

# RED CARTOONS

*The*  
**DAILY  
WORKER**  
PUBLISHING  
COMPANY ▲  
1113 W. WASHINGTON  
BOULEVARD  
CHICAGO ILL.



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**The Daily Worker—  
A Fighter From the Start  
—By Fred Ellis**

**The DAILY WORKER  
Jan. 14, 1924**

# Red Cartoons

FROM  
**THE DAILY WORKER**  
THE WORKERS' MONTHLY  
and  
THE LIBERATOR —  
**Communist Publications**



DRAWN BY

Fred Ellis  
Maurice Becker  
Lydia Gibson  
Wm. S. Fanning  
Hay Bales  
Juanita Preval

Robert Minor  
William Gropper  
Clive Weed  
G. Piccoli  
K. A. Suvanto

Art Young  
Adolph Dehn  
Hugo Gellert  
A. L. Pollock  
F. Kluge  
O. R. Zimmerman (O'Zim)

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**THE DAILY WORKER**  
Publishing Company  
1113 W. Washington Boulevard  
Chicago Ill.

PRINTED IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

**1926 Red Cartoons from the Daily Worker,  
The Workers Monthly and The Liberator 1926**

Drawn by:

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Robert Minor  
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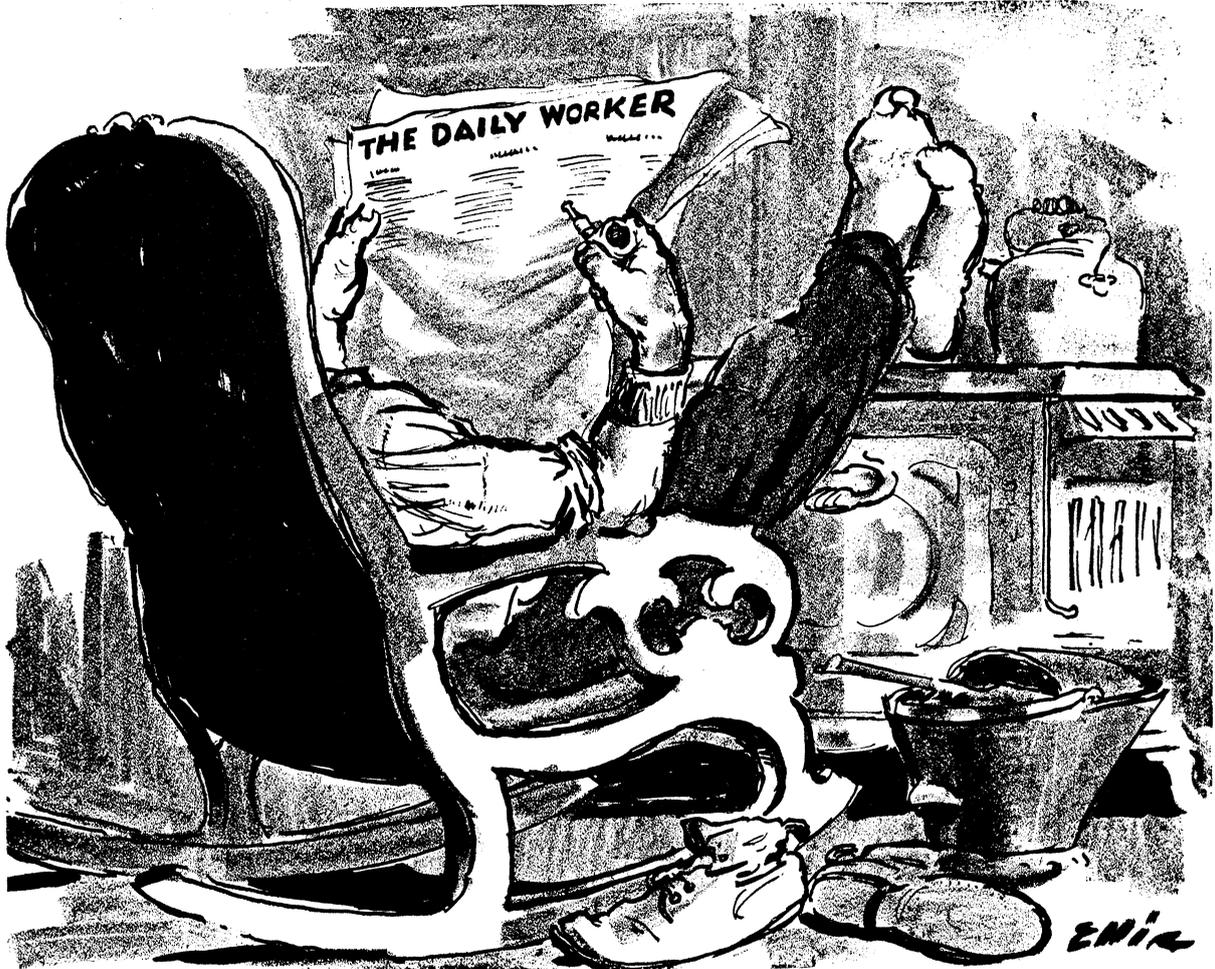
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—By Fred Ellis

The DAILY WORKER  
Nov. 20, 1924

## ART IS A WEAPON

**T**HE workers are creating a new world. Signs of the great change are as apparent as the buds on the trees on each May Day. Everywhere new life is stirring and in Soviet Russia life has burst into full bloom. There we can witness, as in a laboratory, what the new workers' world will be like.

Government is different there, factories are different, the workers and farmers are different—they are new men. Women are different, homes are different, soldiers are different. What is happening is a revolution; not a single bloody storm of a few months, which is what ignorant or malicious people define as a revolution, but a colossally unfolding change in the way men act, think, feel and make their living.

I need not go into the whole process here. There are hundreds of pamphlets and books that describe the Russian Revolution, and that are well worth one's study. I wish to speak of some of the effects of the Revolution on art.

The Soviet artists have completely broken with the old stupid shop-keeping idea that art has nothing to do with the life of the masses—that it is a toy, to be purchased and enjoyed by a few idle rich, or that it is a special esoteric sensation, to be understood only by a few aesthetic useless aristocrats and Bohemian loafers.

Art, the Bolsheviki say, is useful or it is nothing. It springs from the life of the masses. It shapes the thought of the masses; is their expression, their daily accompaniment. It is not the monopoly of a few—it is shared, like the land and the factories, by everyone who labors. Art is no more an idle pastime than science; it is as necessary.

Art is a weapon in Soviet Russia. With mass recitations, plays, pageants, and great singing choruses the Bolshevik artists teach history and economics on a vast scale and weld the masses into a firmer solidarity of the revolutionary emotions. "Our palettes are the public squares, our canvasses are the cities," chanted Mayakovsky, one of the new poets. Painters have taken to designing textiles and buildings, and sculptors plan factories and communal apartment houses. Writers in Soviet Russia are closer to the masses than writers have ever been since the distant primitive days when Homer chanted his own compositions from Greek city to city. They write like participants of the daily life in fields and factories and union halls; and they are well beloved and understood. Mayakovsky, a great poet, has sold three million copies of his works;

his chants are on everyone's lips; here in America, Carl Sandburg, also a good poet, can only sell about two thousand copies of his books.

No one need offer any dogmas or definitions as to what is workers' art. The fact is, it exists. And its beginnings exist even here in capitalist America. There are a few poets, musicians, and painters of quality who have given up all the false promises of a bourgeois art career, and have plunged themselves boldly into the dramatic and hopeful world of the workers.

Many of the painters in this group have used the cartoon as their medium for revolutionary agitation. The cartoon is a strong weapon, the most direct and powerful one can find. A cartoon like one of Robert Minor's is as valuable as a dozen good speeches, and is more unforgettable, for the same reason that the movie is a better method of education than books, according to modern educators.

The revolution is young in America, and for this reason immature. Some of the cartoonists represented in this collection have not studied sufficiently, have not disciplined themselves in their craft. They have a great deal to learn. But the American workers have a great deal to learn. The hope of America lies in the fact that they must learn—history will see to that. And our workers' art, too, will find itself before many years have passed—and it will be something more wonderful than we have dreamed.

Meanwhile, here are a few cartoons, some good, some bad, some indifferent. Whatever anyone may say about them, no one will be able to deny that the greatest cartoonists in America have devoted their gifts to the working-class. The capitalist newspapers pay huge salaries, but they haven't enough money to have bought these men. There is much hope in that.

And there is hope, too, in that the other cartoonists represented here are working every day, doing their best, and unconsciously, surely laying the foundations for the American workers' revolution and proletarian art. This book of cartoons you have in your hand, dear reader, may some day be as historic a document as those cheaply printed little stickers pasted up on the walls of Moscow eight years ago, signed by a few not widely known names—those of the central committee of a certain party nicknamed the Bolsheviki. Beginnings are always interesting—and here is a beginning.

MICHAEL GOLD.

Introduction to Red Cartoons of 1926  
Art is a Weapon by Michael Gold

The workers are creating a new world. Signs of the great change are as apparent as the buds on the trees on each May Day. Everywhere new life is stirring and in Soviet Russia life has burst into full bloom. There we can witness, as in a laboratory, what the new workers' world will be like.

