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THE RED PORTFOLIO.

CARTOONS FOR SOCIALISM

BY
RYAN WALKER, ART YOUNG,
WALTER CRANE, BALFOUR KER
AND OTHER CARTOONISTS

SELECTED FROM
THE COMING NATION
AND
APPEAL TO REASON

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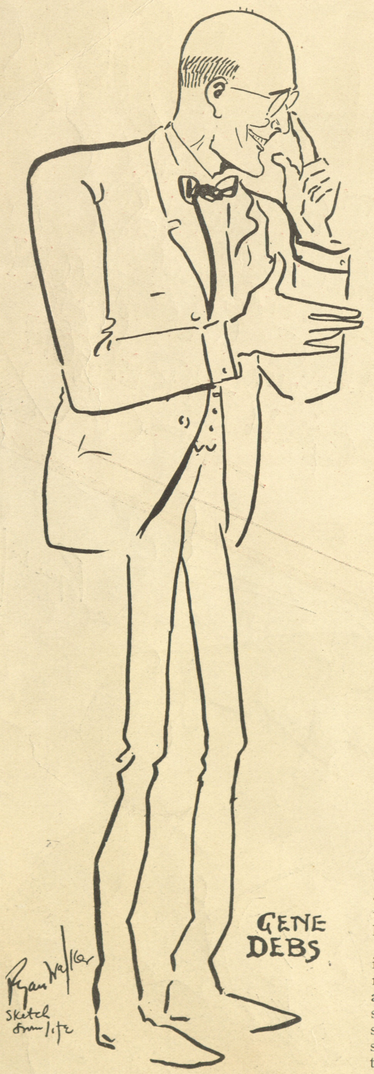
The Cartoonist and the Social Revolution

By Eugene V. Debs

THE word cartoon is rather vaguely and unsatisfactorily defined as a "study or design executed on strong paper, and of the size to be reproduced in fresco or tapestry; a pictorial sketch dealing with a political or social subject." This conveys but a meager idea of the cartoonist as an educator and agitator and the cartoon as a work of art.

Few people have any adequate conception of the cartoon as a factor in political agitation and social progress. Nast's cartoons had a powerful influence in moulding public sentiment and shaping the national destiny during the civil war. Since Nast's day there has been a steady development of the art, but few of its exponents have mastered it sufficiently to stamp upon it in distinct and ineffaceable letters the impress of their names. The reason for this period of seeming mediocrity is easily found. There has been no great national event since the civil war to stir to its depths the patriotism of the people and inspire their leaders and prophets to scale the heights of immortal achievement.



Cartooning, whether considered as an educational force or as an art, has advanced but slightly during the money-making period which followed the war between the states and the downfall of chattel slavery. The inspiration has been lacking. There is no moral idealism in the cornering of the market and the pursuit of private profit.

Great, masterful cartoonists must starve under sordid capitalism—or perforce prostitute their genius, as so many have done, to the base and vulgar ends of the masters of the bread.

It is true that in the fierce rivalry between capitalist parties in the heat of a national campaign for the spoils of office cartooning ability of a high order has been developed, but this has served to demonstrate the possibilities of the art rather than to satisfy the critical mind with these performances.

Cartooning capitalism is far more inspiring than capitalistic cartooning. Compare some of the weak, insipid, vulgar pictorial attacks upon Socialism in capitalist papers with the virile, gripping, masterful specimens of the art produced by such revolutionary artists as Ryan Walker, Art Young, Balfour Ker, Ward Savage and Walter Crane, in their terrific onslaughts upon the capitalist system and its regime of riches and squalor, money and misery, crime and corruption.

These are the young artists of the social revolution. Their every perception and touch has the divine quality of inspiration, and they are rising grandly to supremacy and exaltation.

I have before me as I write a cartoon—it is something so much more than that—by the opulently-gifted Ryan Walker. It is on war and tells the gruesome, gory story from the lure of buoyant enlistment to the fatal hour of butchery and the final scene of a ghastly skull with its eyeless sockets and bleaching bones in a nameless grave. This piece of work is supreme art. It is immortal. It could not have been produced for pay. It leapt white-hot from a soul that abhors war because of its passionate love for humanity.

This cartoon, this masterly portrayal of the revolting horror and unspeakable agony of "civilized warfare," tells its frightful story at a glance. It requires no study and no interpretation. It is a terrible picture flashed upon the mind and can never be forgotten. A school child pauses before it, shudders, and understands. Its stern and compelling protest and its profound and solemn warning appeal alike to young and old, poor and rich, ignorant and learned. All are alike halted, shocked, and sent forth loathing war and abominating its crimes and horrors. A score of pages of the most graphic writing could not be so effective.

This is the cartoon at the high tide of inspiration. It is one of the most subtle of educational forces. Its evolution has been slow under capitalism, but is being rapidly accelerated with the growth of Socialism. The true art of the untrammelled cartoonist is now being developed and he will be one of the most inspiring factors in the propaganda of the revolution.

No more is the cartoonist compelled to prostitute his genius and traffic in his art. The prizes of capitalism no longer tempt him; its chains of dependence no longer hold him captive. The social revolution fires his blood and he eagerly seizes its opportunities to develop his art and ennoble himself in the service of humanity.

The revolution is still in its youth and yet the social cartoonist, incarnating its spirit and flashing forth its message, has arrived. Already he has won distinction, but he is still in the boyhood of his achievement. His is the social conscience, the social sense of duty, the social love and the social inspiration, and his the thrillingly joyous and self-imposed task to redeem the art of pictorial appeal from gross and sordid commercialism and consecrate it to the cause of freedom and the service of humanity.

