

Transcript
Dead Ladies Show Podcast Episode 30
Emma Goldman

(Dead Ladies Show Music - 'Little Lily Swing' by Tri-Tachyon)

SUSAN STONE: Welcome to the Dead Ladies Show Podcast, I'm Susan Stone.

The Dead Ladies Show celebrates women — both overlooked and iconic — who achieved amazing things against all odds while they were alive. And we do it through women's history storytelling on stage - here in Berlin and beyond.

We did just that earlier this week, and the talk from Dead Ladies Show co-founder Florian Duisjens was so fascinating, I just couldn't wait to share it with you in this very episode.

And our other lovely co-founder Katy Derbyshire is here on the couch to talk more about this - hey Katy!

KATY DERBYSHIRE: Hi Susan! I'm not actually reclining, I have to point out, on the couch — we're both upright — just so you can imagine.

SUSAN STONE: Yeah, it's not a Freudian thing, it's just a comfort thing.
(LAUGHTER) We will actually hear about Freud in this episode won't we?

KATY DERBYSHIRE: Yes, and reclining!

SUSAN STONE: So, Katy, as I said to you two after the show, I think, at the moment, global politics is kind of getting me down. And while I wouldn't recommend this particular Dead Lady as a role model, so to speak, and certainly don't suggest following her often questionable methods to the letter, I felt energized by her conviction, her persistence, and her determination. So Katy, name our lady..

KATY: It's Emma Goldman, the anarchist, philosopher, activist, and writer. And I agree, I found it really inspiring, yeah.

SUSAN STONE: Here's Florian with her story.

FLORIAN DUISJENS: I'm going to start at the very beginning, which is a very good place to start. Born in what is now Kaunas, Lithuania, then part of imperial Russia, in 1869, Emma grew up into a Jewish "family of low-grade Tolstoyan unhappiness," as biographer Vivian Gornick has it. Her cold mother never stopped grieving the loss of her first husband and resented Emma's father, the second husband, for blowing her inheritance on a series of failing businesses, moving their family of 8 to Konigsberg, Popelan, which is now Popeli, and St. Petersburg. This is a portrait of the family - the two other sisters had already escaped to America. Emma is the girl on the left leaning away from her family.(LAUGHTER)

Emma would be whipped and beaten by her father, and her teachers also resorted to physical, mental, and even sexual abuse. Though she passed her exams for secondary school, her religion teacher hated her so much for standing up to the abuse that he wouldn't provide the required character reference, saying she was "a terrible child who would grow into a worse woman." He was not entirely wrong. (LAUGHTER) Working in glove and corset factories since the age of 12, it is no surprise Emma felt restricted by a system so much bigger and more powerful than her.

She started sneaking out to balls, to dances, reading radical literature, and dreaming of revolution, of free love, but her father wanted her to marry, she was 16 - I mean, right? When she objected, he said: "All a Jewish girl need know is how to make gefilte fish, cut noodles fine, and give her husband babies." Infuriated, she threatened to kill herself if he didn't allow her to emigrate to America and move in with her sisters in Rochester, New York.

But in the land of the free, Emma was just as stuck, living in a dark tenement, sewing heavy overcoats in a sweat shop, 10.5 hours a day for \$2.50 a week, while the owners would "sweat" the workers by charging them for their thread, their needles, their chair, etc. Soon, her parents came over too, adding to her misery. At 18, she just gave in and married a man who also hated work and loved books. Though this granted her US citizenship — key — her husband proved impotent on their wedding night — she filed for divorce, (LAUGHTER) writing: "If I ever love a man again, I will give myself to him without being bound by the rabbi or the law, and when that love dies I will leave without permission."

To give you a little historical labor background, between 1881 and 1905, there were 37,000 strikes in the US, involving more than 9.5 million people. At least 500 strikes ended in bloodshed when state or federal troops stepped in. The victims were hardly ever counted, as they were often considered "foreign" workers — they weren't Americans, they didn't count. And if there was one event that "radicalized" Emma, if we can call it that, it was the Haymarket riot in Chicago. At a peaceful demonstration for the 8-hour workday, a bomb was thrown at cops in retaliation for them shooting at strikers. The bomb killed 7 cops and at least 4 civilians, but the police violence that followed killed many, many more, and though the actual culprit was never caught, the cops simply arrested 8 prominent anarchists were arrested, tried them for murder, and 4 were executed. Revolution was in the air.