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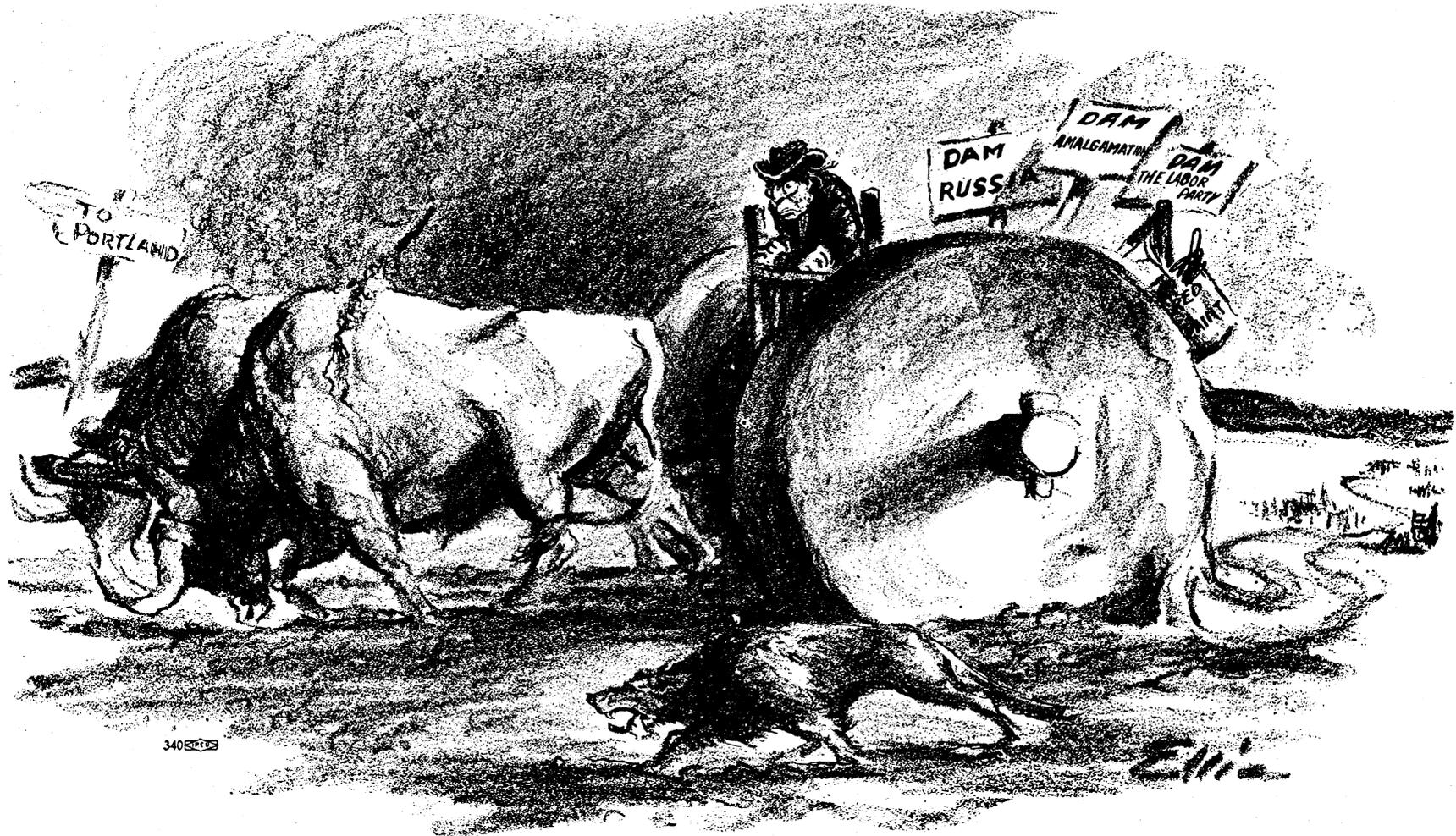
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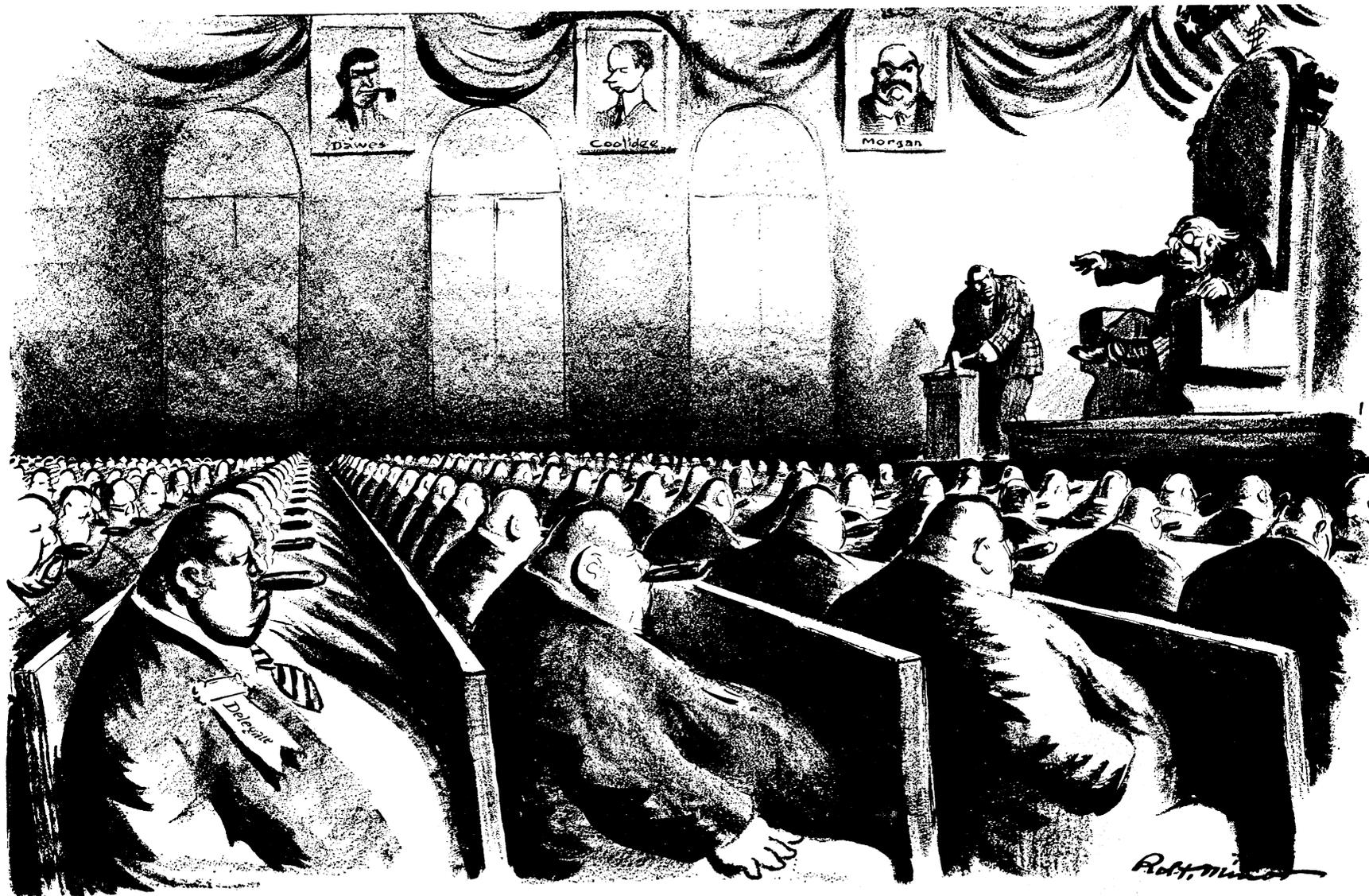
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—By Fred Ellis

LIBERATOR  
October, 1923



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The DAILY WORKER  
Nov. 29, 1924



The Dead Hand  
—By Robert Minor

THE WORKERS MONTHLY  
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Gompers at the Gates  
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The DAILY WORKER  
Dec. 15, 1924

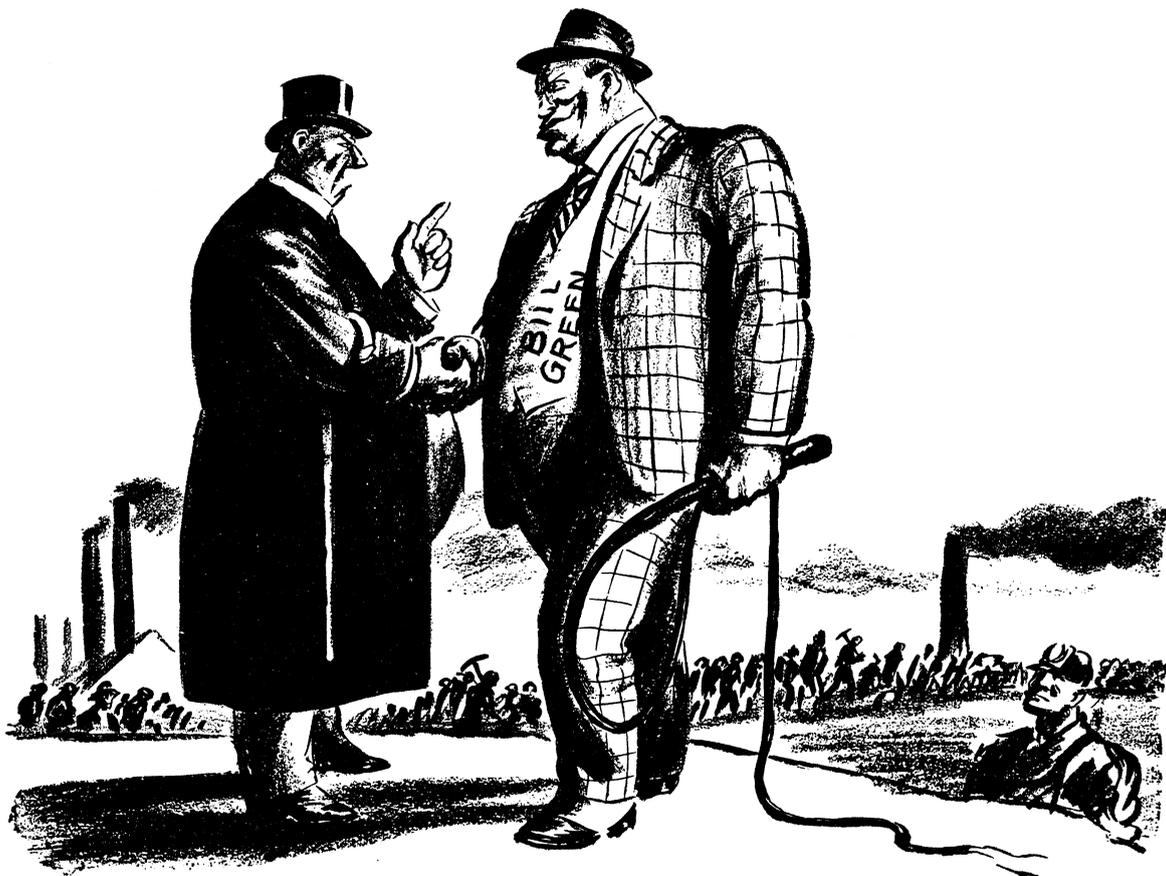


"Expulsion?—The Hell You Say!"

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The DAILY WORKER

Jan. 2, 1926



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—By Fred Ellis  
The DAILY WORKER  
Jan. 26, 1924



The Check Weighman  
—By Fred Ellis  
The DAILY WORKER  
Sept. 17, 1925



Buried Alive  
—By Fred Ellis

The DAILY WORKER  
Feb. 20, 1926



"We'll Fight!"  
—By Robert Minor  
The DAILY WORKER  
Jan. 5, 1925

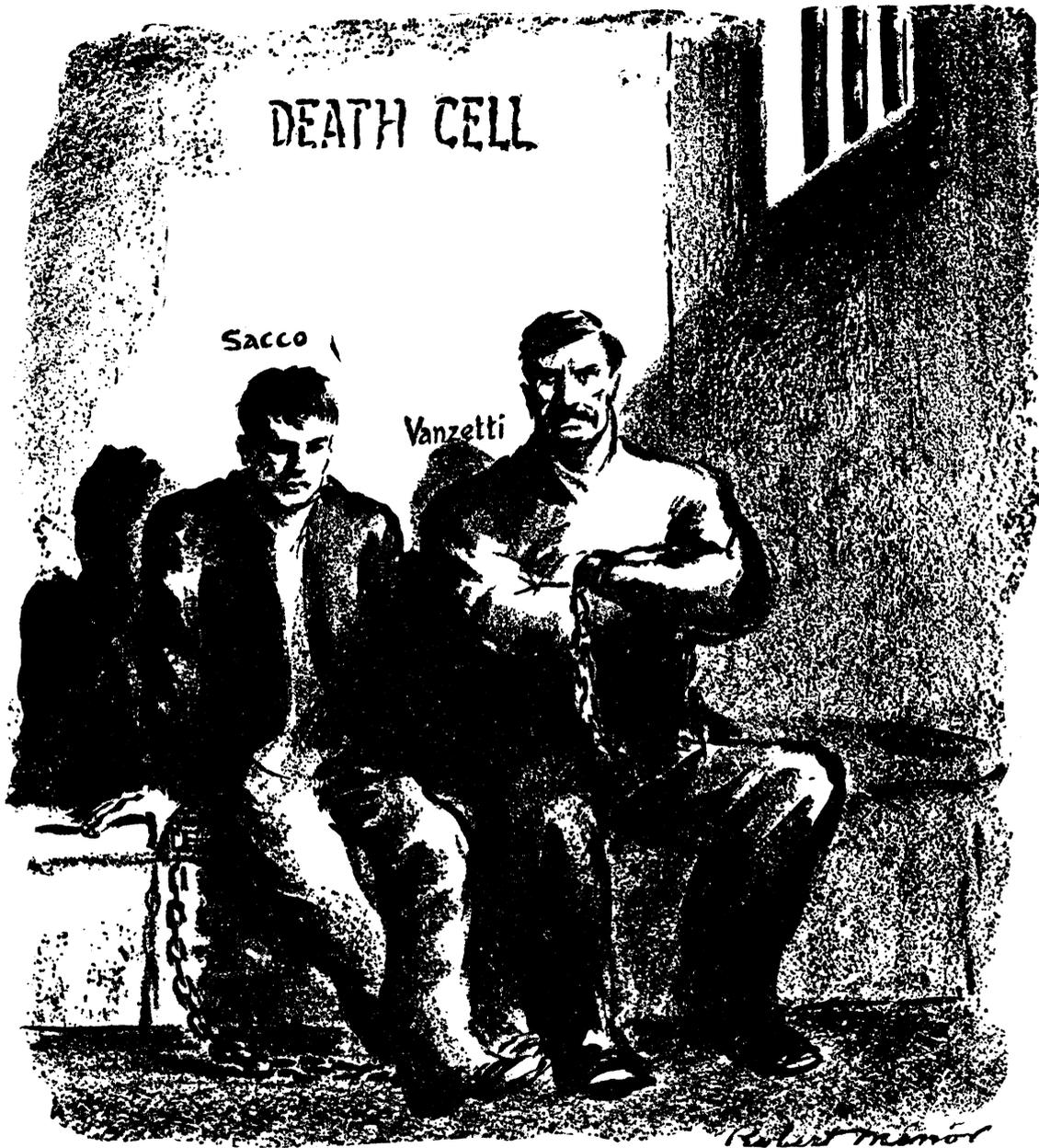
HUGO  
GELLERT



# POISON

—By *Hugo Gellert*  
The **DAILY WORKER**  
April 24, 1926

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HUGO GELLERT  
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In Jail—For You!  
—By Robert Minor