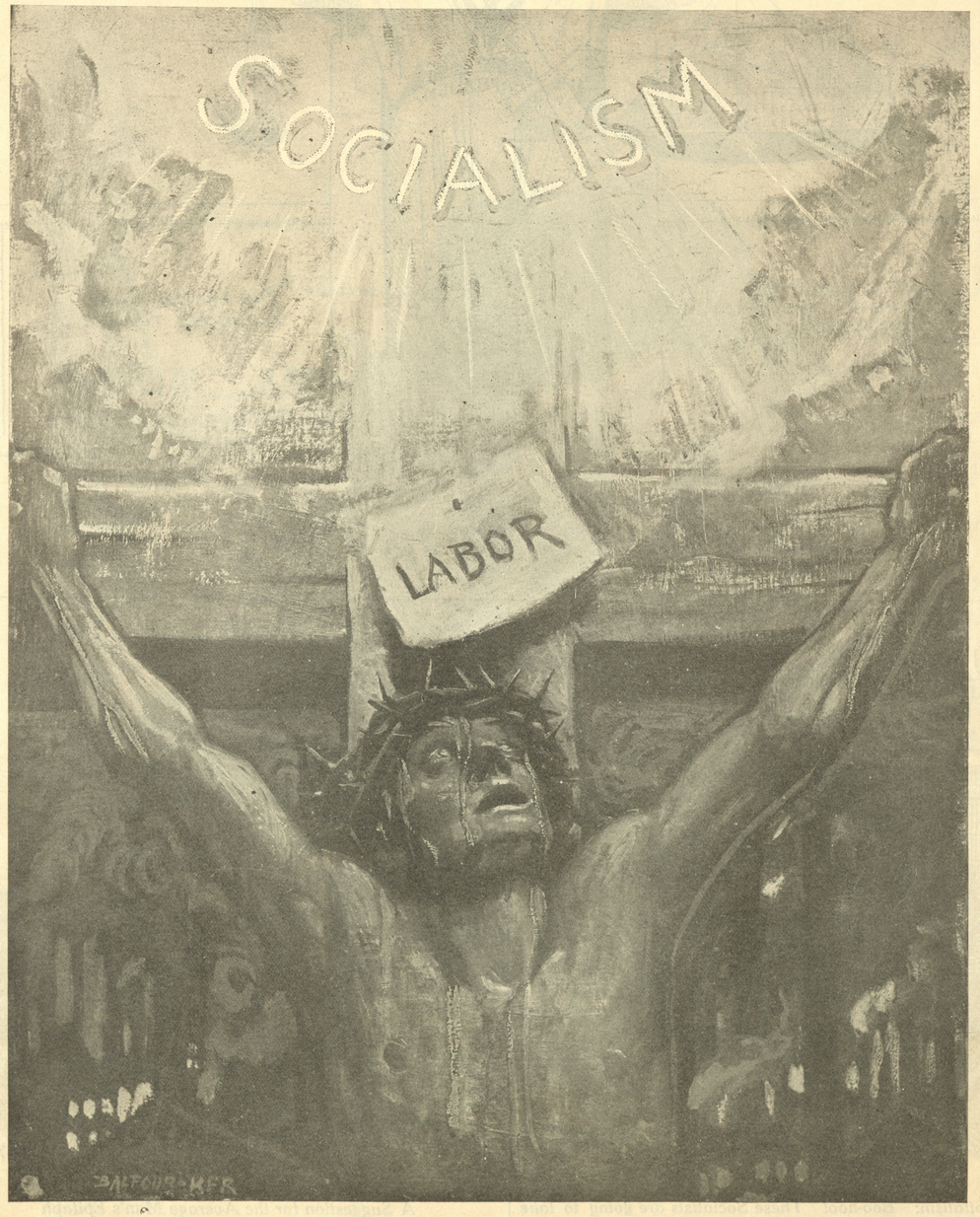
THE RED PORTFOLIO

Cartoons for Socialism

FROM COMING NATION AND APPEAL TO REASON

RYAN WALKER, ART YOUNG. WALTER CRANE, BALFOUR KER AND OTHERS

INTRODUCTION BY EUGENE V. DEBS AND "CRUCIFIXION OF LABOR" BY A. M. SIMONS



The Crucifixion of Labor — Painted by Balfour Ker

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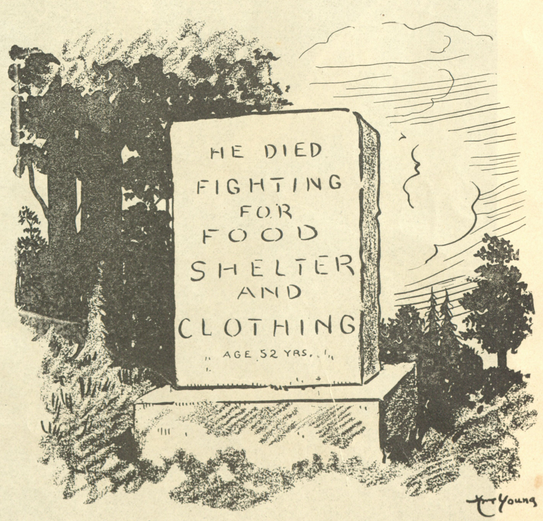
The Capitalist's Idea of Perfect Justice

Capitalism: Boo-hoo! These Socialists are going to take all my property away from me!



A Suggestion for the Average Man's Epitaph

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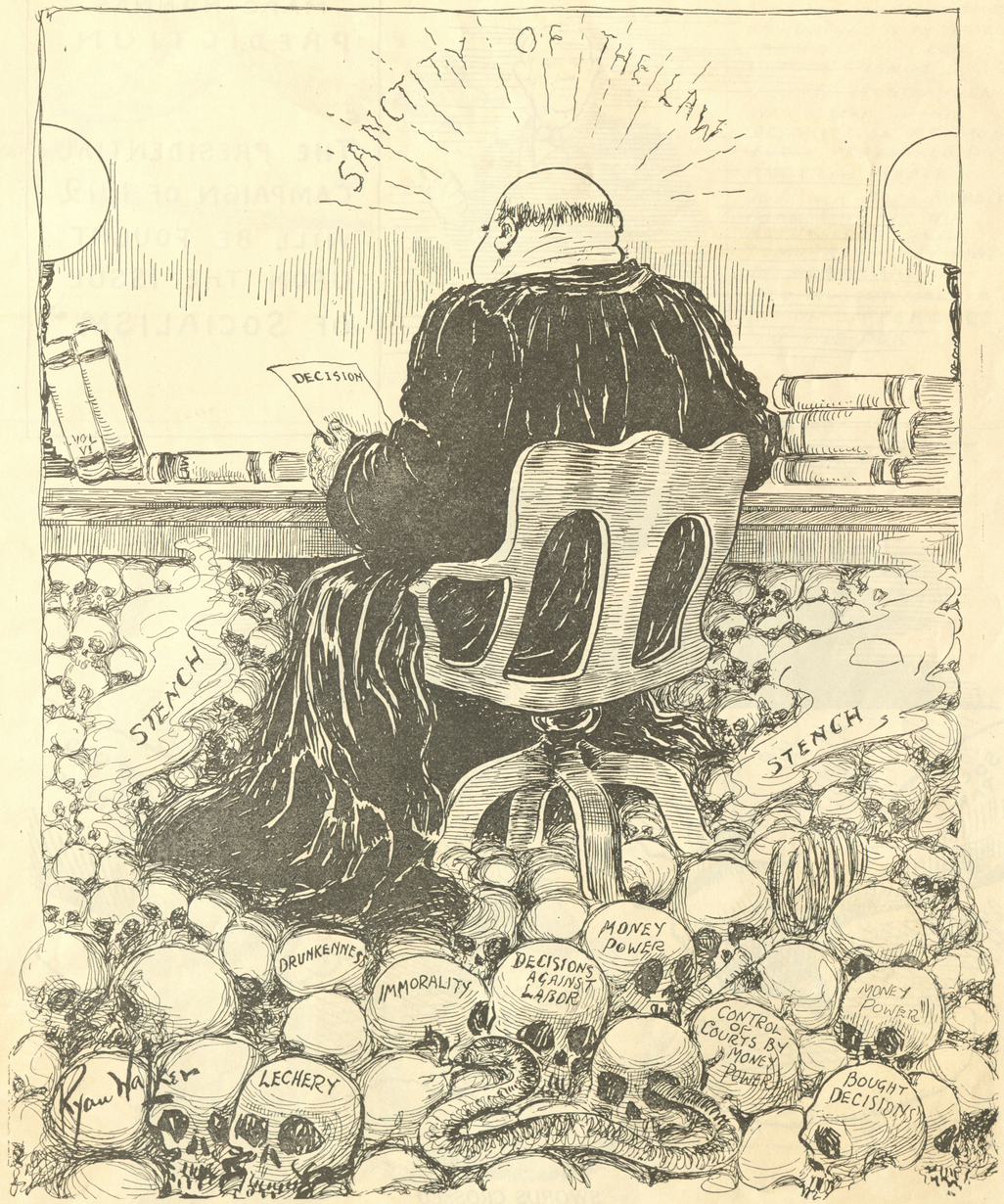
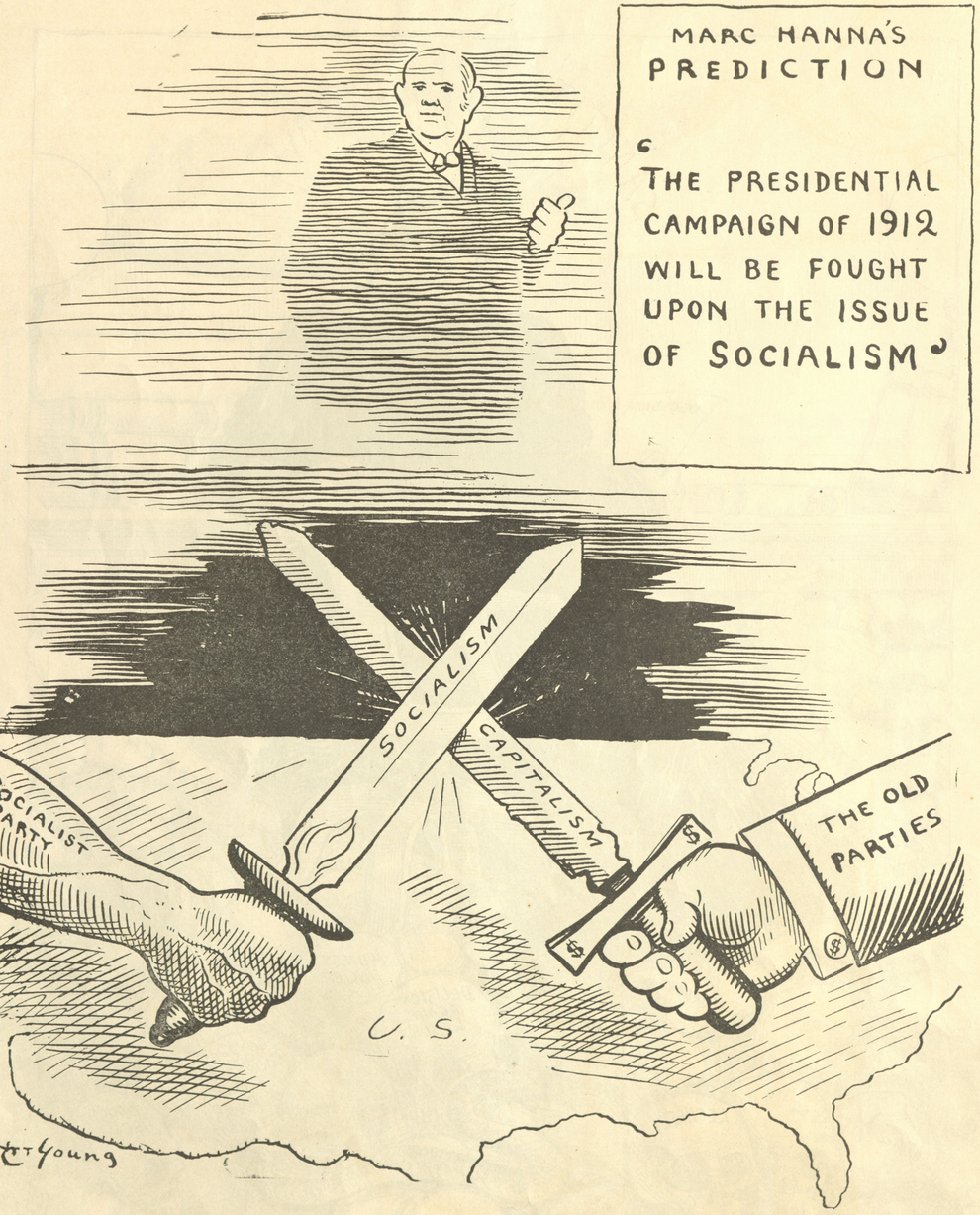