So Emma moved to New York City, only 5 dollars and a sewing machine in hand. On her first day, literally the first hour, she met this dude, Alexander Berkman aka Sasha, who became her lover and then her best friend for life. She also met this guy, Johann Most, who ran Freiheit, a German-language anarchist magazine, one of over 300 such US publications at the time. There were Yiddish ones, Russian, all kinds of stuff. Both Sasha and Most were avid anarchists and pro political assassinations, and Most started grooming her, sexually which is really gross, and professionally, to make her into a proper anarchist activist.

Very suddenly, Emma was off on her first lecture tour. Most had written a script for her, in German. And at first she awkwardly stuck to it, but by the time she got to

Cleveland, she was speaking from the heart: “In a flash I saw it [...]: the factory, its drudgery and humiliation, the failure of my marriage, the Chicago crime. [...] I began to speak. Words I had never heard myself utter came pouring forth, faster and faster. [...] The audience had vanished, the hall itself had disappeared; I was conscious only of my own words, of my ecstatic song.” She figured out how to relate her own experience to those of her audiences, and how their relatively small demands like 2 hours less work per day, related to the larger struggles in society, she really tried to awaken these people. She berated them for their cowardice, urged them to stand up for themselves, and her audiences loved her for it. On her return to NYC, Most tried to woo her as his protege, but she had found her calling: “I flared up, declaring I would not be treated as a mere female. I blurted out that I would never again follow blindly.” Which is very true.

At 21, she would help organize dances to support a cloakmakers’ strike. At one dance, a young cousin of Sasha’s took her aside. “With a grave face, as if he were about to announce the death of a dear comrade, he whispered to me that it did not behoove an agitator to dance. Certainly not with such reckless abandon, anyway. [...] My frivolity would only hurt the Cause.”

“I grew furious [...] I did not believe that a Cause which stood for a beautiful ideal, [...] for release and freedom from conventions and prejudice, should demand the denial of life and joy. I insisted that our Cause could not expect me to become a nun and that the movement should not be turned into a cloister. If it meant that, I did not want it. I wanted freedom, the right to self-expression, everybody’s right to beautiful, radiant things.”

It is likely that this story that spawned Emma’s most famous, and apocryphal, quote: “If I can’t dance, I want no part of your revolution.” It was very popular. For instance, this is Audre Lord wearing it on a t-shirt on a lake in Berlin. And she looks so good! (AUDIENCE LAUGHTER) For Emma, anarchism meant opposing all forms of government. Instead, people should be free to associate in groups and have all their needs met: “each according to his ability, each according to his need,” as Marx would have it. Greed and envy, humanity’s worst traits, would fade away, and the truly free people would cooperate instead of being thrown into competition with each other. So she didn’t see the point of elections or unions really: neither would overthrow capitalism, organized religion, and the state, which is really what she was after.

To show you a little bit about how she operated, I’ll show you a clip from a film that Warren Beatty directed that’s very long. It’s also very good; it’s 195 minutes. It’s called *Reds*, and Maureen Stapleton plays Emma.

MAUREEN STAPLETON AS EMMA IN REDS CLIP: “If capitalists can take this country into war any time they damn well please, the only impact you can make is in the streets.”

DIANE KEATON AS LOUISE BRYANT: “But don’t you think, Emma, that if Debs gets a lot of votes it will strengthen...”

EMMA: No. I think voting is the opiate of the masses in this country. I think every four years you deaden the pain.”

So, in 1892, the Homestead massacre would test Emma's convictions. Robber baron Andrew Carnegie — you know his last name, at least — had tasked his operations manager, Henry Frick, with breaking the union at his Pennsylvania steel plant. After they were all fired, workers stormed the mill, which was defended by 300 hired Pinkerton men, at least 3 of whom died in the resulting massacre, in which many were injured and at least 7 workers were killed. Sasha decided to assassinate Frick. This is Frick — it's that Frick, from the museum in New York. There's a Vermeer, it's his house, also. And Emma helps plan it, even trying, and failing, to turn tricks on 42nd Street in order to get the necessary money together. But though Sasha shoots Frick 3 times, Frick survives, the assassination fails horribly, resulting in a 22-year jail sentence for Sasha.