The DAILY WORKER  
Dec. 27, 1924



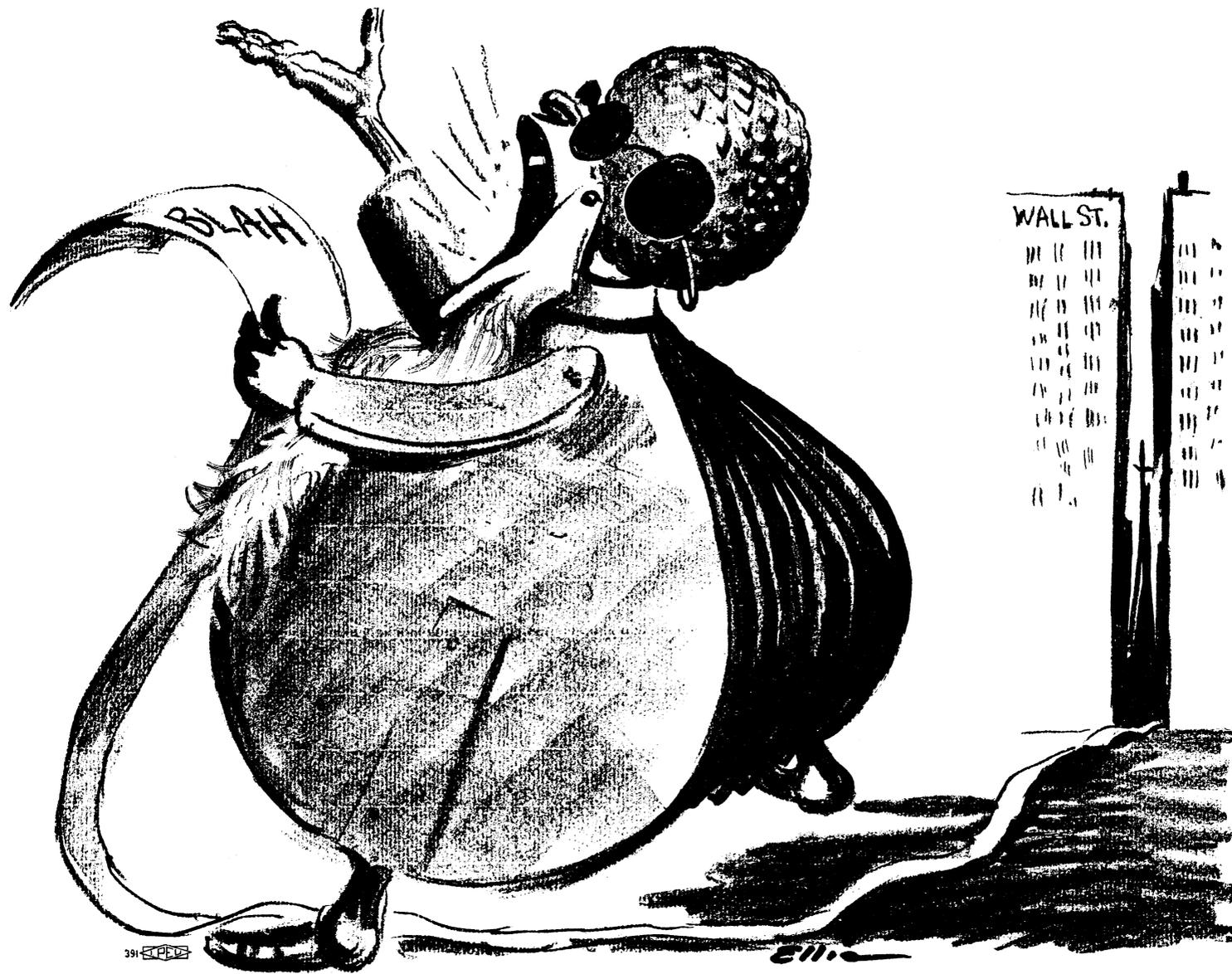
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—By Robert Minor

The DAILY WORKER  
June 7, 1924



J. Pierpont Morgan—Master  
—By Art Young

The DAILY WORKER  
July 17, 1924



The Opening of Congress  
—By Fred Ellis

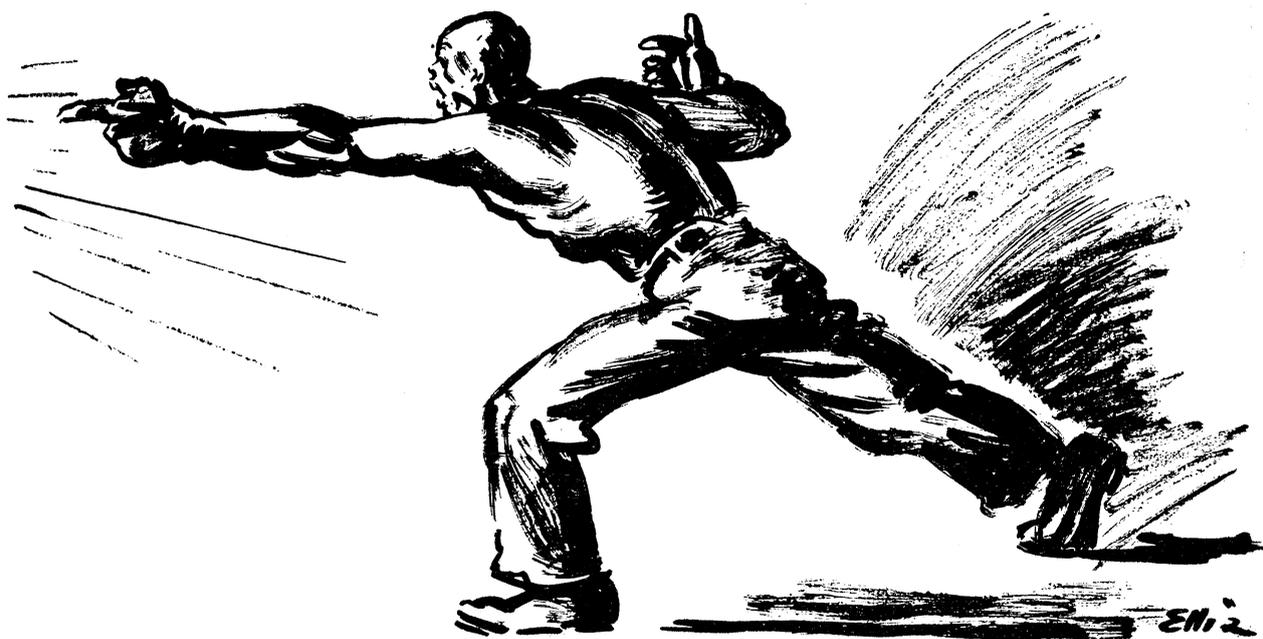
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December, 1925



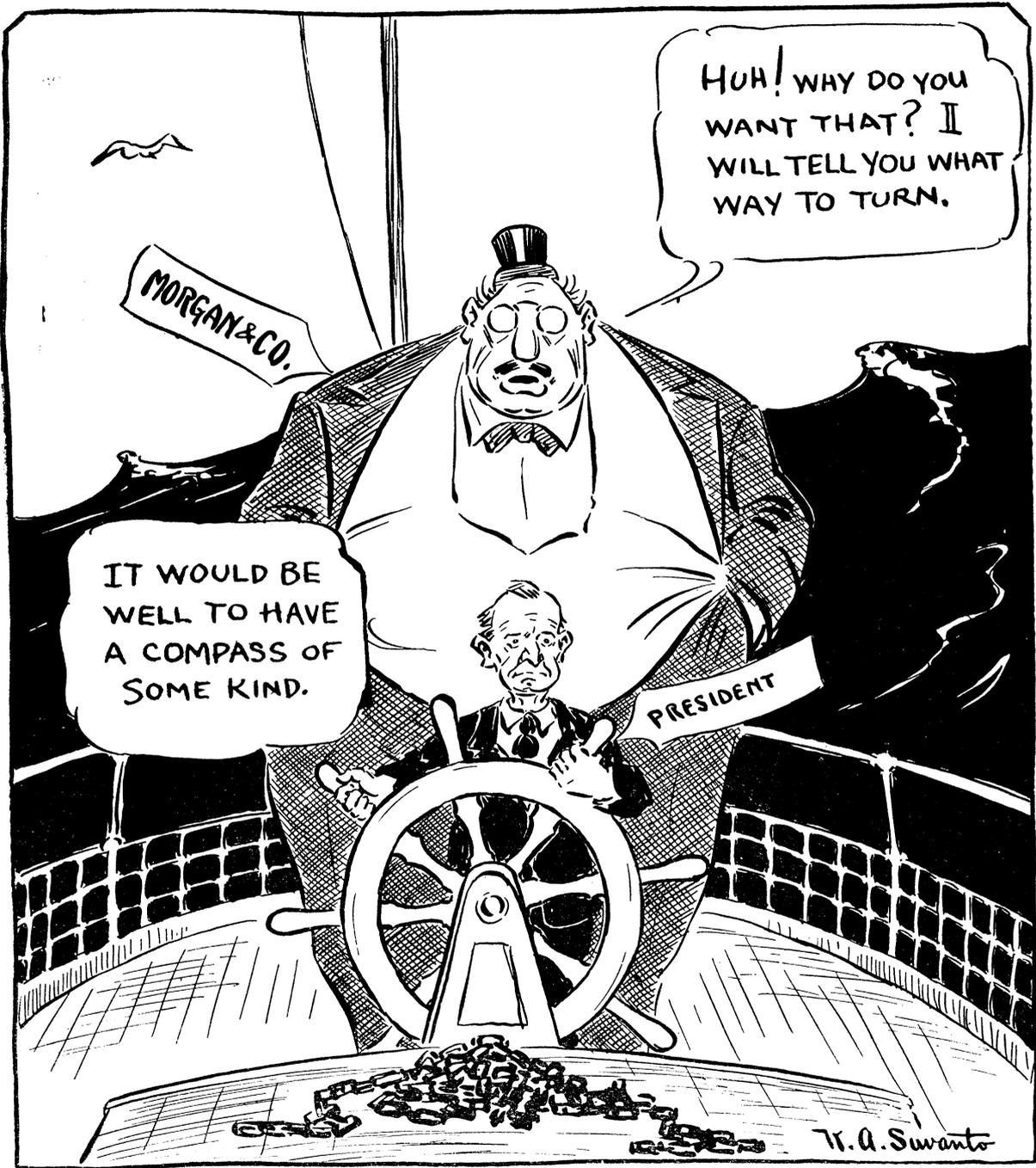
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Feb. 4, 1926