Our Judiciary--A whited sepulchre filled with dead men's bones

MARC HANNA'S PREDICTION

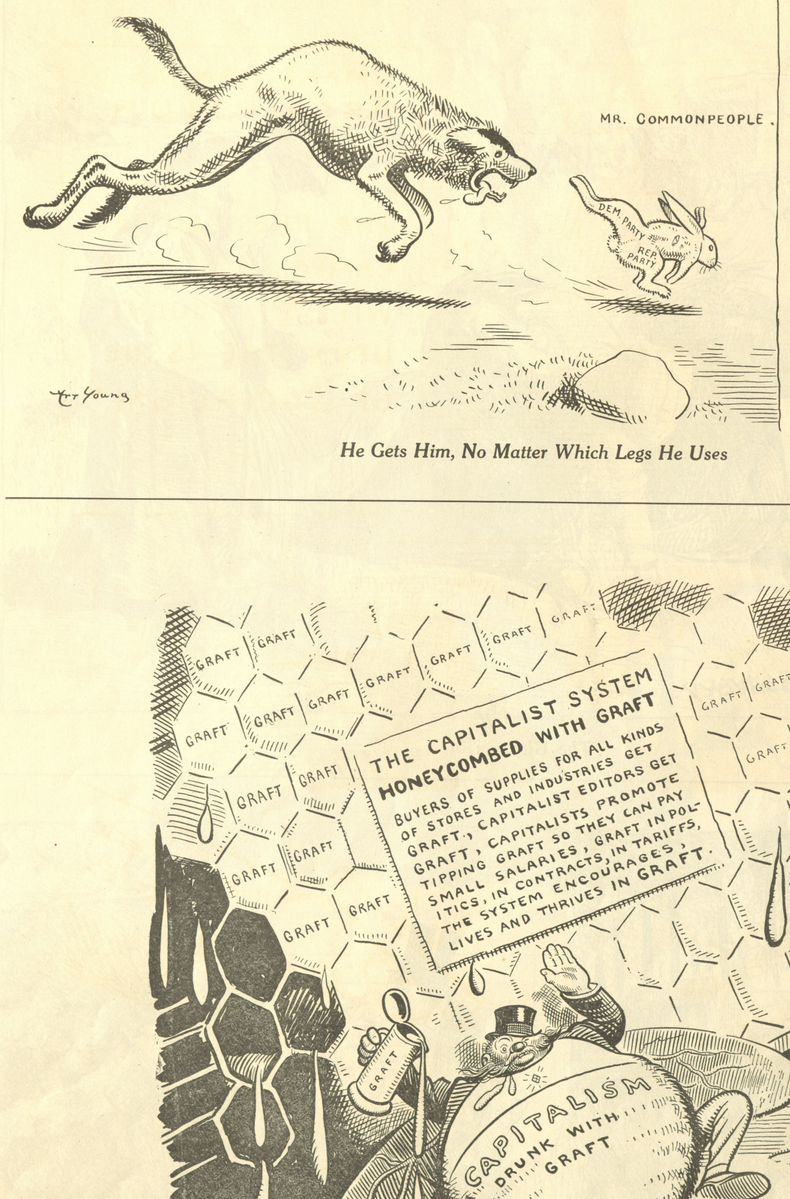
"THE PRESIDENTIAL CAMPAIGN OF 1912 WILL BE FOUGHT UPON THE ISSUE OF SOCIALISM"



SWORDS CROSSED

Mark Hanna was not a particularly wise man but he blundered on a truth when he made the above prediction. ¶ The old parties have openly combined in cities like Milwaukee to fight Socialism. In the nation they will not openly make alliance, but standing as they do for practically the same things, the shibboleth will be, "Take one of us or get Socialism." Capitalism or Socialism that is the issue! The sparks are beginning to fly.

THE MONEY POWER OF AMERICA



He Gets Him, No Matter Which Legs He Uses

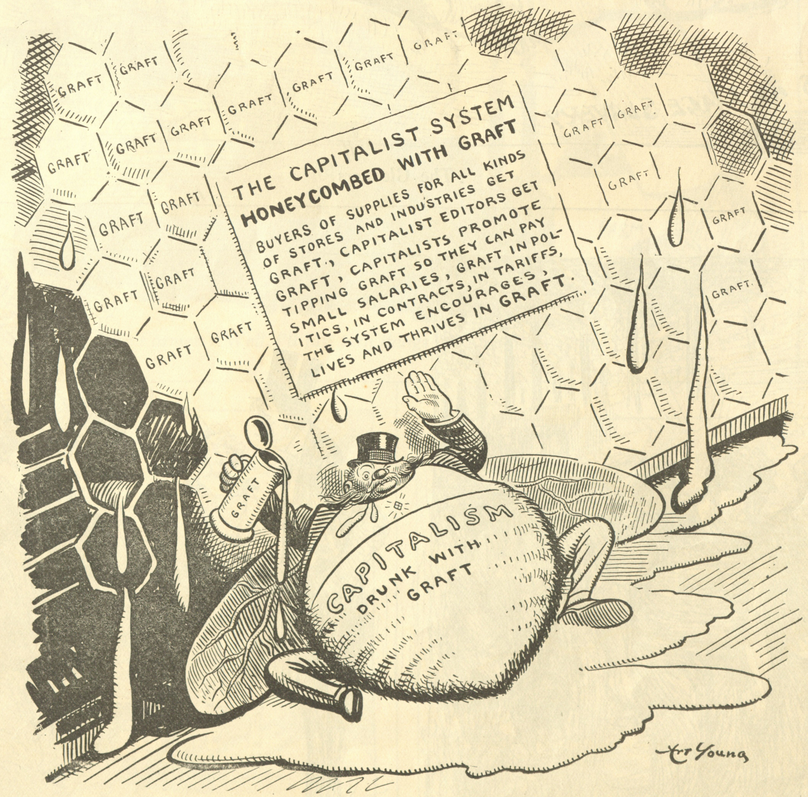
ALWAYS ON THE RUN.

BARON MUNCHAUSEN DESCRIBES A RABBIT THAT HAS LEGS ON ITS BACK, SO WHEN IT TIRES OF RUNNING WITH THOSE UNDERNEATH IT CAN HAVE A CHANGE.

'THOUGH MUNCHAUSEN WAS A LIAR, IN THIS DESCRIPTION HE TRUTHFULLY PORTRAYED THE AMERICAN PEOPLE.

JUST NOW BRER RABBIT IS RUNNING ON HIS REPUBLICAN LEGS, TOMORROW THEY MAY BE DEMOCRATIC.

BUT IT DONT MAKE A BIT OF DIFFERENCE TO THE DOG.



