



Emma Goldman, *Living My Life*

Volume Two

CHAPTER XLV

.....

We select our jury and proceed with the trial

can foretell how another will act under stress or when confronted with the unexpected, I had always believed that I could in reference to him. But Sasha as a brilliant lawyer was a revelation even to me, his oldest friend. At the end of the first day I almost pitied the unfortunate talesmen whom he had been catechizing for hours. Like bullets Sasha fired his questions at the prospective jurymen, examining them on social, political, and religious matters, making them writhe at the exposure of their ignorance and prejudice, and almost convincing the victims themselves that they were not fit to try intelligent men. His flashes of humour and charming manners captivated the spectators.

When Sasha had finished quizzing the jurymen, they could hardly restrain their expression of relief. I followed to question them on marriage, divorce, sex enlightenment of the young, and birth-control. Would my radical views on these matters prevent their rendering an unbiased verdict? It was with the greatest difficulty that I was able to get my questions across. I was often interrupted by the Federal Attorney, became involved in verbal clashes with him, and was repeatedly admonished by the Judge to confine myself to "relevant" matters.

We knew very well that the twelve men we had finally selected could not and would not render an unbiased verdict. But by our examination of the talesmen we had succeeded in uncovering the social issues involved in the trial, had created a libertarian atmosphere, and had broached problems never before mentioned in a New York court.

Attorney Content opened his case by stating that he would prove that in our writings and speeches we had urged men not to register. As evidence he produced copies of *Mother Earth*, the *Blast*, and our No-Conscription manifesto. Cheerfully we admitted our authorship of every word, insisting, however, that the prosecution quote page and line where advice not to register was given. Unable to do so, Content called Fitzi to the witness-stand and tried to make her say that we had worked for profit. Though utterly irrelevant to the crime charged against us, the Court permitted the procedure. In her quiet, unruffled manner Fitzi very soon punctured this bubble.

The next "proof," played up as a trump card, was the insinuation of German money. "Emma Goldman deposited three thousand dollars in the bank a few days prior to her arrest. Where did that money come

from?" the prosecutor demanded triumphantly. Everybody present pricked up his ears, and the reporters got busy with their pencils. We laughed inwardly. We could picture to ourselves their faces,