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June, 1923

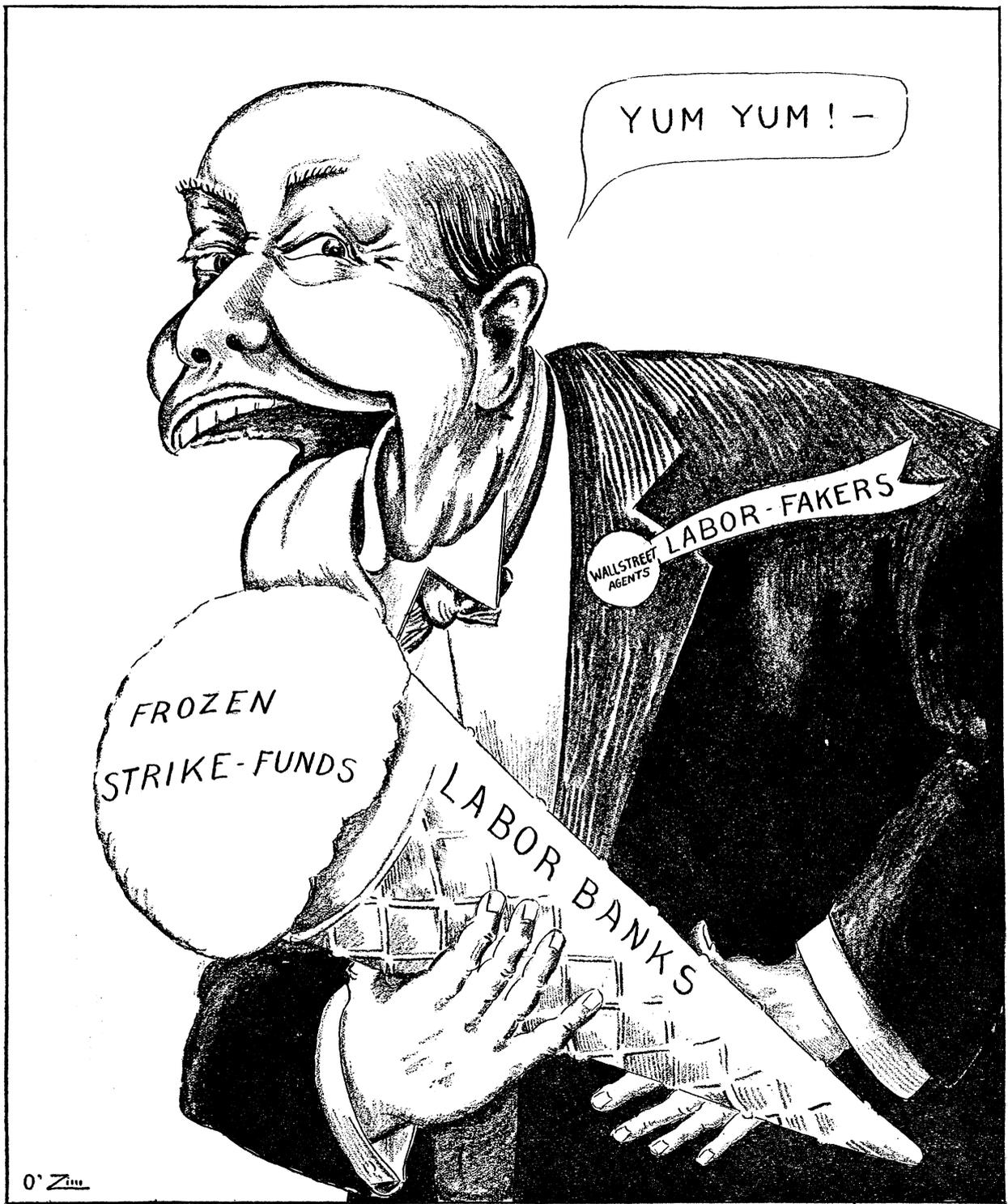


"I Mean To Get In!"  
—By Fred Ellis  
The DAILY WORKER  
Jan. 30, 1926



The Pilot  
—By K. A. Swanto

The DAILY WORKER  
Dec. 30, 1925



Delicious—But How About the Workers?  
—By O. R. Zimmerman

The DAILY WORKER  
Aug. 21, 1925



—By Fred Ellis

The DAILY WORKER  
Jan. 15, 1924



—By Fred Ellis  
The DAILY WORKER  
May 1, 1925



"Those fellows going to work—are they scabs?"  
"No, they're union maintenance men. They have to take care of  
the boss' property while we strike."

In the Anthracite  
—By Robert Minor

The DAILY WORKER  
Jan. 23, 1926



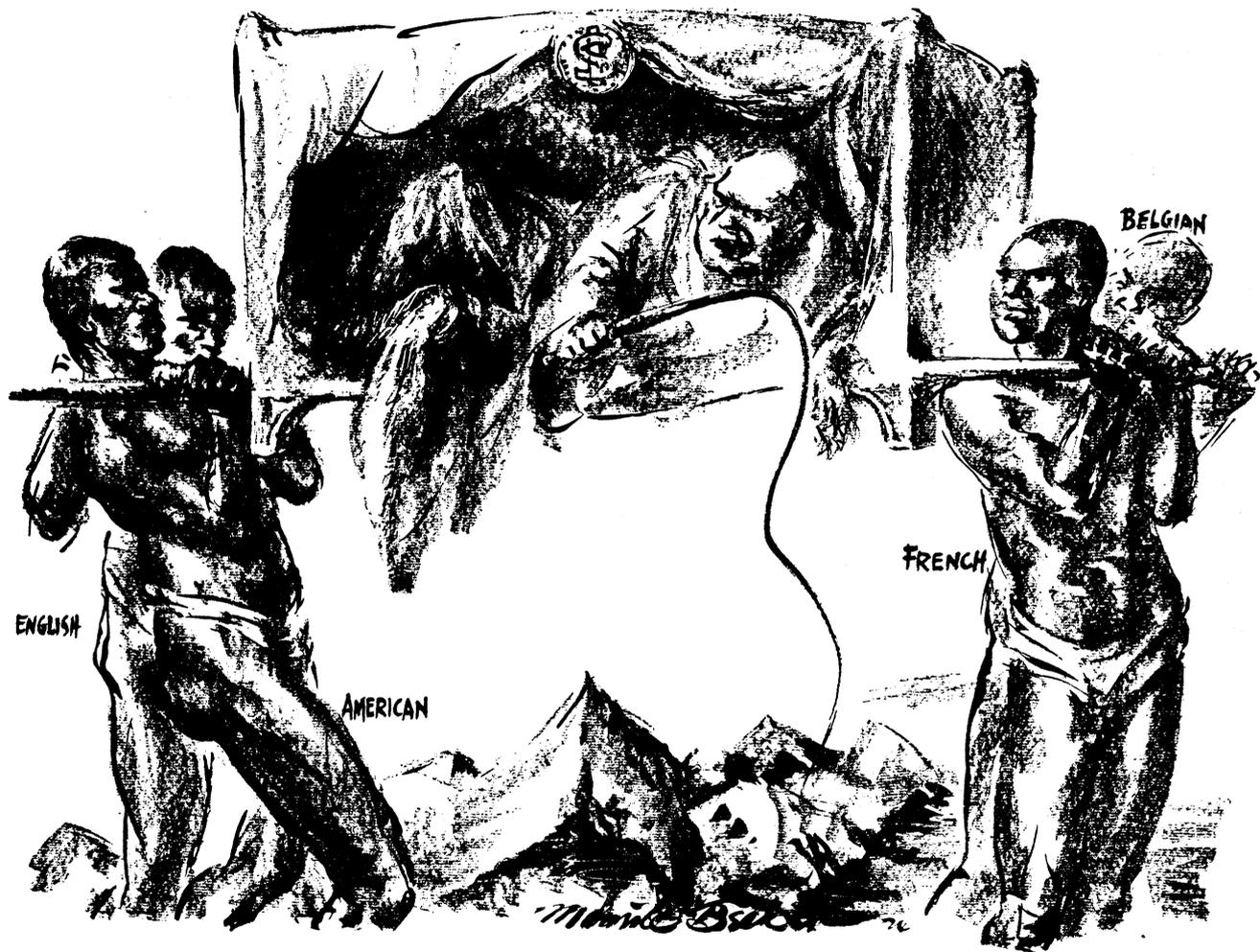
BIG BUSINESS—"Why Bill Johnston, You Are a Genius!"  
—By Robert Minor

The DAILY WORKER  
Jan. 6, 1925



Locarno?—Death!  
—By Maurice Becker

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Jan. 9, 1926



"Drop Him!"  
—By Maurice Becker  
THE LIBERATOR  
October, 1924



Ellis

"On Strike—Tie 'Em Up!"  
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Bubble, Bubble, Oil and Trouble  
—By Fred Ellis