Emma would only admit to her involvement years later. She'd never explicitly support political violence, but also never stop defending anarchists accused of political violence. She'd say: "As an anarchist I am opposed to violence, but if the people want to do away with assassins, they first have to do away with the conditions that produce murderers." And when her old mentor Most — remember him — spoke out against Sasha, Goldman actually rushed the stage, hitting him across the face with a whip, (AUDIENCE LAUGHTER) then breaking the whip and throwing the pieces at him. Much much later, she would apologize, saying, "When you're 23, you don't always act reasonably." (AUDIENCE LAUGHTER)

Amidst one of the US' worst depressions, with 20-25% of people unemployed and going hungry, Emma would stand on an overturned box on New York's Union Square, speaking to about 5,000 people: "Men and women, do you not realize that the State is the worst enemy you have? It is a machine that crushes you in order to sustain the ruling class, your masters [...] Do you not see the [...] immense wealth within a stone's throw of here? Fifth Avenue is laid in gold, every mansion a citadel of money and power [...] Wake up. Become daring enough to demand your rights. Demonstrate before the palaces of the rich. Demand work. If they do not give you work, demand bread. If they deny you both, take bread. It is your sacred right." This turned into a bit of a riot when the police came in. The tabloids were in a frenzy about "Red Emma," printing her every word — in translation, as she was still lecturing in German at this point.

That would soon change. Arrested for inciting a riot — this is her mugshot, excellent mugshot (AUDIENCE LAUGHTER) right? That's side-eye done two times! So she was sent to Blackwell's Island prison, which is now of course Roosevelt Island, where she started training as a nurse and improving the prison's conditions. Because if you're in jail, better make the best of it? She was also tutored in English by Ed Brady, who was a newly arrived Austrian anarchist she'd met at a salon. He'd been there playing around with matches, and she'd told him, "Children shouldn't play with fire," (AUDIENCE LAUGHTER) he was like 20 years older. He replied, "All right, grandma, but you should know I'm a revolutionist; I love fire, don't you?" Needless to say, they became lovers, (AUDIENCE LAUGHTER) and he introduced her to world literature, Emma reading Wilde and Whitman, Ibsen and Shaw, George Sand and George Eliot all while inside.

Outside, 25-year-old Emma only grew more infamous, the press calling her the High Priestess of Reds! Or Five Feet of Anarchy! Intrepid reporter Nellie Bly — I hope you've heard of Nellie Bly, a future Dead Lady, she got herself locked in a mental asylum to write about it — so she called her a modern Joan of Arc. On her release, the press asked if she was cured, but no: "I am more of an Anarchist than ever," she said. "Society lies in its last convulsions. [...] They cannot expect theft, murder, prostitution, and oppression to be gotten rid of unless the system which breeds rottenness is gone. [...] My motto is as ever, Death to Tyranny! Vive l'Anarchie!" The newspapers described her in obsessive detail: "She has a shapely head [...] light bluish-gray eyes, shielded by glasses; a small, finely chiseled nose, rather too wide at the nostrils for symmetry." (AUDIENCE LAUGHTER) When she smiled, "Her lips wreathed into lines that were uglier than when her face was in repose. [...] "making the interior of her mouth look black, or rather that dull opaque hue characteristic of the mouths of some snakes." (AUDIENCE LAUGHTER AND GROANS) Yeah!

Emma moved in with Ed, but he seemed surprised that she didn't want to settle down and have kids; like had he never been to any of her lectures? "Being obliged to stay in one place for months, years, or perhaps an entire life," she wrote, "always having to spend time with the same people, drink in the same beer dens — this disconsolately bleak monotony of everyday life would fill me with terror." Ed figured she could at least continue her training at the best possible place, so off she went to Vienna to study nursing. She loved it, and not just going to see the likes of Eleonora Duse, another excellent Dead Lady, discussing Nietzsche with everybody 'cause everybody had read Nietzsche, and attending actual Freud's actual lectures: (AUDIENCE LAUGHTER) "the gaiety and light-heartedness of the Viennese people," she said, "I longed to throw myself into its generous arms, to sit in the cafes or in the Prater and watch the crowds."

