

**THE RULING
(LAWSS**



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THE RULING CLAWSS

Subscription Edition, December, 1935

THE

RULLING



CLAWSS

BY

REDFIELD

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY

ROBERT FORSYTHE

DAILY WORKER

New York

1935



Introduction

With the desire we all have to act as God, I have tried to convince myself that I invented Redfield, but since I have only seen the man once and had nothing whatever to do with his start on the Daily Worker, I can comfort myself only with the fact that we are spiritual blood-brothers.

For me to say that he is a fine satiric artist is to repeat only what the pictures themselves tell you. Of his background I know nothing. He may draw his ponderous-paunched females out of a sense of hatred accumulated through years as elevator man in a Park Avenue apartment house, but this hardly seems likely. To a man of Redfield's apparent good sense, it would be extremely foolish to waste good rage over people as fundamentally ass-like as these. What actuates him, obviously, is a feeling of relief and gratitude and superiority. In great part, superiority.

The arrogance of the proletariat is always a source of concern to the upper classes. Acting upon the assumption

that their eminence in life constitutes a condition about which the rest of the world should be envious, they are perpetually non-plussed at discovering that the workers, and particularly the revolutionary artists, consider them not objects of envy but subjects of great comic importance. The most casual examination of the Redfield drawings will convince one that far from being awed by the horrendous ladies and gentlemen, he is in a constant state of hilarity over them.

What the workers resent about the rich is not their wealth but the fact that they constitute a severe reflection upon the human race. I am constantly coming upon individuals so profoundly and elaborately grotesque as to drive the most radical cartoonist out of his head. Because Charles Dana Gibson and John Held, Jr., created whole generations of fantastic human beings, we are prone to believe that such men as Daumier and Robert Minor and Art Young and Redfield have done as much for the fabulous creatures we may see any evening of the week dining at such a place as the Hotel Plaza in New York City. There they sit—the women bejeweled, the men bejewled. You could no more be envious of such horrible spectacles than you could be envious of Hauptmann because his exploits have been chronicled upon the front pages of the newspapers. The idea that you could invent these people is ridiculous; no human mind is capable of such transcendental imagination.

The appearance of Redfield's drawings in the Daily Worker is peculiarly fortunate for both. If upon occasion I speak

harshly of such periodicals as *The New Yorker* and *Life*, it is with more sorrow than anger. At bottom, as must be clear, I have high regard for the capabilities of the ladies and gentlemen who conduct those magazines. What saddens me is the shocking disregard they have for their own talents and reputations. Redfield is a superior satirist; what makes him an outstanding figure is the material with which he deals. Approaching the problem of public conduct from exactly the same level at which it is attacked by most of the present-day artists, he brings to his work an incisiveness which is not possible in even the more sophisticated general magazines and newspapers. The fact of a social point of view makes him not only a more satisfied creator but obviously a more capable artist. Because I am a writer and have the usual guilty feeling that we are all rather bad characters, I may give too much credit to the good intentions and warm hearts of the artists, but the recent satiric issue of the *New Masses* (made possible by the brilliant labors of Gardner Rea) with contributions by the best of the cartoonists who regularly appear in more lofty publications seems an indication of the realization of the point I have been making. At the very least, it shows they are not afraid.

I suppose it is true that Redfield is a revolutionary rather than a proletarian artist. Whether the distinction means anything, I don't know. What I am trying to say is that there are artists and writers who are good on attack—Jacob Burck, Phil Bard, Michael Gold, Joseph Freeman, Granville Hicks—and others, like Redfield and myself, who are strictly counter-fighters.

Although my own background is proletarian—coal mines and steel works, I have lived so long in another way of life that it would be nonsensical of me to attempt a proletarian novel, for example. What I can do, and what Redfield is doing so superbly, is hack away at the vicious old existence with such weapons as we have at our command. In short, every man to his last. There are those who can build a new world and those who can help tear down the old. What makes Vincent Sheehan's PERSONAL HISTORY one of the most important books of our time is his realization of this truth. We may be so constructed that we are incapable of certain things which must be done in making a revolution but we can do what we CAN do. It may be a great deal, it may be very little, but we can do it. If nothing more, we can think straight.

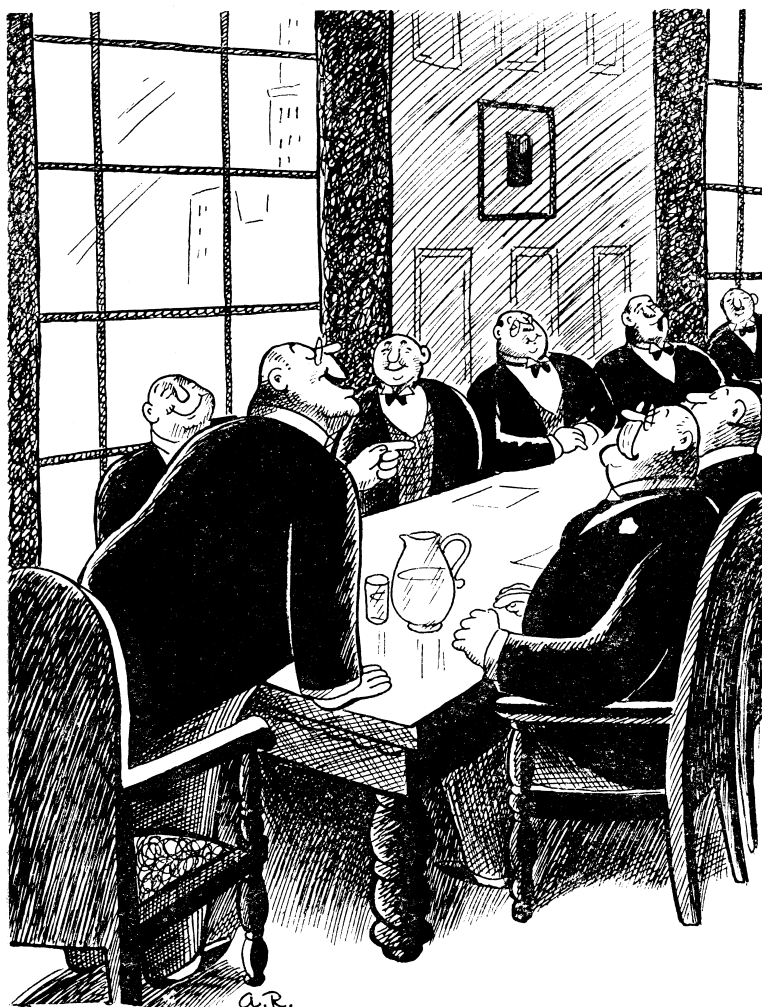
Redfield has found his way and the Daily Worker has the good sense to help him pursue it. The fact that he uses a bourgeois technique for revolutionary ends has been criticized. I can think of nothing of less importance. If he preferred standing on his head and doing his work in the Rube Goldberg manner, it would be entirely all right with me. What he is doing is reflecting the honest disdain of the workers for the pathetic upper classes. This attitude is not forced in the slightest. Historically regarded, there is no more doubt of the triumph of the proletariat than of the sun-rise. It has been established practically in the Soviet Union; philosophically and culturally, it has gained ascendancy everywhere. No artist in his right mind would think of linking his fortunes with the specimens which now pass as our aristocracy.

But this is too ponderous for a discussion of drawings which are so biting and cauterizing and delightful as these. The delight, I am afraid, is all on our side, but even the gorgeous half-wits who cut the wages and prepare themselves fatuously for fascism get some pleasure out of realizing that they can be so awesomely ridiculous. In a sense, they are a triumph. A triumph of matter over mind, of course; but a triumph.

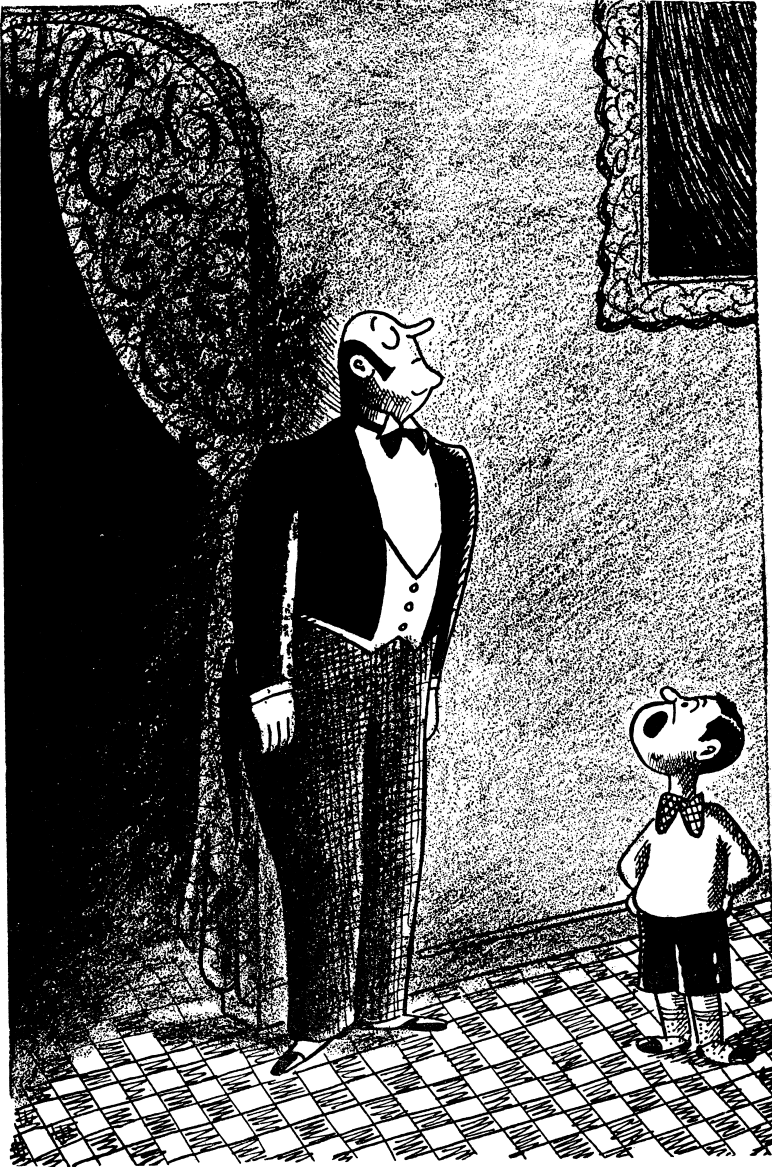
—ROBERT FORSYTHE

Dec. 2, 1935

THE RULING CLAWSS



"Fellow workers . . ."



"How the hell many times must I ring for you?"



"Please, Vivian . . . show a little discretion . . ."

THE RULING CLAWSS



"I ain't afraid of nothing!"



"We are here, Madame."

THE RULING CLAWSS



"Good morning, sir."
"What the hell's good about it?"



"Can you imagine? I dreamt I was a working girl . . ."



"Ah, Berlin! So quiet—so calm—so serene."



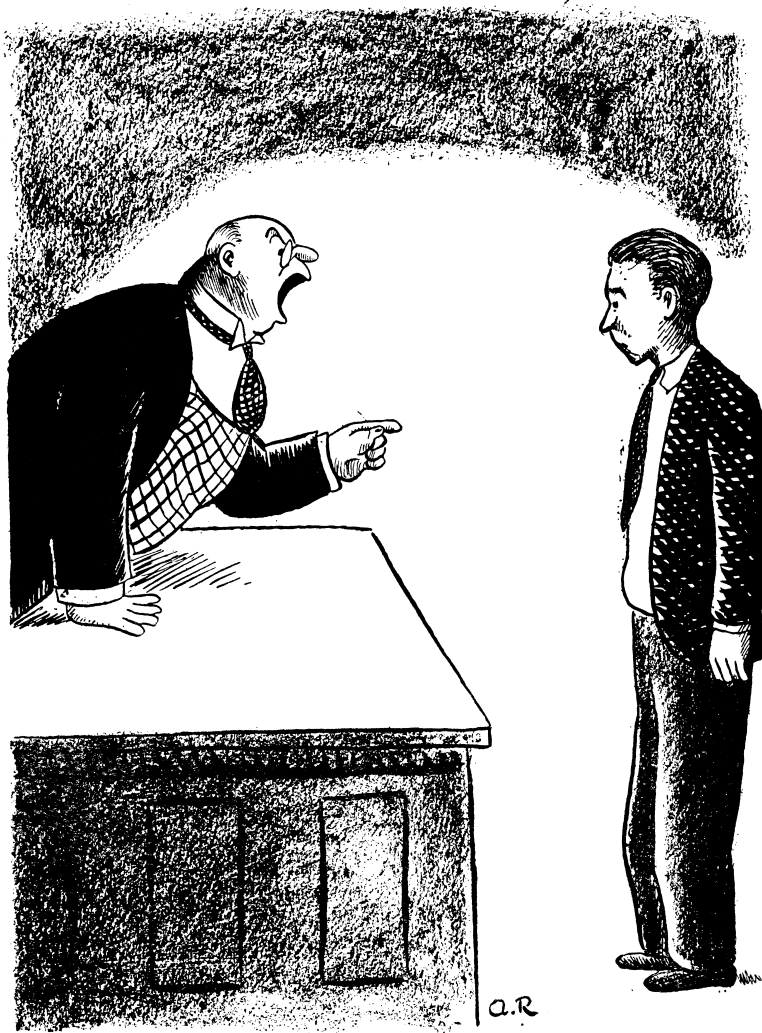
"Well! Well! Well! And how's the Giant of Wall Street today?"



"Poor fellow . . . I'd like to see you go straight
—how'd you like a job as a strike-breaker?"



"And gweat big, thugar daddy'll give itty bitsy snookums a check account all of her own."



"A raise? Who the hell are you supporting?"



"With feeling, Mrs. Gould—you're expressing the Spirit of Charity casting crumbs to the poor."



"This is a hot one on mother—ME taking
HER gigolo away!"



"The Generalissimo just got a splinter in his finger. . . . How's things at the front?"

THE RULING CLAWSS



"So you're showing off your college education again, eh, Hooligan? I hear you say 'excuse me' whenever you bang a picket!"



"I can hardly wait for the new war—it was such fun last time knitting socks and wrapping bandages."

THE RULING CLAWSS



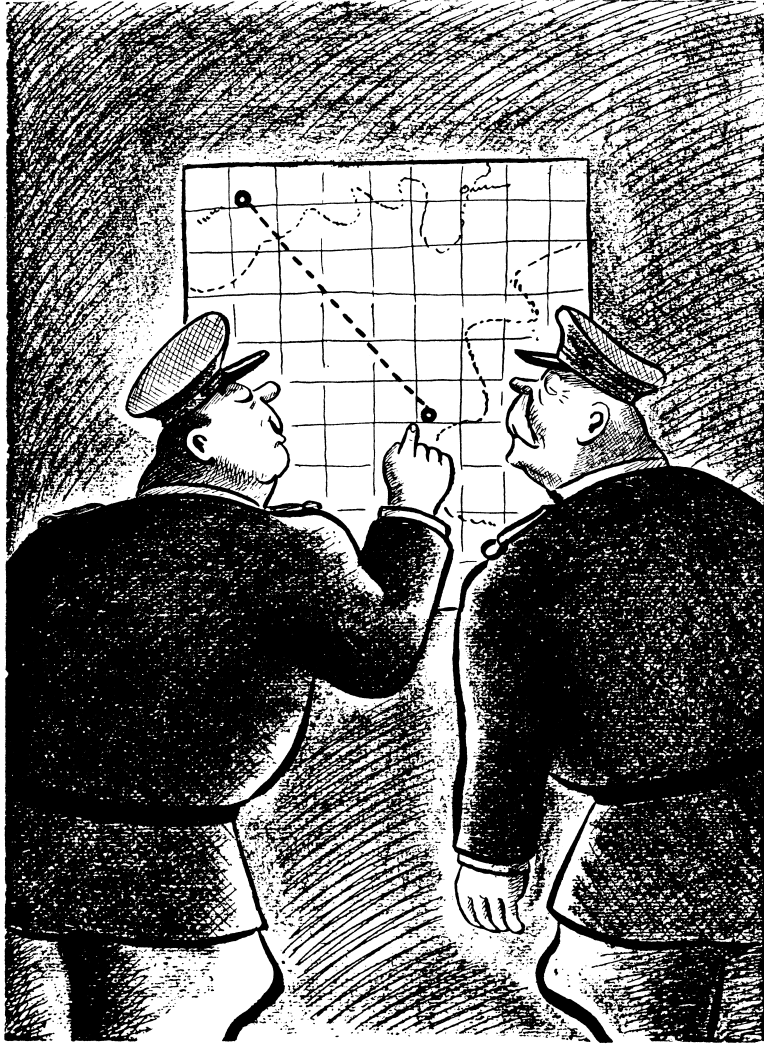
"I'm so glad that you're a family man—I hate to pay thirteen dollars a week to just ANY-ONE."



