



Emma Goldman, *Living My Life*

## Volume Two

### CHAPTER XLV



#### *The prosecution rests its case*

force. A boy was literally kicked out. Sasha and I remained seated throughout the display of patriotism by the mailed fist. What could the officials do? They could not very well order us removed from this Punch and Judy show; we at least had that advantage.

After endlessly repetitious "evidence" of our crime, which in reality proved nothing, the prosecution closed its case. The last round in the contest between ideas and organized stupidity was set for July 9. This left us about forty-eight hours to prepare our arraignment of the forces that had plunged the world into a vale of tears and blood. Since the beginning of our trial we had been compelled to keep up a terrific pace, and we felt exhausted. For the past week we had enjoyed the hospitality of Leonard D. Abbott and his wife, Rose Yuster, and now we pilgrimed to Stella's little place at Darien for a short rest.

I woke the next morning with the bright sunshine streaming into my room and wide stretches of blue hanging over the luscious green of trees and lawn. The air was pungent with the aroma of the earth, the lake was vibrant with soft music, and all of nature breathed enchantment. I, too, was under her magic spell.

On our return to court Monday, July 9, we found the stage set for the last act of the tragicomedy that had already lasted a week. Judge Mayer, Federal Attorney Content, and a large company of performers in the badly constructed plot were already on the stage. The house was filled with invited official guests and *claqueurs* to lead the applause. Scores of pressmen were present to review the show. Not many of our friends had been able to gain admittance, but there were more than on previous days.

Prosecutor Content could in no way compare in ability and forcefulness with his colleague who had prosecuted me in 1893; he had been drab and colourless all through the trial and stereotyped in his address to the jury. At one moment he had attempted to climb to oratorical heights. "You think this woman before you is the real Emma Goldman," he declared, "this well-bred lady, courteous, and with a pleasant smile on her face? No! The real Emma Goldman can be seen only on the platform. There she is in her true element, sweeping all caution to the winds! There she inflames the young and drives them to violent deeds. If you could see Emma Goldman at her meetings, you would realize that she is a menace to

our well-ordered institutions." It was therefore the jury's duty to save the country from that Emma Goldman by bringing in a verdict of guilty.