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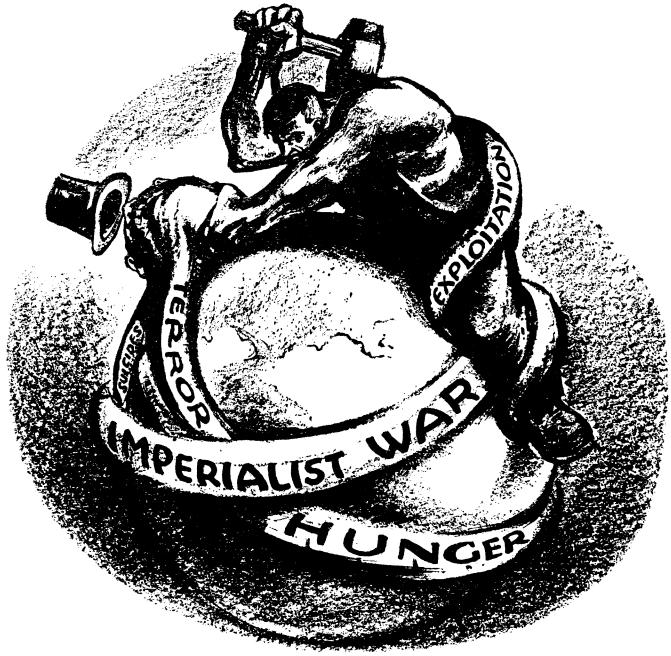
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# **HUNGER AND REVOLT: CARTOONS BY - BURCK**





**HUNGER AND REVOLT:**

*Cartoon*

**by**

*Burck*

**PUBLISHED BY THE DAILY WORKER**

**1935**

Published by the Daily Worker, New York, N. Y.

Second Edition, February, 1935

## DEDICATION

Dear Fellow-Workers:

Your heroic struggles against hunger and exploitation, your striving for a world in which no one will starve amidst plenty or die to swell the coffers of the profit and war-makers,—this, together with the wonderful revolutionary art of Boardman Robinson, Robert Minor, and Fred Ellis, are responsible for these drawings!

What I know how to do best is to make pictures. This is my contribution to the great future you, together with the workers throughout the world, are building.

*Jacob Braverman*

The cartoons in this collection have been produced under the daily pressure of a revolutionary newspaper, and in a period of fast-moving events.

They were originally published in the Daily Worker during the last four years, and have appeared in revolutionary publications throughout the world.

## INTRODUCTION

HERE is projected a kaleidoscopic film. Before your eyes there unrolls, for you who are the workers of hand and brain, for you who suffer, who struggle for your bread and for the future—you who may be in the shop, in the field, in the office—there unrolls before your eyes a great and tumultuous spectacle taken from nature.

These are not merely photographs, but better than that, these are the designs conceived and created by an artist who knows how to see and to show to you what he has seen. A photograph presents only an arrested instant of life. A drawing gives you that vision of the whole which is quite as exact but more complete. The pencil of a true artist is a perfected machine which, at a single stroke, creates the synthesis and the general aspect of individual portraits, and which embraces many meanings implicit in a few lines.

That which you see here unrolling before you is at the same time drama and comedy. It is at once a frightening adventure and a grotesque history that is hardly believable, a monstrous farce, and this tragi-comedy is a reality even today. It is the drama of all dramas. It is not only something which takes place at a remote distance from your own body, it also touches you and trails after you, and which forces you, for good or for evil, to play your role in this sad, collective melee—the role of prime mover, the role of mere instrument, and often, dear comrades and friends, even the role of victim.

Nothing of that which you see in these pages is exaggerated. It seems that one has here the study of monstrous beings who are not of the human species. But it is exactly thus, however, that these things come to pass; and all that you read so clearly in these probing and expressive drawings, is confirmed by the accurate news, which in spite of the censors, the distortions and the transpositions of the great press sold to the tyranny of wealth, comes partially to our knowledge.

It is necessary that you penetrate to this reality, that you see the truthful core of these presentations, until, with more and more ardent partisanship and more and more anger, you unite together. I hear all the workers, of every different kind, of each country; the workers of all countries of the world—in an army of resistance, insurmountable by its grandeur, which will hasten the logical moment when all these bloody absurdities will have their end, and when all the iniquities, which are the sinister characteristics of contemporary history, will change, by the force of things and by the force of the conscious masses, into a justice that is reasonable and brotherly.

*Louis Bachelier*

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# UNEMPLOYMENT

UNEMPLOYMENT, a major catastrophe, worse than any earthquake, fire or flood, grips America today.

Some 16 million men and women and their families are without work or food or hope.

Capitalism has created this enormous famine, but like a hardened murderer, it hides its guilt by bluff, bribery and intimidation.

The starving masses are bewildered by the attacks made on them from every side.

An army of capitalist labor leaders, ministers, politicians, gunmen and intellectuals are engaged in a vast campaign whose object is to keep the unemployed in a state of confusion, fear and apathy.

Capitalism fears its victims. Those it cannot conquer with demagogic lies, it tries to make submissive with the blackjack and machine gun.

Each unemployed man thinks himself weak and powerless. And yet, organized as a mass, the unemployed can make demands that no capitalist dares ignore.

It is the Communist Party that first began to organize the unemployed in America. Without this party, and the agitation it began as far back as 1930, not a cent of relief would have been spent on the unemployed.

The capitalist class tried to keep the problem hidden away in the dark slums of the land. Let the workers starve quietly and patriotically, was the capitalist slogan. But nobody can buy or intimidate the Communists. And they brought the unemployed out into the streets and led them in hunger marches to all the capitals. It was they who forced the capitalists to recognize the unemployed.

Capitalists never willingly surrender a penny of their dishonest wealth. They have no human feelings, except greed and fear. The Communists have at least taught them to fear the unemployed.

Capitalism is a failure, as is proved by its great wars, and the present unemployment crisis.

The time is coming soon when Communists will be able to lead the hungry workers to something bigger than unemployment relief—to the organization of a world without these useless and dangerous profiteers, a world where there is leisure and wealth and dignity for every human being. It can be won—just as the unemployed can win their immediate demands if they organize and fight.

