EDITORIAL

TRULY EMBLEMATIC

By DANIEL DE LEON

No man who is either good or intelligent can have anything but abhorrence for the act of Bresci. Murder is repulsive to the morally, intellectually and physically sane. At best one can feel only pity for that wreck of humanity that, becoming so crazed with suffering, flies off at the tangent of homicide. For all this, even a crazy wretch may be the starter of things to point a moral or adorn a tale. So it is with Bresci.

The murder of King Humbert gave occasion to an Italian parade here in New York. The event was reported in our yesterday’s issue. In honor of the King there was a catafalque, draped in mourning; it carried a coffin draped in the Italian colors; and the whole was surmounted with a gilt papier-mache crown, so loosely fastened that it wobbled and looked as if it would drop with every jolt of the catafalque on wheels.

That crown and its capers was certainly emblematic. It would have been emblematic even in Italy where there is a monarchy; but there its emblematic feature would have been limited. Here, in republican America, however, it told a very suggestive tale.

The crown, supposedly a symbol of monarchy, is, however, essentially a symbol of triumphant class rule. To see such a symbol paraded on our streets without an accompaniment of hootings is in itself quite suggestive. Ninety-five years ago, the thing would have been pelted with rotten eggs and dead cats. To-day it is allowed to parade in peace. And yet, while it paraded, it told the tale of how flimsy and infirm it is!

Class rule hangs to-day by as loose a string as the one that held that parade crown from dropping. Like fruit, rotten-ripe to drop, it needs but a little vigorous shake to make it tumble down.

Speed the day!

1 [Gaetano Bresci, an Italian-American anarchist, assassinated King Humbert I of Italy on July 29, 1900.]