Now, as a Dead Lady devotee, and while we are on the subject of Austria, I should note that when Empress Elisabeth, or Sissi was assassinated by an anarchist — that part is not in the movie, is it? She was assassinated by an anarchist, like stabbed with a bayonet — it's actually quite gruesome. Emma actually denounced this attack quite unreservedly, calling her a "harmless, unhappy, and not unkind woman." (AUDIENCE MEMBER: "FAINT PRAISE.") It's faint praise, but it's not "kill Romy Schneider." (AUDIENCE LAUGHTER) I wouldn't have been able to stand here.

Inspired by Vienna's air of questioning everything, of sexuality as a critical force, which she'd gotten sort of from Freud and improved on, she returned to the US even more committed, and carrying plenty of contraceptives to distribute. Now able to support herself as a nurse and a midwife to the poor — rich people preferred men, male doctors.

In 1901, President McKinley was assassinated by a man who had been to one of her speeches. Newspapers quoted him as saying: "Her words set me on fire." Emma was briefly arrested for complicity, her family kicked out of their synagogue, and she had to go underground, taking on the name of E.G. Smith. This is her mugshot. Emma was 32.

So she's E.G. Smith, she opens up a massage parlor on Broadway, (AUDIENCE LAUGHTER) And a few years later — people kept asking, "Who is this E.G. Smith character? She can give really good speeches, we should invite her," (AUDIENCE LAUGHTER) After a while she was just embracing it. So she founded the Free Speech League in response to a law barring anarchists from entering the US, before dropping everything, like you do, to run an avant-garde Russian political theatre troupe (AUDIENCE LAUGHTER) featuring future silent-movie star Alla Nazimova, who we previously heard about on this stage when she gave the first job to Anna May Wong - anyway, that's a deep cut.

Their performances helped fund the first issue of Emma's monthly magazine, Mother Earth. With a print run of 3,000, it was dedicated to serious longreads. There were more fun anarchist publications — this was not one, covering issues like birth control, education, prison reform, literature, contemporary drama, religious fundamentalism, gender, racism — all from an anarchist perspective. Run from her apartment, it would go for 12 years and would feature the likes of Margaret Sanger, famous birth control activist; Voltairine de Cleyr, who here you see - she died very young but was a big supporter of Emma's, she also wrote about expropriation, which is a big topic in Berlin right now; also Darwin, Tolstoy, and Gorki, all these people. At 10 cents an issue, Mother Earth required constant fundraising to stay afloat, so she toured lectures on just about everything from modern European drama to homosexuality, women's independence, or my favorite, "The Right to be Lazy." She also organized annual masquerade balls, at one of which she danced something called "The Anarchist's Slide" (AUDIENCE LAUGHTER) while dressed as a nun. (AUDIENCE LAUGHTER) It was a waltz!

At one lecture, Emma met the love of her life, hobo-turned-gynecologist (AUDIENCE LAUGHTER) Ben Reitman: "an exotic, picturesque figure with a large black cowboy hat, flowing silk tie, and huge cane," she wrote. "He looked a handsome brute. [...] His fingernails, like his hair, seemed to be on strike against soap and brush. (AUDIENCE LAUGHTER) [...] A strange charm seemed to emanate from them, caressing and stirring." They slept together on the first night. Their letters are absolutely red hot, using code words for their genitalia — one breast was Mont Blanc, (AUDIENCE LAUGHTER) the other was Mont Jura. Ten years younger, Ben became her lover, her impresario, and all her friends hated him.

For a decade, they would spend at least half the year on tour: her speaking 2-3 hours every night, Ben hawking pamphlets and distributing contraceptives. In 1910 alone, this meant 120 lectures in 25 states, 37 cities; selling 37,000 tickets sold to crowds who would have otherwise gone to the gospel revival or the ventriloquist next door, introducing them to anarchism, to feminism, to all these ideas.