*Michael Gold*

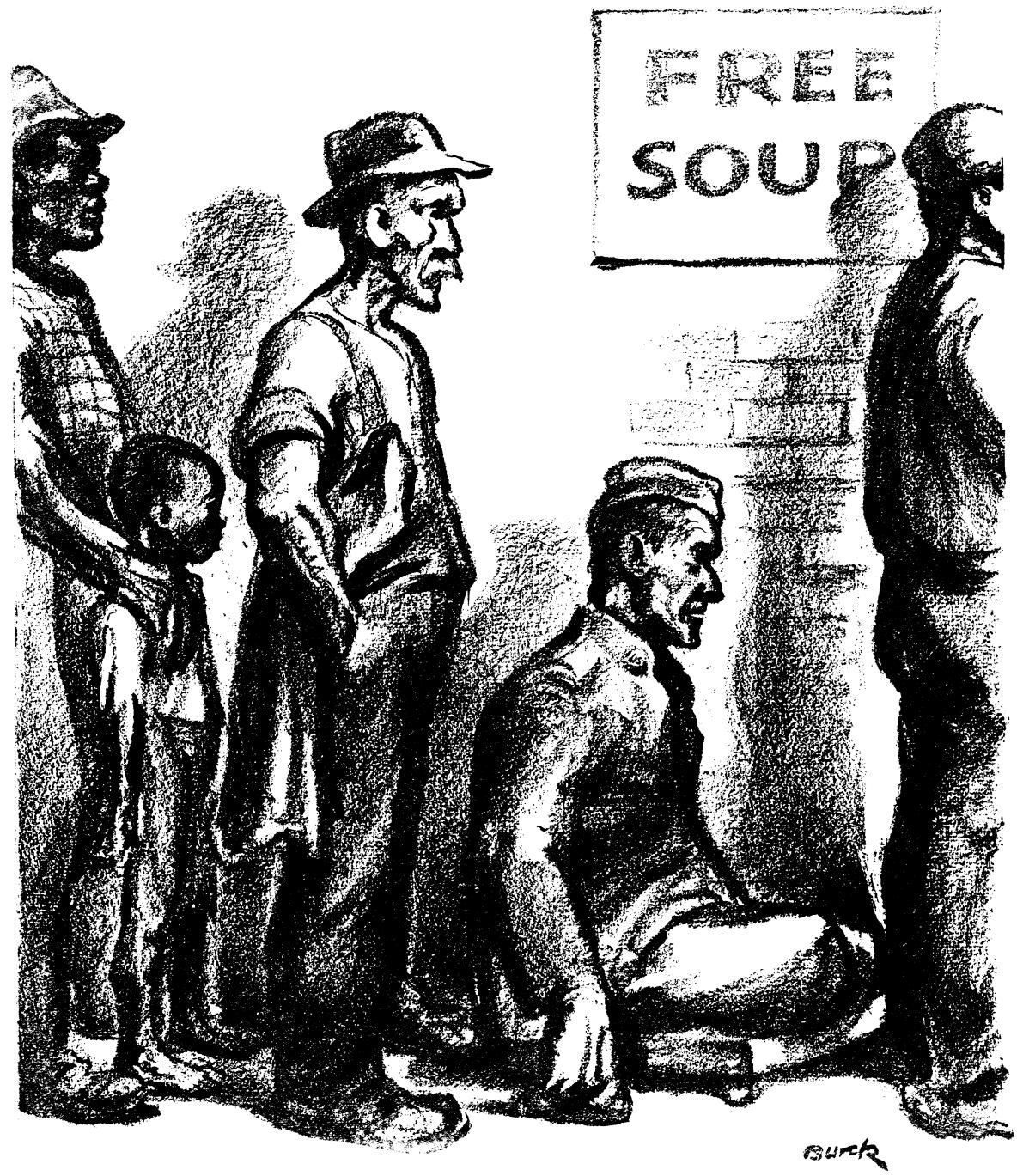
## The Cloak



**“... No One Will Starve . . . !”**



**The "American Standard" of Living**



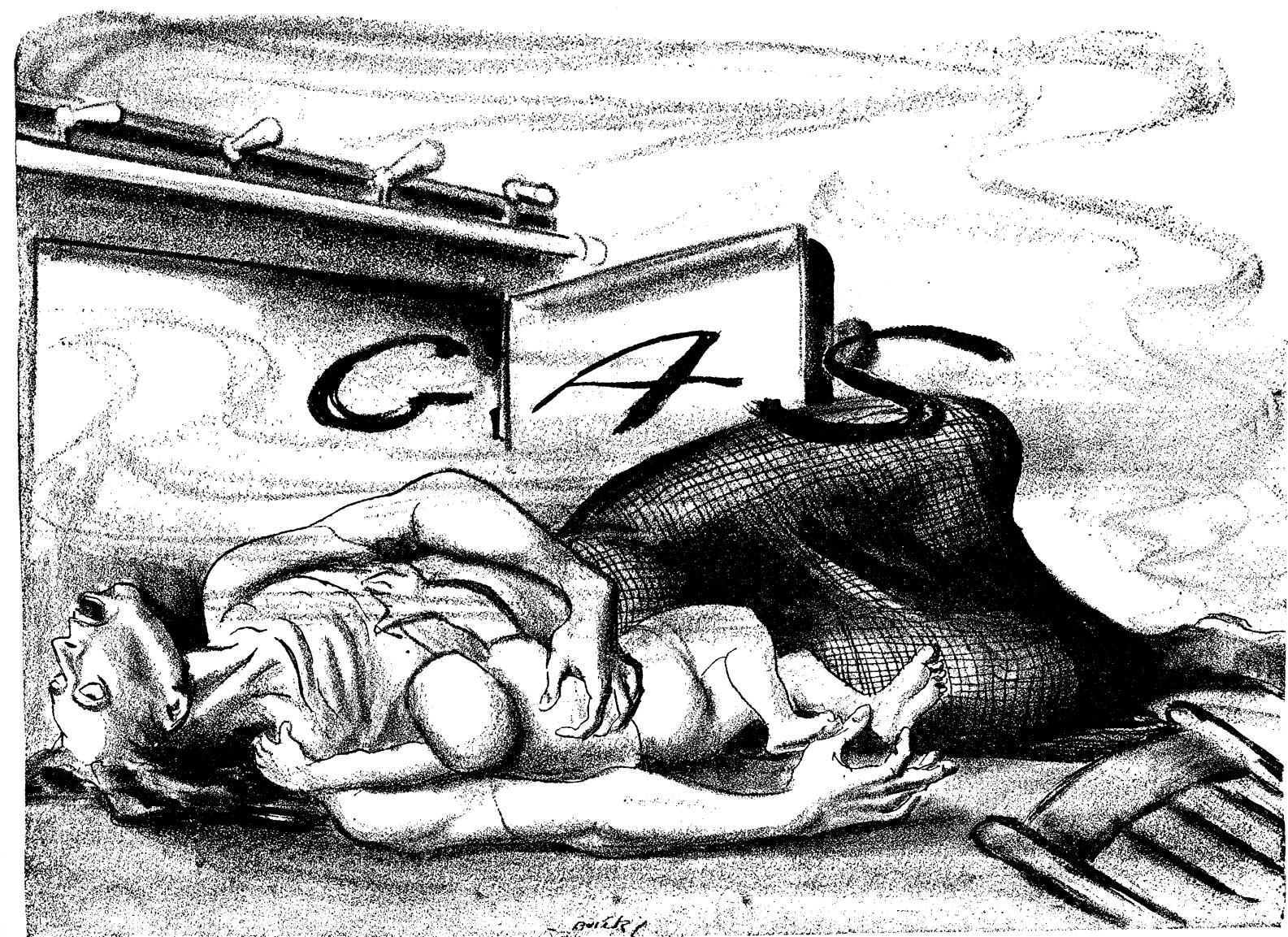
**“Suffering Enriches the Soul”**



**News Item: White House Milk  
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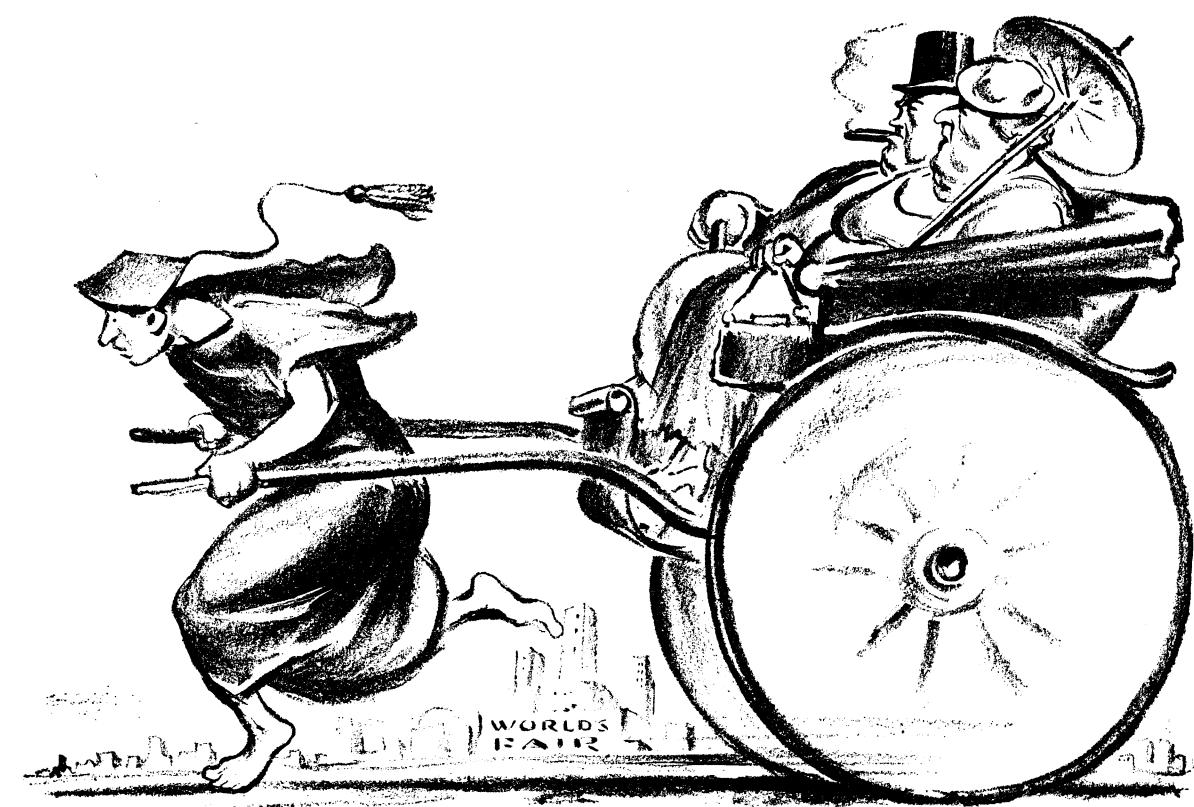
**"... Be Patient"**



**Men to Burn!**



## A Century of Progress





**"We Will Share With You"**

## Half Time



**"Beer Is What You Need!"**



## His Way Out



## Capitalism Gone Mad



**"Fall In!"**



# STRIKES and LABOR LEADERS

THE art of Jacob Burck cannot be separated from the revolutionary movement, from the continual struggle of the working class against robbery and oppression, against hunger, fascism and imperialist war, any more than the Communist Party can be separated from the working class.

Burck's cartoons depicting daily developments, the clash of revolutionary and reactionary policies in the labor movement, strikes, official labor leaders and their sordid but dangerous disloyalties to their dues-paying membership and the whole working class, their obscene servility and frockcoated fawning to and upon the representatives of the rulers, strip these fat gents of their respectability and kick their halos into startling angles.

Burck and Fred Ellis are the legitimate heirs of the revolutionary art of Robert Minor. They are no longer only American artists of the American proletariat. They are of the international proletariat and bearers of the revolutionary tradition that stems back to the French Communards.

The Communards "stormed heaven," said Marx. Jacob Burck storms the citadels of ruling class art every day—and demolishes another bastion with each cartoon.

It is impossible to estimate in any adequate terms the number of times a Burck cartoon has caused that grim laughter on a mass picket line which bosses' thugs fear more than bullets. It is impossible to estimate the number of workers to whom a Burck cartoon has brought lightning insight into a difficult question of strategy and tactics. One cannot say to how many workers Jacob Burck has brought new pride and confidence in their class and its victorious destiny. But it is clear to anyone that Burck thinks and draws in terms of a working class that is learning through a thousand struggles, big and small, that the road to freedom unwinds its rough but shining length past the political graves of those who now fill high official positions in the labor movement—the road that the working class carves through the cemetery in which lie buried forever the policies of compromise and defeat, because of official betrayal and the unending list of carefully nurtured illusions that have kept the working class in subjection.

In the Soviet Union, where proletarian culture has won with the Revolution its victory over bourgeois culture, Jacob Burck is among those at the top list among proletarian artists whose pen and brush are weapons of the working class and colonial peoples in the worldwide class battle line. In France, England, in fascist Germany and Italy, Burck's drawings are used to show the surging tide of the class struggle in the United States.

The Communist press, itself growing out of the revolutionary class struggle, alone could bring forth a Burck. He is a sturdy child of the revolutionary struggle. His art has drunk deep from the clear swift stream of Marxism-Leninism and its proletarian culture.

Take a look at the pansy-bed of cartoonists whose drawings are on the pages of the official American Federation of Labor and the Socialist Party press! Their drawings reflect the attitude of continual apology the official leadership display, continual apology for the fact that the labor movement dares to exist at all. Their best efforts look like what they are—timid flowers wilted by the first frosty glance from the agents of the capitalists and their government.

Strikes, strikers, unity in struggle of white and Negro, native and foreign born! These Burck draws with immense sympathy, immense pride and with strokes that are at once strong and tender.

High-salaried official labor leaders, suave or brutal, crude or cunning, as the case may be, Burck draws with contempt, disgust—and hatred—and with a pen of corrosive sublimate. These cartoons eat into the heart of the most callous of labor officialdom—but they fix themselves also, and indelibly, in the hearts and minds of the workers labor officialdom betrays by a thousand subterfuges, evasions and brutalities.

For Burck draws their methods as well as the "recognized labor leaders" themselves. He draws their shrivelled souls and the mechanics of their treacheries. Workers like Burck's cartoons. They do more than enjoy them. I know that they study them, but that they find more than a picture of misleaders with which they agree. They find also how these misleaders betray them—and why.

By this I mean that the Daily Worker has on its staff one of the greatest of proletarian cartoonists of this epoch, judged by the hardest of all tests—the daily, striking, easily understood and politically correct depicting of major events and issues in the life and battles of the working class in his chosen medium.

*William F. Durnal*



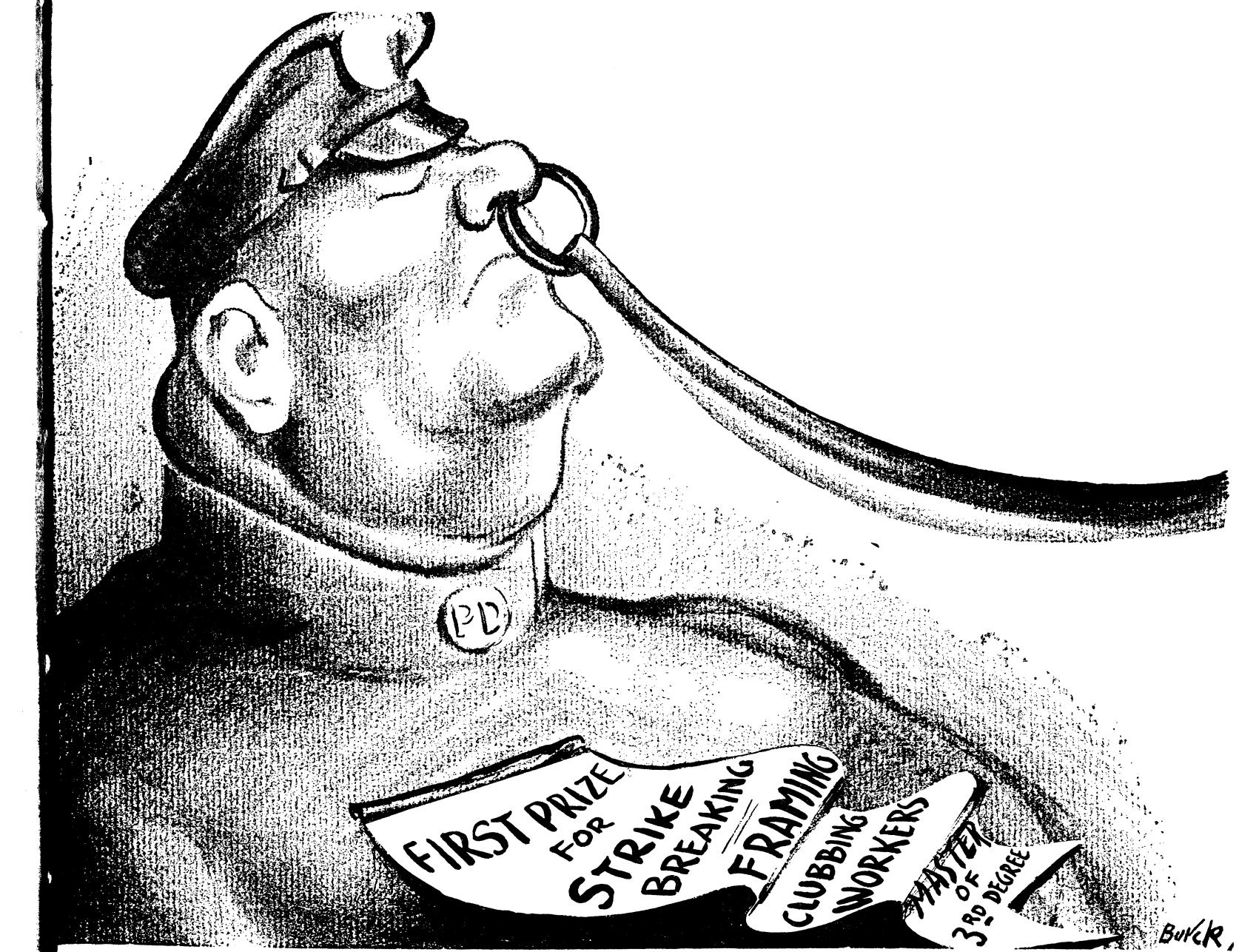
**"A Little More Ether, Dr. Green!"**



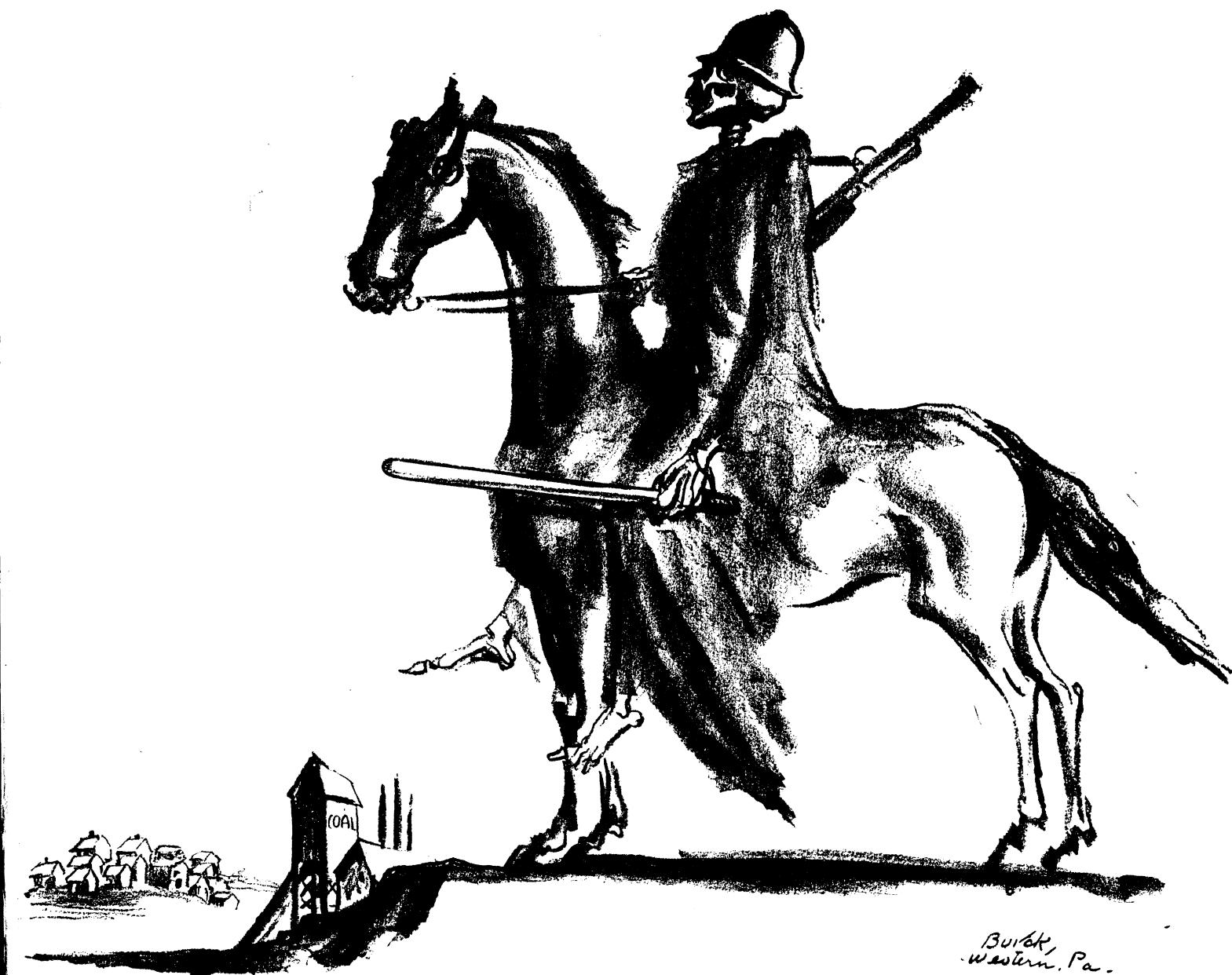
**"Speaking in the Name  
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## The Prize Bull