"Some of my best friends are scabs."



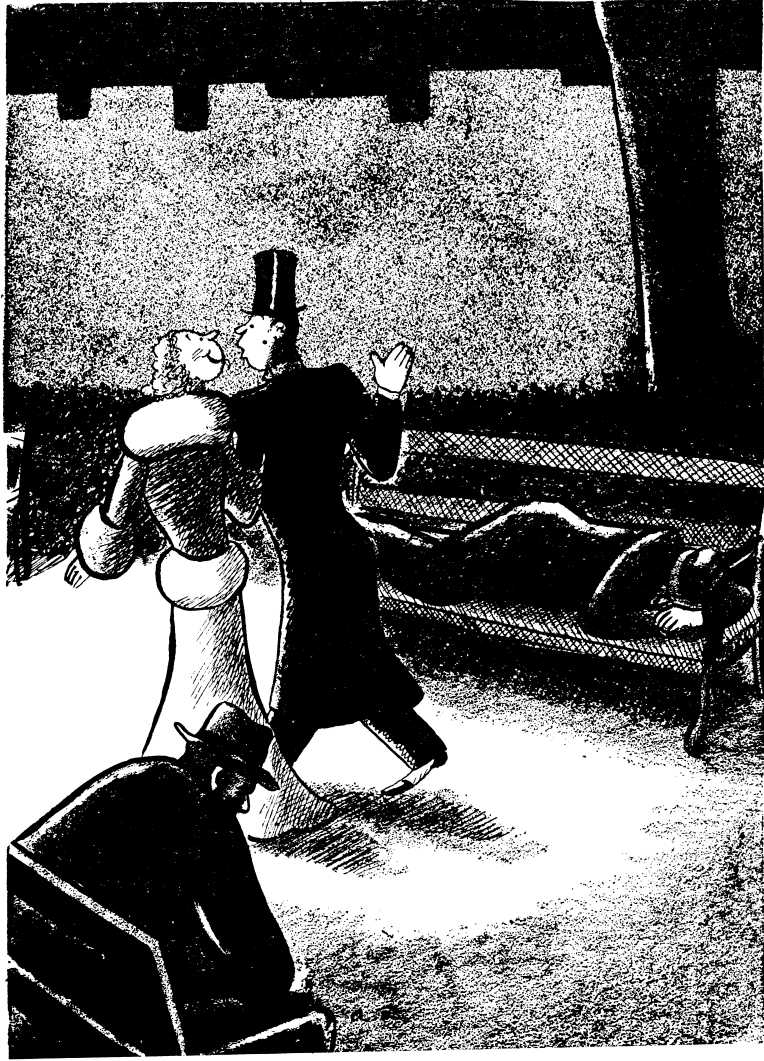
"I can't forget the last lynching—I still have a hoarse throat from cheering."



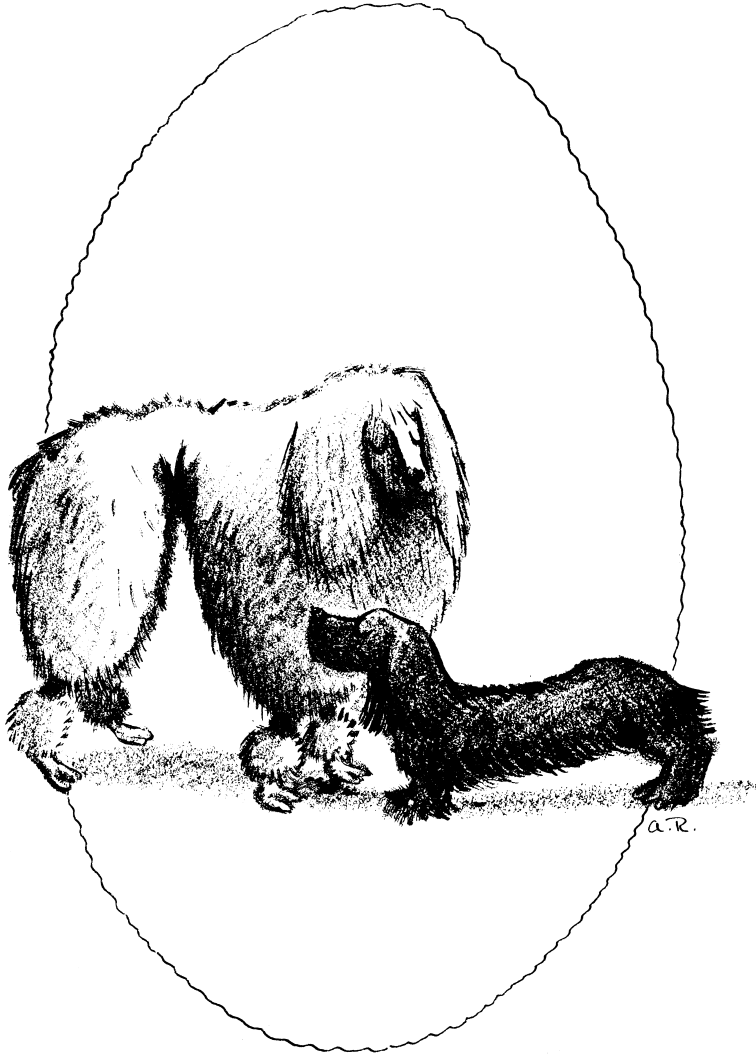
"Another one of our regiments'll be wiped out here, Major, but it's all for the best."



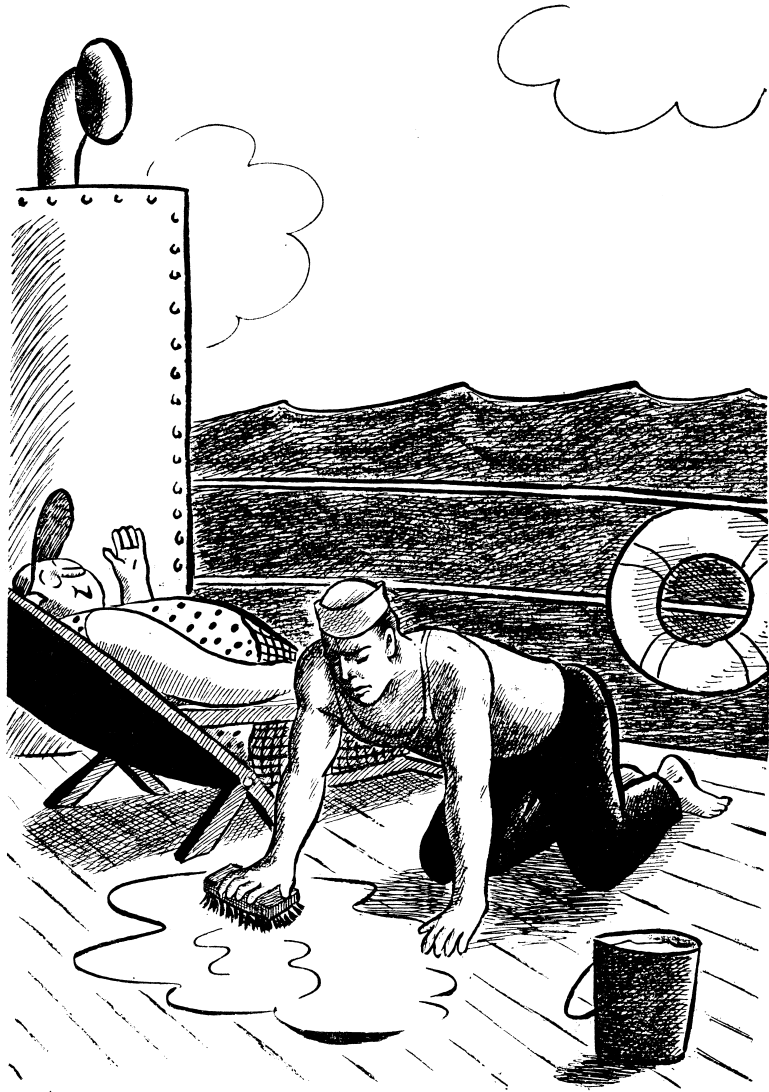
"The cook says we haven't done a day's work for so long, we're beginning to stink!"



"I wish mother would let me live like that for six months so I could write a novel."



"Well, it looks like Palm Beach again this winter."



"I suppose you find the salt air remuneration
enough for your labor."

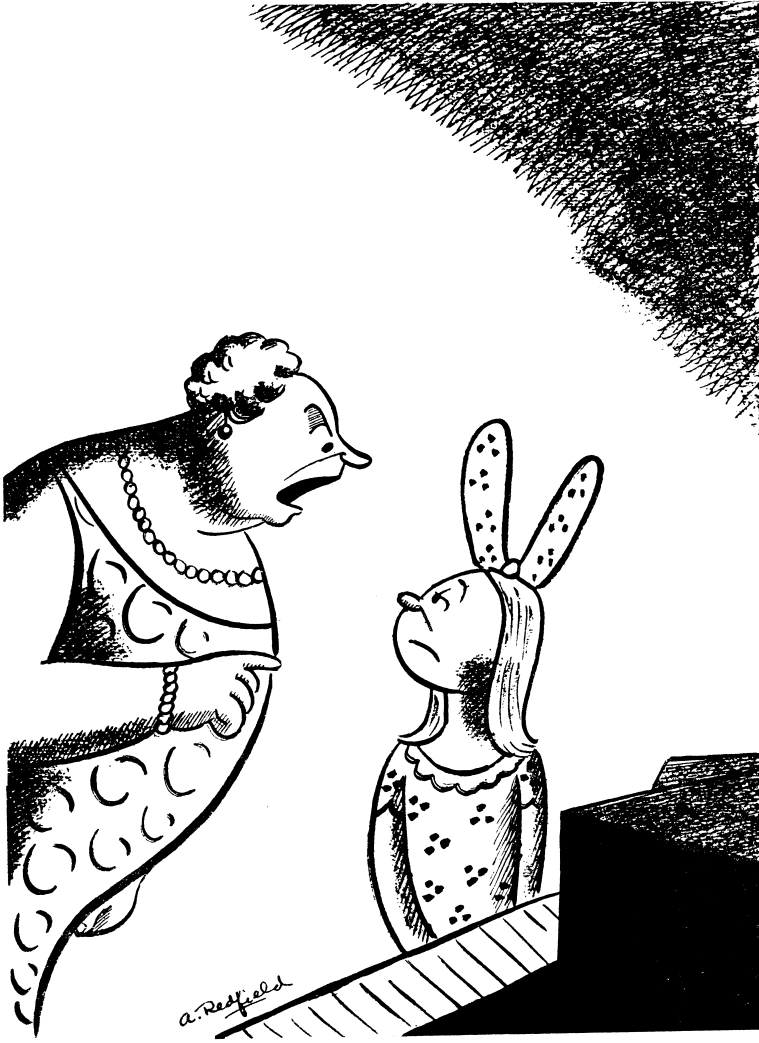
THE RULING CLAWSS



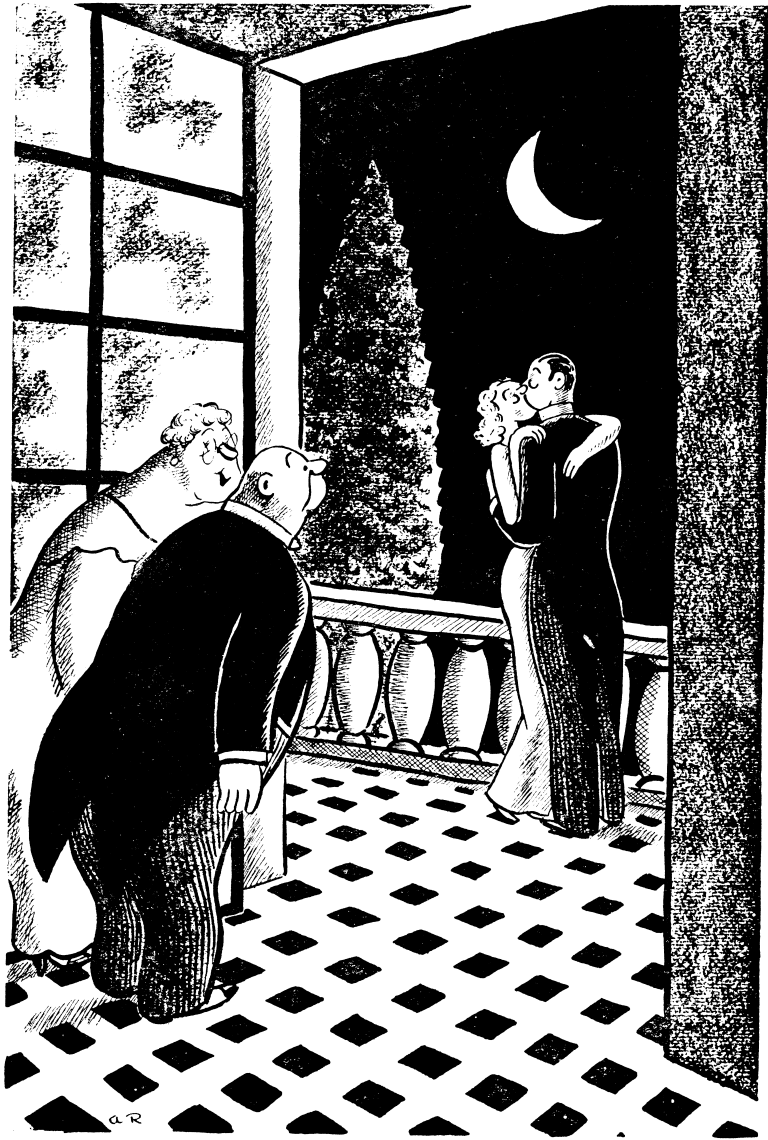
"I'm VERY sympathetic towards Negroes—
I always give one my laundry."



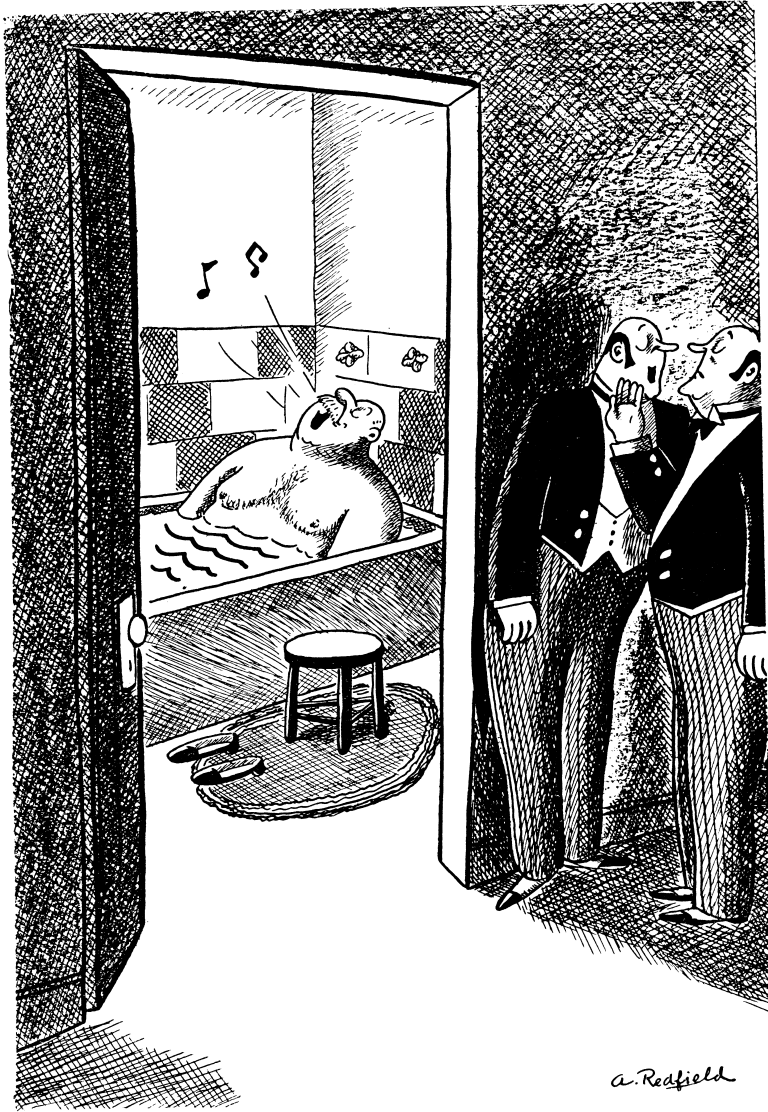
"Oh, judgy-wudgy! The Vice Squad had me so worried!"