The Busy Bee is alarmed for fear "Socialism will create vast opportunities to graft"

The Gleaners

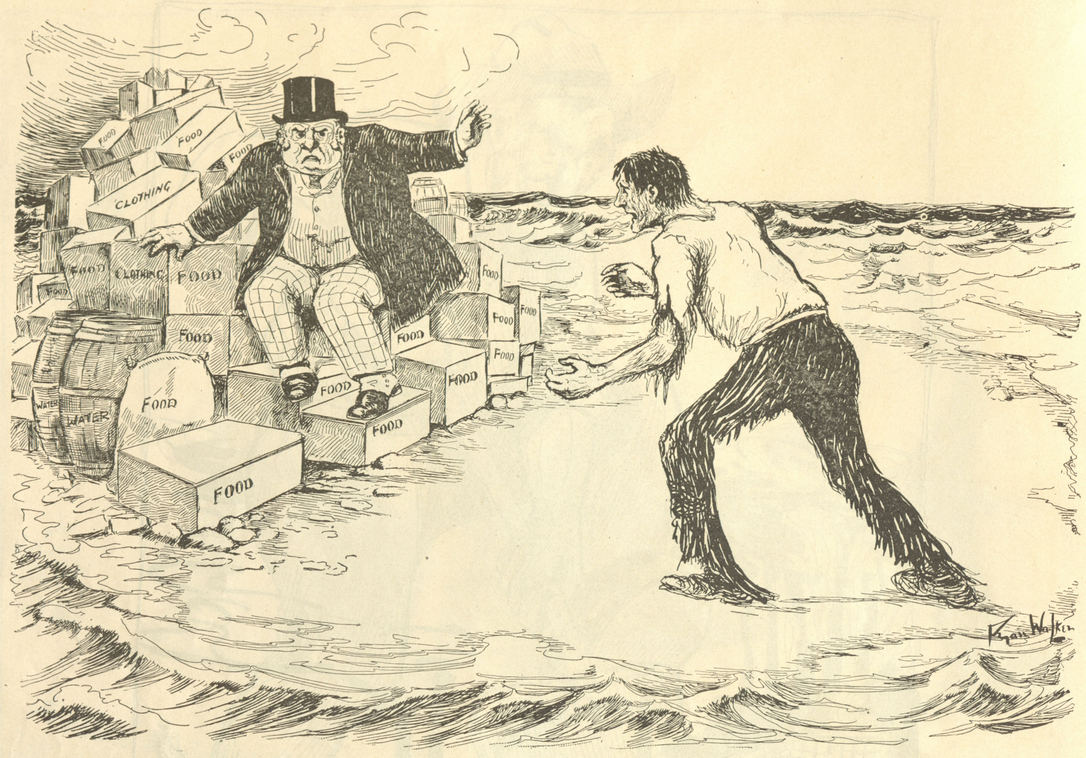
Toilers and—

Broilers

The Farmer: "Well, I'll just turn things over with this spade."

The Merry Milk Man

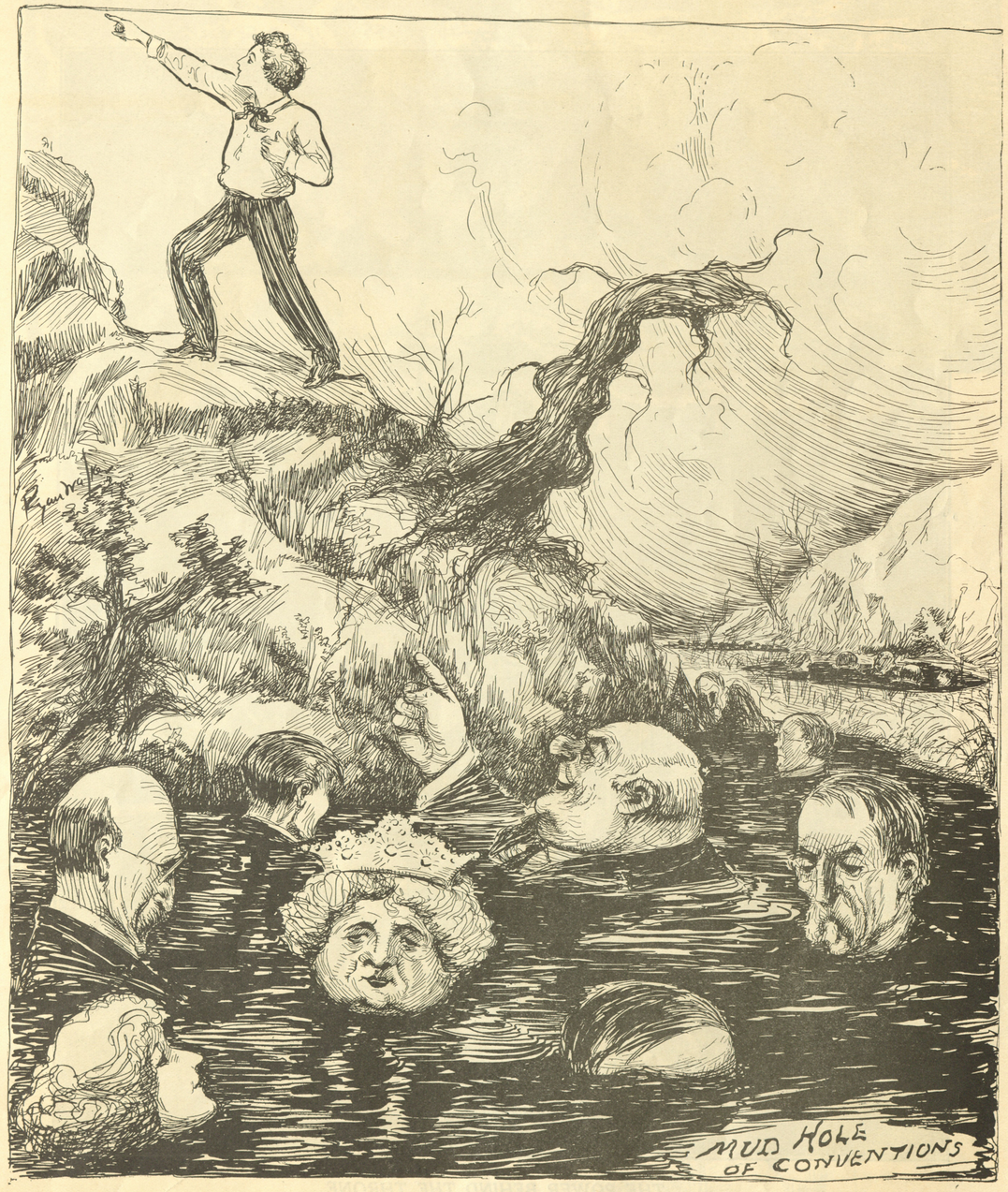
Uneasy Dreams



Under the Circumstances, What Would You Do?

The Law Makers

Dreaming of the Future



The Idealist

THE POWER BEHIND THE THRONE

Dawn of Socialism

Cave Man and Rave Man

Graduation Day

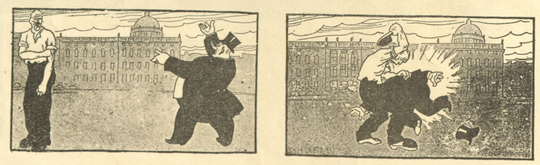
When a new idea tries to get through the school door

How to Kill Socialism

Gaeat Brains are Busy, Judging from the Newspapers

New York, April 20, 1912.---Giovanni Pileuppi, a banker of this city, says something must be done at once to keep Socialism from taking deep root in American soil. He would stop immigration; "The desirable people no longer come to America." Pileuppi came to this country in 1889. He says since that date we have been getting nothing but the "scum of Europe."

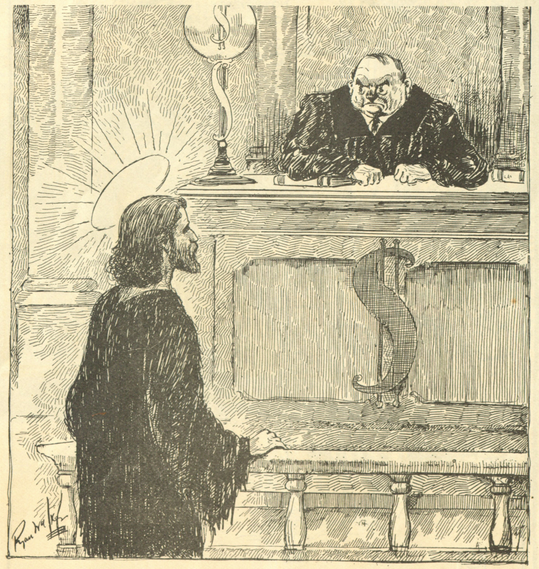
Mounted.