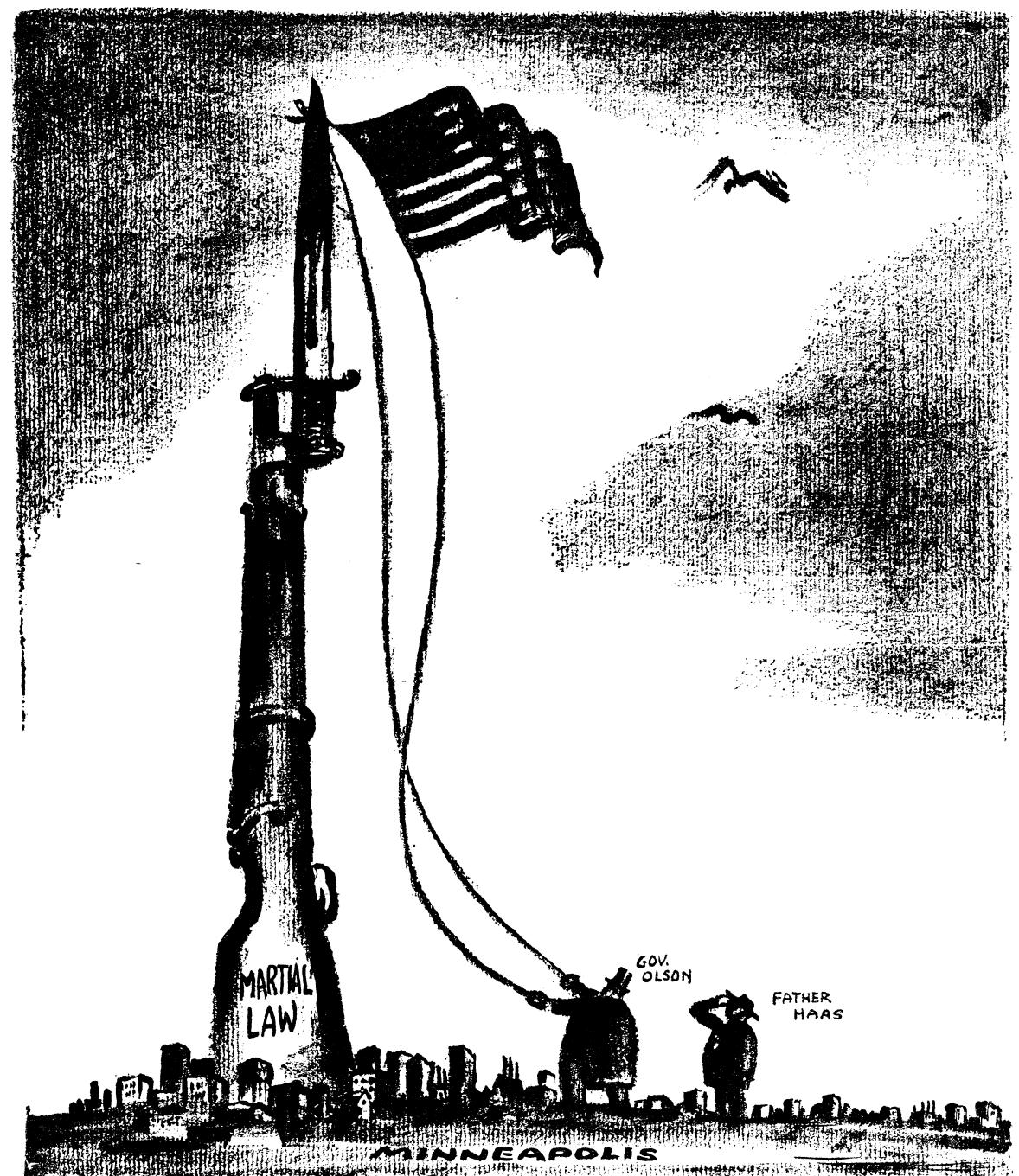
## The Company's Man



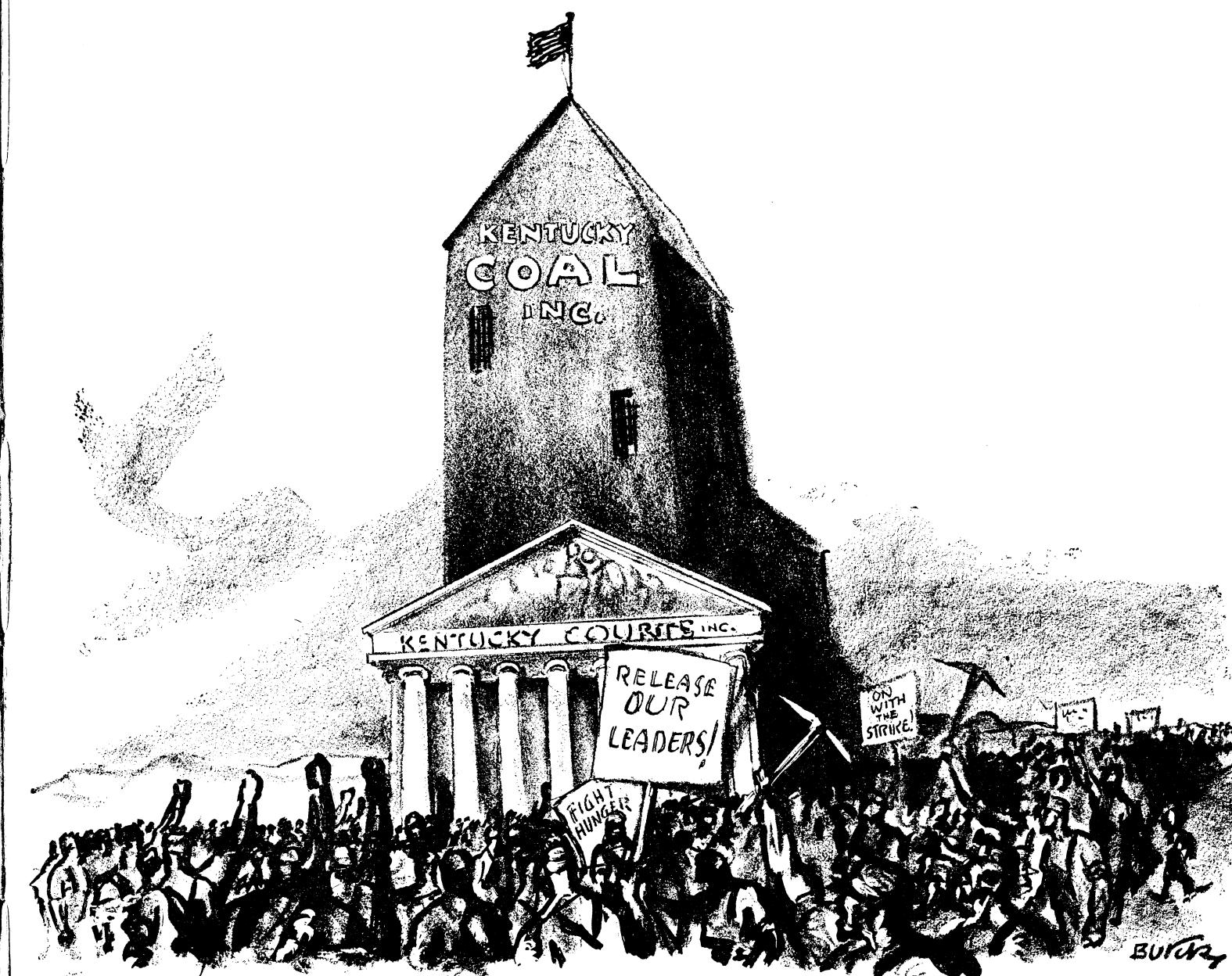
## Class Against Class



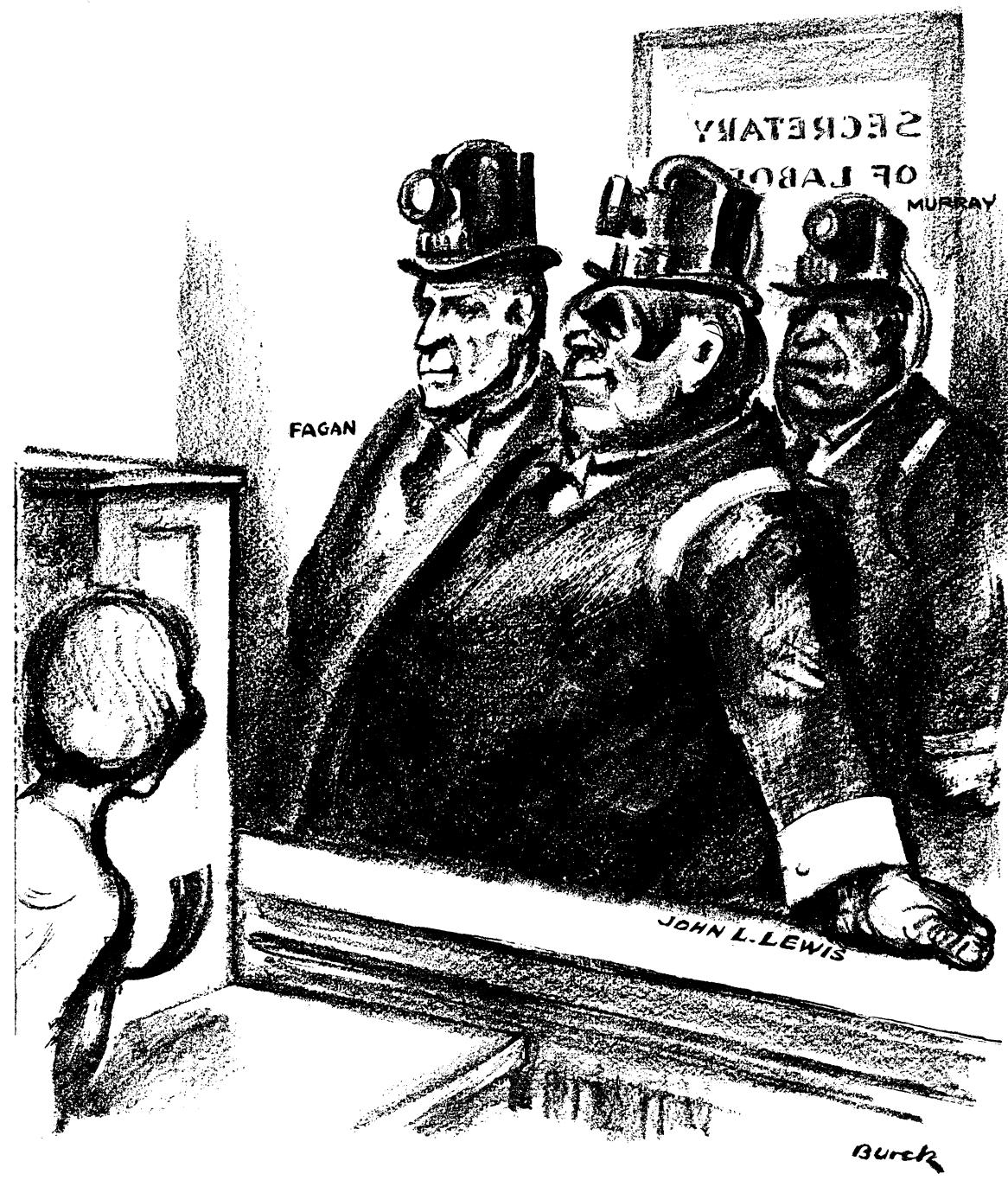
**"O'er the Land of the Free . . ."**



## Palace of Justice



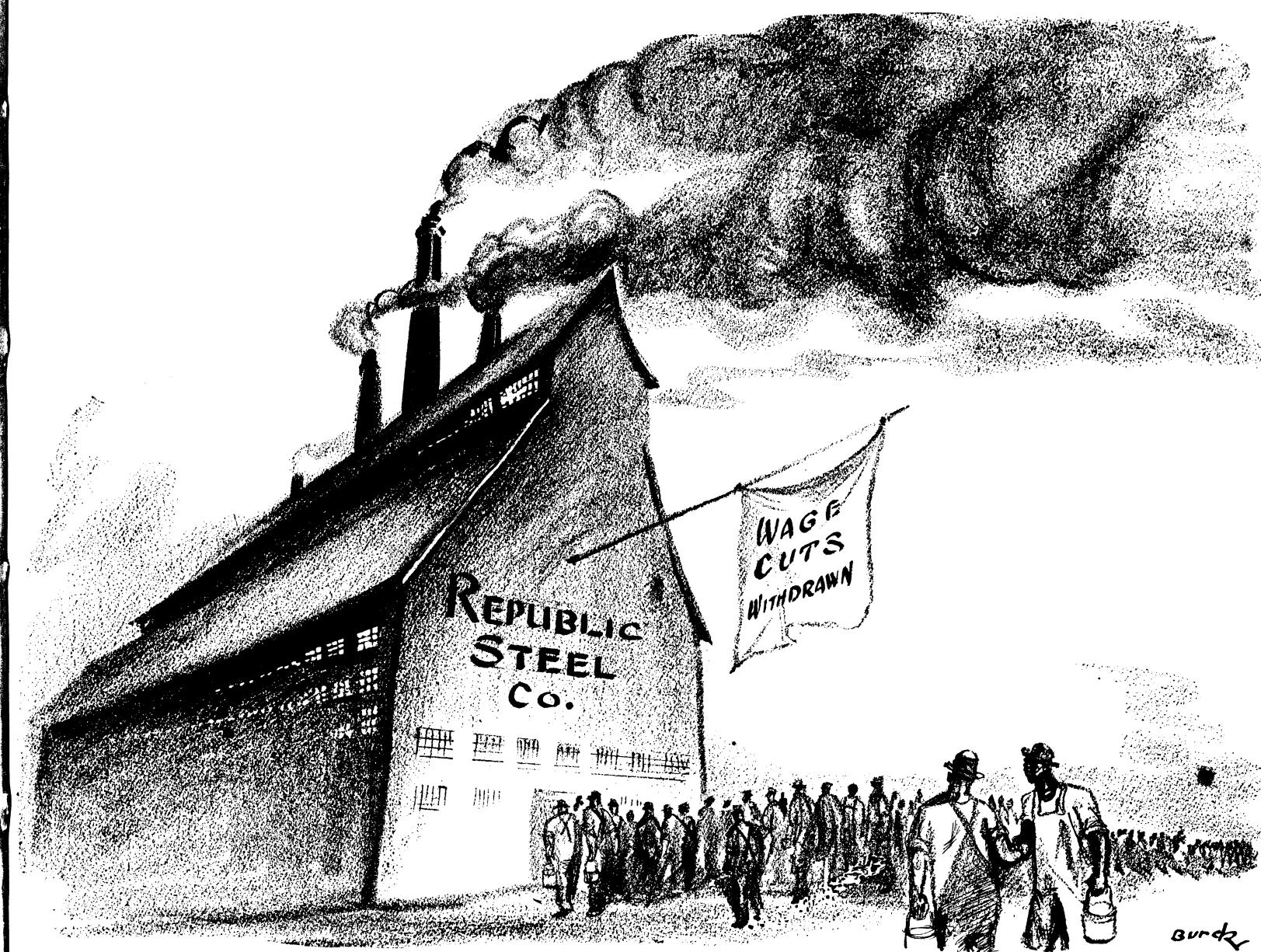
**"Tell the Secretary the  
Miners Are Here!"**



## The Pipe of Peace



## The Way to Go Back



**Seeing Red!**



# SOCIALIST PARTY

In the great historic fight which the workers of the world are waging against their class enemy, the fact which looms higher than any other today is the division in the ranks of the working class which brings them face to face with the enemy with their forces disunited and scattered.