"Now practice! I'll make you a genius if I have to knock your teeth out!"



"Look, papa—everybody's crazy about my new gigolo."



"Why shouldn't he sing? His munitions are going like hot cakes."



"Well, darling—I believe Fascism is coming."
"Oh, my!—and this is the maid's night out."



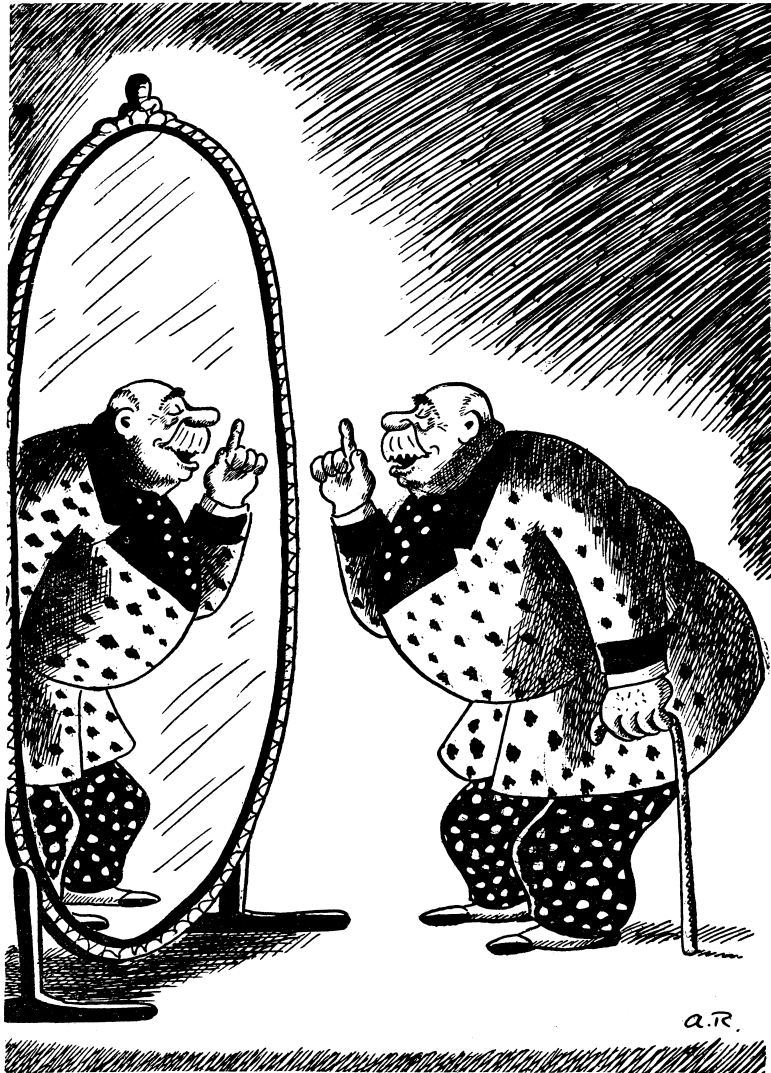
"I simply love milk, Vivian—pour in another gallon."



"Excuse me, sir—I've been working in the shipping department thirty-one years—"
"By God! I KNEW you looked familiar!"



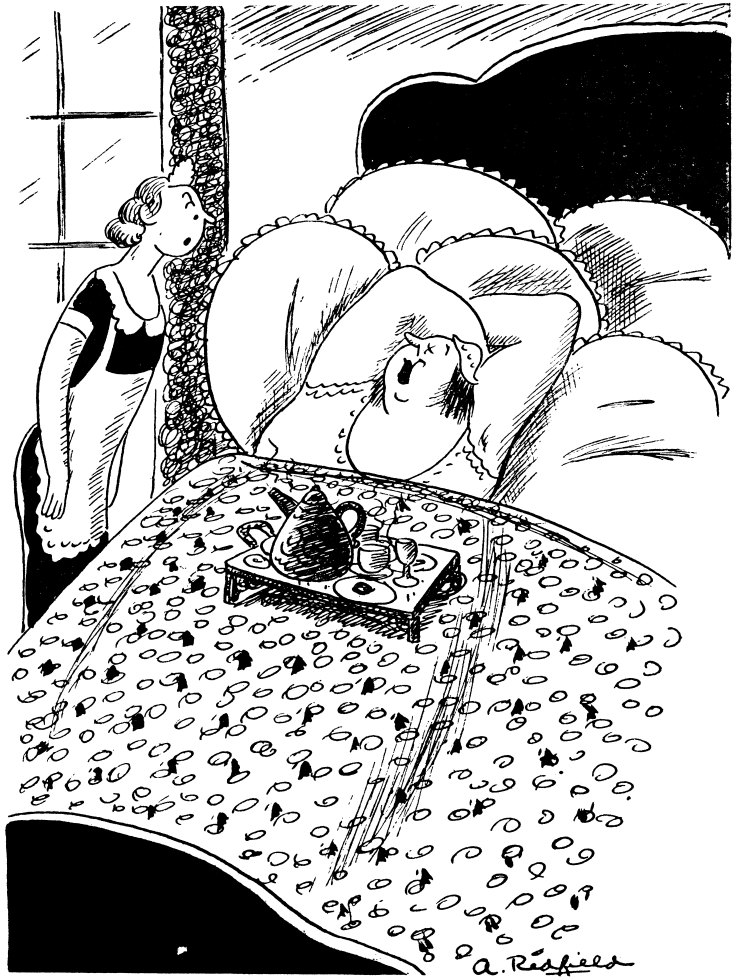
"... we who turn the wheels of industry ..."



"You old smarty—putting private dicks in
the plant!"



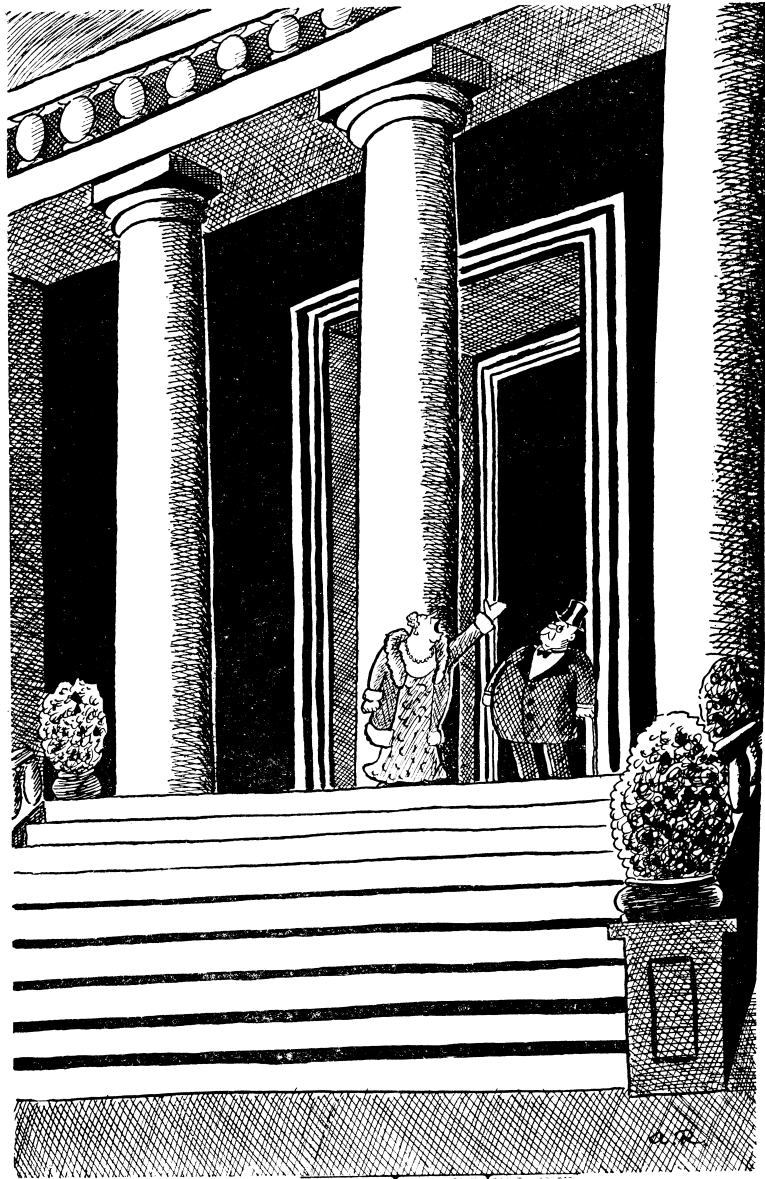
"You're the only one who understands me,
Miss Scairb."



"That was delicious—I think I'll have dinner in bed, too."



— "Papa says if I'm expelled from one more college I'll have to take charge of one of his factories."



"I'm tired of living in a stable."



"God! What a nightmare last night! I dreamed I gave everybody a raise!"

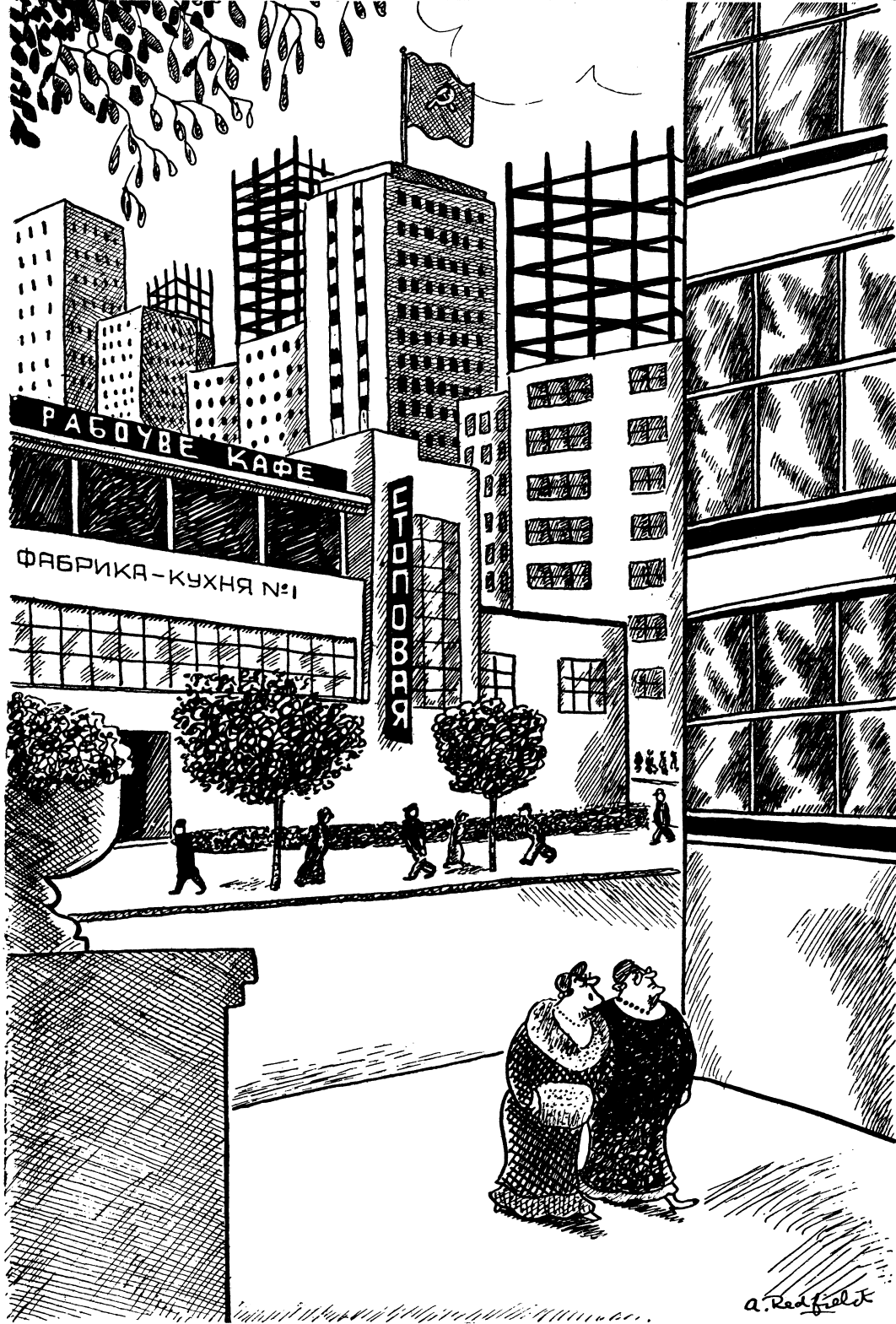


"For the last time—KISS MAMA!"

THE RULING CLAWSS



"Anybody who says there's starvation in America ought to have his head examined."



"I STILL don't believe it!"



"I'm against unemployment insurance—it'd
make people lazy."



"Thirty days for picketing! I'll teach you to appreciate a free country!"



"Don't be ridiculous! Everyone knows the depression is over!"



"Major got this one for bravery in the Argonne—unfortunately his regiment was wiped out."



"Heads we lay off fifty—tails we lay off a hundred."



"God, what a day! I've been clubbing strikers for eight hours!"

THE RULING CLAWSS



"Get the hell outa here. D'ya want people to get the impression there's child labor in America?"



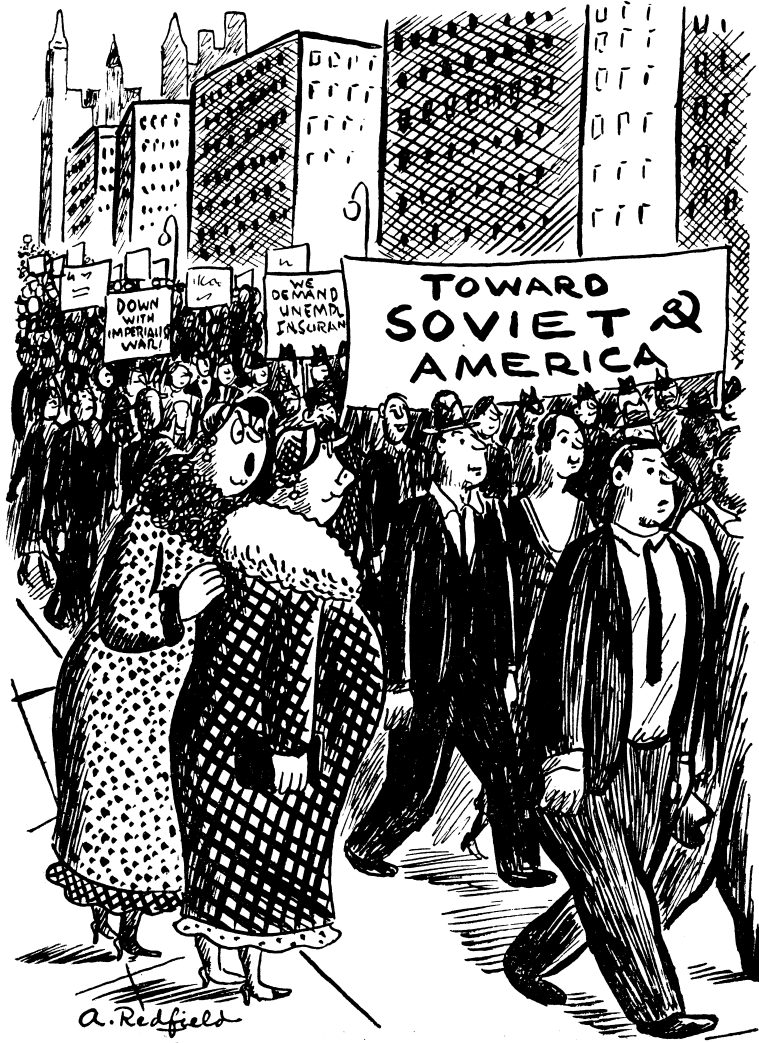
"I'm going to lunch, Miss Farber—I'm starving."



"—and ask God to make a blizzard for
May Day!"



"I say the best thing is to put 'em all on a raft and set them adrift."



"Let's hiss."



"Thank God we're both getting pensioned this month—I've just read an article on how fast a bombing plane could sink us."



