—all matters “emotive.” I later learned about Evelyn Fox Keller’s struggle to conceptualize a wider understanding of how real science works. (*Reflections on Gender and Science*). Much later in life I learned that Ayer wrote the book when he was only 25 and recanted it later in life.

At Vic, I also got into geology. I discovered the University Tramping Club. You go out, with a backpack, leaving in the early evening, climbing up in the dark with flashlights and end up at night at the top of a mountain in the Rimutaka Range where we flopped down on our sleeping bags in a small hut at the top of the mountain and could wake up not far from a dazzling vista. My fellow trampers were students in geology, chemistry, physics who could explain various rock formations. Theirs was a very physical world, and I loved getting to know that world through them. Were these young mountains or old mountains? Volcanic or fold? What’s granite? These trampers were also generally left wing and I brought that home to my dad, which was not a popular thing to do.

I also had a feeling about New Zealand that I could never live there because of the highly traditional role for women. I should have said way before the feminist movement, I was a feminist; I wanted to be able to be a full person, have my own ideas, work, not get stuck like my mother had. And that was not how girls in New Zealand were grooming themselves in the 1950s. Girls my age sometimes dressed up in white gloves, wore funny little hats, talked of “going home” to England, and presumed the goal was to marry and have children. I’d ask female students at Vic what they wanted to do after college, and they’d say, “I haven’t a clue...” After two years there, I travelled back to the US with a Canadian girlfriend and in 1960 entered Swarthmore College as a sophomore.

Anna Doel:

Why did you choose Swarthmore?

Arlie Hochschild:

The Quaker focus was on simple living, good work, living a serious life. Your mind mattered. What sort of clothes you wore did not—the serious tone of the place. But the question on my mind was not why I chose it but whether, with good luck, it would choose me. I had good grades but especially for transfer students, they were picky. So I was thrilled to be admitted.

Anna Doel:

What did you major in in college?

Arlie Hochschild:

I majored in international relations—history, economics, and political science. The college didn't have sociology at the time, but I remember it was while I was in Swarthmore and I was sitting on the rolling lawn in front of Parish Hall and Adam (my boyfriend and later husband) and I were talking about what we wanted to be “when we grew up.” And I remember saying, “I really love David Riesman’s *The Lonely Crowd*. How could Riesman link intimate descriptions of people with such big-jump typifications (tradition-directed, inner-directed, other-directed)? Whether Riesman was right or wrong, I remember marveling at the leaps. Where was it you got to do that? Take me there. (Adam meanwhile was thinking he might be a psychiatrist or become a politician who wore tennis shoes to work, or possibly write. We were very young.)

Anna Doel:

What happened after you graduated college?

Arlie Hochschild:

I took a summer job as a girls counselor in an American Friends Service Project working with Mexican migrant workers in Alviso, California. In the end they had us planting plants around a sanitation plant—complete boondoggle—but I loved the campers and am a friend with one to this day. That fall I entered graduate school in UC Berkeley’s Sociology Department, 1962. Personally, I made a rocky start, and was not at all sure I was in the right place. But as I look back at it, it was about the best sociology department in the country. Herbert Blumer, fresh from the University of Chicago—and its rich tradition of ethnography had recently assembled g top scholars from everywhere. You had Kingsley Davis for demography, Reinhard Bendix for historical sociology, Neil Smelser, Parsonian theorist—who although I didn’t fit his tradition, became my dear mentor—Nathan Glazer and Seymour Martin Lipset for political sociology, Erving Goffman for interactionism -- whom I was most of all, influenced by—Philip Selznick. David Matza, Robert Blauner, Hal Wilensky, amazing minds, all of them, probably too many prima donnas to get along, but it was the best department of sociology at the time. Outside our classrooms, and on the Berkeley campus the political ferment of the 1960s was rising to a boil—the Cuban Missile crisis, the anti-Vietnam war movement, the women’s movement, the civil rights movement. My first year I lived and worked as an au pair in a family home, bicycled to campus from Oakland, trying to plunge into my classes, while absorbing the speeches on Sproul Hall Plaza.

Anna Doel:

What were the subjects that first drew you?