Socialist and Communist workers—class brothers in whose veins flows the blood of the proletariat, the revolutionary class whose historic mission it is to break the chains of class exploitation and usher in a new society—surely these belong side by side.

And today this task of welding our class forces into one united front against war and fascism—this is our major task.

Does not the yoke of capitalist wage slavery, does not the terrorism and brutality of the exploiters fall upon Socialist and Communist workers and their children with equal force? Every instinct of our class demands that nothing must stand in the way of our class unity.

In his drawings, Jacob Burck has singled out with true class feeling and keenness the high points in the whole question of Social-Democracy and its relation to the proletarian revolution.

Two emotions dominate these drawings, hatred for the policies of the Social-Democratic leadership which have cost the working class such bitter penalties, and a deeply felt class need for solidarity with the workers in the ranks of the Socialist Party.

Can there be any denial of the bitter truth which Burck has drawn for us in the depiction of Ebert and MacDonald? Can there be any doubt as to the emotion which emerges from the May Day drawing where the great red banner of May Day is cut in two, an actual description of what happened in New York this year when the Socialist leadership turned down the united front offer of the Communist Party?

And can one miss the revolutionary exultation which leaps out at us from the drawing where the united ranks of the Spanish, German and Austrian working class fling high the banner of solidarity behind the barricades of class battle?

In some of his drawings, Burck misses his mark, where he aims at the policies of the leadership and fails to discriminate clearly enough between these policies and the Socialist Party workers.

But this is more the weakness which has hindered the work of the

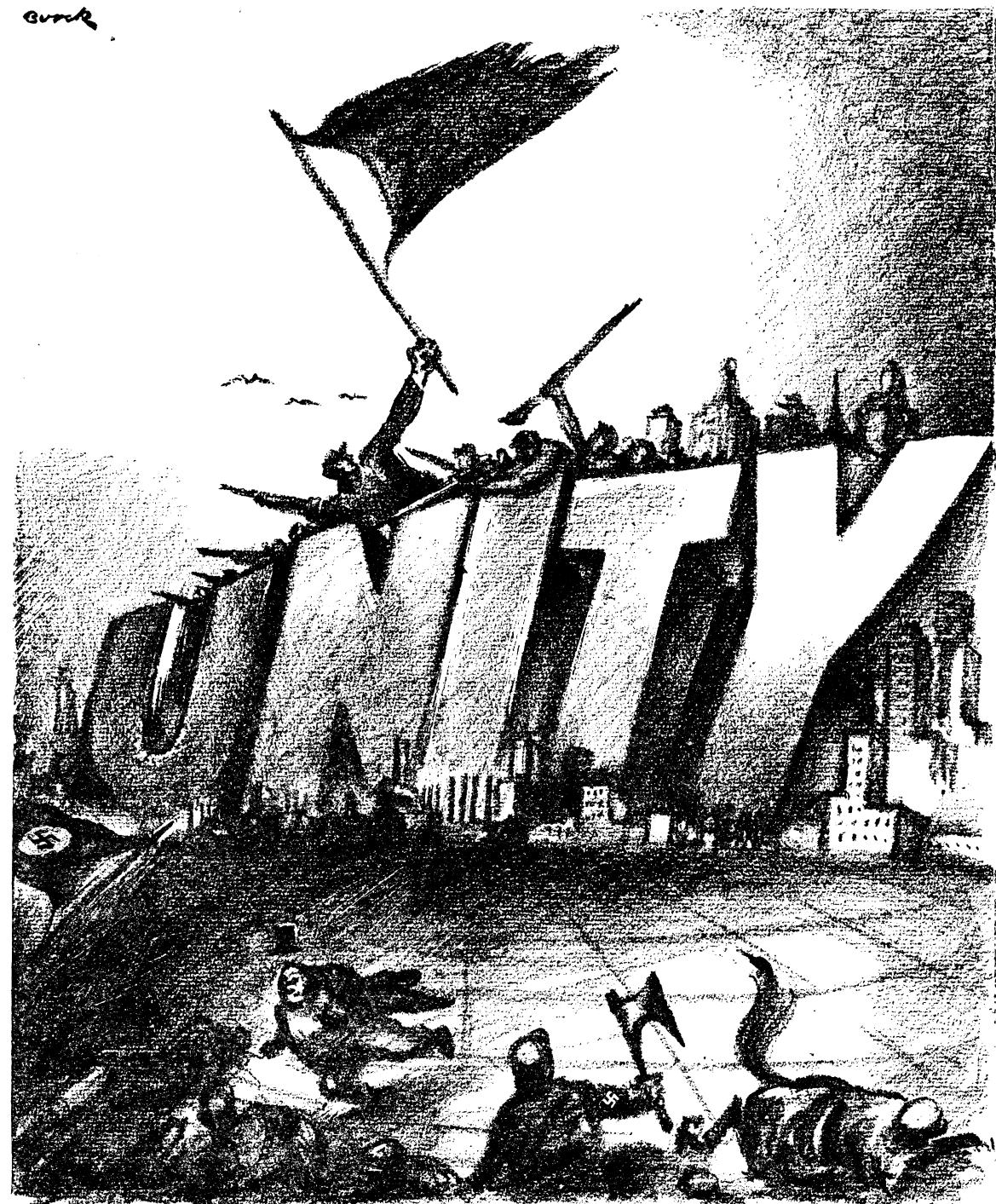
whole Communist Party than it is the weakness of Burck the artist. We recognize this mistake and we are striving to correct it.

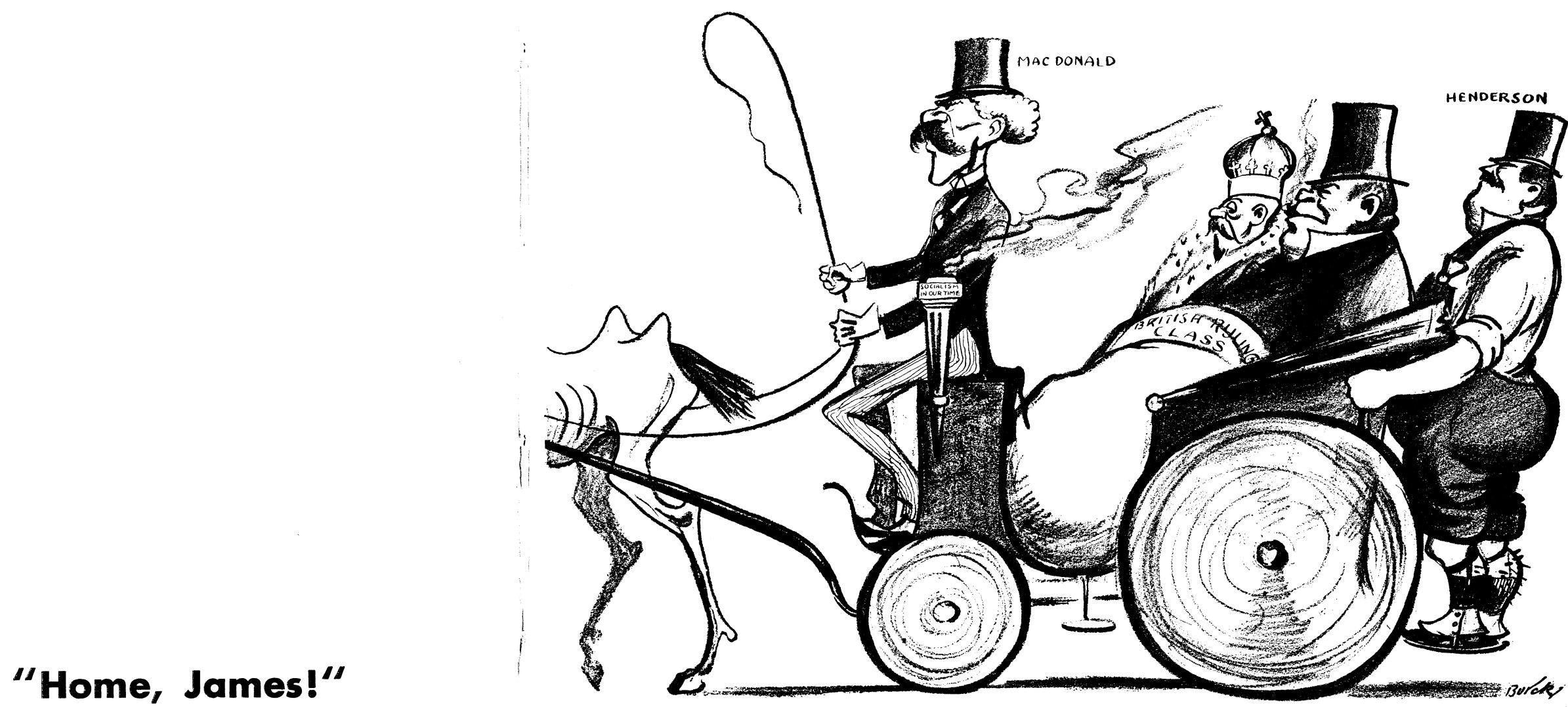
Today we are rapidly closing the gap which has so long divided us. Today, on the barricades of Spain, in the illegal shop work in Germany, in the streets of Paris, in the working class quarters of Vienna, and above all in the fight against the Wall Street offensive against us here at home, we are building our class unity.

And when this happens the ruling class has cause to tremble. In this struggle, Comrade Burck's drawings are our sharp weapons.

*C. A. Hathaway*

**A Working-class Bulwark!**





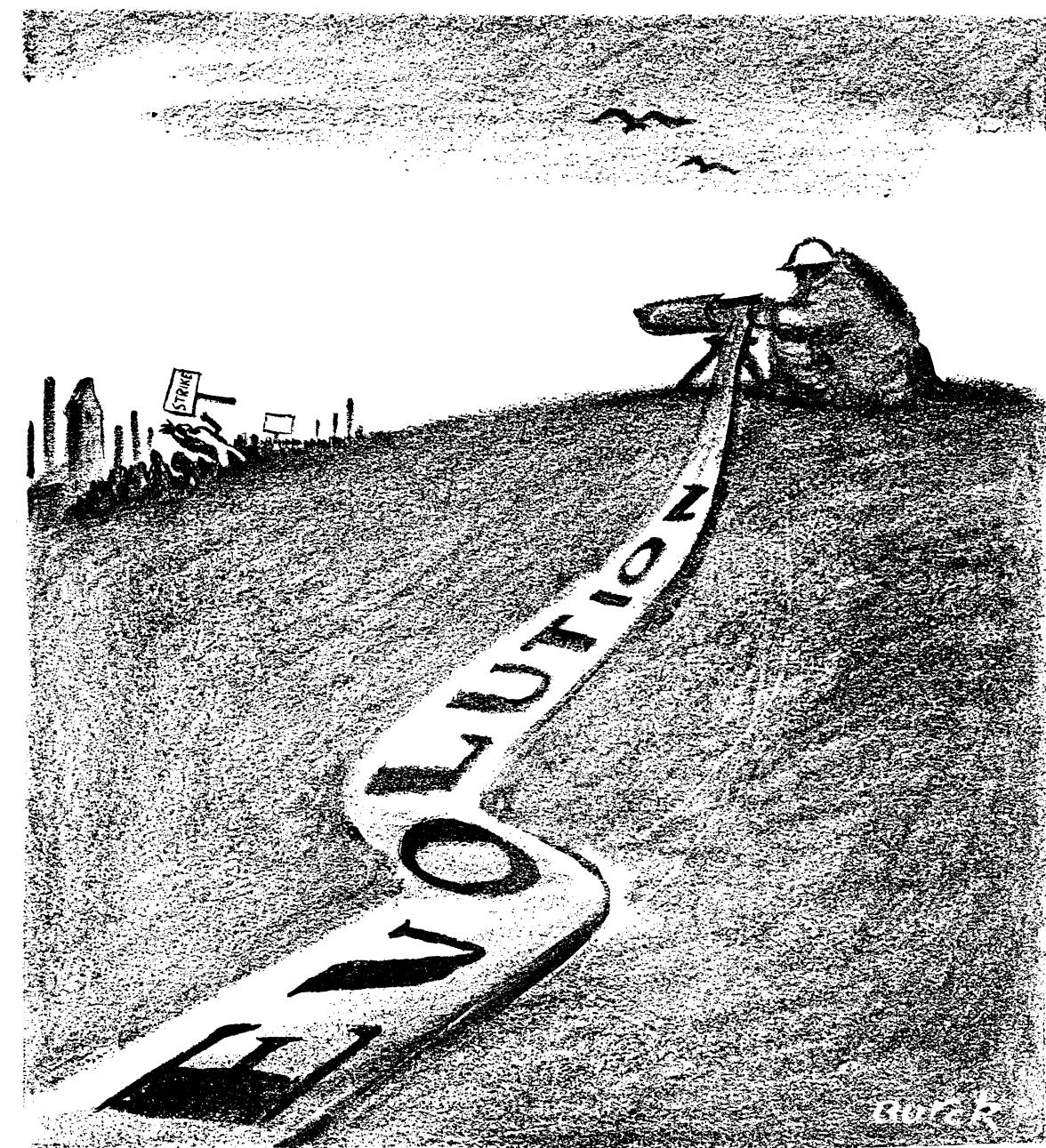
**"Forward!"**



**"Bring 'em Back Alive!"**



## **"Socialism in Our Time"**



**"Shake!"**



**Over Their Heads!**



**“... A World to Gain!”**



# POLITICS and POLITICIANS

**A** MAN with a Harvard accent and Barrymore smile sits in the White House and with the political touch of Tammany Hall bids the people (seventy-six per cent are living on the ragged edge of poverty) to partake of an American tradition, "Individual Self-Reliance." A President named Herbert Hoover labeled it "Rugged Individualism." Marine workers speak plainly: "Pie in the Sky."