"So, ya believe in the Constitution, eh?"



"Your grandfather was a victim of the World War—he died on Wall Street."



"Yesterday was Harold's birthday—my husband gave him a textile factory."



"Personally, I'm opposed to child labor, but Theodore says they're less expensive."



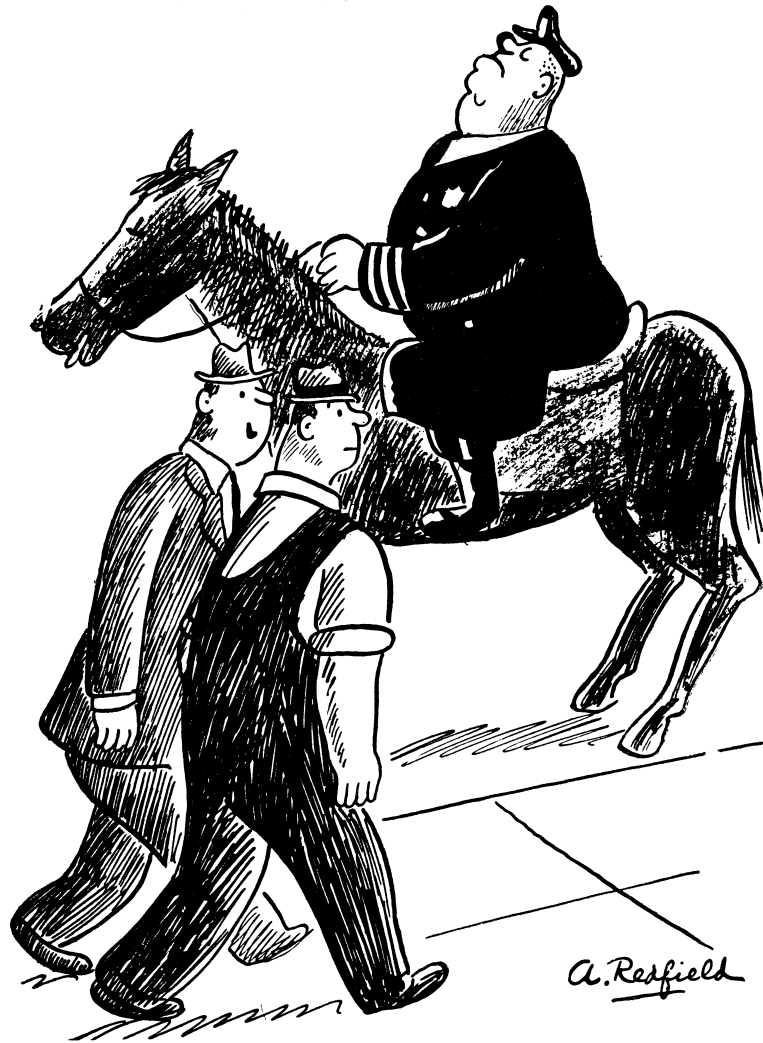
"We must go over and feel sorry for Mrs. Syderham. Her husband just lost a strike."



"Gerald is getting promoted again—he just broke the record for giving summonses to peddlers."



"Head up, chest out, Reggy—we're showing the world!"

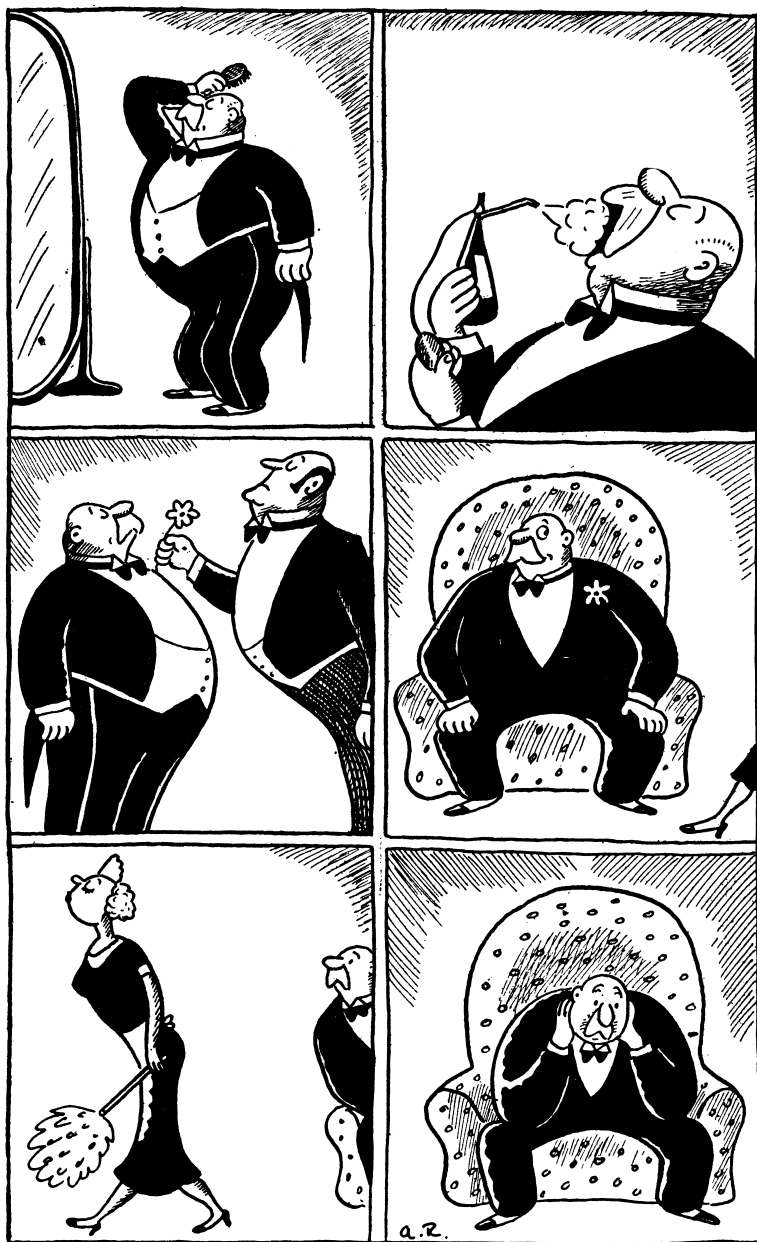


First Worker: "Intelligent looking, isn't he?"

Second Worker: "Who?"

First Worker: "The horse."

THE RULING CLAWSS





"War is not as bad as people paint it, Mrs. Puyster—at least I haven't found it so from my own personal experience."

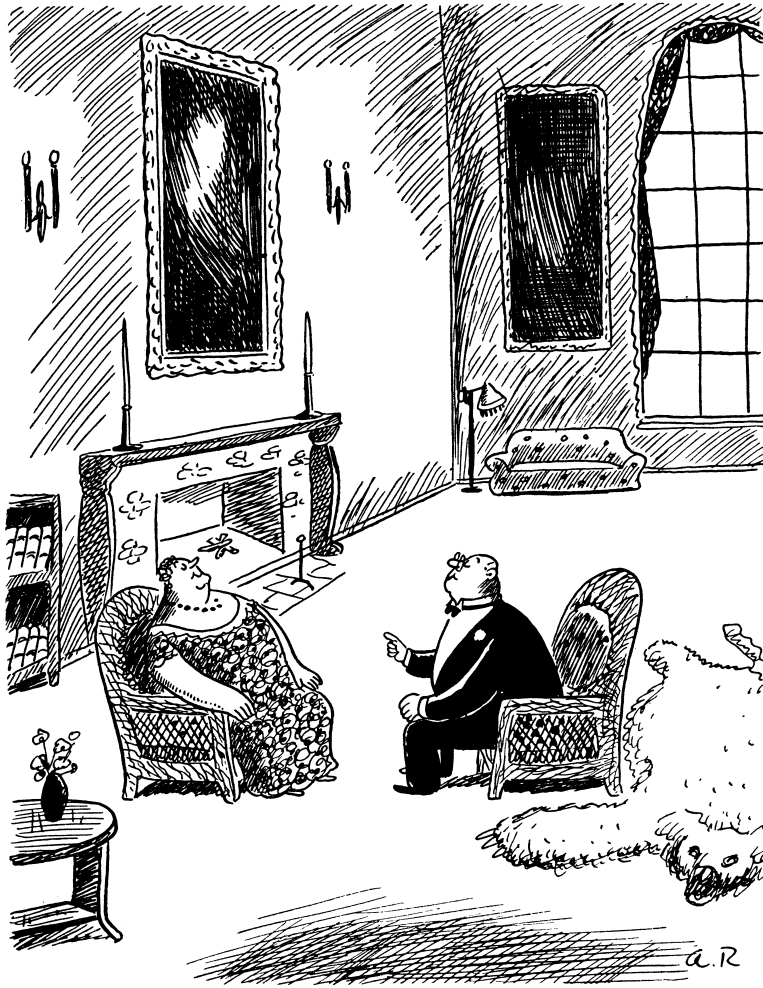


"Little Phyllis worked in a department store two days last week—isn't she heroic?"



Men working!

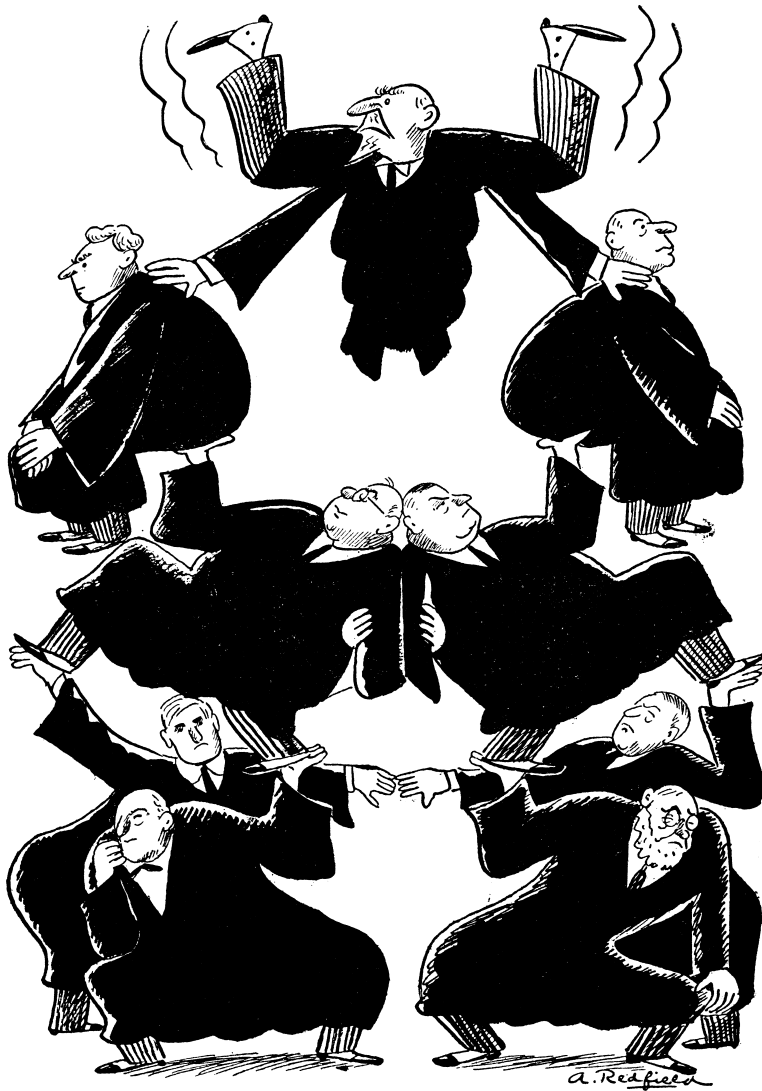
THE RULING CLAWSS



"By the way, honey, you'll have to resign from that pacifist organization—I bought a munition factory today."



"It says 'Unite Against Imperialist War and Fascism', Sarge—should I run him in or do we agree with him?"

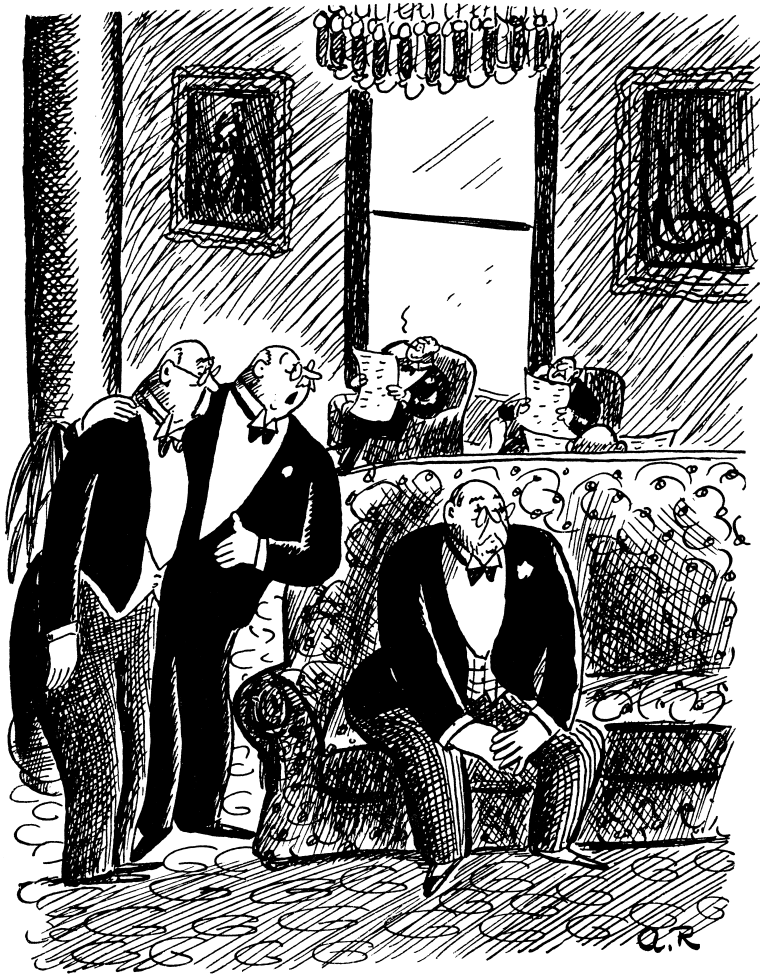


THE PEEPUL'S FRIENDS

The United States Supreme Court exhibits a feat of judicial balance and shows that our legal system is still as solid as a pyramid (of a sort),



"Poor Rodney's vacation is ruined—his 25,000 coal miners want living conditions."



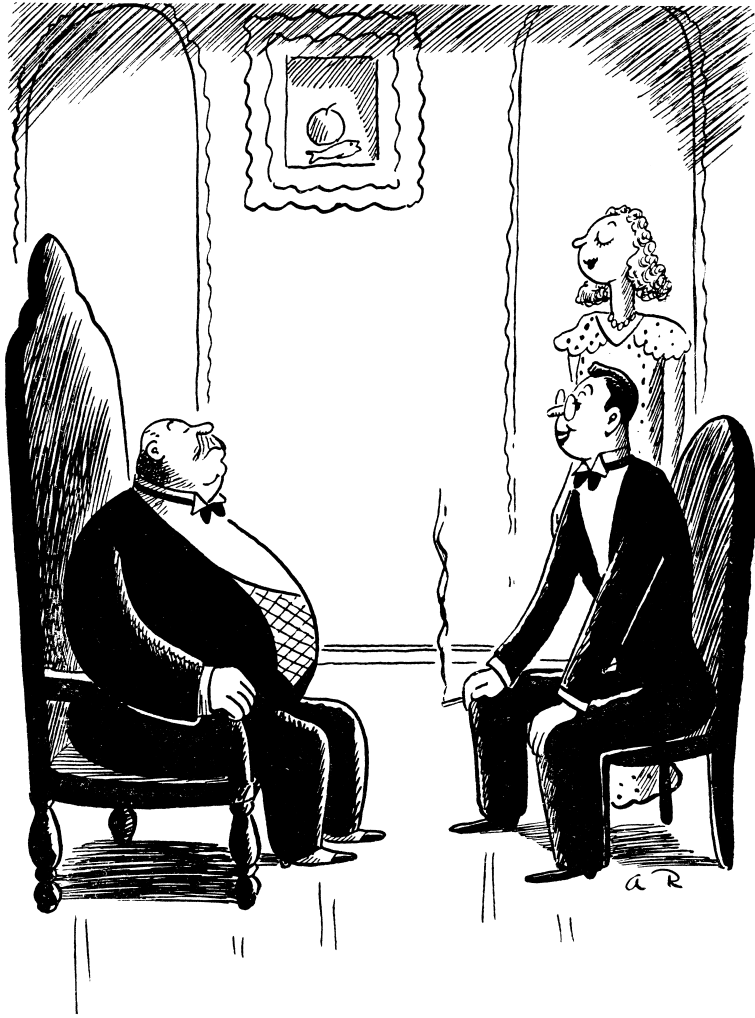
"Here's a brother in distress, Mr. Quammley
—his men are also going out on strike.