Direct Action

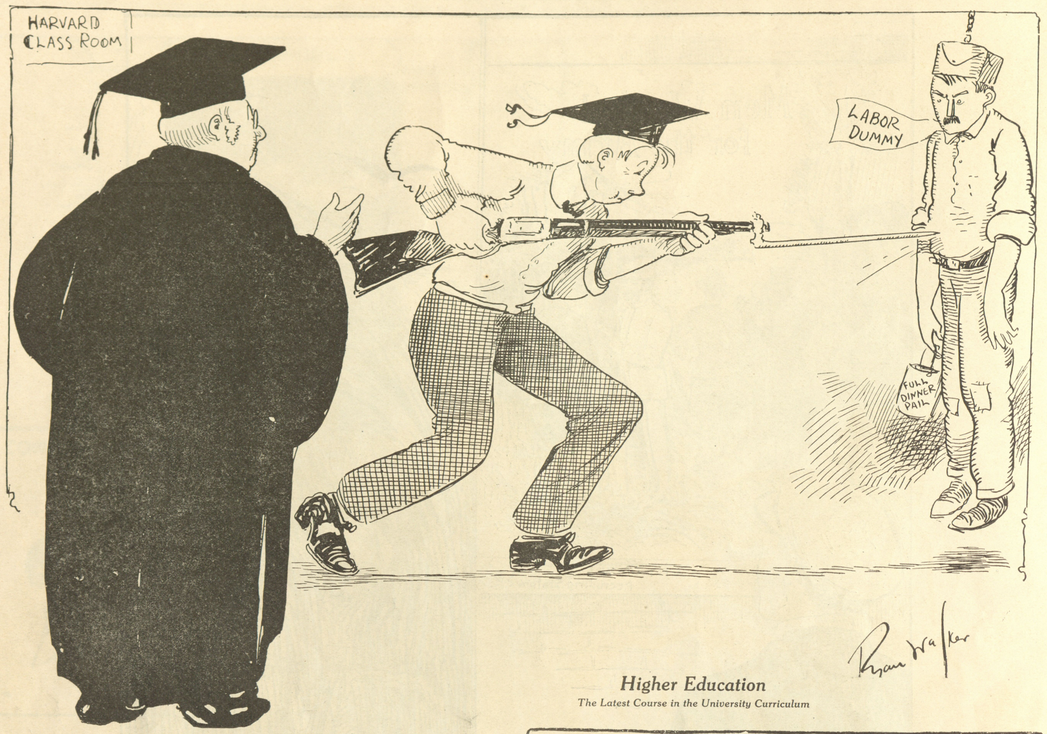
The Promise and—

The Fulfiillment



What Would His Chances be in a Court of Today

"The Future is the Children's Heritage"



Higher Education

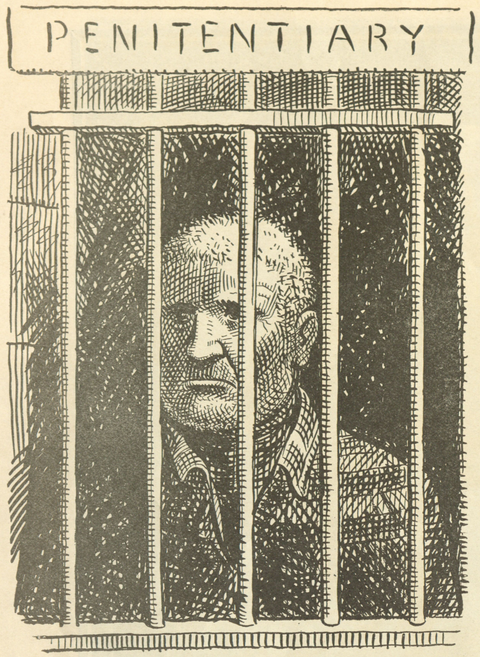
The Latest Course in the University Curriculum

Sentenced to Life

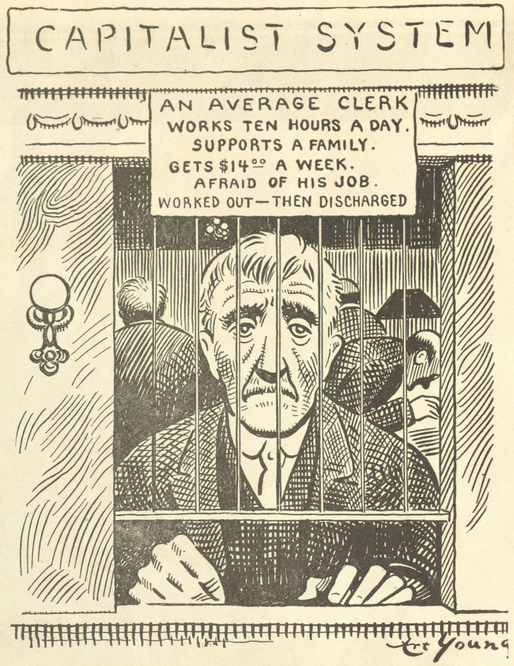
The New Magna Charta Signed by This King John

