This is a speech from Emma Goldman, an anarchist who gets deported at the end of the novel, at a socialist meeting:

*“Comrades, let us disagree, of course, but not by losing our decorum to the extent that the police may have an excuse to interrupt us. People turning in their sears indeed saw now a dozen policemen in the crowd at the doors. The truth is, Goldman went on quickly, woman may not vote, they may not love whom they want, they may not develop their minds and their spirits, they may not commit their lives to the spiritual adventure of life, comrades they may not! And why? Is our genius only our wombs? Can we not write books and create learned scholarship and perform music and provide philosophical models for betterment of mankind? Must our fate always be physical? There sits among us this evening one of the most brilliant women in America, a woman forced by this capitalistic society to find her genius in the exercise of her sexual attraction—and she has done that, comrades, to an extent that a Pierpont Morgan and a John D. Rockefeller could envy. Yet her name is scandal and their names are intoned with reverence and respect by the toadying legislators of this society. Evelyn went cold. She wanted to pull the shawl over her head but was afraid she would draw attention to herself. She sat perfectly still, string at her hands in her lap. At least the woman had had the grade not to look in her direction as she spoke” (ch. 8).*

Doctorow, E. L. *Ragtime*. New York: Random House Trade Paperbacks, 2007. Kindle File.