Arlie Hochschild:

I was already interested in the role of women. And for my master's thesis, in my second year, I spent a semester in Tunisia, (a Muslim country where my parents were then stationed) to research the attitudes of Tunisian high school students about the role of women. Since Independence in 1956, the government was trying to "modernize" rural, Muslim, polygamous culture in which a female's right to higher education had just been granted. Using my freshly learned quantitative methods in my first foray into research, I composed a questionnaire in French, gave it out to girls in three high school classrooms in public schools in towns (Tunis, Kairouan, and Sfax) and focused on class and regional differences in embrace of equality. Today I'd do it very differently—with actual interviews and follow-ups—but the courage to do that was to come later. Six months later, back in Berkeley, I again plunged back into courses in theory, advanced methods.

Anna Doel: What were you reading then?

Arlie Hochschild:

I was reading C. Wright Mills—*White Collar, Power, Politics and People, the Power Elite, Character and Social Structure* (by Hans Gerth and Mills) and everything by Erving Goffman, --*Presentation of Self in Everyday Life, Asylums, Stigma, Behavior in Public Places, Frame Analysis*—and behind these contemporaneous thinkers I loved Max Weber, the early Marx on alienation the *Economic and Philosophic Manuscripts*, and especially loved the x-ray vision of George Simmel. I absorbed the symbolic interactionists—George Herbert Mead, Cicourel, Garfinkel. I was also reading Freud, Erik Erikson's "psychohistory" and later after I passed my orals and became an instructor, Neil Smelser invited me to join a faculty seminar with Erikson which thrilled me beyond measure.

I was taking away from a lot of these theorists the idea that we could be largely *unconscious* of the most powerful forces affecting us --- from Freud, we have the idea of repression or suppression and from Marx, false consciousness-- though I hesitated at the word "false" (how are we sure what's true?) and the concept of 'repression' (again, how do we know?) A. J. Ayer's old verification test had gotten under my skin.

I should add that along with books as an influence, I was learning a lot from friends-- Eqbal Ahmad, a Pakistani political scientist and activist whom I'd met in Tunisia, Fatima Mernissi, a Moroccan feminist. When I chaired the Department for a year, I invited her to teach at Berkeley. Ayi Kwei Armah, a Ghanaian novelist, and Adam's former Harvard roommate-- all of whom personally enlarged the world I was thinking about. Through graduate school and later, I also had a study group with fellow sociologists, with Troy Duster, Russ Ellis, Sherri Cavan, John Irwin—generally, all progressive symbolic interactionists and former graduate students or professors at Berkeley who helped make ideas fun.

Anna Doel: Were there many women faculty in the Department in the 1960s?

Arlie Hochschild:

It was not hard to notice that the Sociology Department had no female ladder-rank professors. About a third of graduate students were female, but during the first year of graduate school, women were dropping out like flies and for a while, I was nearly one of them. But while I was writing my PhD dissertation, and working as an instructor, we began meeting in my apartment on Virginia Street; we drank strong coffee and got to discussing why it might be so many of us were dropping out. That was the beginning of the Berkeley Sociology Women's Caucus. And we had wonderful wide-ranging conversations. Where are the women in the basic concepts of sociology? If we put them in, or focus on them, how might the concepts themselves need to change? We were learning concepts like social hierarchy, social class, social mobility, psychic development. What are we not learning about society and social interaction when we blot out women?" As we gradually realized, caucuses were forming at UC in other disciplines, and on other campuses, too; we were part of a larger movement. I edited a special issue of *Transaction Magazine* on women in 1969 with articles by graduate students in our caucus, and we were thrilled until we saw the cover the editors designed for the issue, one that seemed to throw away the contents of it—it was the image of a naked woman. So we deluged the editor with letters of objection. That may give you a little flavor of the times.

By my third year of graduate school, Adam joined me in California and in 1964, and we joined the Civil Rights Movement—the Mississippi Freedom Summer. We found ourselves part of some thousand college students (generally white) from the north who travelled to Mississippi to try to register voters and teach Black history. We had signed up with SNCC—the Student Nonviolent Coordinating Committee—and were assigned to Vicksburg. Adam helped start a small newspaper called *The Vicksburg Citizens' Appeal*, which reported on the town's civil rights activities. I became a Freedom School teacher, teaching Black history to kids. Later when we returned to Berkeley, a campus recruiter for SNCC was arrested for setting up a small table up with information about registering Black voters in the South. And that arrest—and the general ban on “political” activities on Sproul Hall Plaza—set off the 1964 Free Speech Movement that was to stir the student body and paralyze the campus. Adam was by now a reporter for *The San Francisco Chronicle*, and I scouted out events he might want to cover.