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Feb. 14, 1924



"Number One"  
—By Fred Ellis

The DAILY WORKER  
Feb. 20, 1924



The Forty Thieves—  
—By Fred Ellis

The DAILY WORKER  
Feb. 25, 1925



*Robert Minor*

Blazing the Trail  
—By Robert Minor

The DAILY WORKER  
July 6, 1925



"A Perfect Soldier!"  
—By Robert Minor



© 1918 by Robert Minor

"A Perfect Soldier!"  
—By Robert Minor



Coolie No Longer!  
—By William Gropper  
The DAILY WORKER  
Feb. 23, 1926

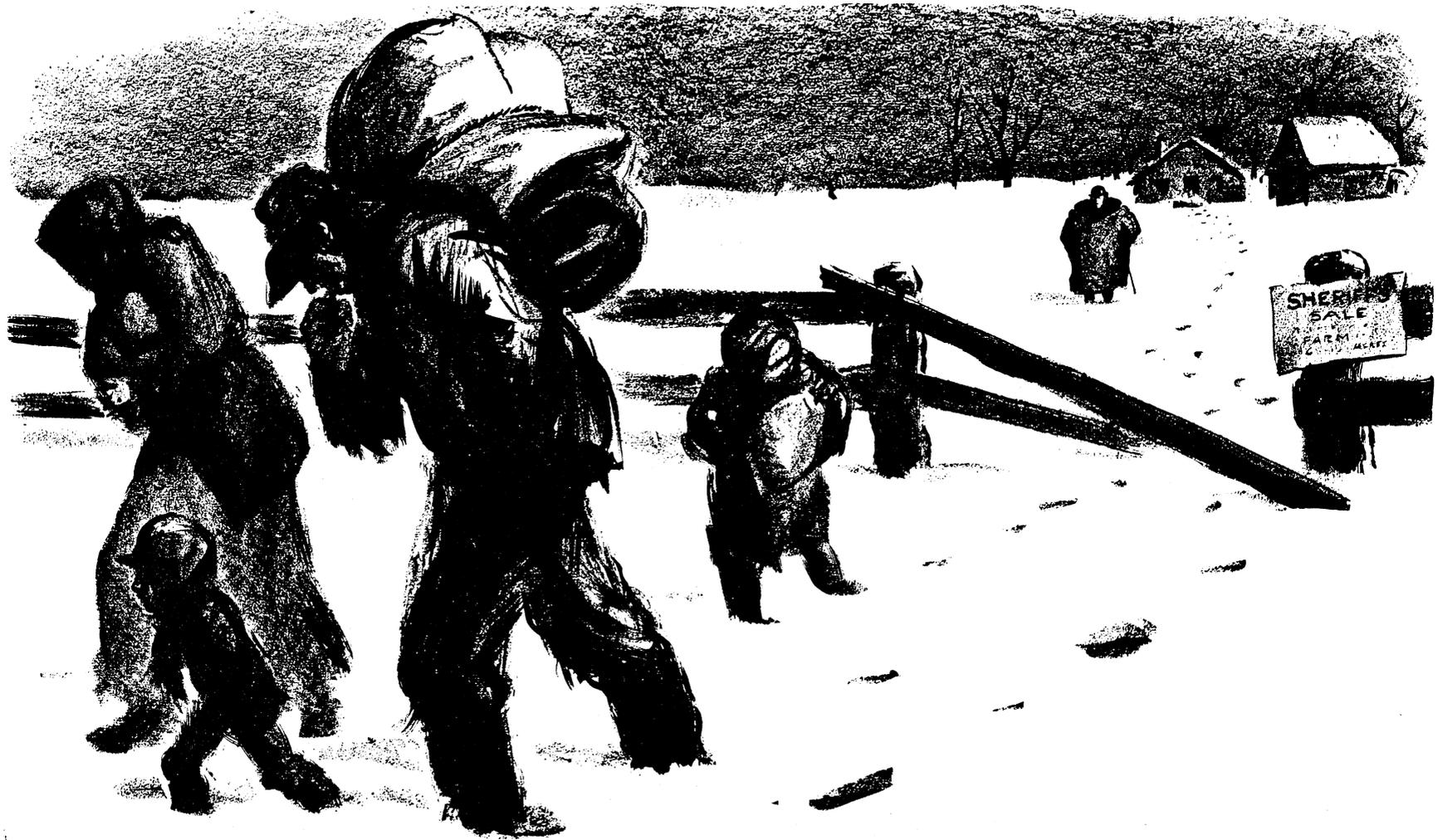


Only the Hog Is Well Fed  
—By Fred Ellis

The DAILY WORKER  
Jan. 6, 1926



—By Robert Minor  
THE LIBERATOR



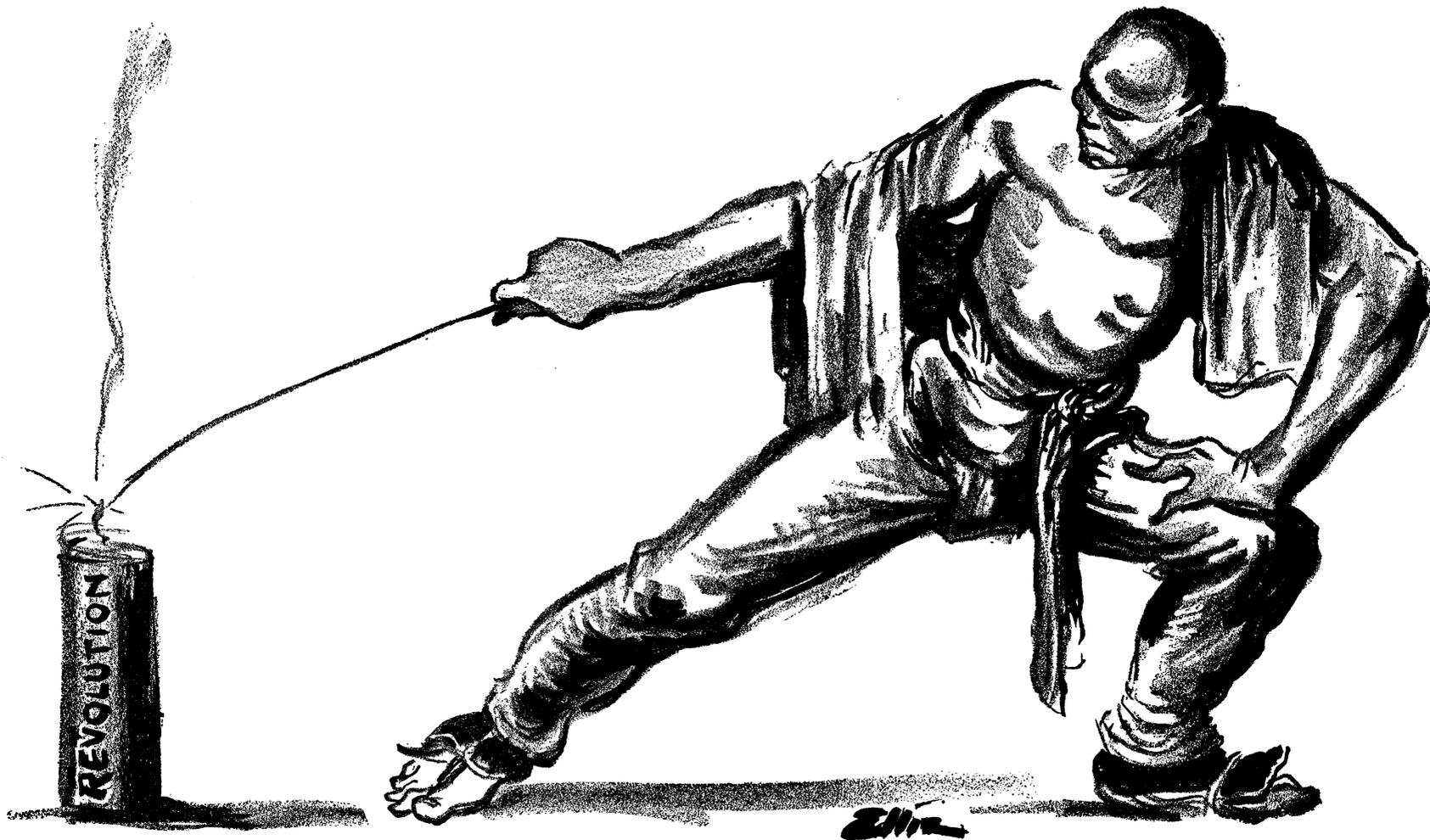
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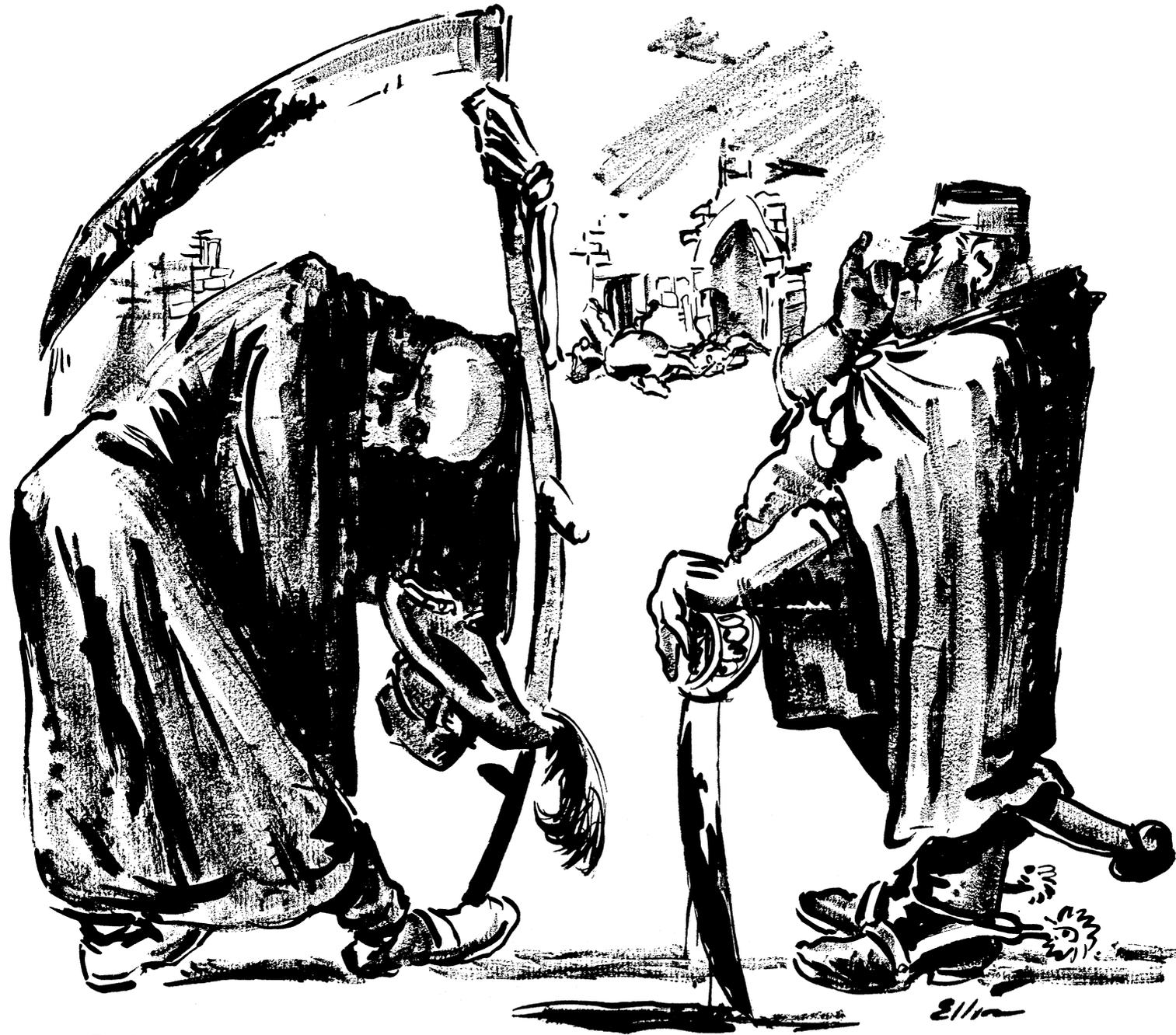
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Child Labor  
—By Robert Minor  
The DAILY WORKER  
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Also a Pope Must Live  
—By Robert Minor  
The DAILY WORKER  
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"Sans Pareil" (Without an Equal)

—By Fred Ellis

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Jan. 16, 1926



The Dawes Plan  
—By Fred Ellis

The DAILY WORKER  
Jan. 9, 1926



First Prize  
—By Fred Ellis

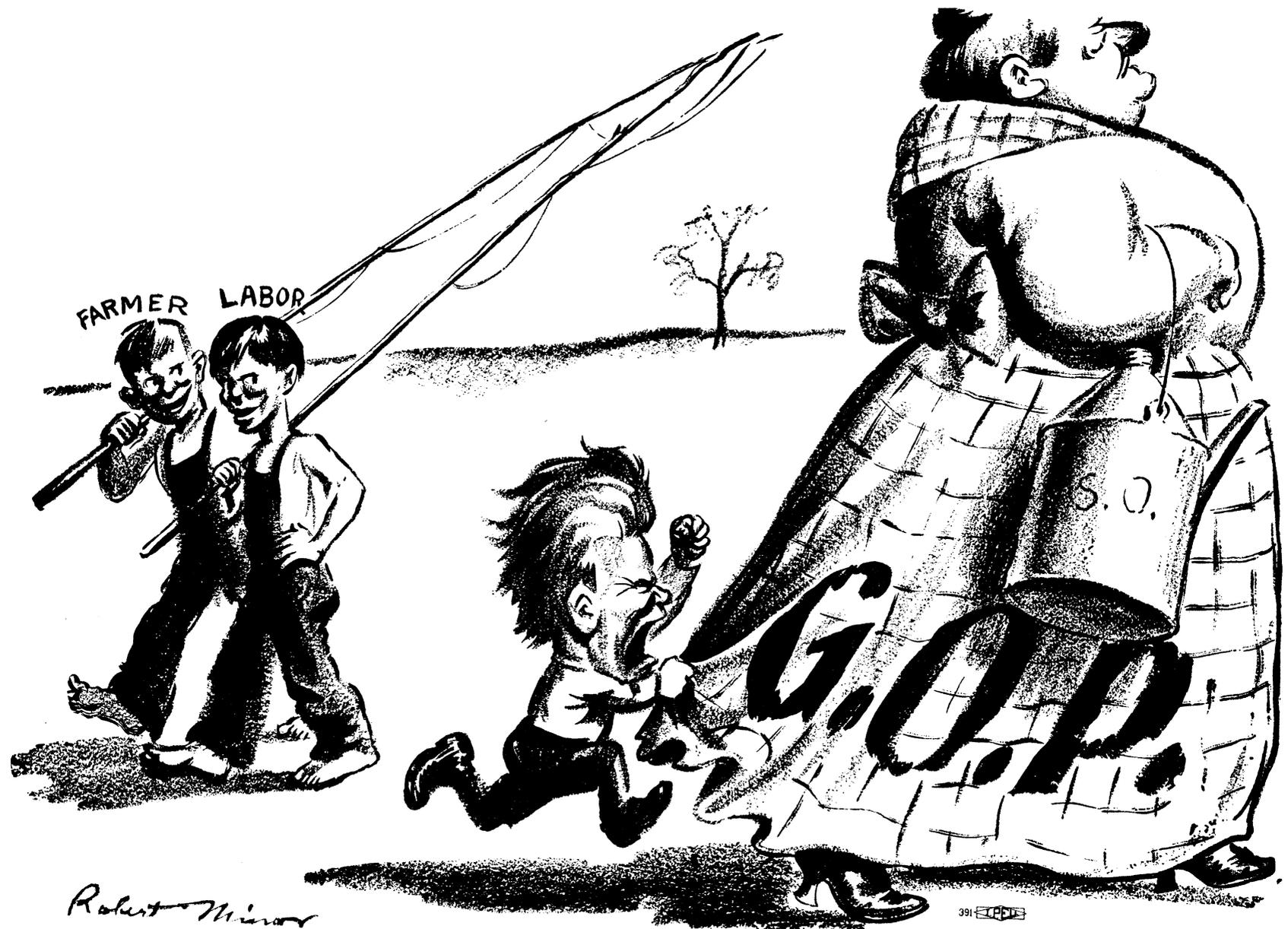
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November, 1923