Driven from Eden

Painted by Balfour Ker



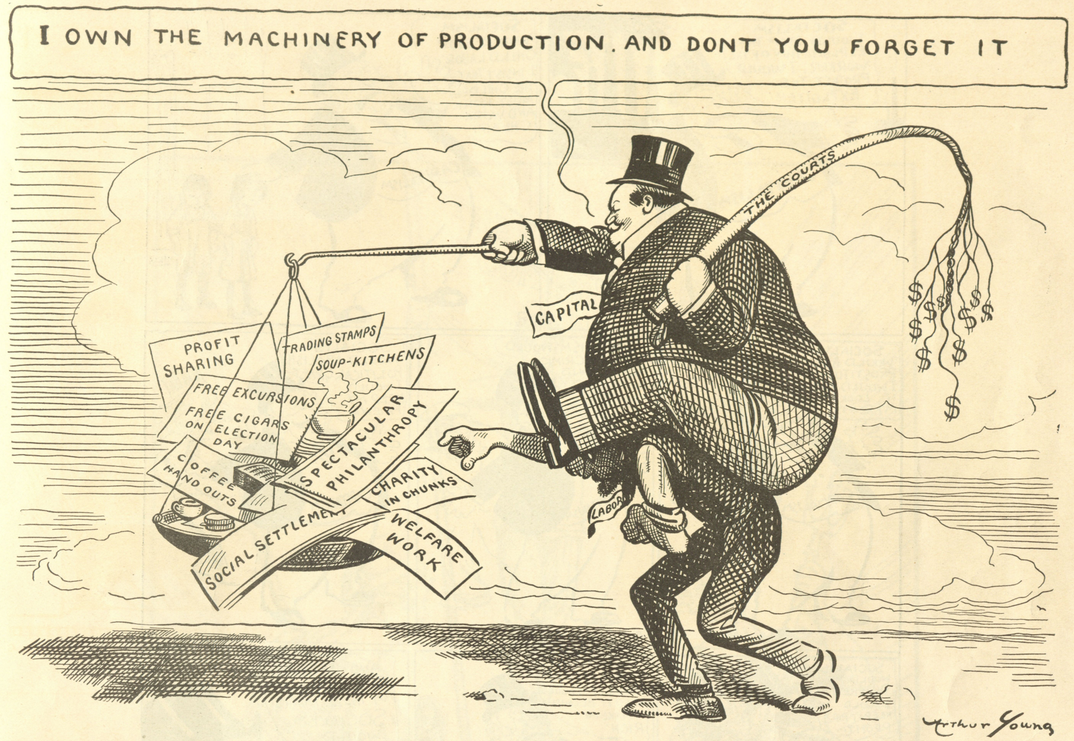
He is in jail and knows it



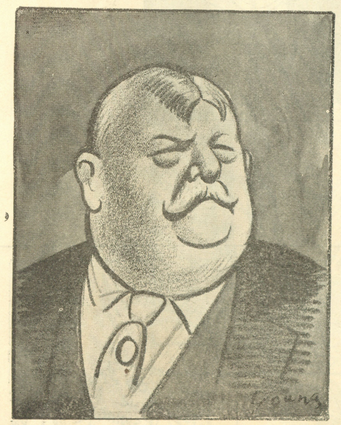
He is in jail and dosen't know it

John D. Stays Close to His Original Family Tree

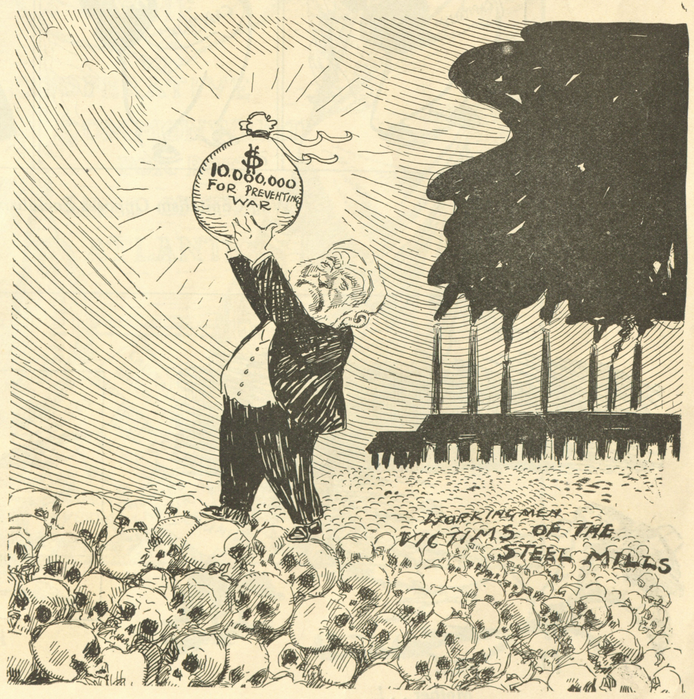
Where it Goes



How to Kill Socialism



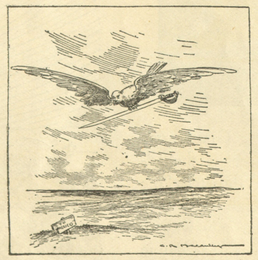
Chicago, Illinois.---John H. Grabb, one of Chicago's wealthiest citizens, sees in the advance of Socialism a menace that threatens "the very foundation of our social fabric." In a speech last night he said: "The only way to offset it, is to have labor at-homes---one day in the week set apart when the producing class will be welcome at the home of the capitalist that they may look at the beautiful things they have produced.



A Peace Offering

Why Capitalism Opposes Socialism

Mother . . !

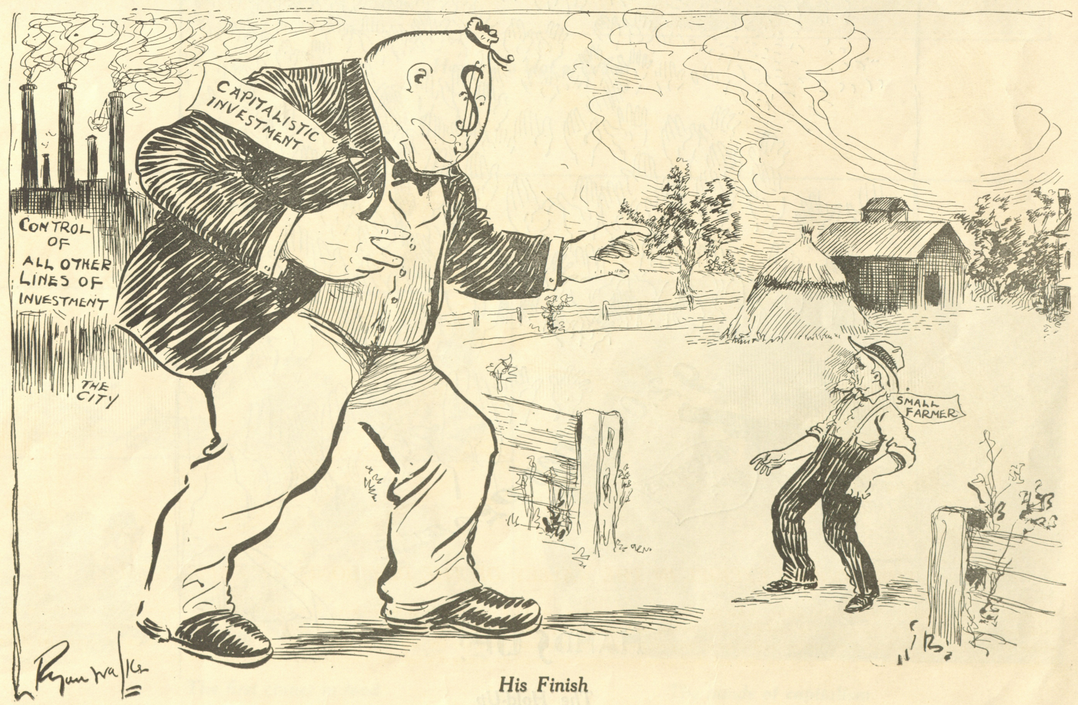


Peace!

THE MODERN EZEKIEL IN THE VALLEY OF THE DRY BONES OF CAPITALISM

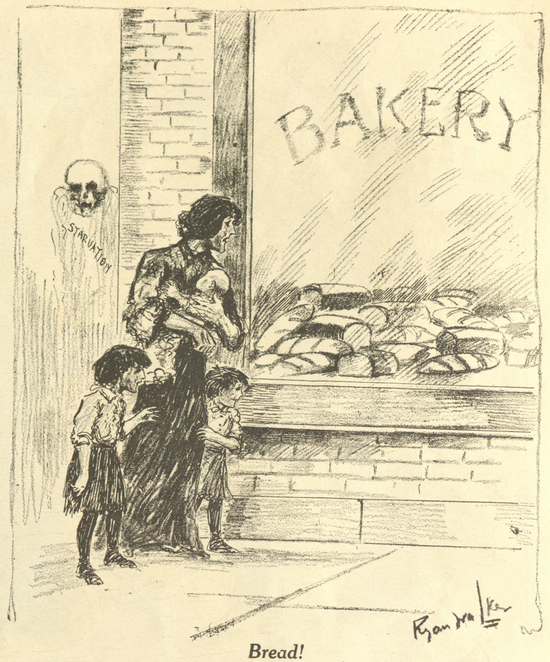
Capitalism has made the world a Valley of Dry Bones. It has taken the spirit of life and joy out of the very existence of the workers. It has laid its paralyzing touch upon our literature, our art, our amusements, our politics, and the whole round of social life, and left nothing but a rattling of dry bones. It left the workers dead and without hope. Into this Valley of Dry Bones Socialism comes with a message of life. It touches the bones of the workers, sucked dry by the profit vampires, and those bones spring into life and revolt and enter into the joy of battle for freedom. It touches the dry bones of Art and Literature and Politics, and new beauty and ideas and ideals spring into existence and herald the coming of a new day when there shall be more abundant life for all.

Stop!

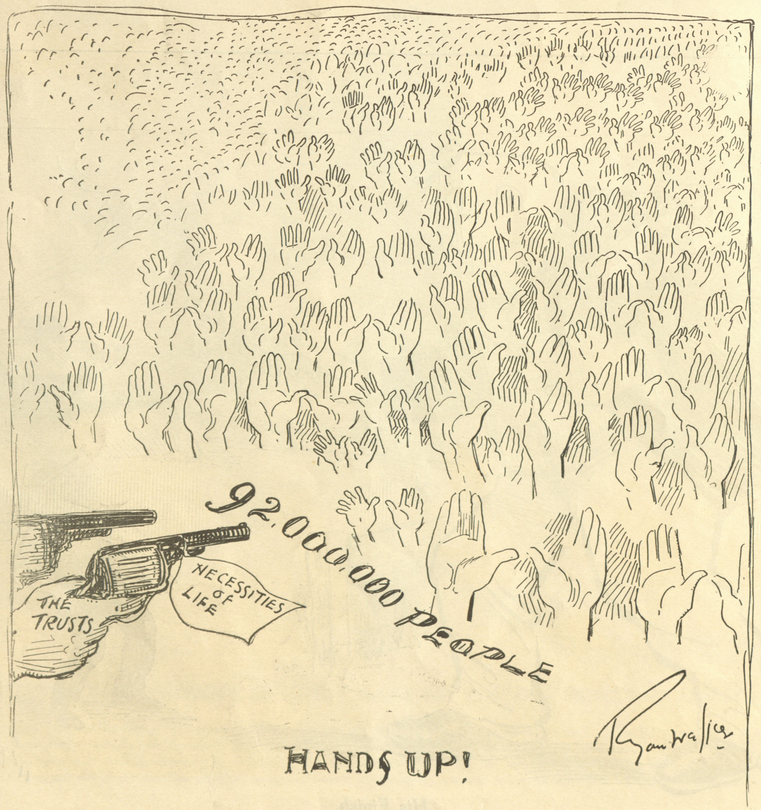


His Finish

"The Sower" by Millet



Bread!