Ana Doel: What were you drawn to write about?

Arlie Hochschild:

My PhD dissertation and my first book, *The Unexpected Community*, took me outside the fray around me although it gave me a taste for field work that has stayed with me ever since. It was a refutation of disengagement theory, a key theory at the time in the field of aging, and my first try at field work. (The theory argued that older people “naturally” disengage socially before they are forced to disengage physically.) But I found myself studying a local low-income housing project for the elderly that turned out to be a beehive of female activity. Residents were female retired factory workers, Arkies and Okies who had migrated to California during World War II to work in the shipyards. They got up a 5-piece-washtub band that played for the “old folks” in nursing homes, cooked brownies in enormous batches—having cooked for large families—and shared. So much of what was claimed to be “universal” turned out to be shaped by class, culture, and circumstance. Meanwhile, I was also opening other theatres of inquiry—on emotion (*The Managed Heart*, *The Commercialization of Intimate Life*, *So How's the Family* -- various

essays-- and in *The Outsourced Self*), on gender (*The Second Shift*, *Time Bind*, and *Global Woman*), and on globalization (*Global Woman*), and another on politics (*Strangers in Their Own Land*.)

The main theatre for me was working out how to think about emotion—which came out in the Appendix to *The Managed Heart*. Like with A.J. Ayer's *Language, Truth and Logic*, I felt an important paradigm of emotion was being squeezed out. In the first, we have Freud, Darwin, claiming emotions are fixed, hard-wired, relatively impervious to social intervention. In the second interactionist paradigm, we have George Herbert Mead, Herbert Blumer, Erving Goffman, talking about *expression of emotion* as open, shapeshifting, manipulable. He was talking about surface acting. But both Freud and Goffman seemed to leave out “deep acting.” And that was an idea I was to carry into other inquiries.

Anna Doel: Somehow it seems like you put your interests – in women, work, emotion and took it global. Is that right?

Arlie Hochschild: Exactly. In the realm of gender, what interested me was the value and practices in the sphere of “care.” Care an undervalued, female realm of work that seemed to be handed down an international social ladder—from middle class working father to working mother to American childcare worker—or often to a Philippina care worker, who's own children were in the care of a sister or local village teenager. A graduate student Rachel Parnenes had done amazing interviews back in the Philippines and inspired by her work, I conducted a series of interviews with domestic and foreign-born care workers, eldercare workers to connect globalization to my interest in emotion. (I co-edited a volume with Barbara Ehrenreich on this, *Global Woman*.) The idea of a nanny chain is that first a woman goes to work, and she gives her emotional care to the company, and through her emotional labor, often becomes its “heart.” Meanwhile, she's outsourcing the care of her children and her elderly to caregivers. And who are they? Sometimes, they are Filipinas, whose kids live back in the Philippines in the care of her sister who may herself have a caregiver who lives in a smaller, more rural village. I wanted to trace it back to the global child at the end of this care chain and who is paying the emotional cost of a system in which, all along the way, care has been devalued. Later I went on to interview gestational surrogates at an infertility clinic in Gujarat, India who were paid to conceive and deliver babies for infertile women in the West-- another instance of “outsourced” care work.

At the bottom of these forays were some basic questions: What is care? How is it valued? How does the workplace build an incentive system that crowds out domestic life, and even proposes itself as a cultural and emotional substitute for care at home? What happens to care, in other words, when capitalism itself seems to gobble up and metabolize it—first it takes and returns the workers' laundry, then offers take-home dinners. Then in Silicon Valley at least, the worker can bring his or her goldfish to the office; daily there to feed it. Then symbolically, the office convinces you that it loves you-- ideas worked out in *The Time Bind: When Home becomes Work and Work Becomes Home*.

Anna Doel: So what led you to develop a sociology of emotion?