She did not take up Oscar Hammerstein's offer of doing 20-minute speeches between clowns and acrobats off Times Square, but she was a welcome guest at places like the Harvard Law Students Association or socialites' salons in Manhattan. Emma always remained a bridge between militant activists and larger liberal audiences. The Little Review's Margaret Anderson wrote about her: "Life takes on an intenser quality when she is there, something cosmic in the air, a feeling of worlds in the making."

Yet Emma did not join the suffragettes' call for the right to vote or work full-time enough. She asked, "What is gained if the narrowness of the home is exchanged for the narrowness of the office or factory?" she asked. As a sexual radical, Emma wanted to ban marriage: "conditions cannot be changed until this infernal system is abolished," she wrote, "I demand the independence of woman; her right to support herself; to live for herself; to love whomever she pleases, or as many as she pleases." But despite her public defense of free love, it was much harder to privately reconcile herself with being in a relationship with a man who was literally scouring her audience while she was lecturing, for groupies to sleep with. She wrote to Ben:

"The woman you have awakened into frantic, savage, hungry life, recoils from you, feels outraged because you have thrust her aside for a moment's fancy, because you have outraged her sacred shrine, that tent, oh God, where passion held its glorious maddening feast. [...] The agony that our love has not saved us from the same coarse vulgar scenes of the ordinary has completely paralyzed me." She was devastated. However, certainly in her later years she would have passionate love affairs with other men who were younger and hotter than Ben until deep in her 60s.

After the Russian Revolution and when the US joined World War I, speaking out against the draft or even government policy became very dangerous – so 4 to 10,000 people were arrested on brutal new sedition and espionage laws - the Patriot Acts of the day, basically. With strikes and protests sweeping the country, Emma became a lynchpin of free-speech cases across the US, arrested and jailed time and again. Undaunted, Emma helped found the No-Conscription League, speaking to thousands and thousands of people. On arrival in San Francisco, just to give you one scene from this time of her life the police chief demanded to know if she was planning to blow up the American fleet, which was in the harbor, to which she answered: "Why waste a bomb?" (AUDIENCE LAUGHTER) Soon she'd be arrested, Emma grabbing her toiletries and a copy of Joyce's Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man –having reading material in jail was essential, she thought. She always had a book at the ready, just in case she had to go to jail.

Tried for sedition, Emma and Sasha defended themselves in court, of course: "it must be decided sooner or later whether we are justified in telling people that we will give them democracy in Europe, when we have no democracy here," Emma said, arguing that they defied the law in order to declare it unjust, not unlike Jesus or the Founding Fathers, she argued. The jury found them guilty, which left Emma sewing 36 jackets a day from a Missouri cell she decorated with crepe paper. On her release, J. Edgar Hoover, of the FBI and being secretly gay, who believed Emma to be the most dangerous woman in America, had her and Sasha deported to Soviet Russia. In order to be able to do this, government agents had spent the previous 11 years trying to kick her out, eventually actually denaturalizing Emma's original husband - remember back in Rochester - in order to be able take her citizenship away; if he didn't have it, she wouldn't either. "Poor, poor United States government!" she wrote, "True: you have Emma Goldman's citizenship. But she has the world, and her heritage is the kinship of brave spirits—not a bad bargain."

Plus, Russia! Right? Very exciting at the time. “Sacred ground, magic people, destined to redeem mankind. I have come to serve you, Matushka. Take me to your bosom, let me pour myself into you, mingle my blood with yours, find my place in your heroic struggle, and give to the uttermost to your needs!” So, despite knowing the very complicated position of anarchists in Russia at the time, the reality Emma faced when she actually got there proved the rudest of possible awakenings. There was hardly any food or fuel, no freedom of expression, state surveillance was everywhere. When Emma wrangled a meeting with Lenin, ‘cause she did have that kind of pull, he snapped back that freedom was a bourgeois luxury.