"Of course, we're all really vegetarians, but we heard that there is a meat strike."



"Make sure they're fed every day while I'm away—we don't want any cases of malnutrition in THIS family."



". . . and I own twenty steel mills, several railroads and steamship lines—I THINK I can support her in the manner to which she is accustomed."

THE RULING CLAWSS



"Don't forget—if Peanuts or Lefty hands you a leaflet, call a policeman."



"Irma, you simply must be the heroine of my new novel about the coal mines."

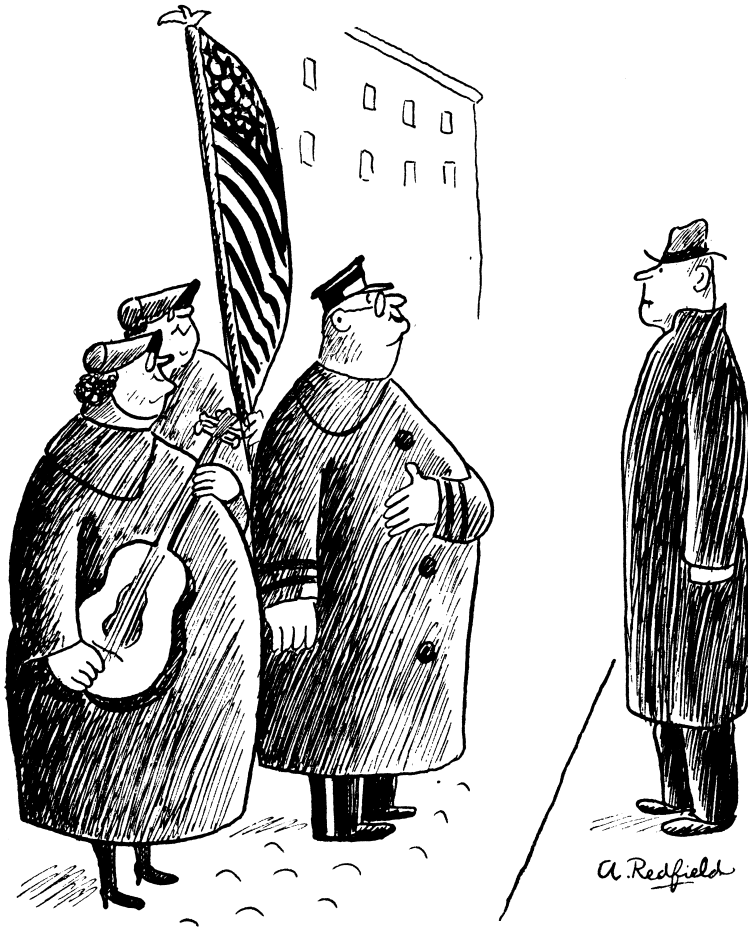
THE RULING CLAWSS



"I believe in free speech—WITH exceptions."



"—and in times like these we must all make sacrifices, gentlemen—let's lay off 1,200 more."



"Sister Mathilda will now reveal how Jesus rescued her from the class struggle."



"Thanks for the injunction, Your Honor—
the strike had us worried for a little while."

"HOW'S EVERYTHING AT THE PLANT HONEY?"



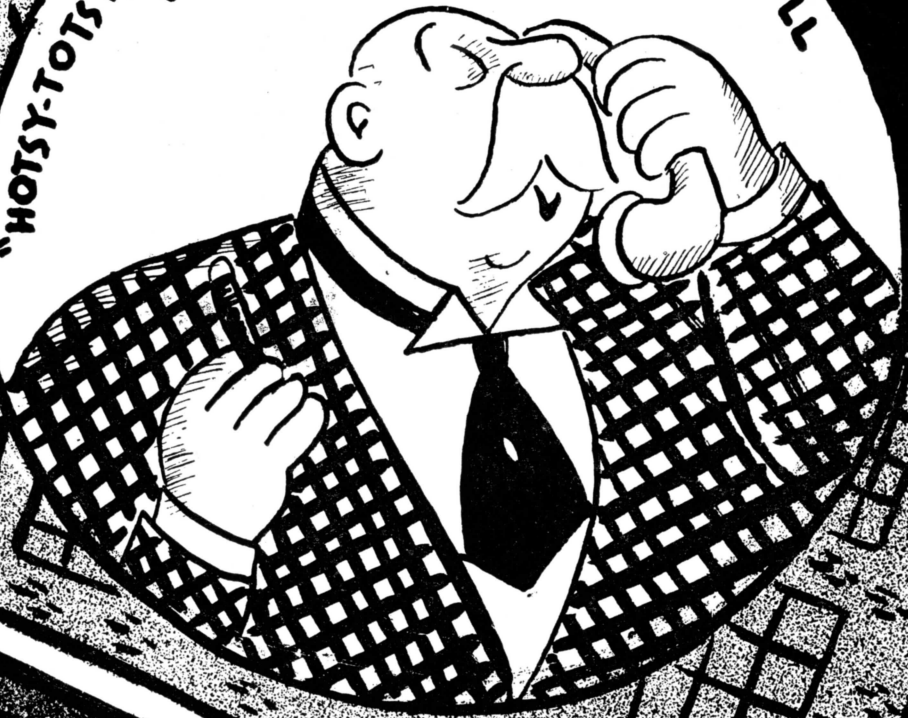
"HOTSY-TOTSY, SNOOKUMS, -THE NATIONAL GUARD'LL BE HERE ANY MINUTE!"



"HOW'S EVERYTHING AT THE PLANT HONEY?"



"HOTSY-TOTSY, SNOOKUMS, -THE NATIONAL GUARD'LL BE HERE ANY MINUTE!"





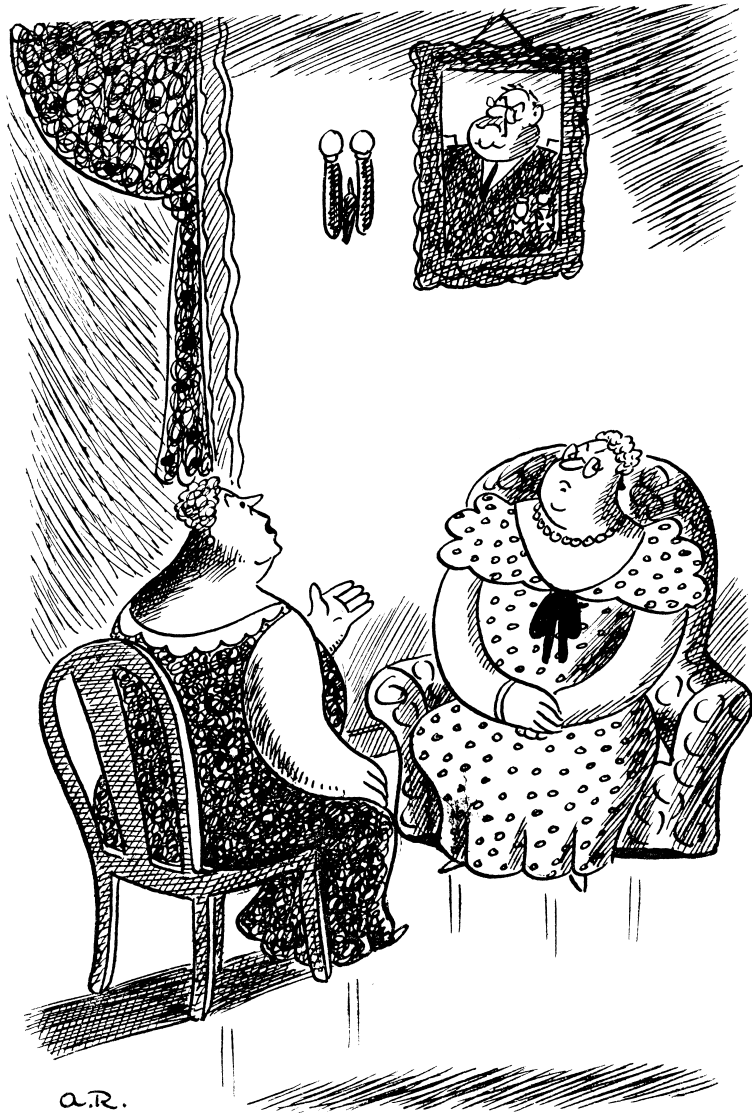
"Now that we're deporting all these foreigners, I can concentrate on my little rosebush."



"Of course there is great improvement since the last one—now we can destroy a city in HALF a minute."



"Tell everyone there'll be no vacations this year—I need a rest myself."



"The psychoanalyst suggested Europe for rest and quiet, but all I found there was picket lines, demonstrations and barricades."

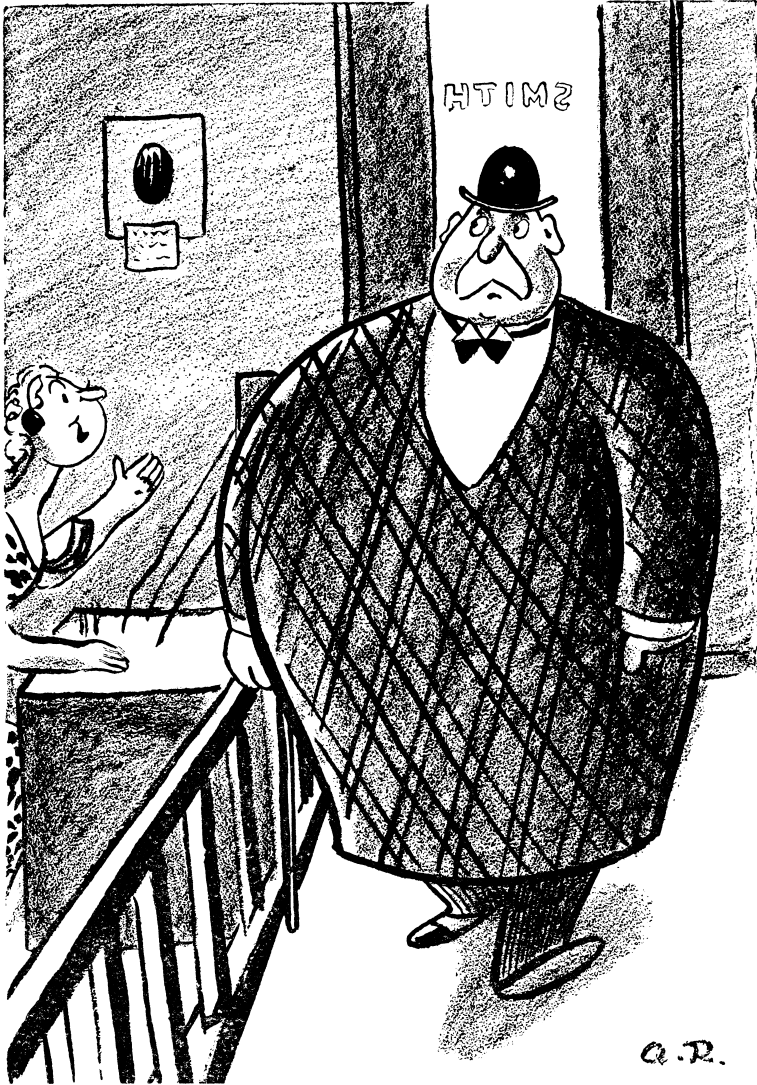


"Let's fire a butler—I'm bored to death."



A. Redfield

"Oh, boy, a demonstration today. I'm just itchin'—"

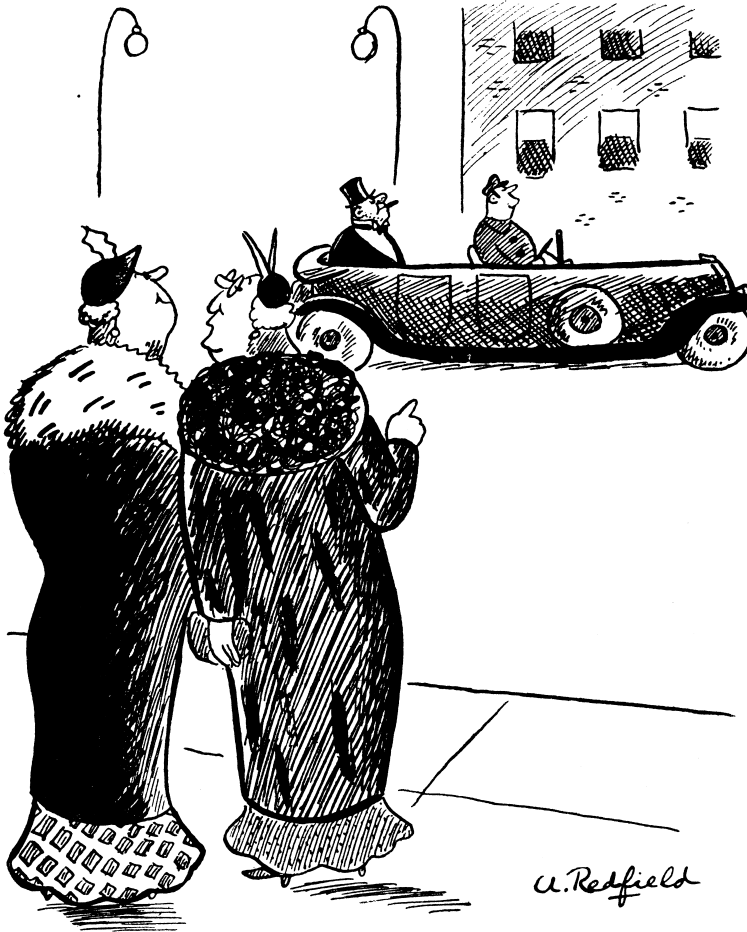


"H'y'a, Toots!"



"Get ready to clap, honey—here comes Hitler."

THE RULING CLAWSS



"They say he owns twenty-five sweatshops
but he never perspires."



"Give him a nickel, sweetheart. After all, you made a couple of million on the war."



"Take a peek at the factory on your way to the golf course, Elmer—maybe some of the men are loafing."



"Nix, Casey . . . we can't offend the Alderman!"



"All I ask is that you do a little wage cutting
and YOU tell me they have a union!"



"Of course, the woman's problem is very simple—all she has to do is sell herself."

THE RULING CLAWSS



"Who's that?"

"Oh, his job is to see that we don't loaf."



"I've thought the whole thing over, darling,
and I'm leaving the entire estate to you."



"That reminds me—I'll be needing a new wardrobe of minks and ermines this winter."



"I suppose those boys feel wonderful whenever they remember they made the world safe for democracy."



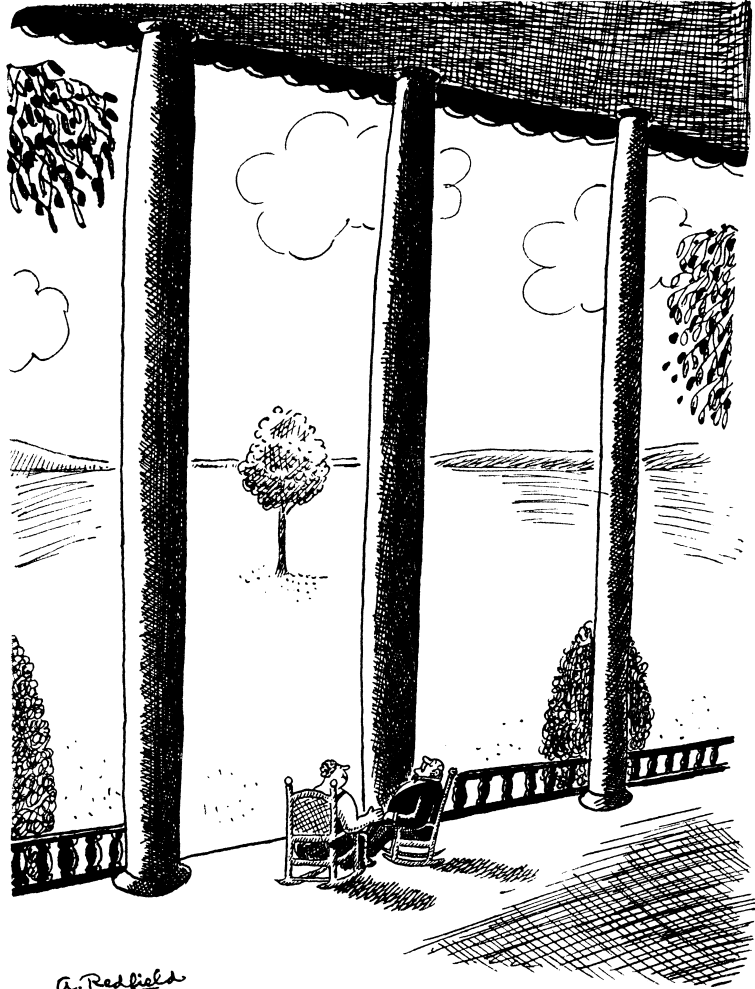
"I used to adore Mendelssohn, but I just found out he was Jewish."