La Follette Cries for His Mamma

—By Robert Minor

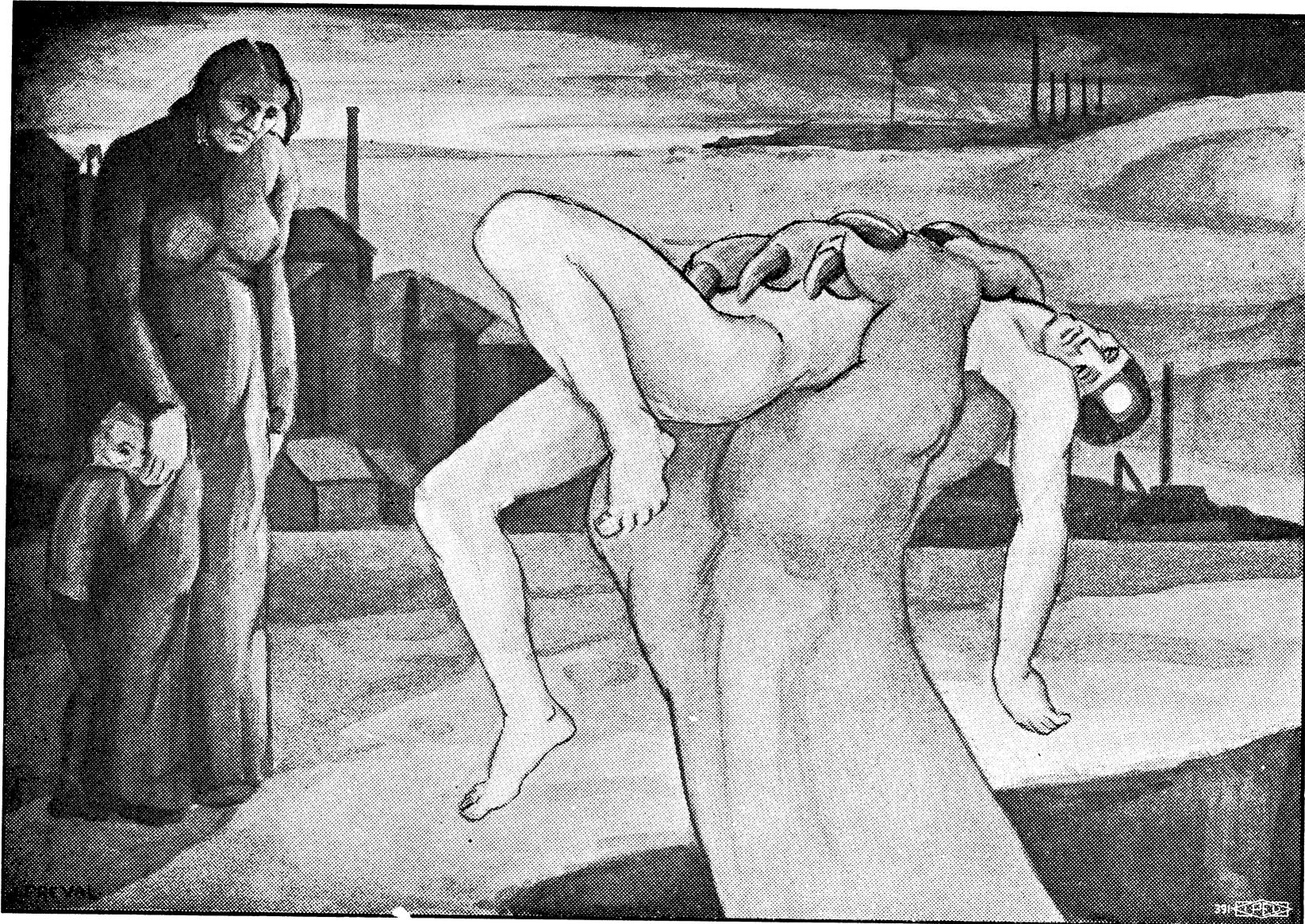
The DAILY WORKER

June 5, 1924



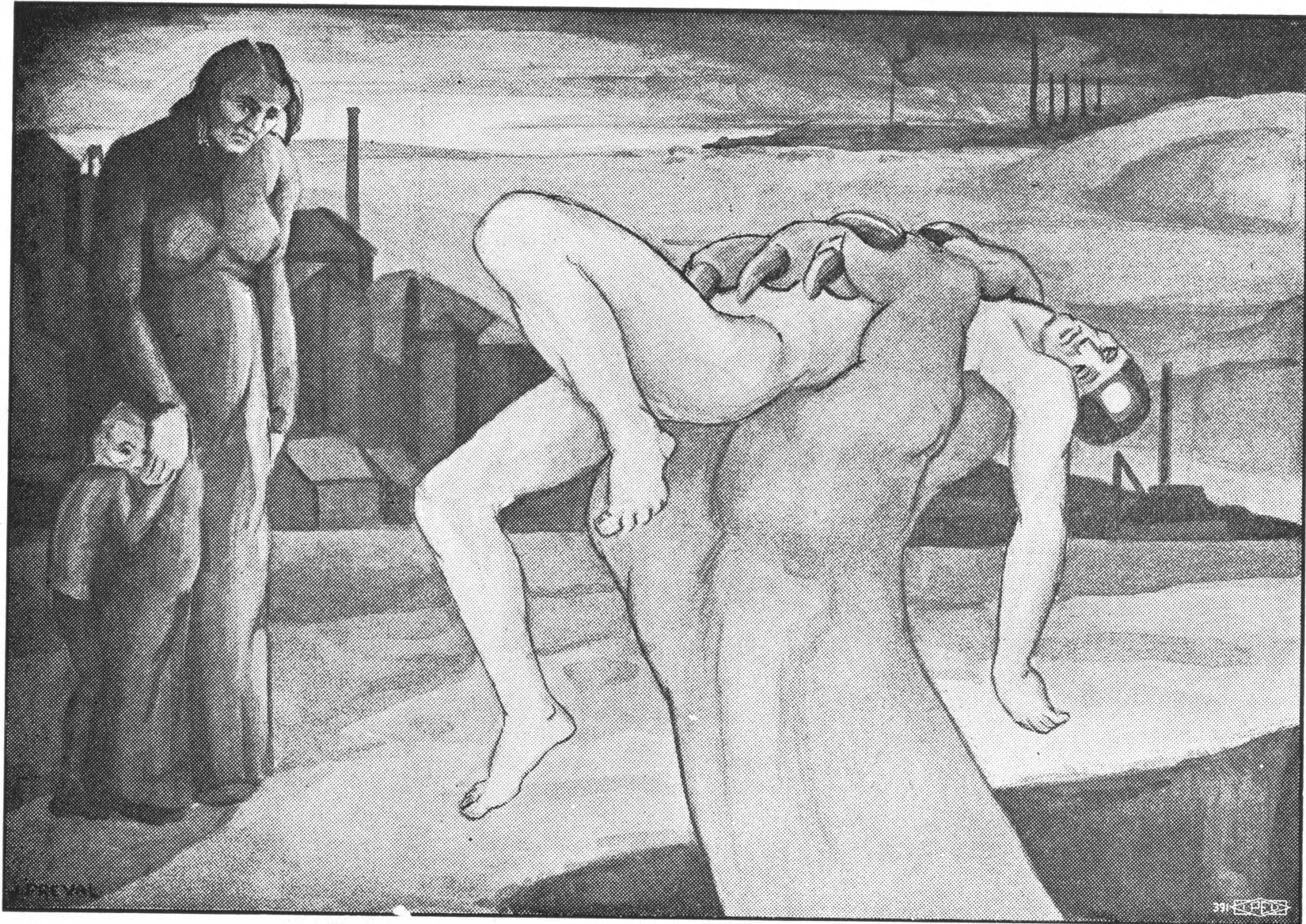
The Spirit of Peace in the Amalgamated  
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Feb. 9, 1926



**A Sacrifice to Greed**  
Fifty-one Miners Killed in Coal Mine Explosion.  
—By *Juanita Preval*

**THE WORKERS MONTHLY**  
April, 1925



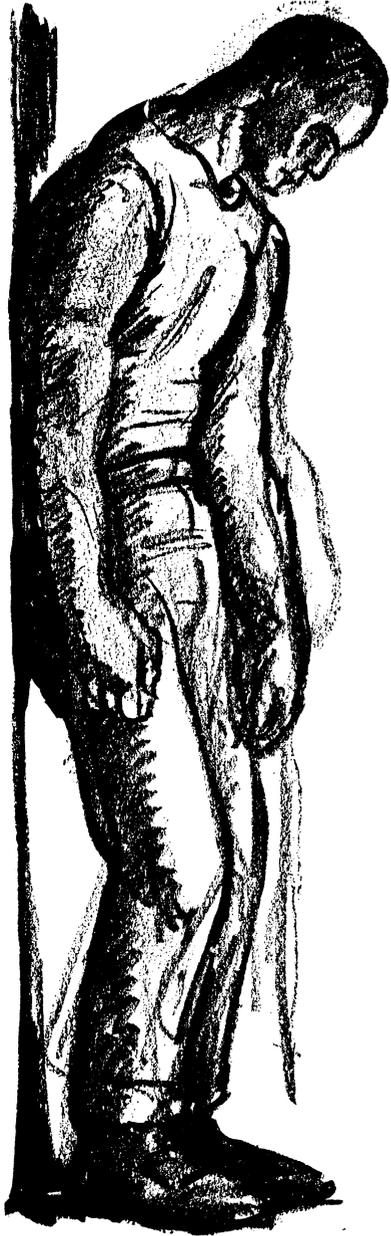
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April, 1925



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The DAILY WORKER  
Dec. 20, 1924



Discouragement  
—By Lydia Gibson

The DAILY WORKER  
Feb. 9, 1924



They Never Come Out Alive  
—By Wm. S. Fanning

The DAILY WORKER  
Feb. 13, 1926



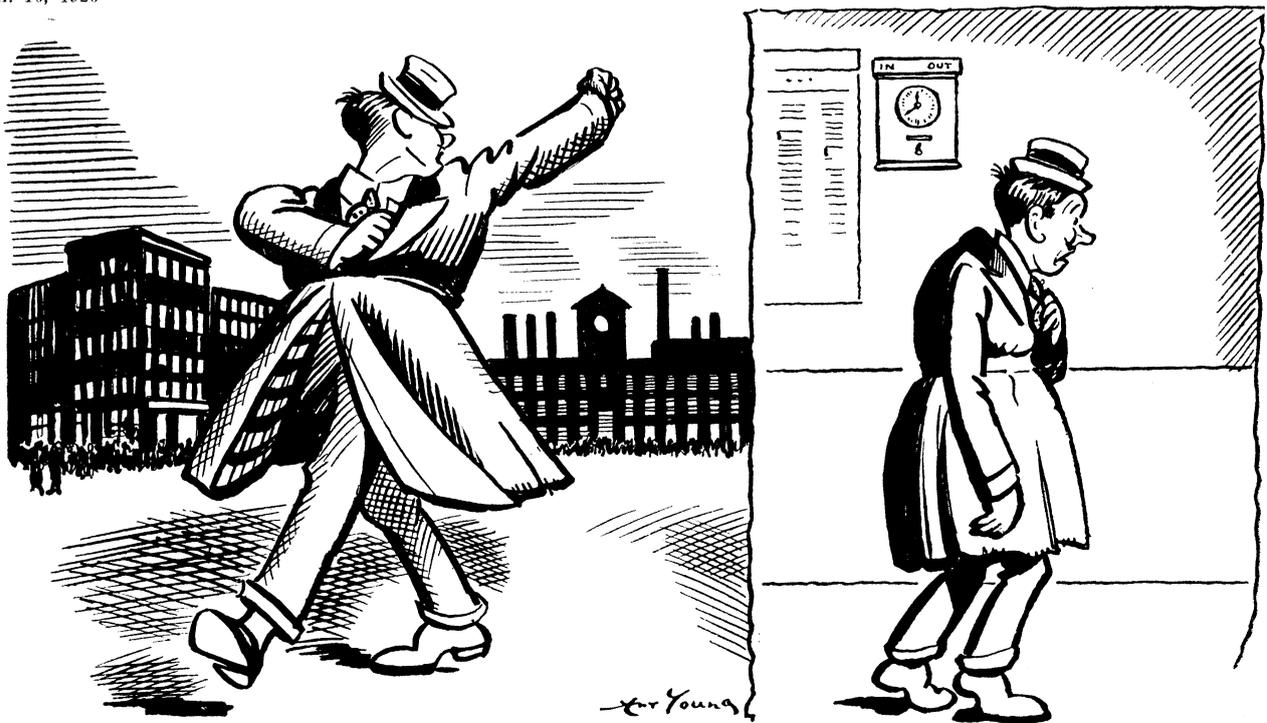
Symposium In a Cell—  
—A Sketch from *Life* by Maurice Becker

THE WORKERS MONTHLY  
February, 1925



The Dentist Will Get  
His Fingers Bitten  
—By Hay Bales

The DAILY WORKER  
Jan. 16, 1926



Saturday Night: He tells the Boss to go to Hell.