Arlie Hochschild:

My interviews seemed to wrap themselves around the idea. Coming home from an interview with a Filipina nanny in Redwood City, I got to thinking about how we form ideas about *what we should feel*. Listening to her, the idea of maternal love seemed to fall apart strangely into component parts. The nanny's biological children were under the care of a relative in the Philippines, and her clients were workaholic Silicon Valley dot.com engineers, and they became the model for a "constructed" idea of love. From watching American TV, the nannie got the idea that it was good to hug and kiss one's children and say, "I love you." Doing chores on her own family's small farm back in the Philippines, she recalled her own hard-working mother as matter-of-fact, unexpressive and unwarm. Then, in her long-hours job she felt isolated; so, loneliness was another component. Then she missed her own children, so her adopted TV-mediated ideology of love, her personal loneliness, her long-distance love of her own children, all seemed assembled into her idea of "normal" American love. So that made me wonder are we are not always putting some vision or image together with another, then anchoring it in the idea that it's long-abiding, coherent and natural. Then of course historians and anthropologists give us a lot to draw on.

This, of course, opened a whole can of worms, which I love. How it is we recognize or name an emotion? Do we rehearse them? Anger is often preceded by imagining a line of talk and action. How do we evoke emotion? Suppress it? What social props do we use in doing this? What do we think we *should* feel—i.e., our feeling rules. In *The Managed Heart* I focus on the rules of the workplace-- for the flight attendant who has to be "nicer than natural" and the bill collector (who stands ready to be tougher than natural). But feeling rules enter into every job between these extremes.

These days, I'm thinking about pride and shame that underlies all politics. And for the last six years I've been interviewing people in Pike County, Kentucky, the whitest and second-poorest congressional district in the country, which in 2020 went 80% for Donald Trump. His devoted followers are looking for a man with a "big personality," and as I listen to them, I have my ear cocked to what it is they tell me that might be making them feel pride, shame, and anger at *being* shamed. For I have come to sense that Donald Trump acts as their *shield against* "carried"—or structurally-induced—shame, a powerful emotional substrate to politics.

Doel: Have you ever been confronted about your research?

Arlie Hochschild:

Indirectly, sure. Frank Rich in *New York Magazine* in a review essay called "Hate the Hillbilly" called on readers who hate Trump to hate Trump supporters. He was mad at them for being conservatives, and mad at me for giving them the time of day. The implication was that I was 'caving in" to the enemy. If you want to understand where the "enemy" is coming from, his idea is, you are probably weak, or else you *agree with* their politics.

Of course, we have only to look at our best world leaders—Nelson Mandela, who suffered 27 years in prison, or Martin Luther King who never led with hate, and innovated every alternative to it while not for a minute losing sight of—and winning—their goals.

Anna Doel:

I would love to know more about building the field of sociology of emotions and what it took, whether your colleagues were supportive of your ideas or whether emotions were seen as something that could not be analyzed, interpreted or even undocumented.

Arlie Hochschild:

Originally, bringing emotions into sociology was met with skepticism, if not dismay. As discipline sociology was on the make, offended historians and economists sometimes derided sociology. Was I interfering in that project—turning it in a subjective or “girly” direction? Many wondered how one could actually document the management of emotion. But of course, once you get yourself to a place like the Atlanta Stewardess Training Center in Atlanta Georgia, you are overwhelmed with evidence. Ethnography takes you into a world with its own language—and in this case, I found a language of emotion management. They talked about the work of “holding in” frustration or anger in one place and “letting it out” someplace else.) Tons of other studies of service workers have come out with treasure troves of evidence, giving critics a lot to sift through.

Anna Doel:

Parallel to your research, you have had an entire teaching career. Do you enjoy teaching? What does it give you?

Arlie Hochschild:

I loved teaching and Berkeley students have been so lively and inquiring. I know teachers always say this, but it's true. I learned more from them than I taught them. Although I'm now long retired from teaching, a lot of former students have become close friends. One's coming tomorrow for the day to talk over work.

I had an undergraduate course from 1968 that still meets every several years, recently every other year. They call themselves “the Gang.” It has now been 55 years since that class, and we're still meeting every few years, down to eight. We just had a meet-up a few months ago. They have all done wonderful things with their lives. I am so proud of them. There was another group of three graduate students--who got PhDs and became professors --who call themselves the Arlie Girls and visit me yearly. We have a fantastic time talking over ideas.