"Ah, darling, without your inspiration, I could never have developed my poison gases!"



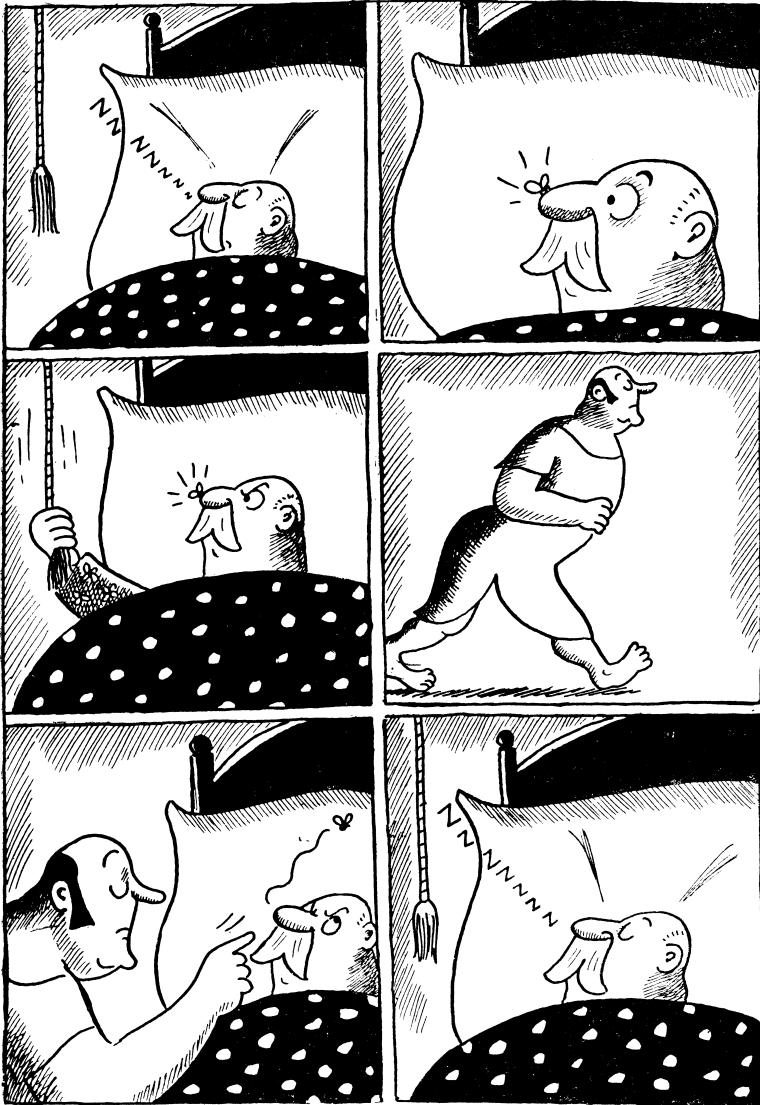
"Oh, cookie! It's so wonderful of you to speed up production just so I can have all this!"



A. Radfield

"A war would be a god-send in wiping out our over-production problem and giving us some breathing space."

THE RULING CLAWSS





"One sees evidence of the Good Provider everywhere."

THE RULING CLAWSS



"Should I give him a dime tip or do you think it will spoil him?"



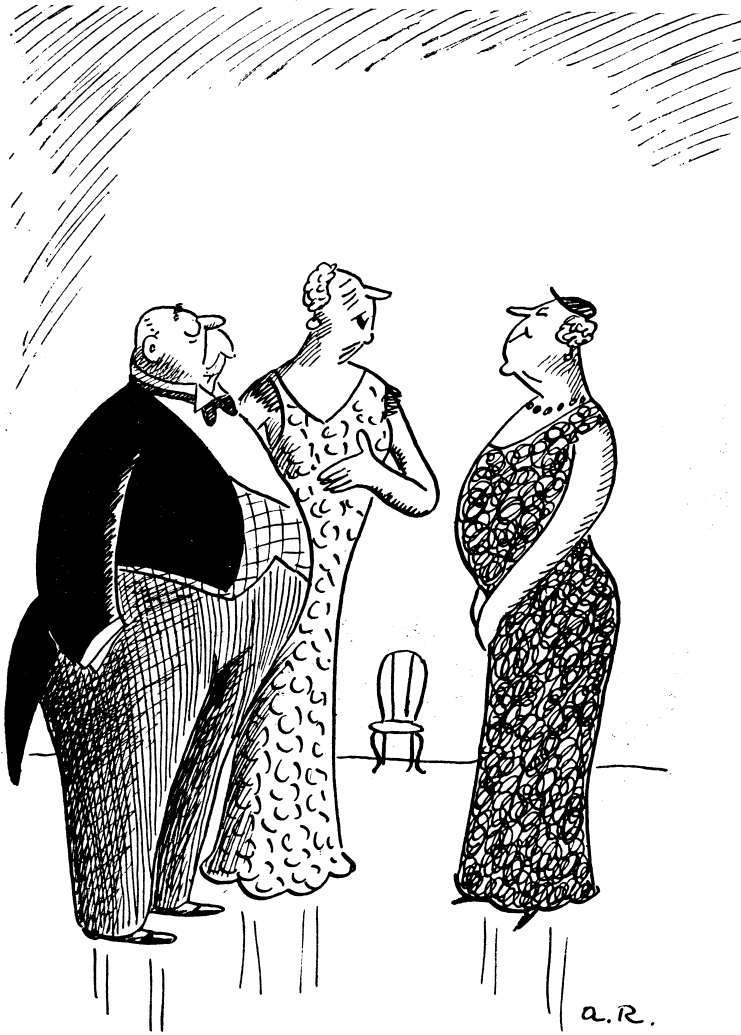
"Opposites attract. Ambrose's company dumps thousands of gallons of milk into the river, and I dabble in milk funds."



"Lucky for him I believe in mass action."



"He was always the perfect Democrat—he grafted equally from everybody."



"Gifford is very sentimental—he always gets a lump in his throat whenever he fires anybody."



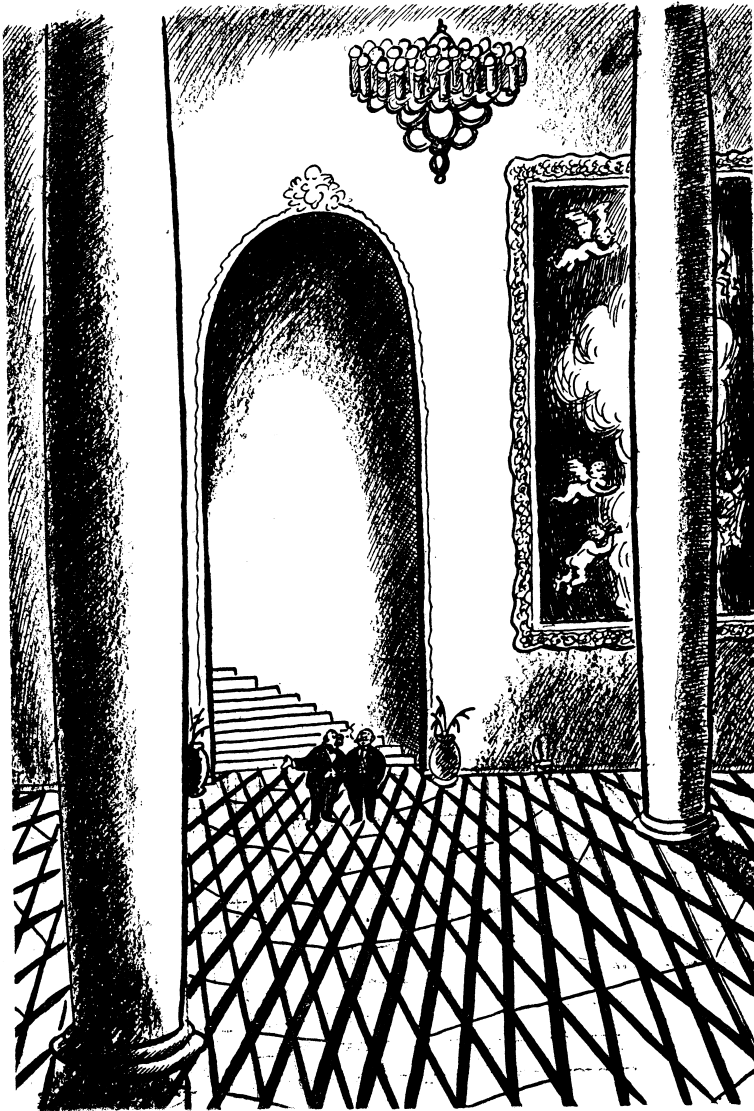
"Look, Humphries — the ideal type for the union organizer."



"Surprise!"



"Dear Diary: The new chauffeur has blue eyes and curly hair."



". . . and this is the den."



"Regular Jew hater . . . just like his father!"



"The day's work is done, sir."



"This meeting of the Bing Crosby Fan Club has been called to counteract the Seventh World Congress of the Communist International."



a. Redfield

"Good morning, sir."



"Mussolini is SUCH a man—he sees something he wants and he just takes it."

THE RULING CLAWSS



"This gives me a sense of security."



"It's all like a dream—last month I was just another college graduate and now Dad's making me vice-president of a railroad."

THE RULING CLAWSS



"Six thousand cars a day! By God, Elmer, where do you get all your energy?"



White Guard General: "—and this is all I got left."



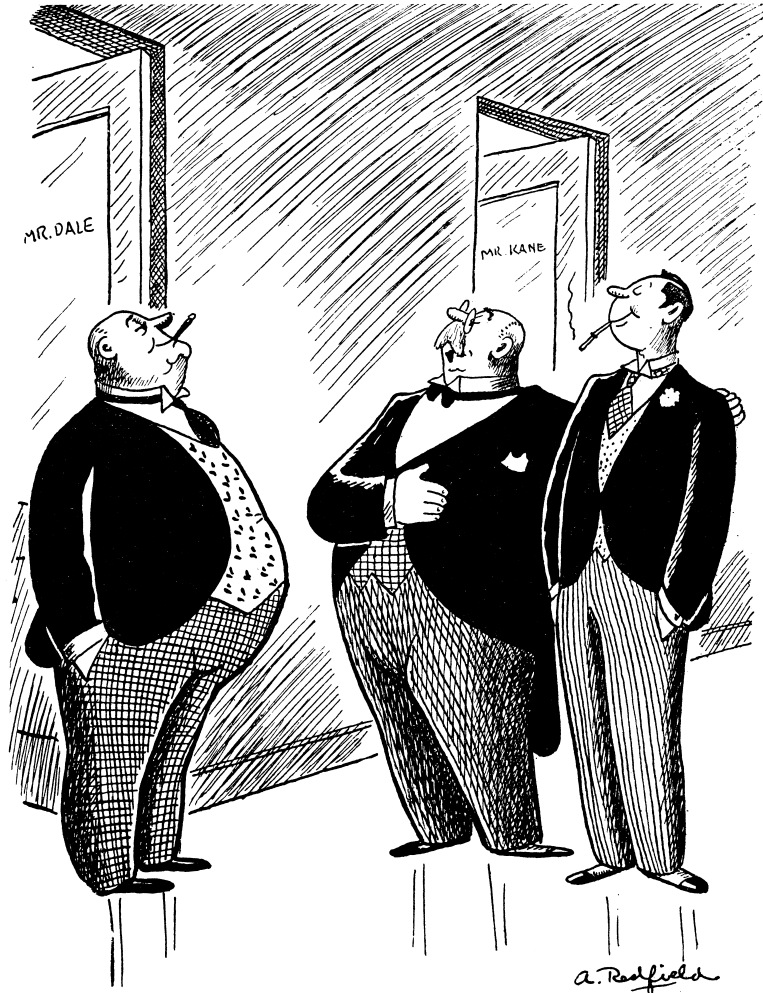
"Aw, baby—don't YOU start striking on me, too."



"George says the Russian Experiment will be a failure—people have no ambition unless they have wage cuts."



"This isn't Army Day, you dope—these people want to take everything away from us!"



"Junior here wants to work himself up from the bottom of the ladder—he's starting as vice-president."

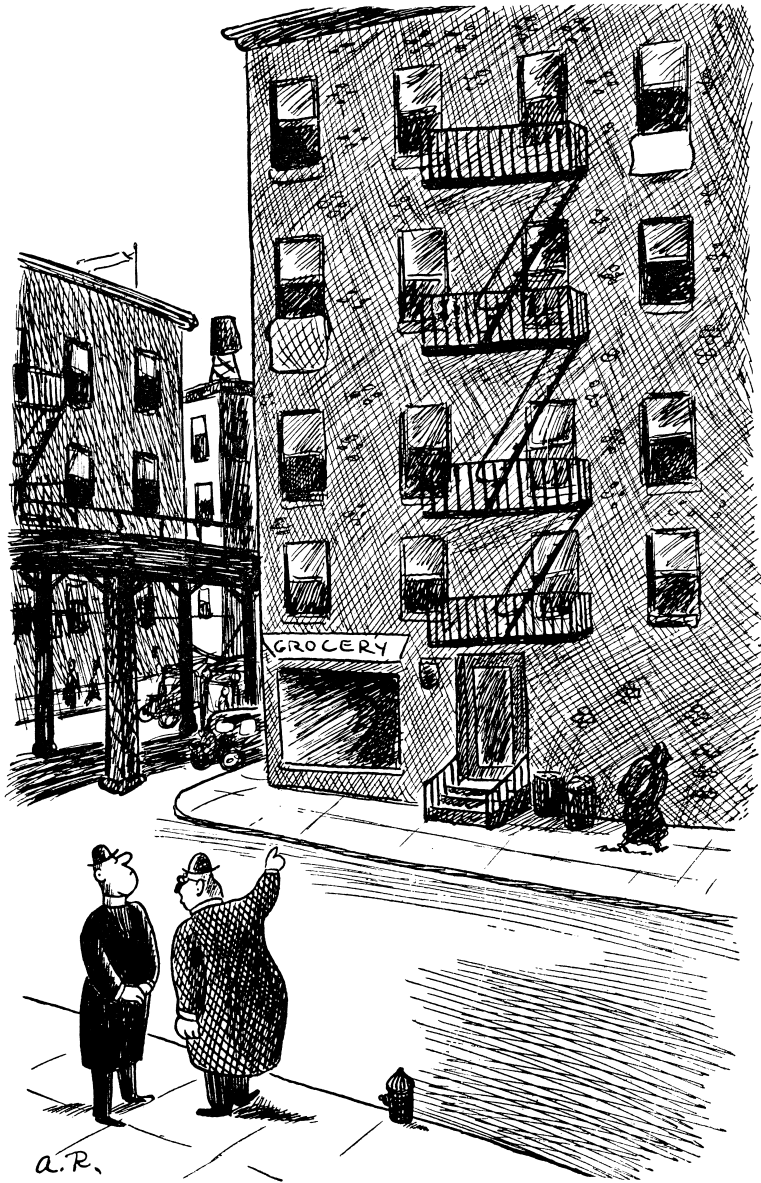


"Poor Grover—he's cockeyed from seeing picket lines around his factories."