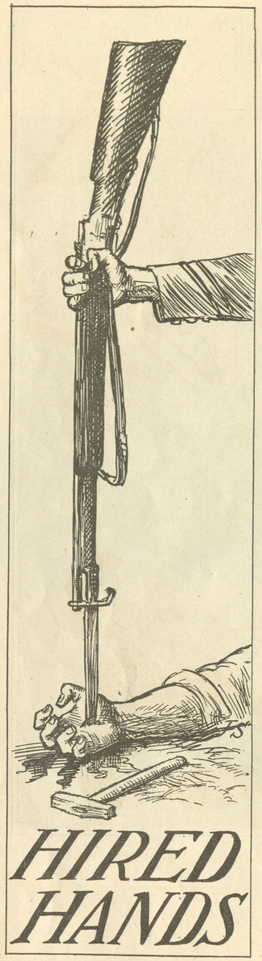


The Hold-Up

He stole a loaf of bread

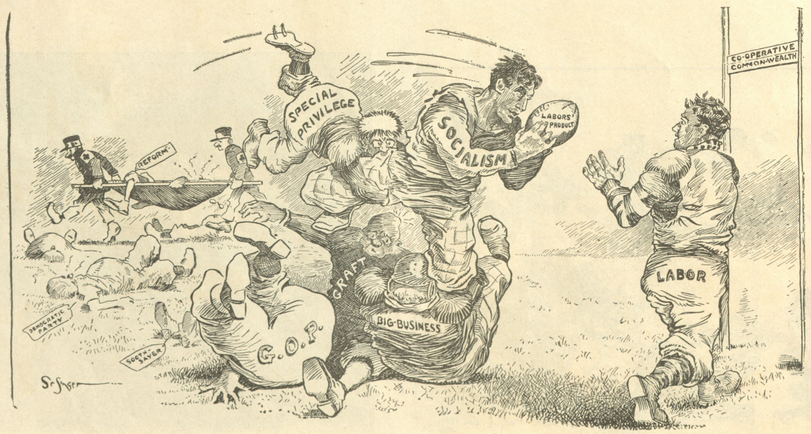
The first corner in food

The hands of capitalism

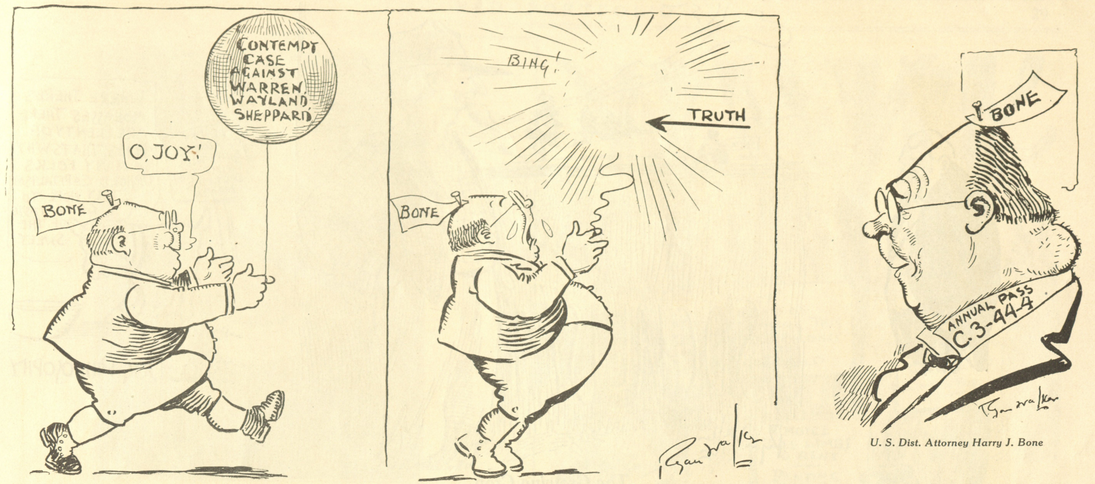


—From "War What For"

The Protector

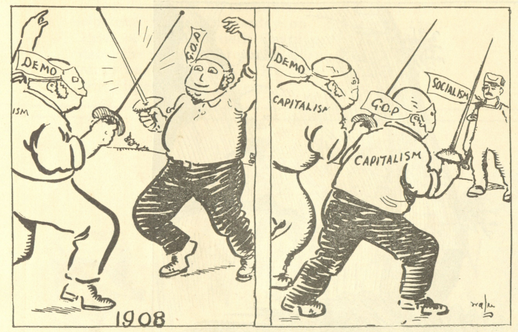


The Victor

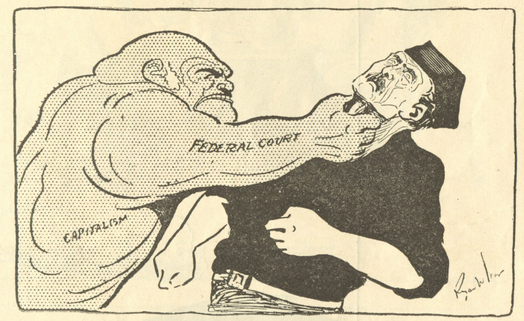


U. S. Dist. Attorney Harry J. Bone

BUSTED



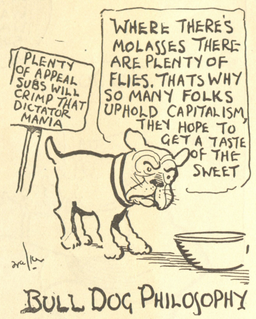
Then and Now



The Strong Arm of Capitalism

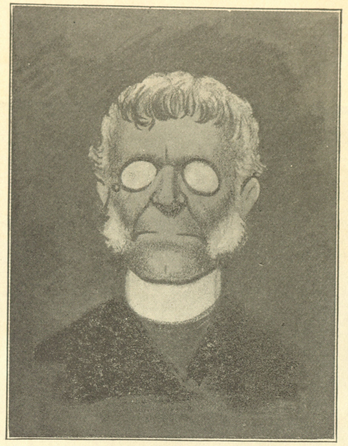
The hopeful middle class

The Growing Crop



BULL DOG PHILOSOPHY

The Bird of Prey



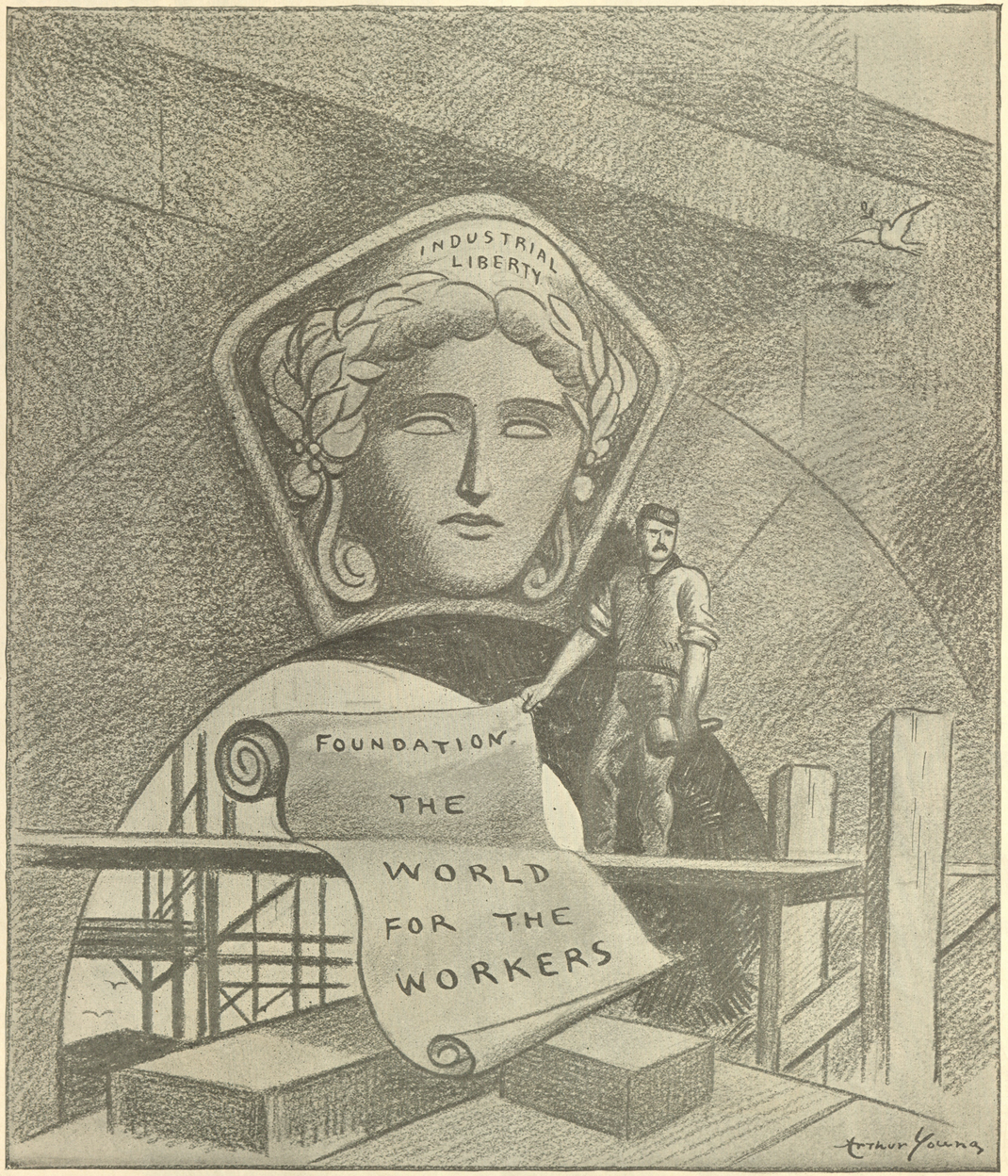
How to Kill Socialism

Denver, Colo.—The Reverend A. Goodboy—a local minister of prominence—preached an eloquent sermon yesterday on "Socialism, the Peril of the Twentieth Century." He advocates the seizure and public burning of all literature on the subject. He says "Socialists are wild, intemperate talkers."