Severely disillusioned, she wrote: “Soviet Russia had become the modern socialist Lourdes, to which the blind and the lame, the deaf and the dumb were flocking for miraculous cures.” Before the Great Purge began in earnest, they escaped, Sasha and Emma. J. Edgar Hoover however had alerted all of Europe’s intelligence services — this was pre-computer, so it was very shambolic — and the two were forced to roam: Riga, Stockholm, Berlin — where she was accosted by anti-Semites on the U-Bahn who said: ‘Wait till things change, then we’ll fix the likes of you like we did Rosa Luxemburg!’ So off she went to London, where she was constantly freezing (AUDIENCE LAUGHTER) — I mean, fact — but warmly received by the likes of H.G. Wells and Bertrand Russell, at least until she started explaining how the horrific Soviet dictatorship had been the direct result of the revolution. They didn’t want to hear that, they wanted to hear hopeful stories about Russia. Not Rebecca West — Rebecca West stayed at her side and called her one of the best cooks in the world (AUDIENCE LAUGHTER); her and Willa Cather. This is a Dead Lady plethora I’m giving you.

So, in order to be allowed to stay anywhere, she’d need a passport, so she married a willing Welsh coal miner/anarchist, and Emma, aged 65, became a Brit. Another unlikely savior stepped in, and Peggy Guggenheim bought her a little cottage in the then-still sleepy town of St. Tropez. (AUDIENCE LAUGHTER) It was called Bon Esprit, but Emma would never live up to its spirit. Exile pained her, but here she wrote her thousand-page memoir. It would be very well received, though her candor proved controversial when she very openly discussed all her many love affairs — she left out the one with the bisexual Almeda Sperry; there were limits to what her readers would have been able to accept, she felt, maybe. In a letter to Berlin’s great sexologist Magnus Hirschfeld, she proved years ahead of her time, however: “It is a tragedy, I feel, that people of a different sexual type are caught in a world which shows so little understanding for homosexuals and is so crassly indifferent to the various gradations and variations of gender and their great significance in life.”

In the early 1930s, she starts lecturing all over Europe about the dangers of fascism, and when FDR becomes president, and the likes of Josephine Baker began to lobby for her case, she is even allowed to return to the US for 90 days, now considered a harmless old lady. I’ll show you a clip from her press conference. Here she is:

ARCHIVE PRESS CONFERENCE CLIP:

INTERVIEWER: What do you think about Russia, Miss Goldman?

EMMA GOLDMAN: I consider Russia and America the most interesting countries in the world today.

INTERVIEWER: How about Hitler?

EMMA GOLDMAN: I don't know him, and don't want to.

INTERVIEWER: What is your opinion of Italy?

EMMA GOLDMAN: Beautiful country, minus Mussolini

INTERVIEWER: Miss Goldman, should the government object to your speeches of anarchism, would you change them or leave the country?

EMMA GOLDMAN: I will leave the country rather than deny my ideas. I prefer to stick to my gun.

She's amazing. It's funny how in real life she's witty and sharp, and in prose she's purple as hell, but both are wonderful versions of Emma.

When they called her a martyr, she disagreed: "Please don't feel that I have made sacrifices. [...] I have followed my bent, lived my life as I chose and no one owes me anything. I'm no more respectable than I ever was. It's you who have become a little more liberal, and it's never too late to progress. You are progressing. [...] Only liberty is worth fighting for. This is the job I'll keep at until I'm either hanged or fall asleep in some other way."

And she would, going to Barcelona during the Spanish Civil War, getting a glimpse of what an actual anarchist democracy of almost 10 million people that worked - what that looked like. Horrific bombings and infighting between anarchists and communists ended that dream, however, and Emma settled into her final exile in Toronto. (AUDIENCE LAUGHTER AT NEWSPAPER ARTICLE SHOWN ON SCREEN) This is from a Toronto newspaper that very humbly admits that she called it "deadly dull." She was just across the lake from her beloved America. She was 70, and not allowed to talk about Canadian politics or the impending war, what would become World War II. A stroke she suffered during a card game silenced her, and she died a few months later on May 14, 1940. She was buried in Chicago, right by the Haymarket martyrs. They let her back in the country when she was dead.