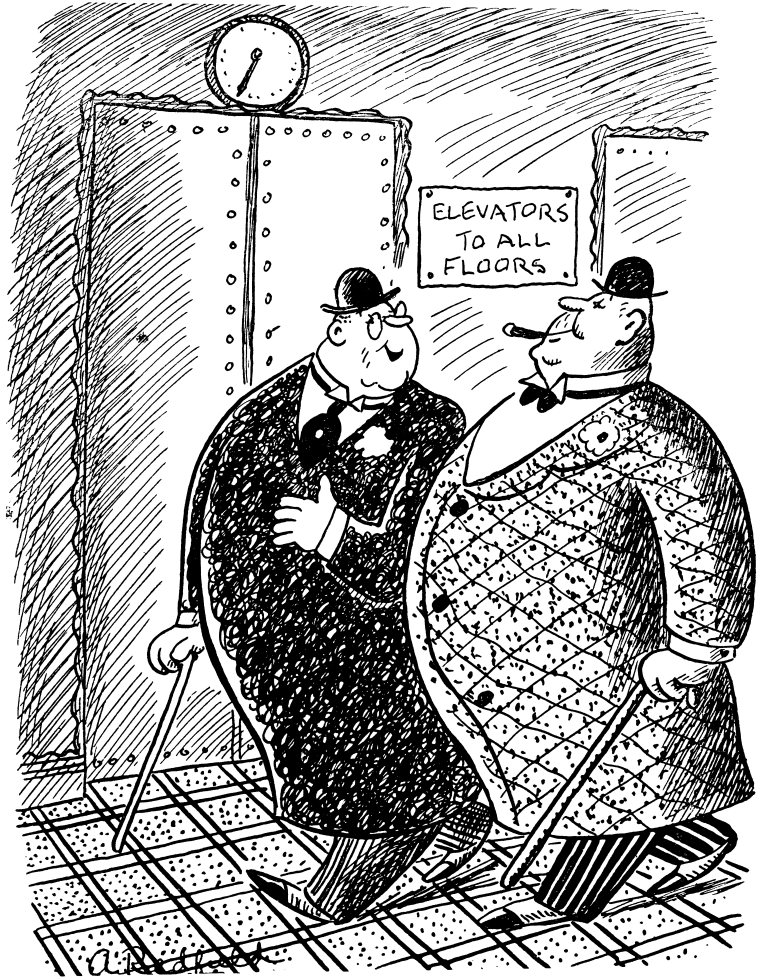


"Your move, sir!"

THE RULING CLAWSS



"Run up and read the Bible to the Hogans on the third floor, Father—I'm having them dispossessed tomorrow."



"Look glum, Everett—we're supposed to be losing money!"



"Who's winning, Hotchkiss?"
"I am, sir!"
"You're fired!"



"Hello, Magistrate Coldheart—I just salted away another striker! That makes us tie score!"



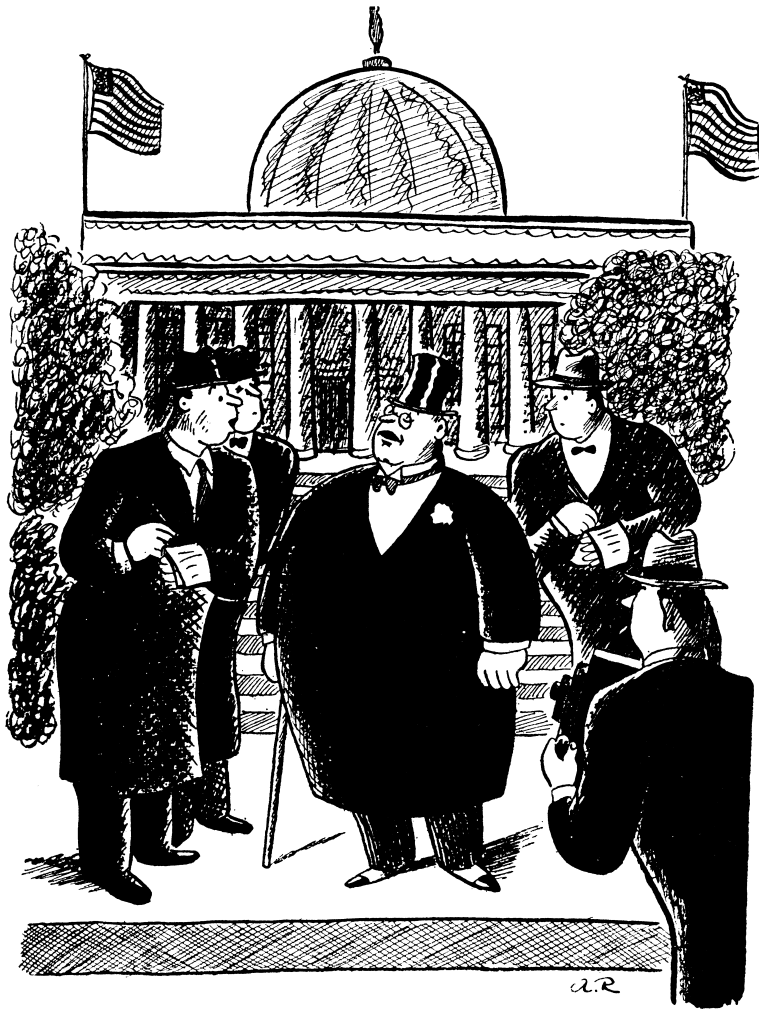
"Thank God he doesn't have to swim with the dirty masses in Coney Island."



"Well, we got thirty-five guys booked for criminal syndicalism, but I still don't know what the hell it means."

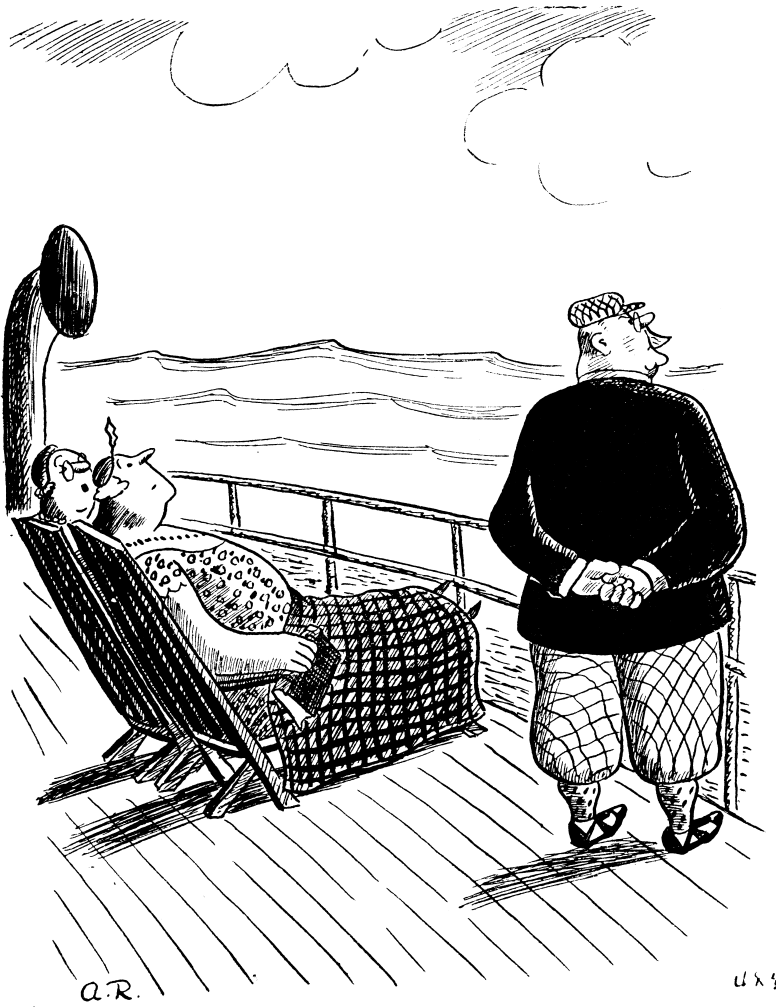


"The requirements for the job are very simple—you will be a private secretary and—er—sort of—er—a companion."

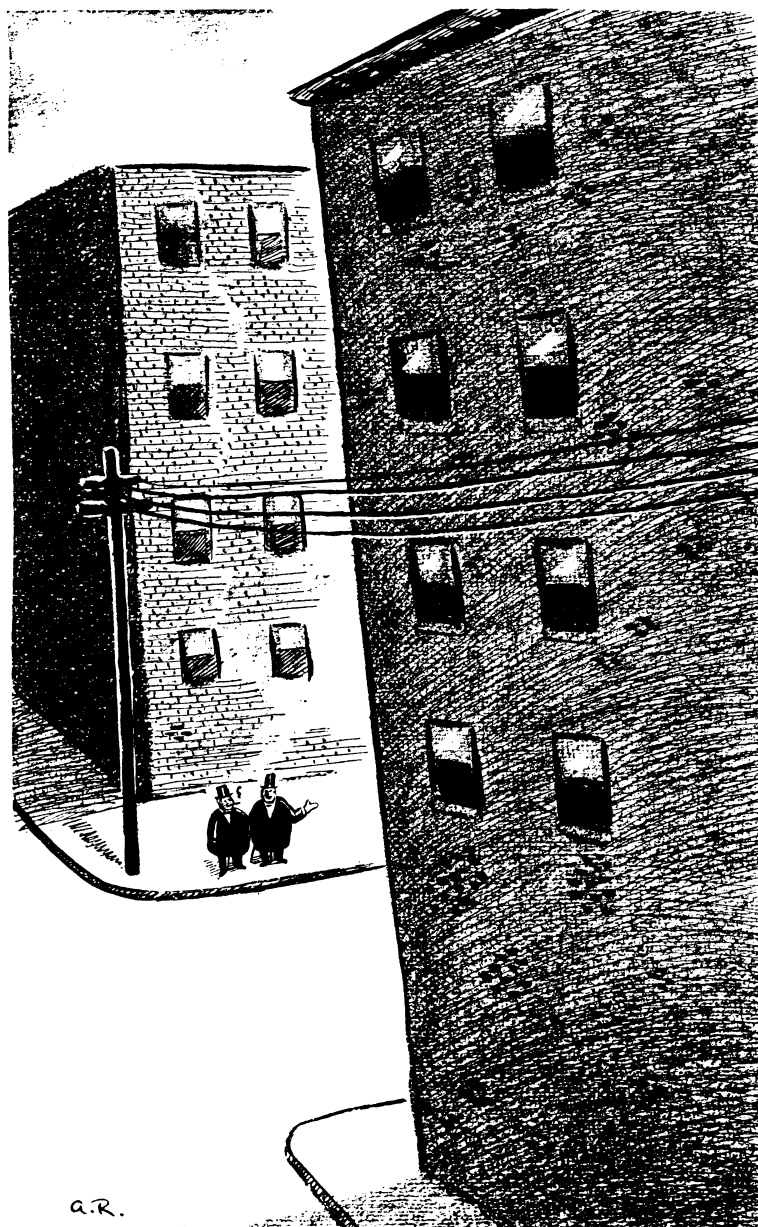


"Representative, can we have a statement about the million families who are being taken off relief?"

"Yes—my poor heart bleeds for them."

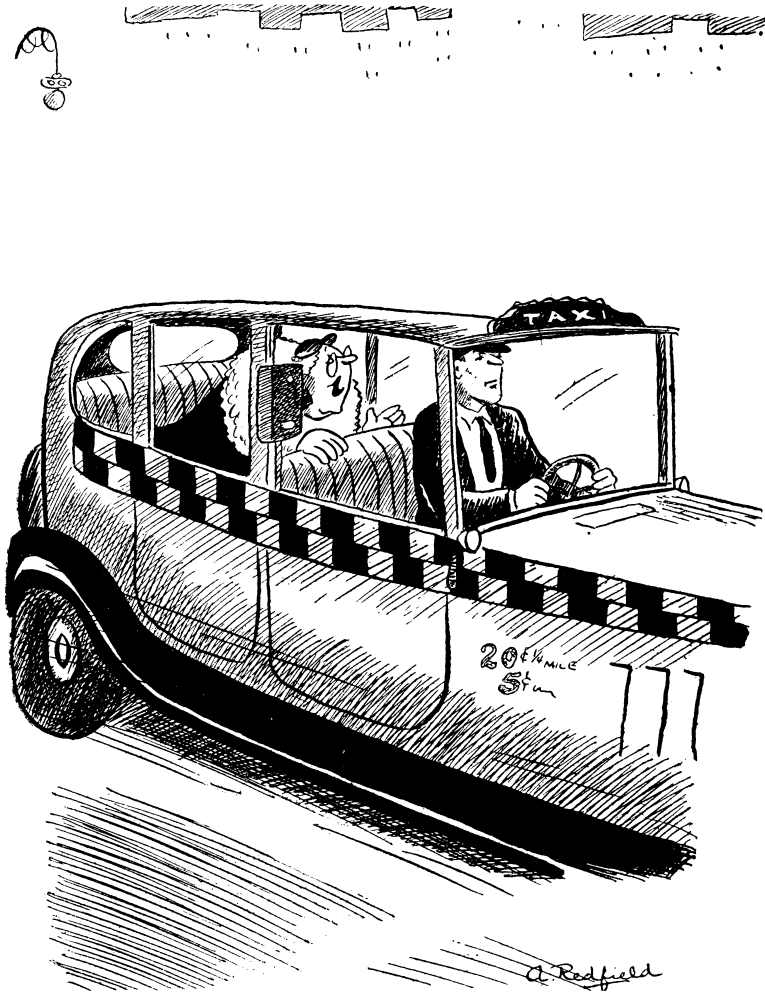


"Poor Horace—this round the world cruise has shown him that his coal miners function perfectly without him."



"The Commission says it's a fire-trap, but I got pull."

THE RULING CLAWSS



"I guess the depression means nothing to you
—you meet such interesting people."



"Believe me, I know what it is to go hungry
—once I didn't eat for an hour."



"I don't know what's wrong with the men, Generalissimo—they don't have the stamina for this desert sun."



"If this new cut goes through you can have two chauffeurs."



"Aren't I lucky? Daddy says the minute the army crushes the rebellions I can go to his sugar plantations in Cuba and write poetry."



"I tell you, it's a gold mine!"



"My great-grandfather was one of the early American settlers but I prefer gin-rickeys."



"Isn't the machine age marvelous, Honey?
All papa does is talk into the dictaphone and
presto—a hundred men are laid off!"



"To the slums, James. Edgar wants to see the poor bathing under fire hydrants."



"It was the usual story of from rags to riches with me, Junior—your grandfather died, leaving me only a half-million."



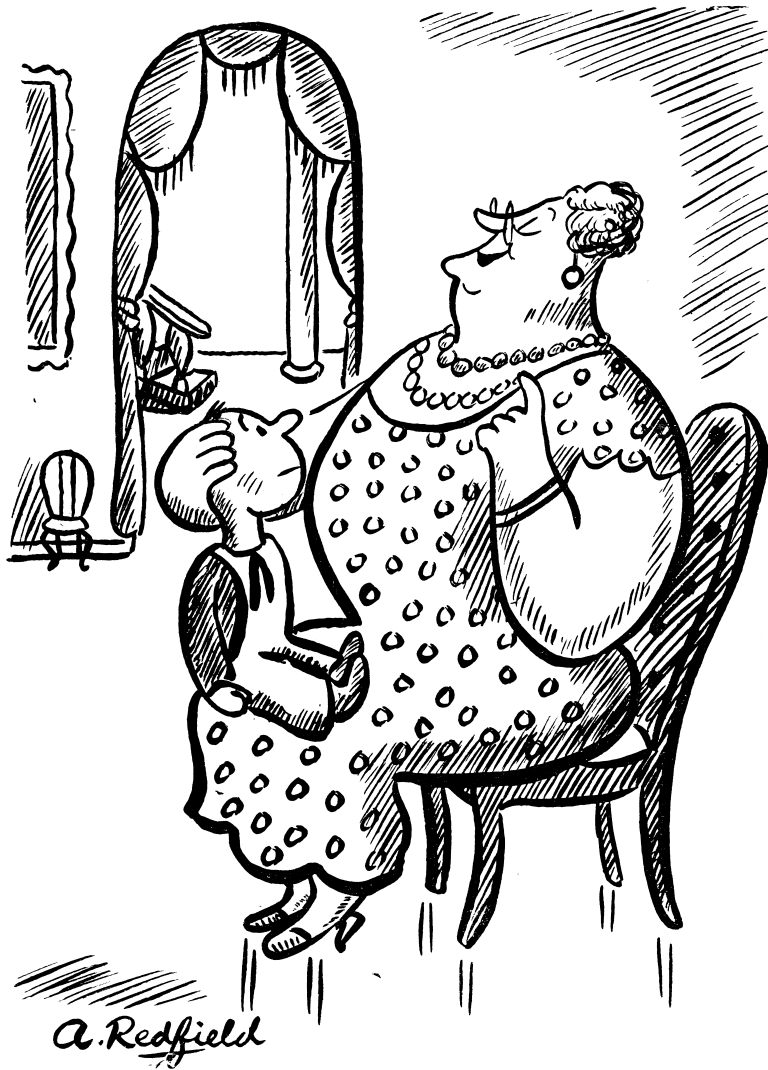
"My God! Nothing to wear!"