The Cabinet member, pledged to guard the rights of wage earners, doesn't write but telegraphs aid to a Red-scare that is the bridge the vigilantes tread to traduce every civil liberty the West Coast ever knew. Now strike-breakers in uniform, including the Chief of Staff of the United States Army, wait upon the marching orders of a Governor who yells "Red Revolt!" at pickets crouched behind gravestones to escape soldiers' fire. **STRIKE-BREAKING HAS BECOME A MAJOR BUSINESS OF AMERICAN POLITICIANS.**

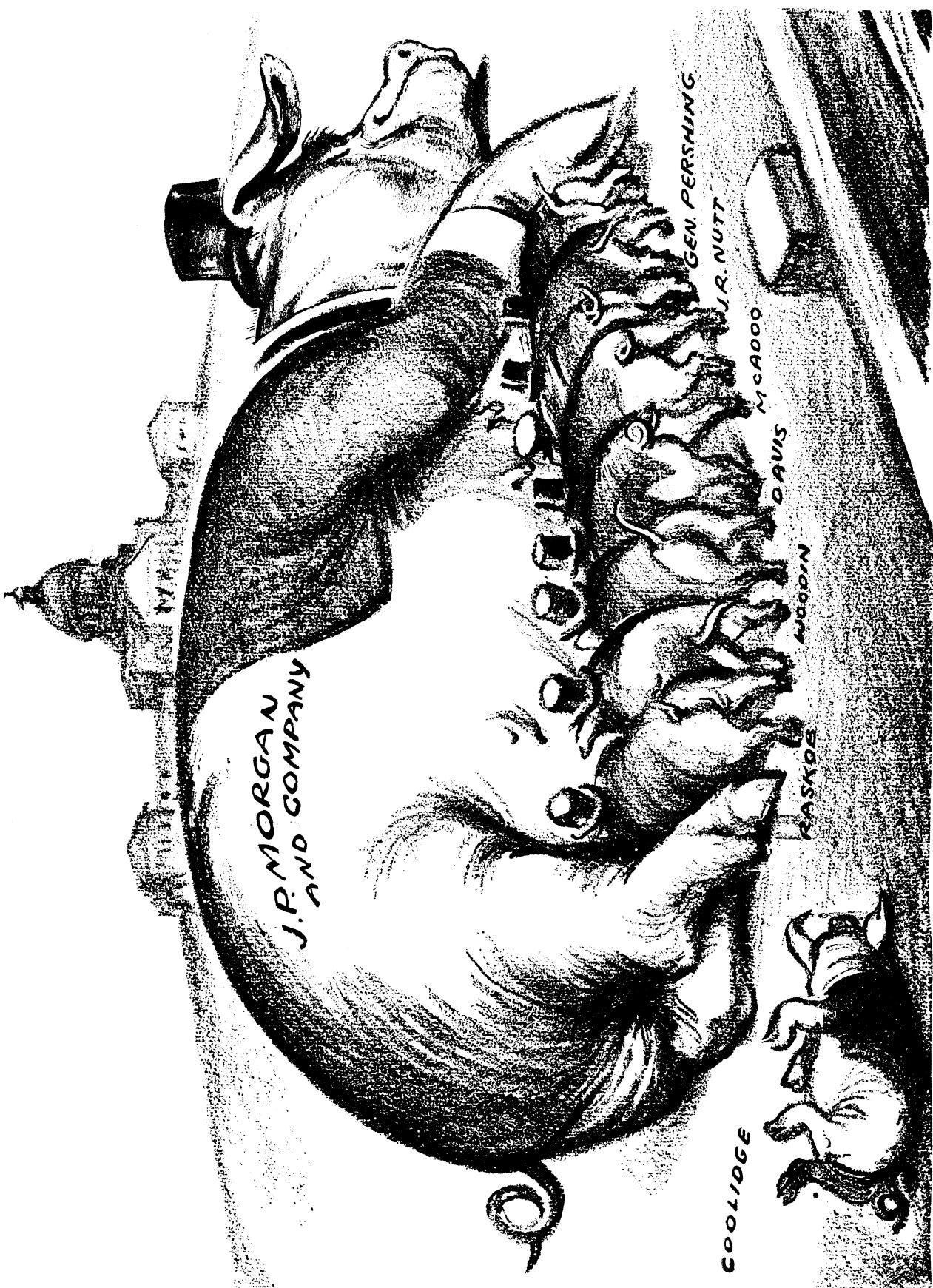
On Capitol Hill seven Senators nervously confront some munitions makers. The lid is hardly lifted from this Pandora's Box, however, for to plumb the evils of an industry that employs King and President as well as prostitute in selling death to the masses at home and abroad would be to tap the rootscabs of monopoly capital.

Bull Moose, Socialists, Progressives—a legion of careerists man the minor stations of the gargantuan "New Deal" machine. They regurgitate confusion and demagogery as their father spun tinsel about Woodrow Wilson's hollow spool of "New Freedom," while the real business of reducing crops and wages, militarizing the unemployed, intensifying profits and the concentration of wealth, driving tenants from the farms and otherwise preparing war and fascism is transacted by telephone between the President's oval study and the yachts, mansions and offices of Wall Street. Into this political scene, dominated since March, 1933, by overlords-in-person who top the N.R.A. structure for industry-for-profit-by-grace-of-government-decree, edges Socialist Party leader Norman Thomas, intoning, "The road to Socialism!" There was present just one Negro, Oscar de Priest, a Chicago real estate man who admitted the revolutionary movement held the only solution to his race's future, but who was against it because he is for profits.

BUT HERE IS A NEW SUBTITLE ON THE SCREEN: "180,000 Votes for Gallagher." California votes for the Mooney defender endorsed by the Communist Party of the United States! The reel is just beginning to unroll. It is but a prelude to a government of workers and farmers—Soviet America!

The munitions makers can well afford to dub their platitudinizing puppets "cooky-pushers." But to the workers and farmers and intellectuals who will topple them, they are as Jacob Burck sees them—and draws them, life sized—a ruthless and vengeful gentry who parade and prate about the pee-pul in exact proportion to their toeing the line for the big boys who own the factories, banks and big farms.

