

Broadways, Ragtime-The Night That Goldman Spoke

EMMA GOLDMAN

I have just arrived from Lawrence, Massachusetts where,
eight weeks ago, the workers there went on strike. They are
starving, their children are dying but they are holding firm
and we must support them.

YOUNGER BROTHER

It was winter in New York
As the snow began to fall.
And the workmen's hall had not a seat to spare.
When a young man stepped inside,
Just to warm himself, was all,
The night that Goldman spoke at Union Square.

EMMA

What is happening in Lawrence is happening everywhere.
Let us at last make this the land of opportunity for
all people, not just the owners. The land of opportunity
for Tateh and his little girl. We cannot rest!

YOUNGER BROTHER

She was speaking loud and fast
Through a haze of noise and heat
And the smell of sweat and anger in the air.
The police were standing by
But the crowd was on its feet
The night that Goldman spoke at Union Square.

EMMA

You!

YOUNGER BROTHER

He thought he heard her say...

EMMA

What brings you here today?

EMMA, RALLYERS

Poor young rich boy!

EMMA

Masturbates for a Vaudeville tart!
What a waste of a fiery heart,
Dear!

YOUNGER BROTHER

He thought she said...

EMMA, RALLYERS

Poor young bourgeois!

EMMA

There are things that you've never thought.
Come to Emma and you'll be taught
Here!

YOUNGER BROTHER

His head was spinning!

EMMA, RALLYERS

People feathered and tarred, my friend.
Unions broken and why for?
Children laboring, women still enslaved!
Leave you little backyard my friend.

There are causes to die for!

RALLYERS
Strike!

YOUNGER BROTHER
In the gutters of the city
I have tried to find some meaning.

RALLYERS
Strike!

YOUNGER BROTHER
In the arms of fallen women.
In the thought of suicide.

RALLYERS
Strike!

YOUNGER BROTHER
Like a firework unexploded,
Wanting life but never
knowing how...
My brother,
Life had meaning
RALLYERS
Strike!
I'll show you how!
YOUNGER BROTHER
Till now!
My brother, you are
With us now!
He was calling out her name,
Shouting what, he did not know
And he found that he was standing on a chair
With a heart as clean and new
As the frshly fallen snow,
The night that Goldman spoke...

EMMA

EMMA
I've been waiting for you.

YOUNGER BROTHER
At Union Square.

WORKERS
Strike! Strike! Strike! Strike!

ORGANIZER
Put the children on the train! Get them out of here!

TATEH
I hate you, goddamned America!

LITTLE GIRL
Tateh! Tateh!