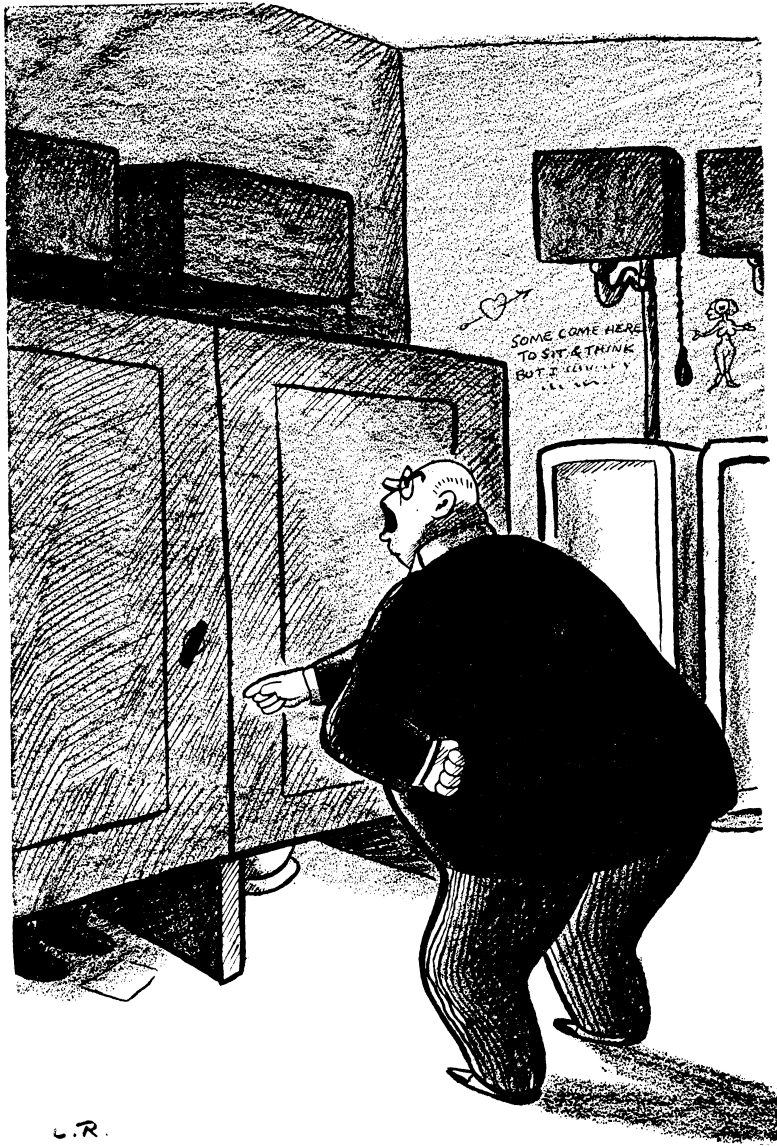
"Make sure ya spell all them there letters correct."



"No doubt, if these 15,000,000 unemployed weren't so lazy they could find jobs."



"—and the first thing little Roscoe must learn is that a worker is an inferior animal."



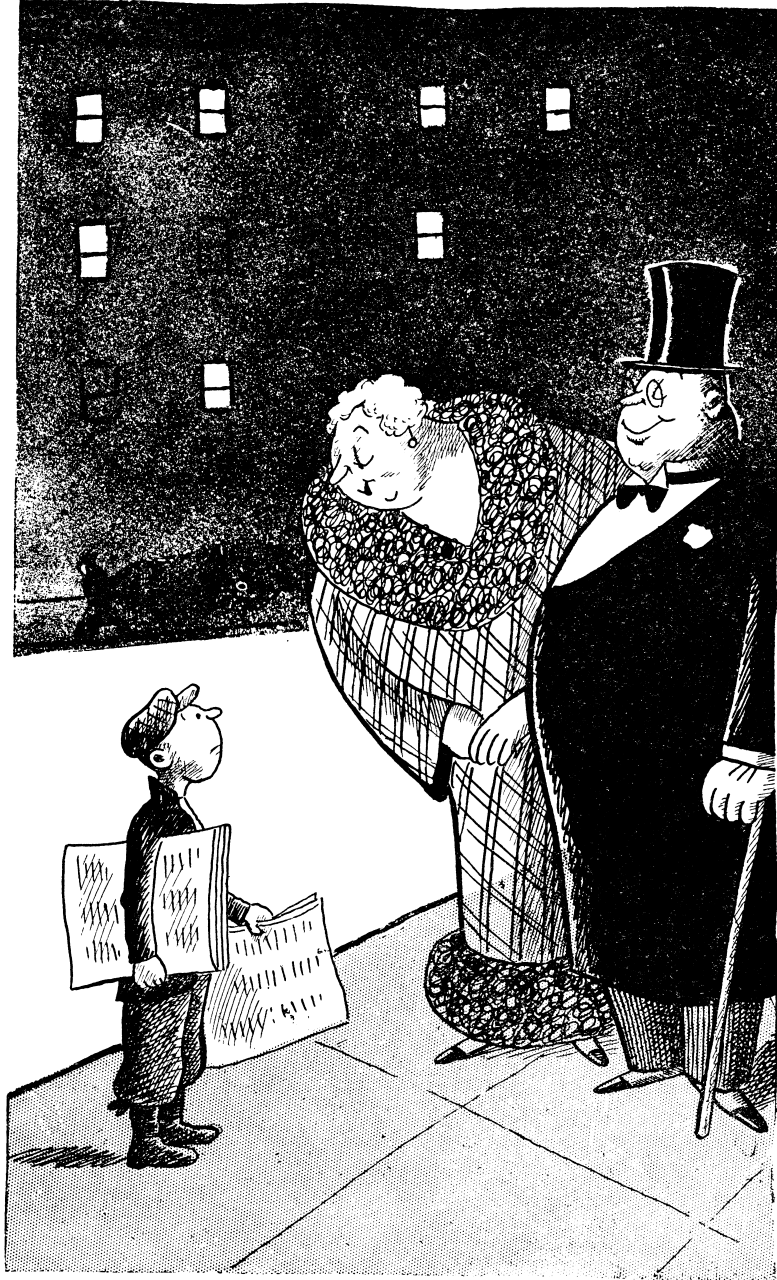
"On company time, huh!"



"After all, one can get along on so little."



"Aren't you exaggerating just a little bit, Mr. Redfield?"



"Your mother must be proud . . ."

THE RULING CLAWSS



The Artist Says a Word About . . .



Social Satire

Some time ago I had an argument with a friend who, though he is quite reactionary, considers himself a sympathizer. That is, he feels sorry for us. He picked up a copy of *The New Yorker* and said, "Show me a single drawing in here that is not funny." I pointed out that in about twelve drawings six struck me as being quite humorous. He said, "That proves that there is such a thing as bourgeois humor." I told him I hadn't tried, and wouldn't try, to deny that there was such a thing as bourgeois humor. But I assured him that bourgeois humor had its limitations and that it was solely used by the bourgeoisie to whitewash itself. My friend leaped into the air. "What the hell do you mean?" he said. I then calmly proceeded to explain to him that society was mainly divided into two classes, an oppressed class and a class of oppressors. In general, I described the bourgeoisie as being the class in society which consciously prepares new onslaughts on the oppressed.

"But," my friend interjected, "when I want humor, I want to forget all about that. I want to forget that my position

in society is insecure, and war and fascism are just around the corner. When I want to laugh I want to forget about everything." I asked him then, whether he was a dope addict. He heatedly replied that he was not. I then assured him that if bourgeois humor made him "forget," dope would also, and therefore bourgeois humor is, as Marx said of religion, the opium of the masses. Picking up copies of *The New Yorker*, *Esquire*, *Judge*, *Life*, etc., I went on to show him how these publications were making a general pancake of society. That is, taking the banker boys and politicians, who are the rapers of liberty and democracy, and presenting them between perfume ads in whimsical situations. And how does the bourgeoisie make itself look human? By exposing itself in the boudoir, or the night club, doing foolish things or saying something "funny." In other words, the fascists and warmongers are little lambs who do their parts in contributing to the merriment of a nation.

My friend now "tore" into the Soviet Union. "Suppose," he demanded, "an incident happened in Russia, where a worker is the scapegoat of a joke—would Stalin print it?" I assured him that Joseph is the kind of a fellow who has, at all times, the interests of the masses at heart, and that if the joke were against the working class, he would probably reject it. In fact, in the Soviet Union humor is an instrument in the hands of the working class. There, satire is used, not as a medium of escape, but as an amusing and educational means of improving the cultural level of the masses.

At this point let us examine some of the outstanding humorists of today. Let's take Will Rogers—wait a minute, let the dead rest. Anyway, Will was the type of comedian who very often attacked bankers, presidents, etc. But it was peculiar to notice that the same people whom he ridiculed very often were his hosts at lavish banquets and cocktail parties. In other words, society appreciated Will because his humor never went below the skin.

If Will had ever exposed his friends' real political life, they would not have contributed to a memorial for him—rather, they would have handed him a deportation notice and the poor cowboy would have been sent back to his Golden West. The same holds true for Eddie Cantor, Peter Arno, Robert Benchley and about a thousand others who carry "light into the dark."

Around about 1929, a new institution loomed on the horizon of American life. It came at a time when people had nothing to laugh at. Breadlines were springing up and the nation was taking orders from Moscow. Ballyhoo was born. This magazine discovered sex in the grandest style ever imagined by any genius publisher. Where sex, in the other existing magazines, could only be understood by a lucky handful of people, Ballyhoo brought it forward in a most militant manner. History was made by a great editor who suddenly brought ladies' drawers out from their places of hiding and featured them in double spread drawings. Plumbers came into their own . . . bricklayers . . . house

painters . . . steel workers . . . anyone who had an opportunity to peek into a lady's bathroom.

So great was the success of this magazine that on all sides imitators sprang up. Bunk, Hooey, Hooey-Balooey and Baloney were a few that flooded the market. The circulation was great until the country caught its breath and realized once again that sex was only an instinct. While all this was going on, it is easy to imagine that great American satirist of nearly half a century, Art Young, barricading the doorway of his cottage in Connecticut, and observing the twilight of bourgeois culture.

Art Young was probably the greatest satirist of his day. He drew for Life, Judge, Liberator and Masses many years ago. Probably the greatest of his reflections on the misery and hopelessness of life under capitalism was contained in a single drawing which Art had in the old Masses. The scene showed a tired worker and his wife. The man says, "Begorra, Maggie, I'm tired." She, bending over a washtub, says, "You're tired! Here I am, standing over a hot stove all day, while you work in a nice cool sewer." If this was the only drawing that the old master ever did, I believe that it would have won him, some future day, immortality in a workers' America.

Today we have a new crop of satirists who, at the same time that they bite the bourgeoisie, use only their lips, but not their teeth. Peter Arno is reckoned to be the greatest of them all. There is no denying the man's greatness as an artist. He

is probably the greatest producer of wash drawings today. His caricatures are ruthless in their attack, but Arno does not comprehend the significant position in society of the people whom he "attacks." He does not question once their right to rule and exploit, to create war and fascism, to bring misery and despair to the oppressed masses. Rather, he limits himself only to exposing the bourgeoisie as feeble-minded, sex-starved creatures who revel in their boudoir cavortions. Love and champagne are the only vices, to Arno, of the war mongers and makers of fascism.

Another great master of satire is Soglow. Soglow, as you know, is the creator of one of the most famous characters in American humor, the little king. In the beginning the king was quite an interesting character. Soglow began by exposing the royalty as the parasitic class which it is. The king was a ridiculous character who did all sorts of stupid things. At this time, it might be mentioned that Soglow was quite close to the revolutionary movement, but gradually, as fame and fortune carried him away, the king slowly began to assume a more human appearance. Instead of being a character whom people laughed at with a feeling of contempt, the king became an object of pity, until today people smile at his antics only half-heartedly as they recognize the monarch doing familiar things that we all do. Thus, Soglow has vindicated the royalty. Even Hearst is his patron today.

Let us now discuss the comic strip which has been a form of American humor for about forty years. The first strip we shall look at is Little Orphan Annie. Who is this nine-year-old

philosopher who has a dog named Sandy? She is a woman of the world who makes many trenchant observations on the perplexities of civilization. In January of any year Annie may be broke and hungry, but there is always February, when she will become rich. But, alas and alack, many are the moods and caprices of her great creator, who is destined to make her starve in March again. We do not know how true it is that one day the artist picked up a copy of one of the many papers in which Little Orphan Annie is syndicated and observed, "M'Gawd, here it is August and Annie is rich!" So the great satirist ran home and made Annie poor again. I fear that the day is not long when Annie won't live here any more.

Another strip is Andy Gump. Andy has been in the public eye for about twenty-five years. We find an Uncle Bim, who is a billionaire. And what, according to the creator of this strip, is the occupation of a multi-billionaire? Why, he simply gets into a limousine, rides through a ghetto, heaving tremendous bags of gold into the laps of the poor. Then there is Jiggs, who is supposed to typify the average American. All that this splendid example of Americanism asks is that he be allowed to eat corned beef and cabbage, and his main complaint in life is that there is always Maggie who awaits him every night with a rolling pin. Let no one of the millions of people who are disillusioned with the wretchedness of their existence under capitalism question the veracity of Jiggs. He is the ideal which the patrons of society would like the masses to pattern themselves after.

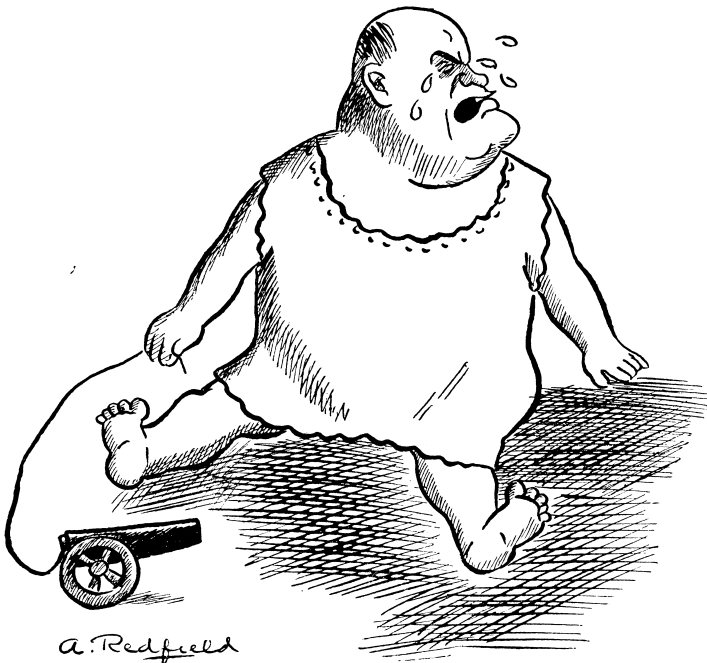
Another kind of a cartoon which has suddenly been popularized is the one which deals with the police. I don't think I have to explain the function in capitalist society of the police.

It will suffice to say that they are used to break strikes, to smash demonstrations of hungry workers and, in general, to protect the interests of the ruling class. However, in the Dick Tracy form of cartoon, we find that the police become genuine "servants of the people," at all times eager and willing to aid the suffering citizenry. Never is Tracy the kind of a cop who breaks his club over a worker's head. Indeed, his publishers would have us believe that the police are Robin Hoods whose every campaign is against vice and crime, and are never used to terrorize the masses of people.

Then there is the Skippy type of cartoon. Here we find bright-faced little children who never grumble about malnutrition, or the fact that they must go to school with feet unshod, but rather philosophize on the economic conditions of the state. Thus, its creator will have his puppets discuss the size of the Navy, the strength of our Army, whether we really are prepared for Japanese invasion and, in general, are just fun-loving children with youthful fancies and the brains of Hearst. Many strips are based on the ones which I have discussed.

What I have done here is attempt a general analysis of the humor we see in the comic supplements and the smooth paper weeklies and monthlies, as well as the kind we hear from the stage and over the radio. The men and women who draw Jiggs, Andy Gump, Skippy, Moon Mullins and the host of other strips . . . the Arnos, Soglows, Benchleys and Cantors . . . are all talented and funny, but . . . and here, I believe, is the point . . . their comedy is all too often a whitewash for people and conditions that, in reality, are not funny.

—A. REDFIELD.



a. Redfield

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