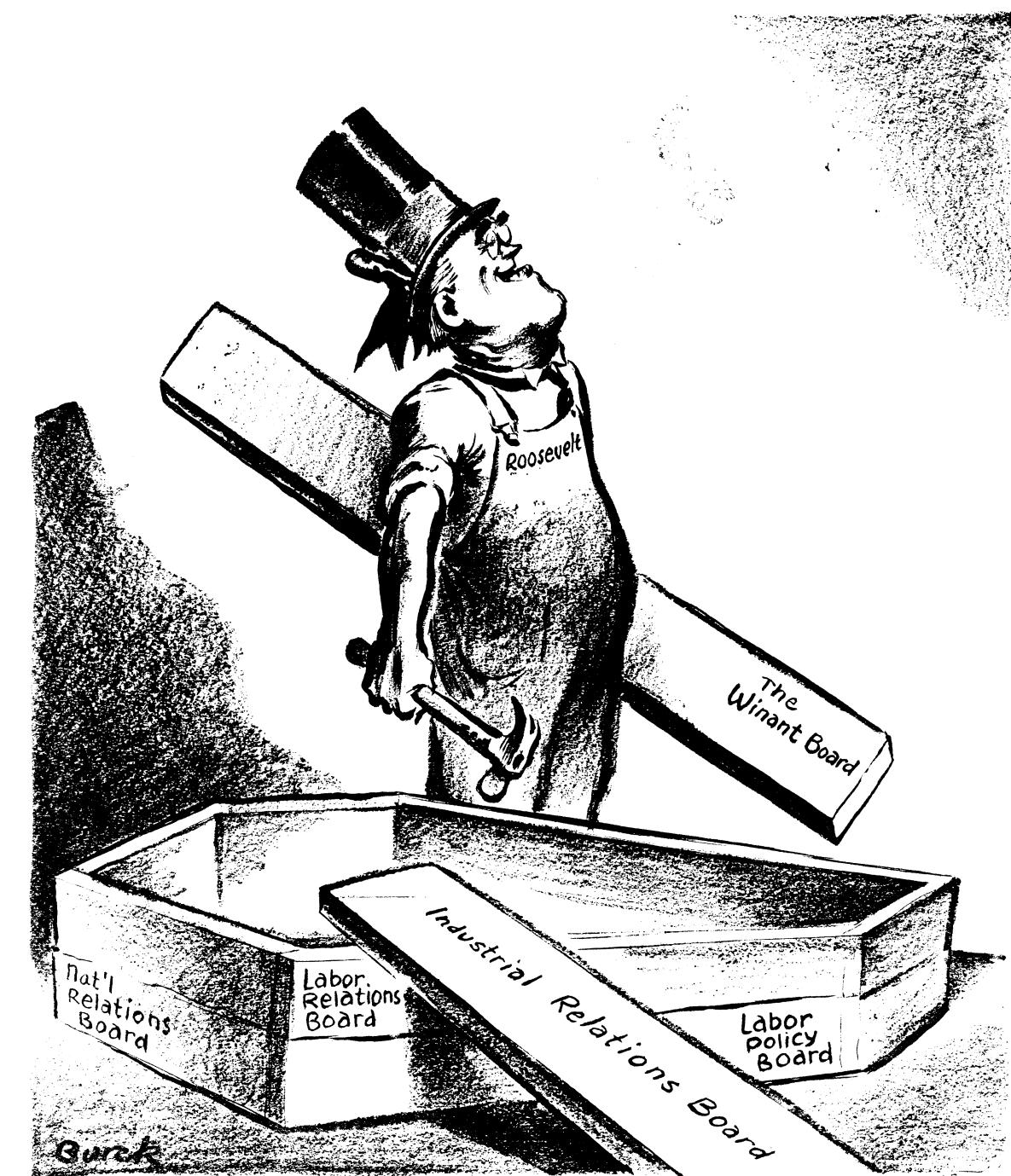
Marguerite Young



**News Item: Morgan Goes to  
the White House for Tea**



## The Builder

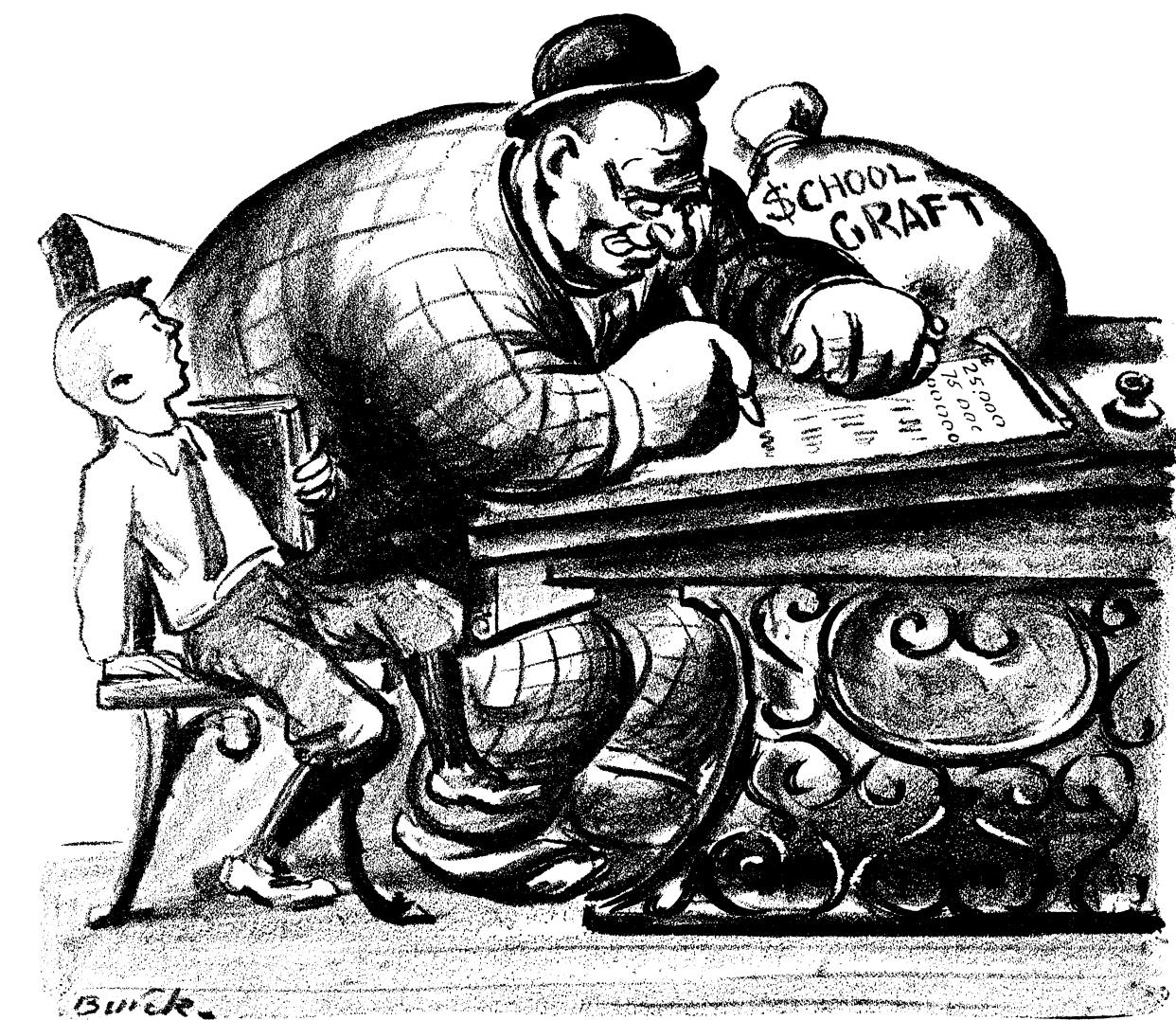


**"Mister, Can You Spare a Vote?"**



## The Purse-Snatcher



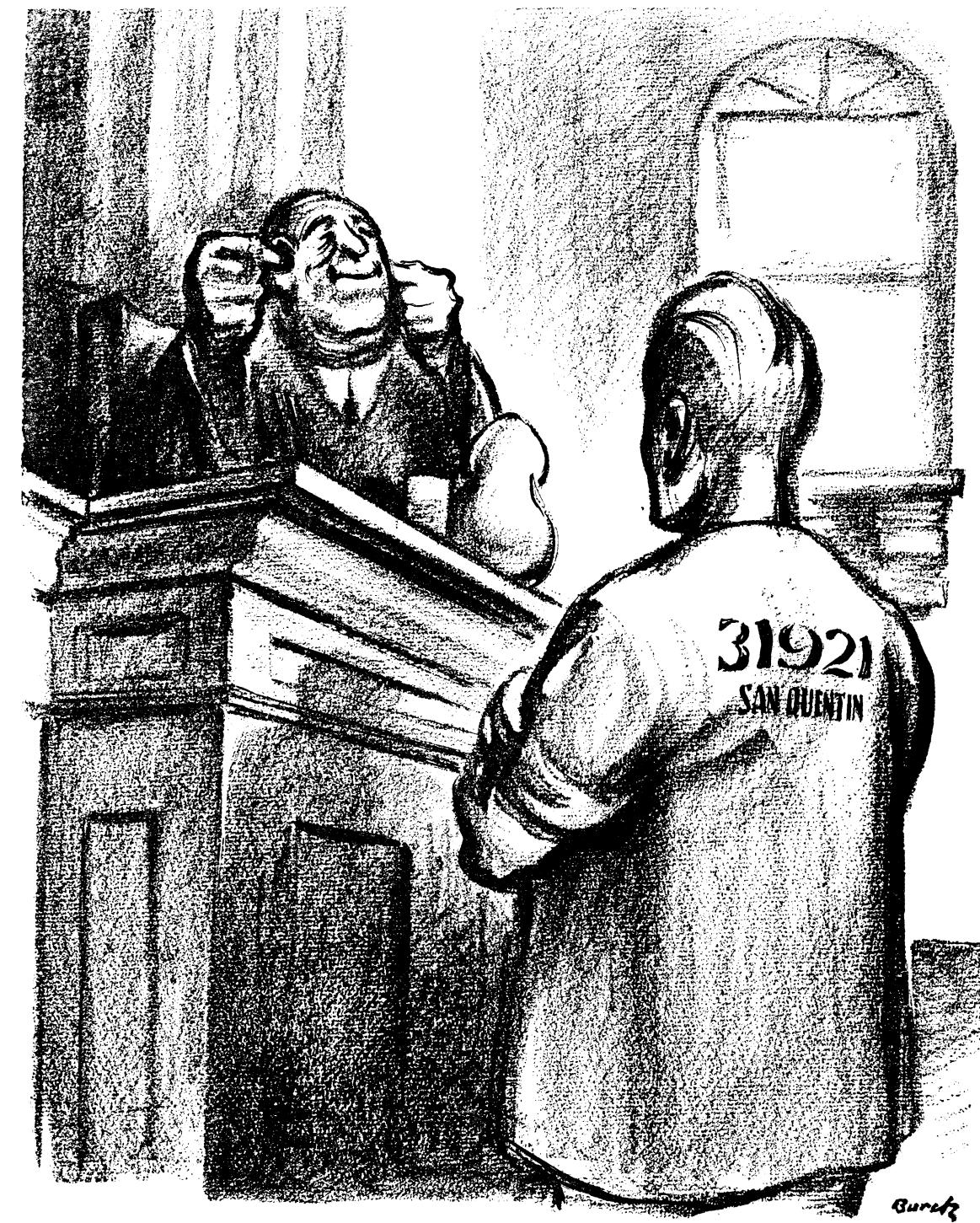


**Shoved Out of His Seat!**

## The Law Makers



**"The Court Will Now Hear  
Your Case, Mr. Mooney"**



## N. R. A.

**T**HIS collection of Burck's cartoons dealing with the New Deal and the N.R.A. is an historical document. It contains the essence of the Communist Party analysis of Roosevelt's policies in the form of a pictorial argument, the convincing power of which is inescapable.

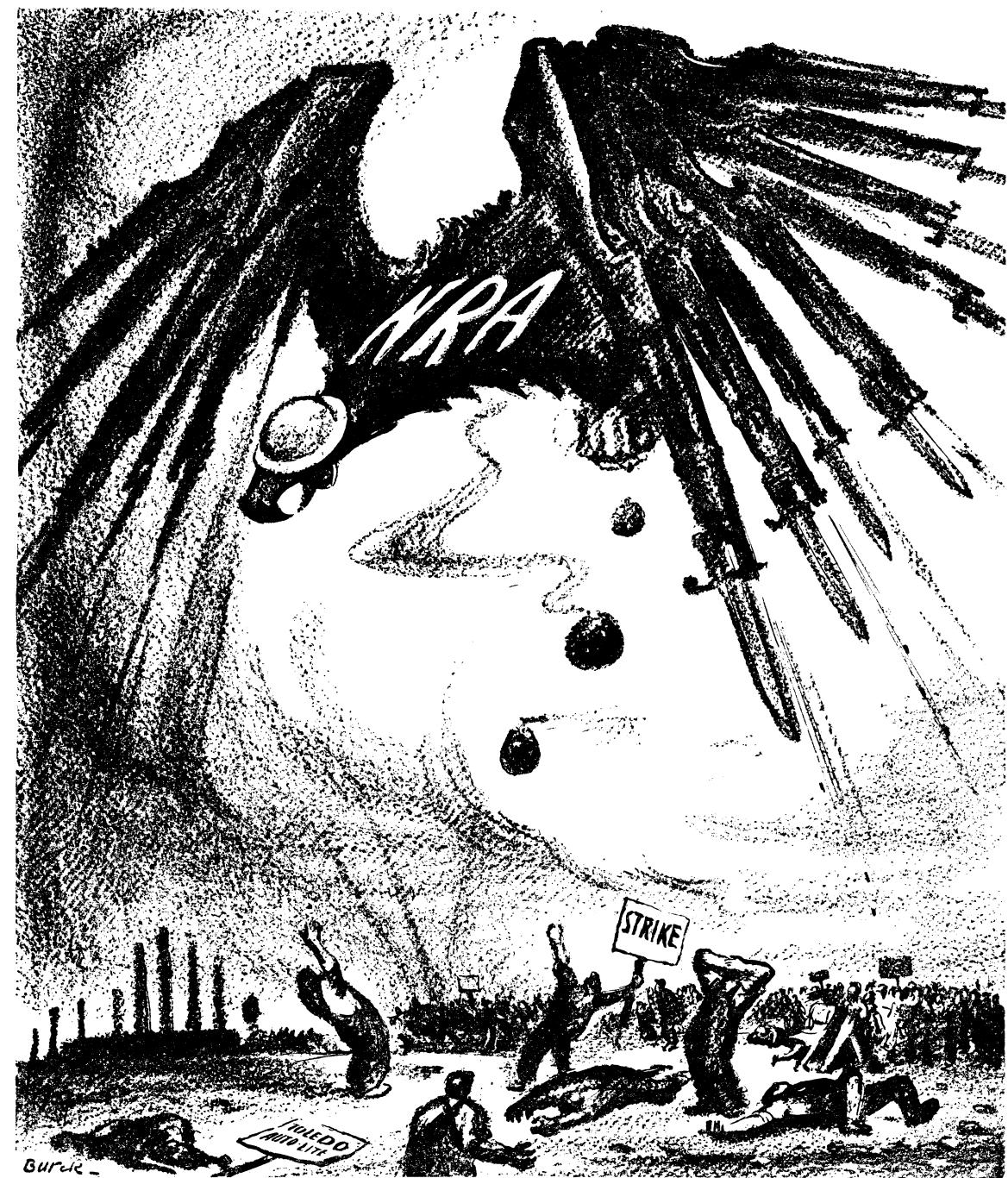
In these cartoons is combined all the force of Communist theoretical analysis with that of the strongest tradition of American cartooning. All readers of the Daily Worker have noted from time to time the exceptional quality of Burck's cartoons. But it is only when one gets the combined effect of a collection of this kind, brought together in one book, that their full value is understood.

This book will become the necessary possession of all our agitators and propagandists as well as for everyone interested in revolutionary art.

It is an essential part of the history of our times.