All her life, she stood up bullies, to the patriarchy, to capitalism and repressive states, always speaking truth to power. And though she may not have fully converted many of her thousands upon thousands of readers and listeners to the anarchist cause, her arguments, her wit, her empathy did make them question their own assumptions, their own lives. And if you want to know more about Emma, you can read her autobiography, *Living My Life*, the whole thing is free online — anarchism. Or you can read the abridged version from Penguin which is also great, and not 1,000 pages which is nice; both versions gloss over some key points. So you might also want to read one of her many biographies. These are the ones that I like the best — Vivian Gornick is very short and goes deep on the politics, and Candace Falk's, called *Love, Anarchy, and Emma Goldman* goes deep into those love letters, depending on your interest you can choose either. And there's also even as you saw a graphic-novel version by Sharon Rudahl that I also recommend that uses a lot of actual quotes from her. That's my talk, thank you for coming!

(AUDIENCE APPLAUDS)

SUSAN STONE: Florian Duijsens on Emma Goldman, recorded earlier this week in Berlin's ACUD. Thanks to our very helpful friends there, including Hyui Ines Rmi on sound, and Andrash at the bar and beyond. Now, Katy, Florian also presented this talk a second time this week at a special event. Let's say a bit more about that!

KATY DERBYSHIRE: Yes, so he was at the inaugural Emma Goldman Awards ceremony. These are a series of awards given to academics who are working on feminist and equality issues in Europe. They don't have to be European, they just have to be working here in Europe. So the exciting and fun part I think is that the main winners get 50,000 euros each to support their work. But there's also this very cute Snowball Award where those main winners get 10,000 euros to pass on to a more junior member of their team or a scholar whose work they admire, which is just gorgeous.

SUSAN STONE: It's really good, and I love the name, too, Snowball — the snowball effect. It's really cheering to have something like that going on right now, and to be encouraging not just people doing the work now, but also people who are going to be doing the work in the future.

KATY DERBYSHIRE: Absolutely. And that was in Vienna and the ceremony was at the Institute for Human Sciences and the award comes from the FLAX Foundation.

SUSAN STONE: We will put a link to that on our website, if you want to go learn more about that and find who won these awards, Snowball and otherwise.

KATY DERBYSHIRE: Yeah, I'm intrigued.

SUSAN: So, one last Emma note — Katy — you tweeted a rather entertaining song after the live show. Share it!

KATY DERBYSHIRE: This is, because as Florian pointed out, we all know that quote, "If I can't dance, I don't want to be part of your revolution," and it's a really thumping dance track by British musician Sophie Ellis Bextor, which I actually discovered on the soundtrack of the St. Trinian's movie. Niche, slightly niche. Anyway, it's called, "If I Can't Dance" by Sophie Ellis Bextor. Possibly, I don't know if Emma Goldman has a grave, but I can't quite decide if she'd be turning in it, not turning in it, or dancing in it. Anyway, have a listen for that.

SUSAN STONE: Should we dance on her grave or not?

KATY DERBYSHIRE: I think we can!

SUSAN STONE: I think we can dance in her honor instead.

KATY DERBYSHIRE: Ok, yes!

SUSAN STONE: We'll put up a link to that song, as well as some great photos of Emma Goldman — all at our website, deadladiesshow.com/podcast, where there's also a link for our sprightly theme music, Little Lily Swing by Tri-Tachyon

KATY DERBYSHIRE: And you can follow us on social media @deadladiesshow and please share, rate, and review the show as it helps others to find our podcast!

SUSAN STONE: We now have transcripts of some of our shows thanks to help from our very kind Patreon supporters — you can become one over at patreon.com/deadladiesshowpodcast — and we like to say thank you and welcome to our newest supporter, Olivia Meikle of the very fine women's history podcast What's Her Name.

The Dead Ladies Show was founded by Florian Duijsens and Katy Derbyshire. The podcast is created, produced, and edited by me.

Thanks to Florian and to Katy, and to all of you for joining us! I'm Susan Stone.

(Dead Ladies Show Music - 'Little Lily Swing' by Tri-Tachyon)

SUSAN STONE: Go dance!

KATY DERBYSHIRE: Support for this episode of the Dead Ladies Show Podcast comes from the Berliner Senat.

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