The First Landlord

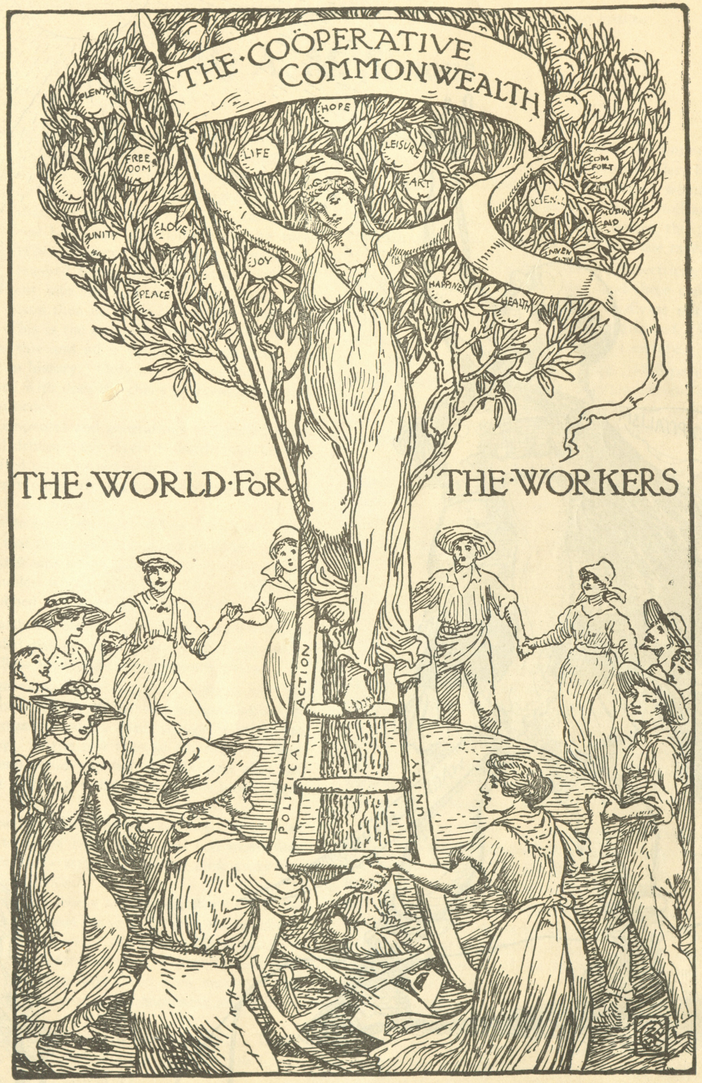
—From War—What For"

The Finish



BUILDING THE NEW NATION

Socialists may disagree as to details—but all are agreed on the foundation and keystone



The Modern Joshua Commanding the Sun to Stand Still

The Crucifixion of Labor

SUGGESTED BY THE PAINTING BY BALFOUR KER REPRODUCED ON THE FIRST PAGE OF THIS VOLUME

By A. M. Simons

THE great tragedy of the ages, which art, literature and religion have touched their highest points in symbolizing is the crucifixion of labor. This tragedy is older than written history or the tales that run back into the twilight of the race. When history was scratched upon uncrushed bones in Neanderthal caves, or cut into the rocks of Egypt, labor was even then nailed to the cross of enslaved and exploited toil. This is the one great basic fact in the life of the race. Know this and all it means and you know all that is worth while in history. Only in so far as this fact is grasped and reckoned with does the chaos of events, past and present, resolve into order.

The kings and emperors and generations of betitled parasites, quarreling and driving their slaves to battle, overturned, enthroned, killed, lifted up or tossed aside by the rolling waves of real events are but the comedy, the tinsel deckings and trappings on the edge of real history.

The great, terrible truth through all the days since class rule began has been that those who fed and clothed and housed the people of the earth and bore upon their backs the galling load of painted baubles whose glitterings history recounts, have always been robbed of the fruits of their toil.

In the brick yards of Babylon, as in the steel mills at Gary, workers builded palaces into which they could never enter, created boundless wealth they could never enjoy.

The fall of man came when class rule entered into the earth. Then was man driven out of the savage Garden of Eden, where every man's product, small though it might be, was his own to enjoy. In the folk tales of the race this time when man and woman stood together in tribe and clan and fought the hard fight with nature has been always looked back to as a Golden Age.

Then when a few of nature's secrets had been sought out and it was possible to wrest from water and soil more than enough to sustain life, there arose a class that took away this added fruit of hand and brain.

Then came the sin of robbery and human slavery into the world. Then was that primal curse laid upon the workers: *Another shall live by the sweat of thy brow.* Then were the workers driven into that outer darkness of poverty and misery and ignorance, where they have dwelt even unto this day, while their labor furnishes luxury and happiness and culture for the idle oppressors.

Labor has had no time to write its chronicles. Books have been dictated by those who have fed from the idle hands of rulers. So these were written to glorify the idle and the useless.

In these books the spoil was all; the toil was nothing. A robber's fight for plunder became a glorious war, a thieves' supper to divide the loot was a conference of mighty statesmen. The highest honors went to those who could longest ride the bent backs of toiling slaves. These became rulers by divine right.

But it is written that "The seed of woman shall bruise the head of the serpent," and out of the toil and torture and age-long crucifixion of labor was drawn the philosophy, the literature and the force that shall free the race.

When Labor chained steam and electricity to giant arms of steel he could not build and tend these complicated creations without some measure of the divine spark of learning that had hitherto been so carefully guarded. But a thinking slave is a contradiction which cannot endure.

Slave revolts are no new thing. Whispers of them have crept down through the caste written chronicles we call history, and no pages of these chronicles are so bloody as those that tell how the masters of the bread scourged rebellious workers back to their tasks.

New and peculiar forms of torture were invented for those who committed the unpardonable sin—rebellion against class rule. Law and morality and justice were for the rulers alone. Beyond the line that divided the robber caste from the workers there was no law the master need observe.

It is this great cosmic fact that made the story of Golgotha of such universal appeal. The cross was the particular instrument of torture reserved for the execution of the slave. No patrician ever endured its horror. Only the limbs that toiled were nailed to its outstretched arms.

When the great Labor Agitator scourged the money changers from the Temple and expiated his revolt against the rulers of his time with his life upon this symbol of human slavery, there was something in the event so marvelously symbolical of this age-long crucifixion of the workers that its significance was seized by the toilers of his time and the cross became the badge of these "common people" who had "heard him gladly" when he came to preach deliverance.

Always as Labor has hung upon the cross of class slavery he has caught glimpses of a freedom that might be. Once that vision was the Golden Age behind him. Then for ages more the vision was dim, its outlines distorted by ignorance and agony. But each succeeding eon of pain brought new capacity to draw strength from that very agony. Each desperate struggle that loosened the bonds ever so little brought opportunity more clearly to search out the road that leads to the kingdom of liberty.

Today the vision is clear, the way is charted, the unconquerable strength that is born of numbers united in bonds of brotherhood is ready to achieve that liberty.

The old body of labor that knew only suffering and misery and slavery and crucifixion is dying. The new spirit of rebellion and solidarity and brotherhood and freedom is arising. The race is lifting to a new resurrection when the old earth and the old hell shall pass away and a new earth shall be born.

HOW DO YOU LIKE THESE CARTOONS?

The mission of the Socialist Cartoonist is to make Capitalism ridiculous. But don't forget that the ludicrous fellow is not the Capitalist, but you who vote to continue this monstrous thing.

If you like these pictures, remember that they are a weekly feature of the Coming Nation. Balfour Ker, Art Young, Ryan Walker, each is a master artist, each seeing things from a different artist's standpoint. All are on the staff of contributors to the "Nation."

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