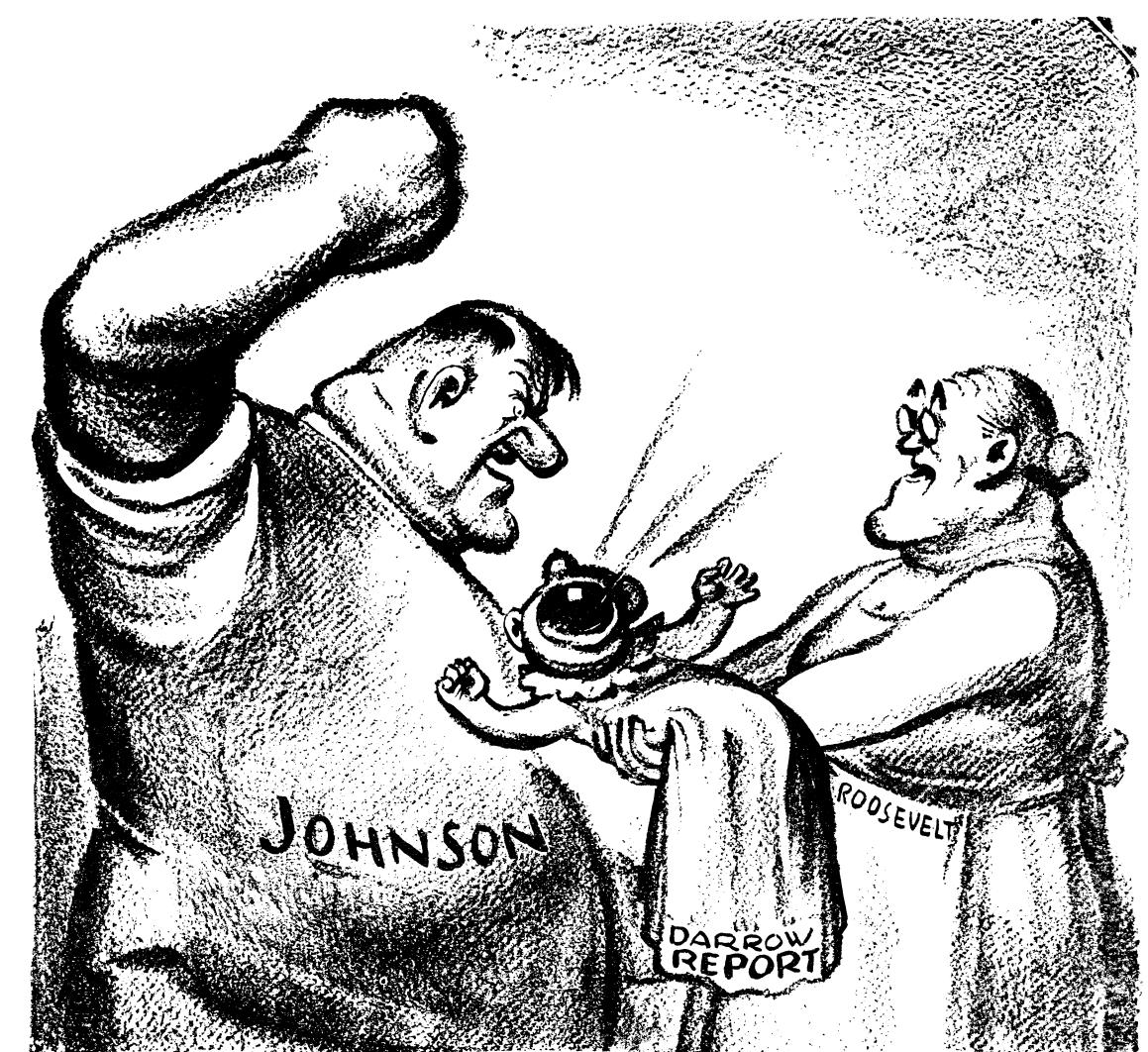
**"Cracking Down"**



**Blood!**



**"... Kill the Brat!"**



01

## **"Firemen, Save Me Chee-ild!"**



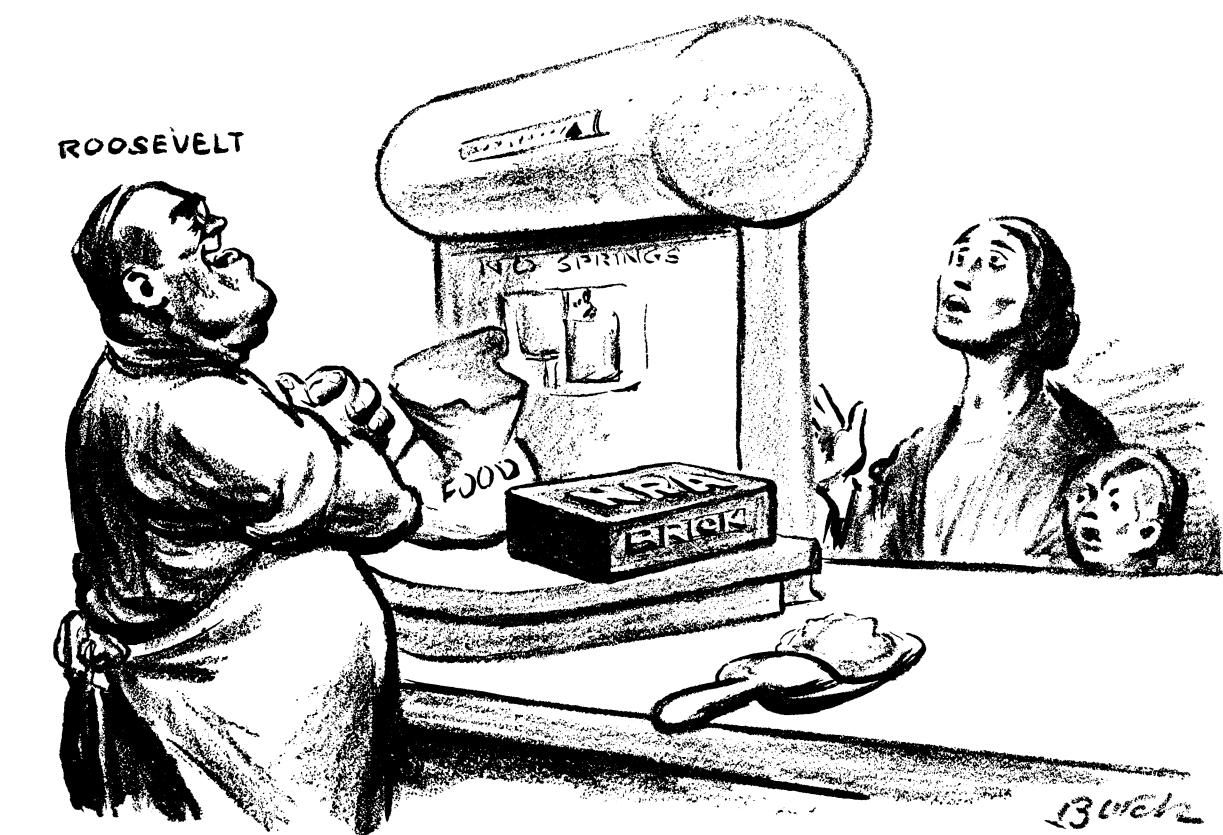
## Section 7a at Work



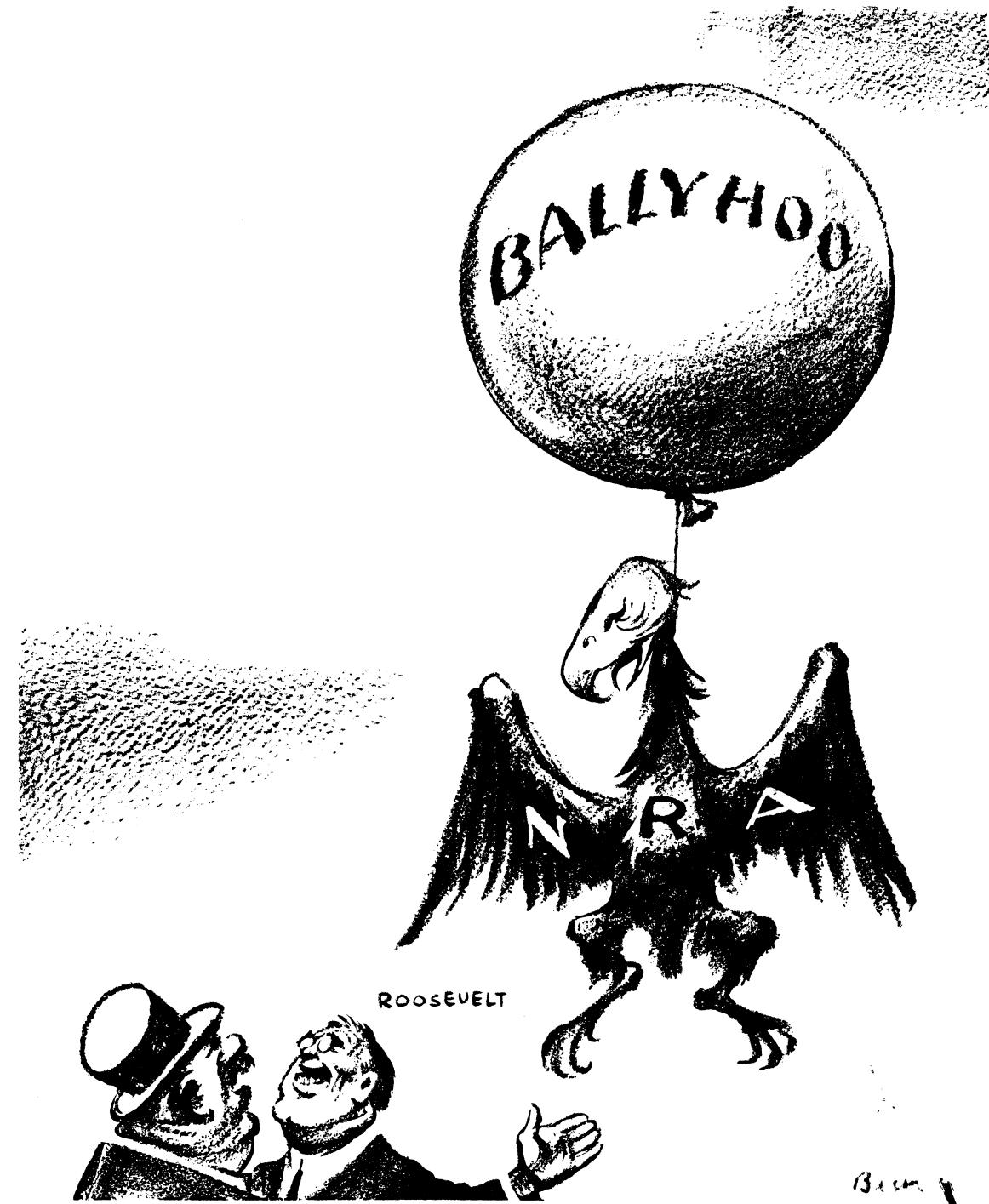
## C. W. A., C-oolie W-orks A-ct



## The Gold Brick



**Keeping it Up!**



# THE FARMER

AS THIS is being written, in the summer of 1934, millions of fertile acres are turning to desert. Nature, too, has struck an awful blow at the masses. Drought. The farmer, producer of food, is faced with famine. The city masses, producers of manufactured commodities, are faced with famine. There is grain, sure, but it is stored in the speculators' elevators. There are hogs, but Swift's owns them. Always insane, Roosevelt's AAA program of plowing under, today—in the drought—becomes as Burck indicates in his imitable cartoons, fearful, unparalleled lunacy. Here in the United States one hundred and twenty million, staggering under the miseries of five years of capitalist breakdown, face the added horror—food shortage, possibly famine. Every day the farmer looks anxiously at the sky, but rain doesn't come. Every day he looks anxiously toward Washington, but help doesn't come. He discovers that neither God nor Washington has help for him who doesn't help himself. He suspected before the drought that capitalism had gone crazy. The drought drove the lesson home. Some farmers couldn't bear the knowledge. They went crazy too. Last week, farmer Claude Reynolds, of New York State, sat down and wrote a letter. He had gotten enough of Roosevelt's New Deal. It had pauperized him. Crazy capitalism drove him crazy. He loaded his shotgun, blew his three children and himself out of reach of Roosevelt's Blue Eagle. But in other parts of the country the farmers refuse to lose their heads; refuse to die, refuse to commit suicide. They organize. They fight. As this is being written, the convention of the United Farmers League is being held in Minneapolis. They demand drought relief. They demand debt cancellation. They demand—what they produce—life. Their example is heeded by hundreds of thousands of farmers throughout the land.

The very day that Farmer Reynolds killed himself the Daily Worker ran the following cable from the Workers' and Farmers' Fatherland:

In the Soviet Union, at the recent Party Congress, Kaganovitch, a leading Bolshevik and aide of Stalin, told of the 60 year old peasant woman who turned to the Communist leaders and said:

"They say you are close to the government. May we ask that the government pass a decree to prolong life and put off death. We would like to go on living. The Soviet government has made human beings of us."

Life! They want to live forever in the U.S.S.R. In the U.S.A. they are forced to consider self-destruction. Either that or take the way that the impoverished and middle farmers did in the Soviet Union—the way they and the working class took. Need we ask which way the American farmer will take?

*Joseph North*

**"Now, We'll Eat!"**



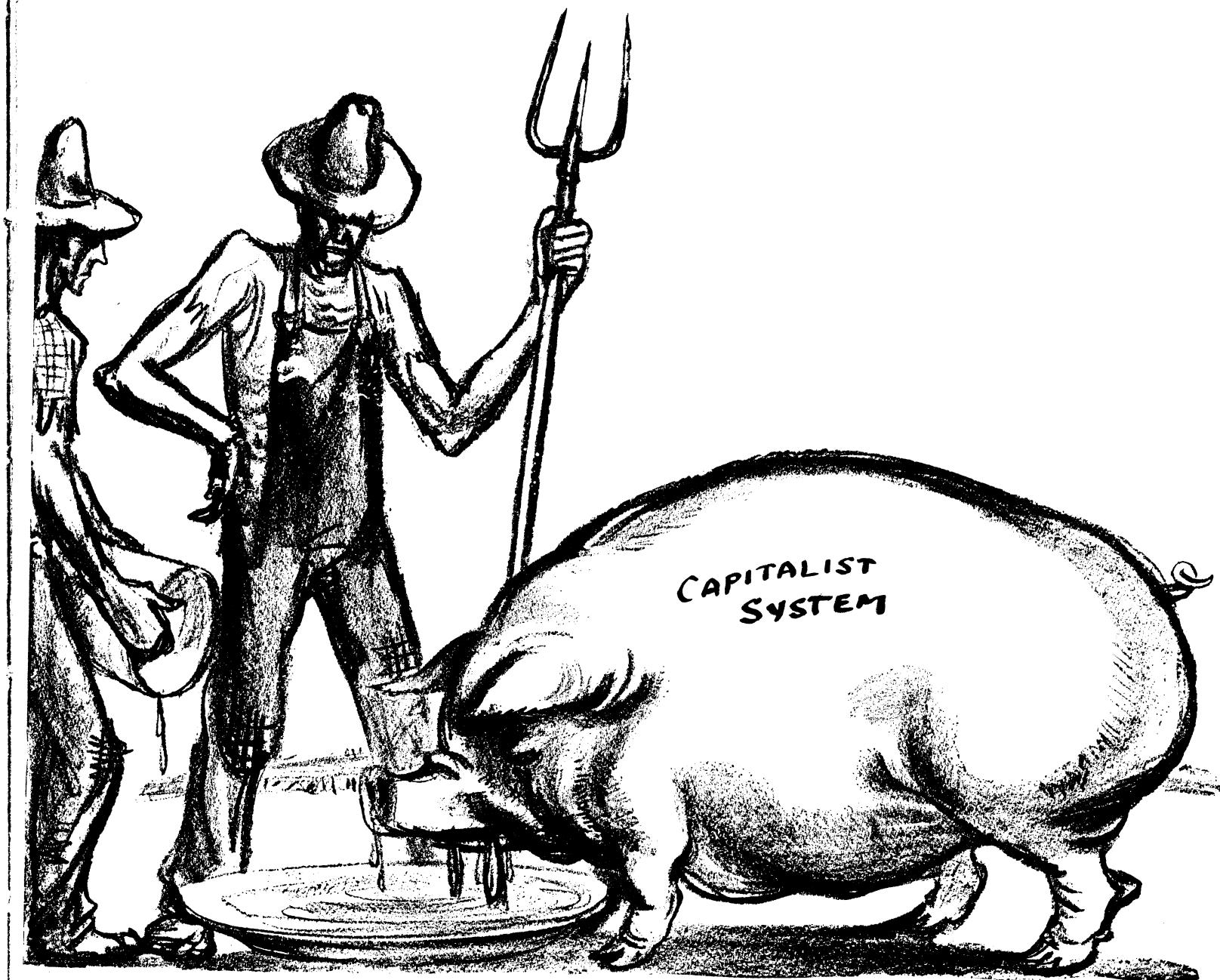
## From Both Sides



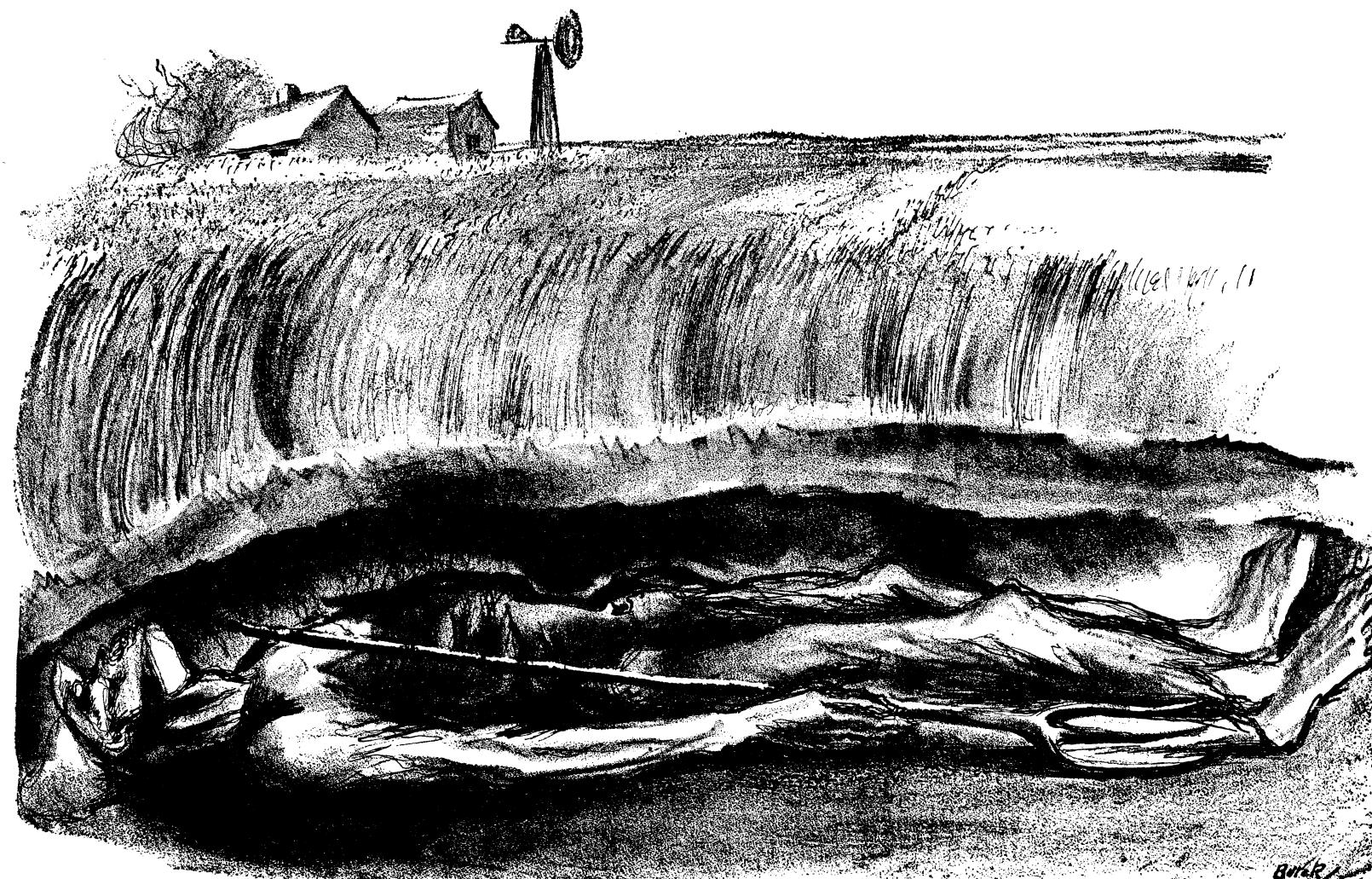
**"Where the Hell Are You  
Going, My Pretty Maid?"**