Monday Morning: He slinks back to work as  
Meek as can be.

The American Rebel  
—By Art Young

The DAILY WORKER  
Jan. 13, 1924



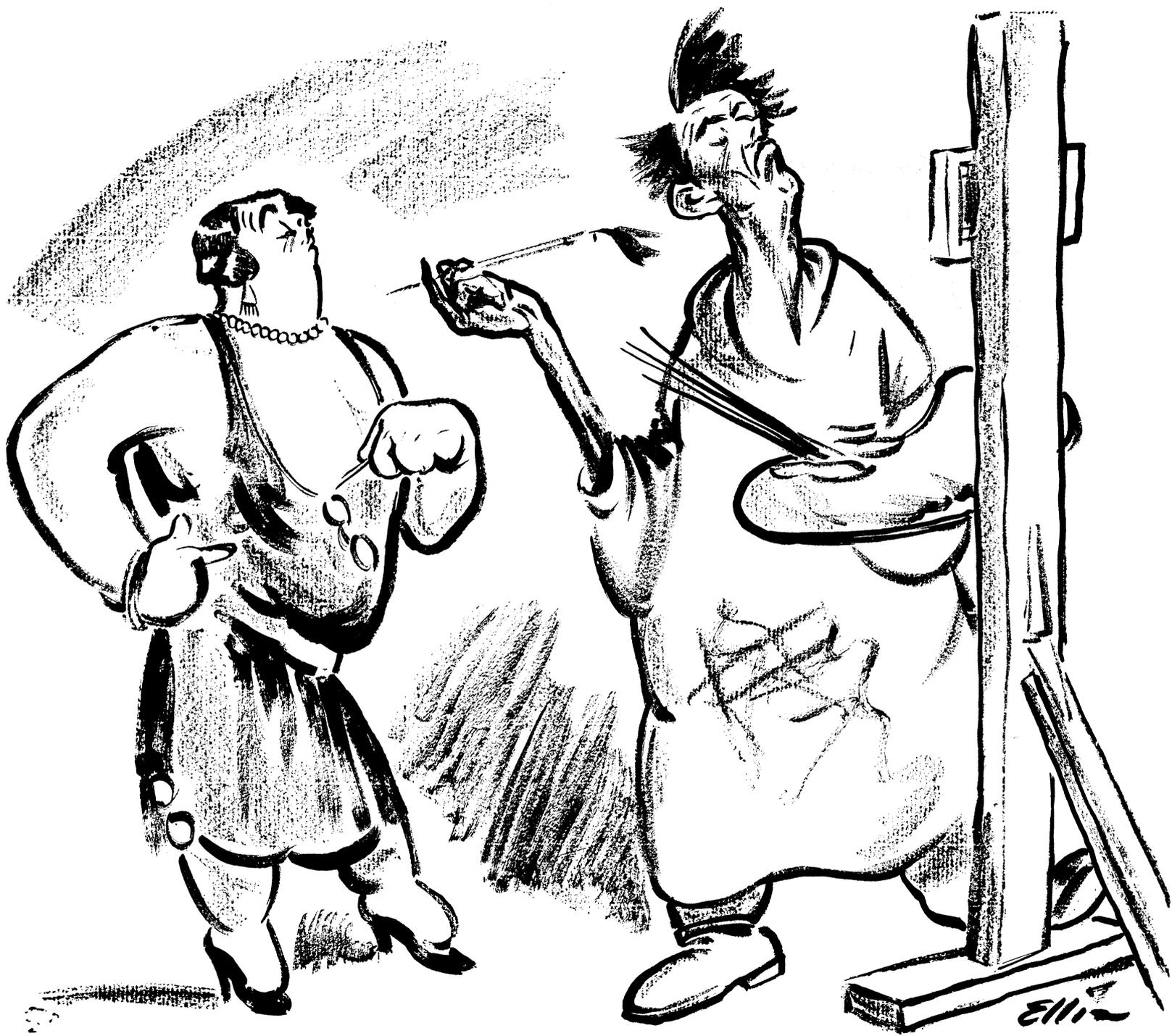
Clive Weed.

"I know what this Bolshevism means, Bill—It means us!"

—By Clive Weed

The DAILY WORKER

Jan. 29, 1926



—By Fred Ellis

The DAILY WORKER

Feb. 13, 1926

FINE LADY: "Are you artists Bourgeois or Proletarian?"

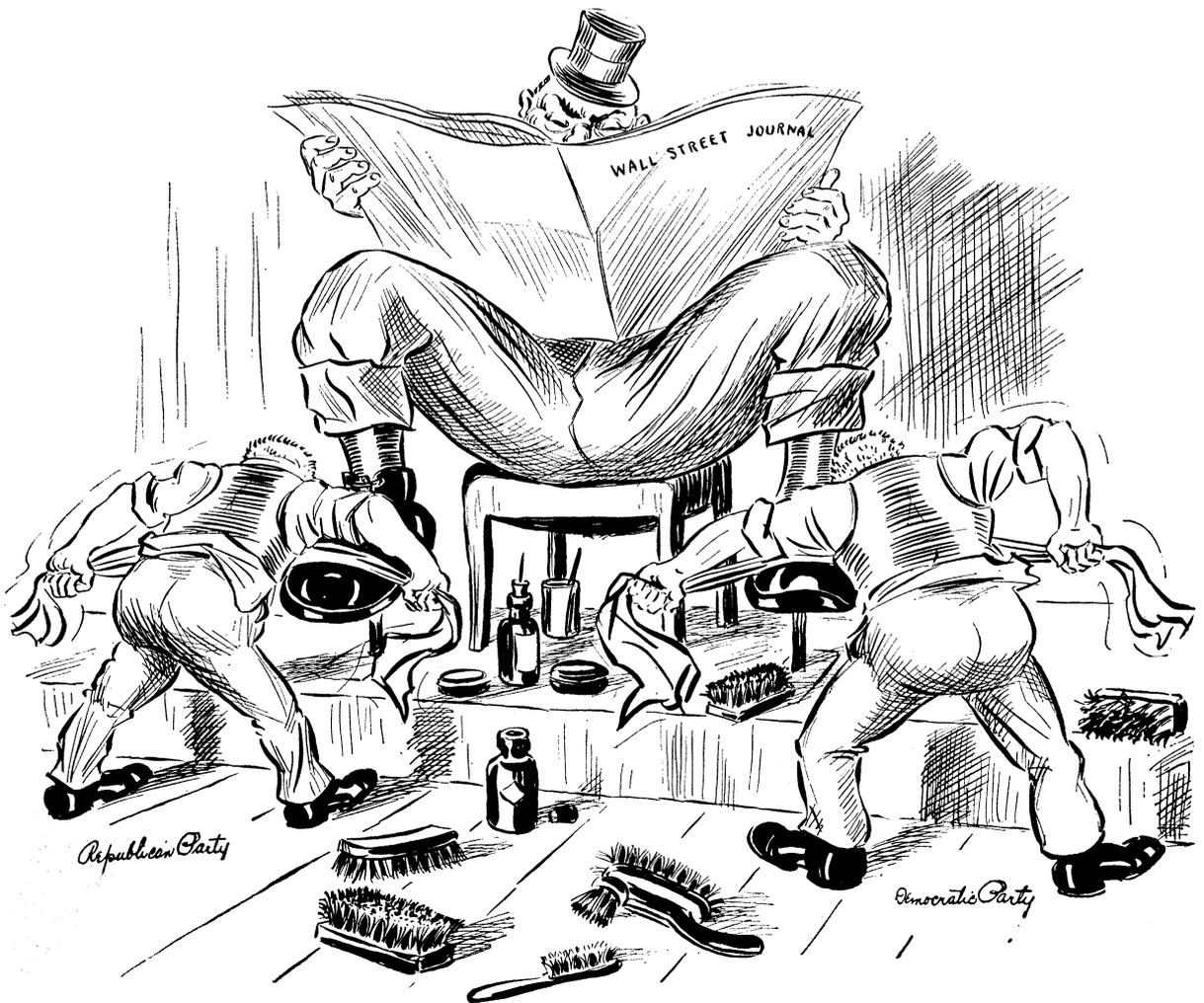
ARTIST: "Well, we try to hover between the pocketbook of the Bourgeois and the soul of the Proletarian."—LE RIRE

—By A. L. Pollock

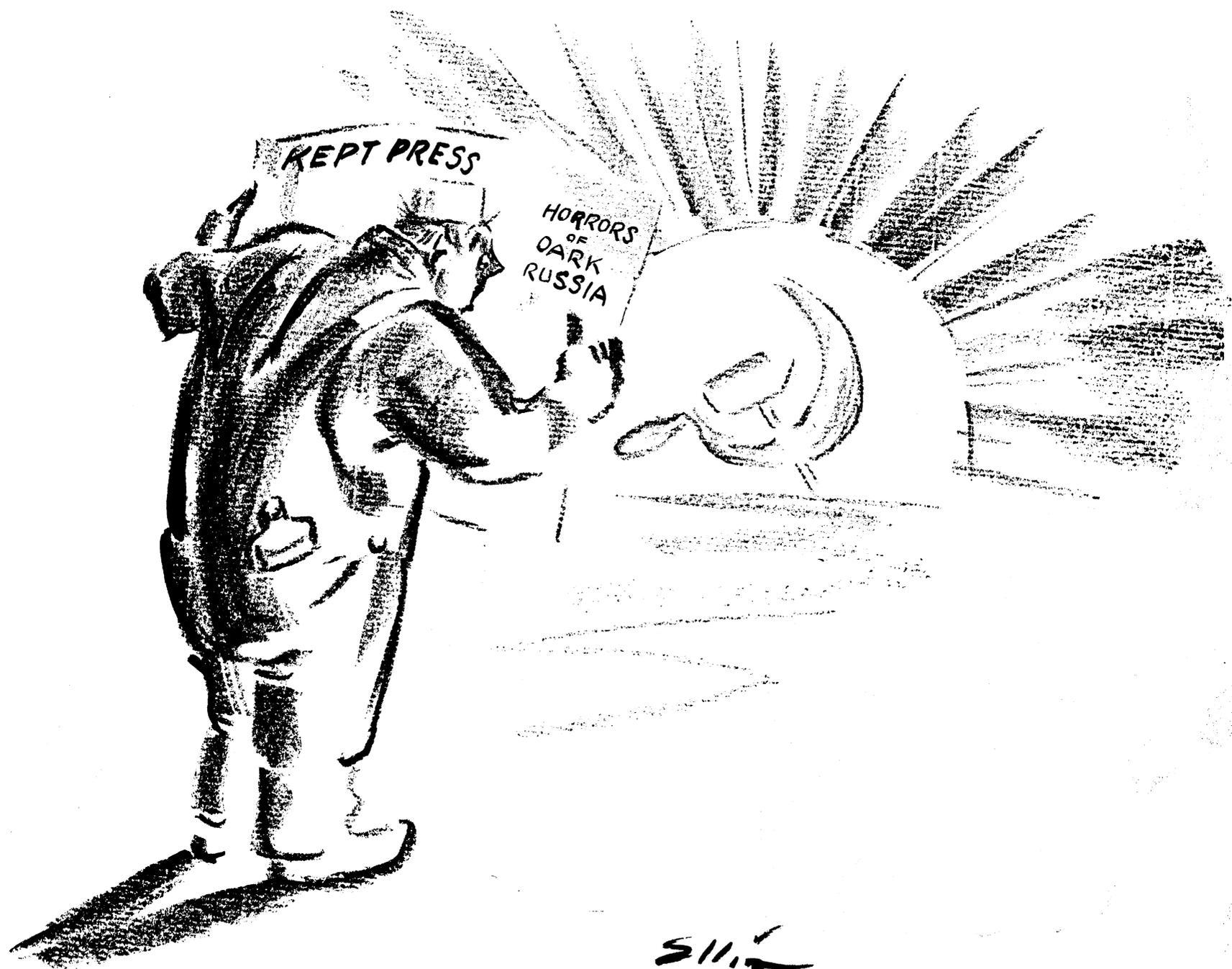
The DAILY WORKER  
Dec. 26, 1925



THE SLAVE TO HIS WIFE: "Mark on the wall how many shirts you wash an hour."  
THE WIFE: "Where do you get that stuff?"  
THE SLAVE: "I learnt it from Henry Ford."