Anna Doel:

I wonder if you found your research on women as a social group relevant to your own family life. How does that reflect in your own family dynamics? You got married young, right?

Arlie Hochschild:

I was 25. That's young today.

Anna Doel:

These days it's considered young, probably wasn't when you got married, and you had a family to support throughout your academic career? How did that work out for you? How did you balance the two?

Arlie Hochschild:

“Balance” is an easy word to say but a big deal to achieve. I had every kind of luck, and in the world I’d like to see “balance” wouldn’t depend on luck. For most kids under six in America, all the adults in the household are working. And that is the statistic that a lot of my work on women has been in response to. The last chapters of *The Second Shift* and *The Time Bind* call for parental leave, part-time work, and job shares, career-sabbaticals. But my own situation was lucky in the sense that, first of all, Adam shared the second shift. Soon after we first met, we talked the issue out, and he was up for fully sharing. And he has been a fantastically wonderful father. This did not mean that we weren't both under strain in our work at points, for sure we were, but it was hugely important. Also I asked for--and got—a ladder-rank half-time position at UC Berkeley. So not only was I the first ladder-rank woman sociologist in the Department since 1913, but along with Gertrude Jaeger who had previously had a post as a researcher in an Institute I was ladder-rank half time. Gertrude and I split a regular FTE (faculty time equivalent)—as far as I know, breaking very new ground for Berkeley.

I had two strikes of luck there. But even so I found myself working a lot. First, if you are the first woman in a department, they put you on every single committee. And you are mentoring a lot of other young women students, and you're being judged by a lot of men, especially in the early stages of things. It was not unlike being African Americans in a white club, always “earning” the right to be there.

We had two children and, luckily, they have come out loving, kind human beings. One of them, David, who is now 52, heads the California Energy Commission greening California and loves his work. He is happily married, has two daughters, our granddaughters. The other son works with special needs kids on the autism spectrum, is not married, but as a matter of fact, he’s here right now.

Anna Doel:

When your children were growing up, what was the division of labor between you and your husband?

Arlie Hochschild:

It was more about what needed to be done and who was available. Pretty interchangeable. And it's remarkable on my husband’s side because his parents were very traditional, the father was at the office all the time and the mother at home. He was an only child and much doted on. Yet I didn't feel like I had to struggle against his avoidance and for inflexibility what problems there had to do in the workplace that each of us brought home. And in getting time, relax time, with the kids. Did I give them enough relaxed time? I don't think so. But they don’t seem any the worse for wear. They both live nearby.

Anna Doel:

On your academic record, there's a tremendous number of keynote addresses, plenary talks, and public talks. I'm curious, and internationally there's at least one each year starting sometime in the 1980s. What makes you dedicate time to these engagements?

Arlie Hochschild:

Well, if I know that Adam is covering for me at home or if I'm taking them with me, which has happened quite a bit. They've both come with me to Ireland, visited us in India and Gabe lived with us in Russia for a book Adam was researching.

Ann Doel: What is your current academic status?

Arlie Hochschild:

Officially, I'm Professor of Sociology Emerita. But honestly, I dislike the term "retired"—since it defines you but what you did, not what you are doing now. Since retiring, I have published three books and the fourth will be out next year. I have never had more fun doing field work—in fact "field work" is a funny name for the work I do. The term "field" suggests one's "not home" and in one sense, that is true. But one is always working on the stretch between field and home, measuring and describing-- and trying to feel through -- the distance between the two. And I'm not sure one retires from that.

And of all the books I've written, *Strangers in Their Own Land* has most followed me from "field" to "home." People write and call. I have had some of my interviewees visit me here in Berkeley. And I'm now on the board of the American Exchange Project, a program to get high school seniors from the South to visit seniors in the North, coastal kids to go inland and inland kids to go to the coasts. You "go abroad" at home.

Anna Doel:

Arlie, is there something you would like to mention today that I haven't asked you about?

Arlie Hochschild:

No. Thanks very much for your probing questions. They helped me recall experiences I dreaded at the time but feel very grateful for now. Sometimes it takes a while to see that "second side" of the story.

Anna Doel:

Thank you so much for the conversation.