Polishing Up the Iron Heel  
—By K. A. Suvanto  
The DAILY WORKER  
Feb. 26, 1926



Bury Your Head—Don't Look!  
—By Fred Ellis

The DAILY WORKER  
Feb. 13, 1926

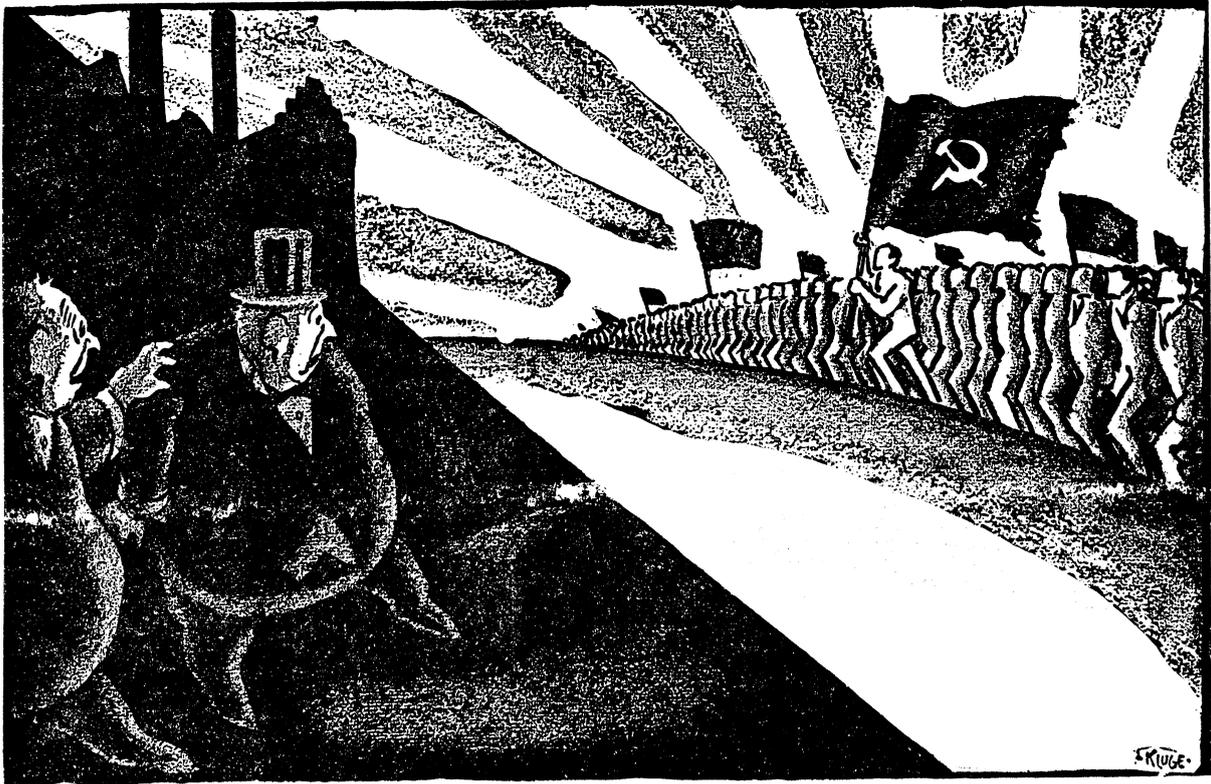


The Banker's Nightmare  
—By K. A. Suvanto  
The DAILY WORKER  
May 21, 1924



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CAPITALISM: "Hey, there, you're taking one-sixth of the world?"  
LABOR: "Yes, and the job's not finished yet!"  
—By Robert Minor

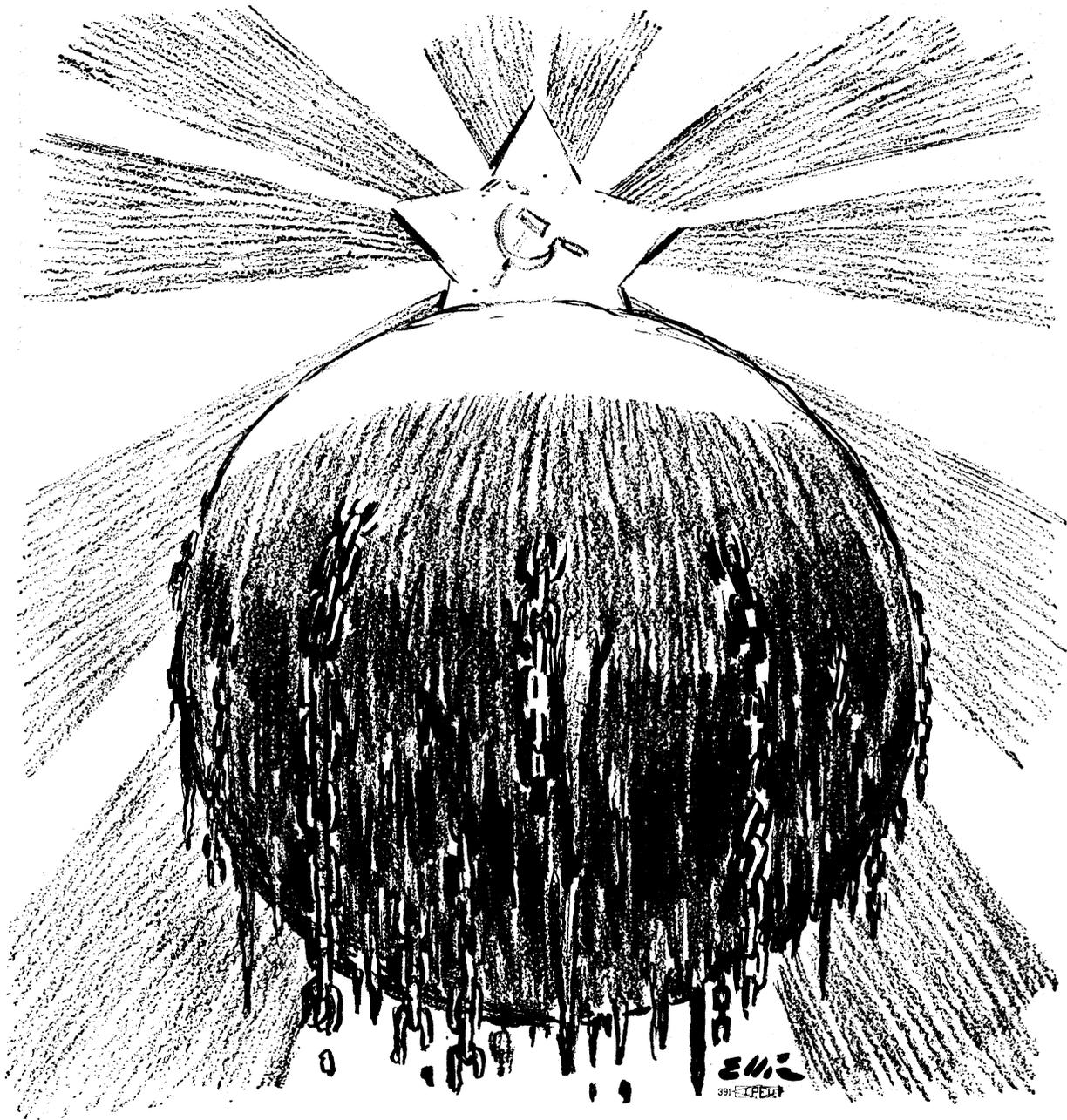
The DAILY WORKER  
April 26, 1924



The Fear of the Masters  
—By F. Kluge  
The DAILY WORKER



Yes, Mussolini—Red Guards!  
—By Robert Minor  
The DAILY WORKER  
Jan. 6, 1925

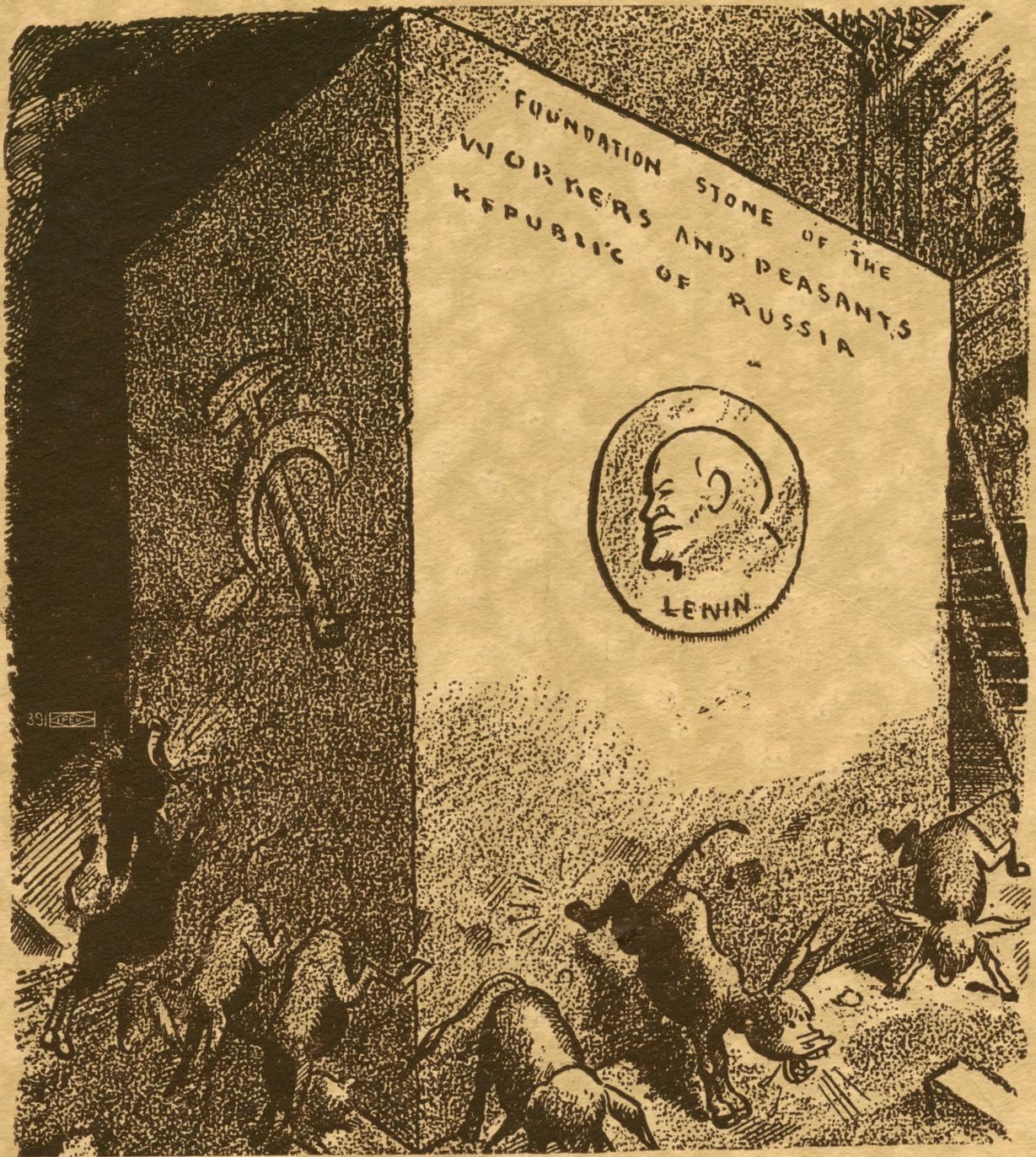


"A World to Gain"

—By Fred Ellis

The DAILY WORKER

March 5, 1925



A Pillar of Power  
—By Art Young

The DAILY WORKER  
March 5, 1924



G. Piccoli

—By G. Piccoli

THE WORKERS MONTHLY  
March, 1925