**"He's Fattened Enough!"**



**Too Much Wheat!**



## The Grim Reaper



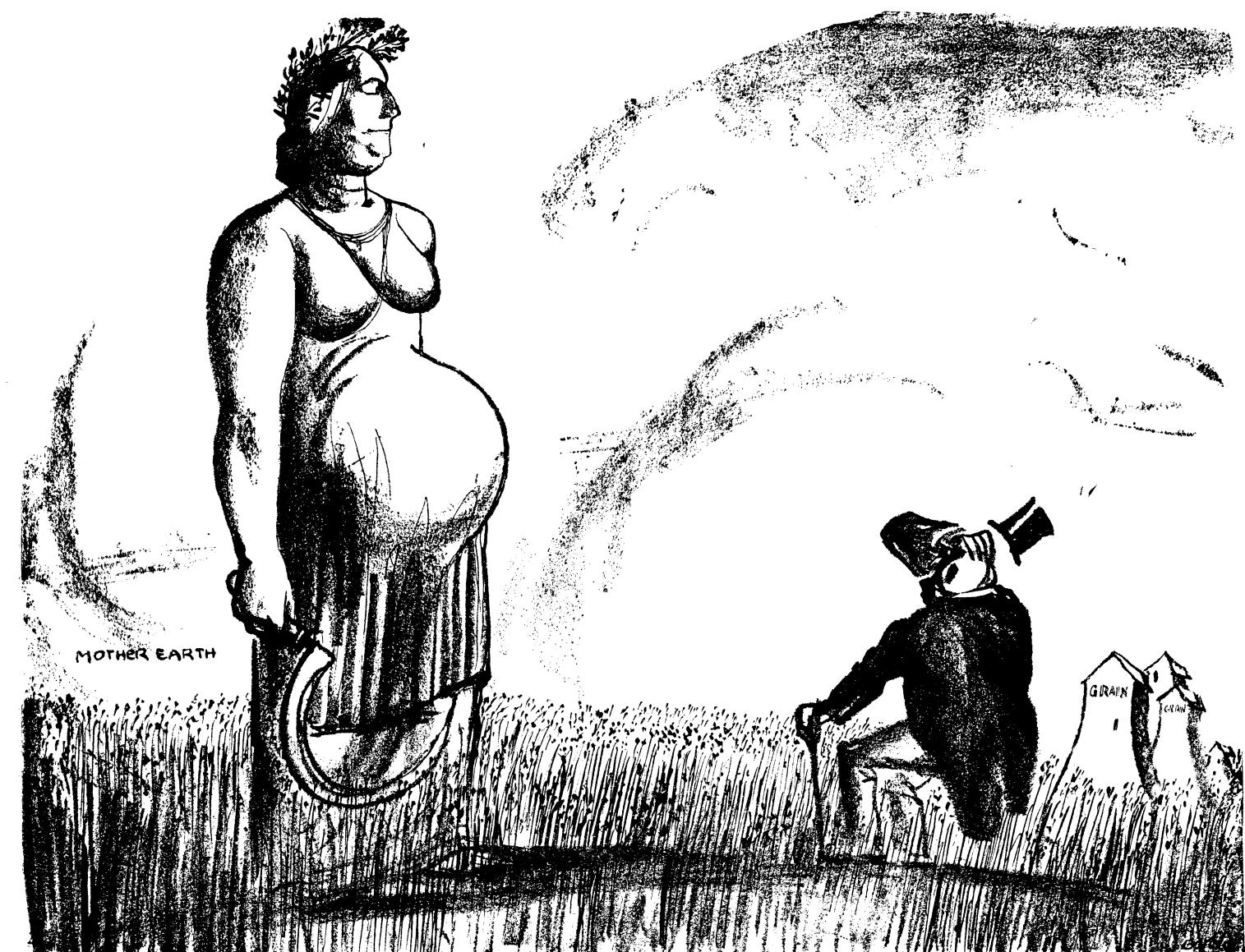
**Too Much Cotton!**



**Too Much Meat!**



**"What . . . Again!"**



# THE NEGRO

TONDAY, as the Fourth of July, 1934, approached, the United Press sends out a release from Kokomo, Indiana, saying that, "The fiery cross blazed again today on the hill around which 100,000 Knights of the Ku Klux Klan met in 1923, summoning remnants of the hooded order for a new campaign . . . to rejuvenate the Klan 'for protection of the constitution of the United States'."

Laugh that off!

And if you can laugh it off happily, then you can laugh happily, too, at the grim and ironic humor of Jacob Burck's cartoons.

Burck's powerful drawings, with their crooked judges peering out from behind the pillars of justice and their fat sheriffs carrying the ropes of the lynchers they whitewash, portray the America of today with a laughter that chokes the proletarian throat and makes the blood run to fists that must be increasingly, militantly clenched to fight the brazen terror that spreads and grows from Alabama to the Pacific, from New York to Texas.

This week in San Francisco, four men are arrested for their activities in connection with the stevedores' strike. Four visitors who go to see them in jail are also immediately placed under arrest as they leave the prison. Those who send telegrams of protest to the judge are ordered detained at once for contempt of court. The local secretary of the International Labor Defense, for merely sending a wire, is being held under ten thousand dollars bail.

Laugh that off!

All over America police clubs swing on the heads of workers who organize and strike for a decent living and a little rest and a little pursuit of happiness. All over America the Silver Shirts and the White Legion and the vigilantes and similar groups march and maneuver. All over America Negroes are facing new jim-crow bars in the N.R.A., C.C.C., S.E.R.A., and other government sponsored projects. Almost weekly a new lynching is reported.

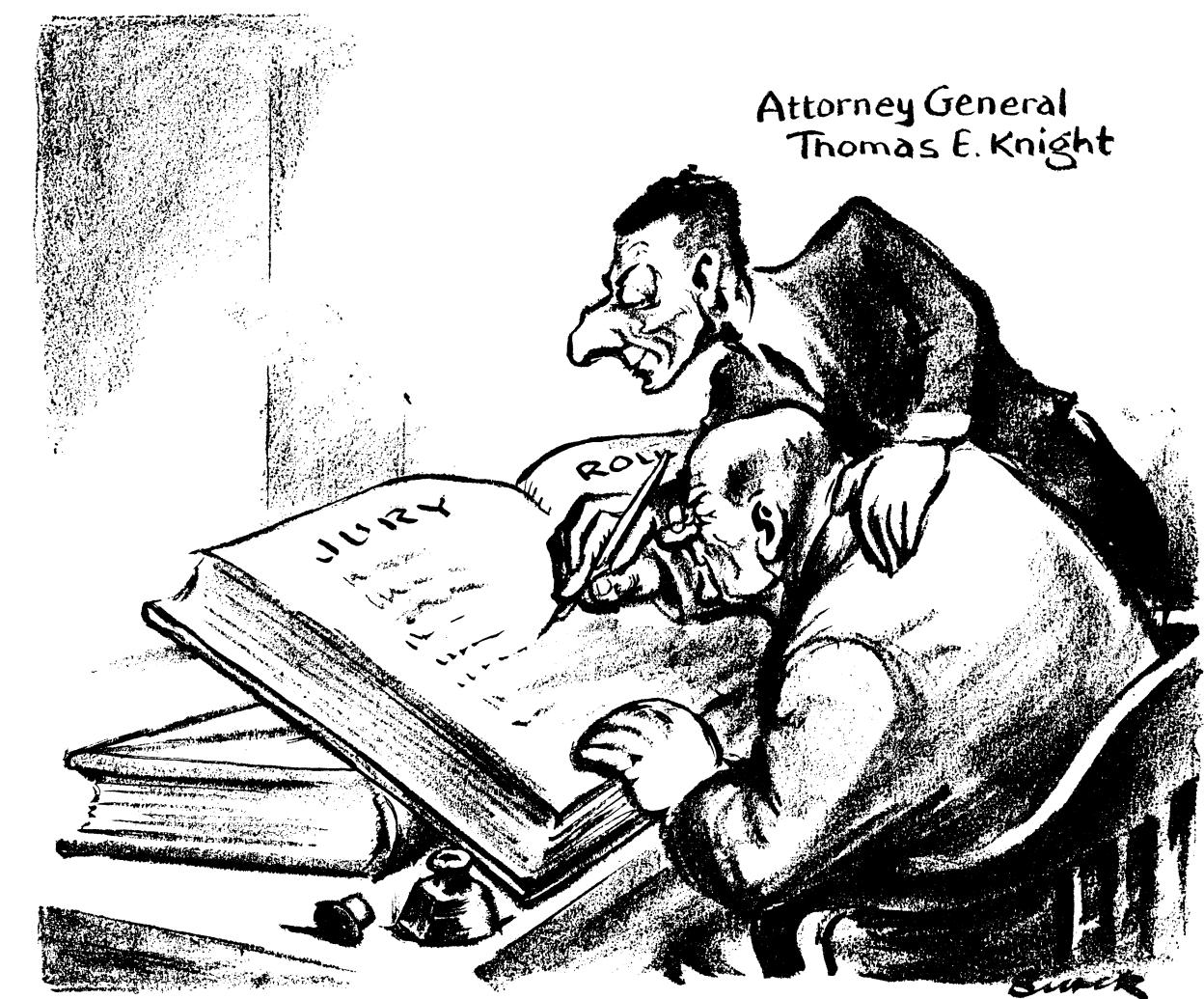
Legally and illegally lynched, beaten, starved, intimidated and jim-crowed, nevertheless, the Negro masses of America are stirring. (Ralph Graves did not die in vain.) The poor whites, beaten and starved as well, are stirring. (Mooney does not lie in jail in vain.) And the black and white masses slowly but surely will put their two strengths together, realizing they face a common foe.

Some of Jacob Burck's cartoons picture the harsh realities of today, the wall of struggle; others foreshadow the marching power of the proletarian future. Let the capitalists, who pay for our oppression, laugh that future off, if they can.

*Langston Hughes*



**—In Black and White!**



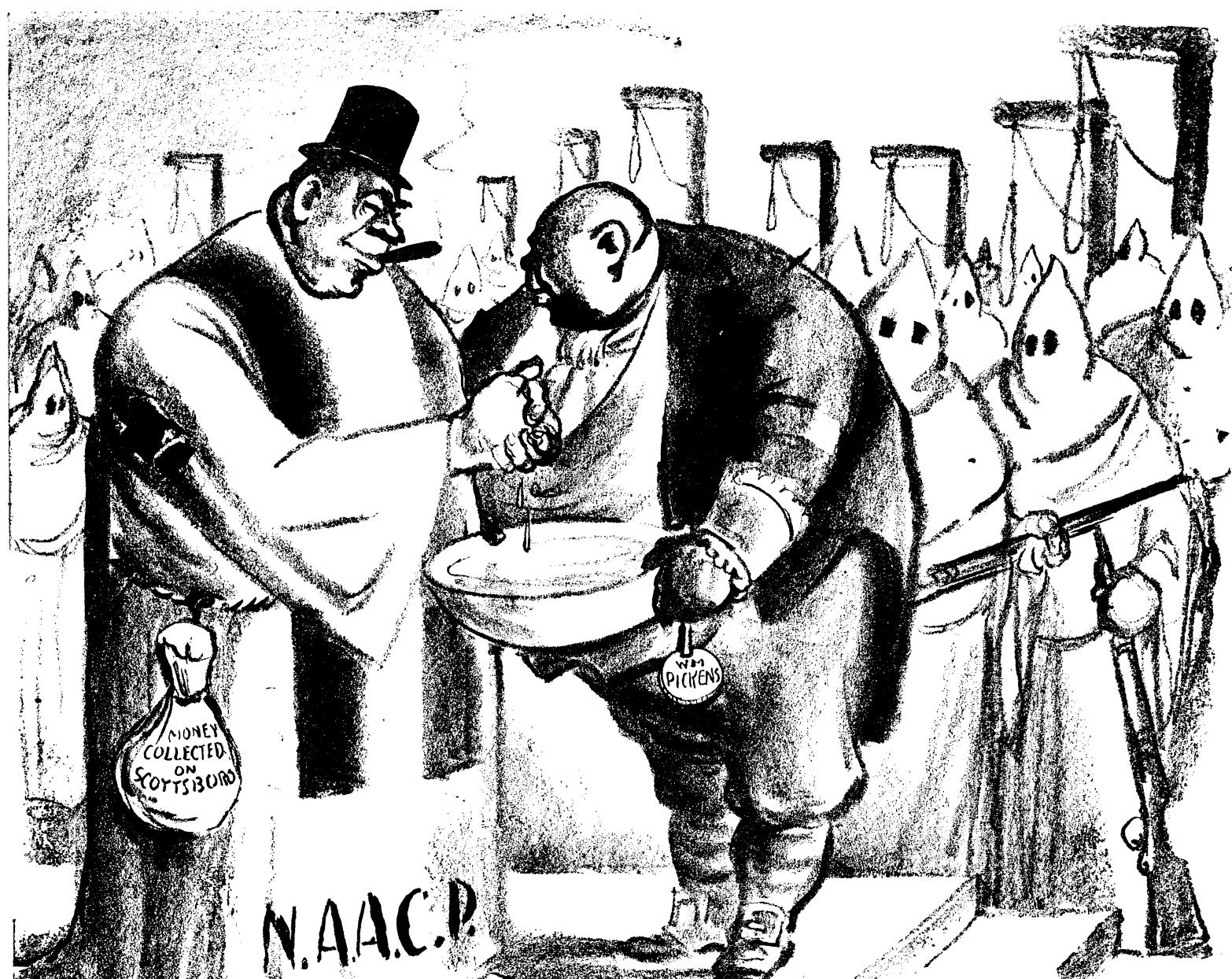
**"They Won't Let Us Die!"**



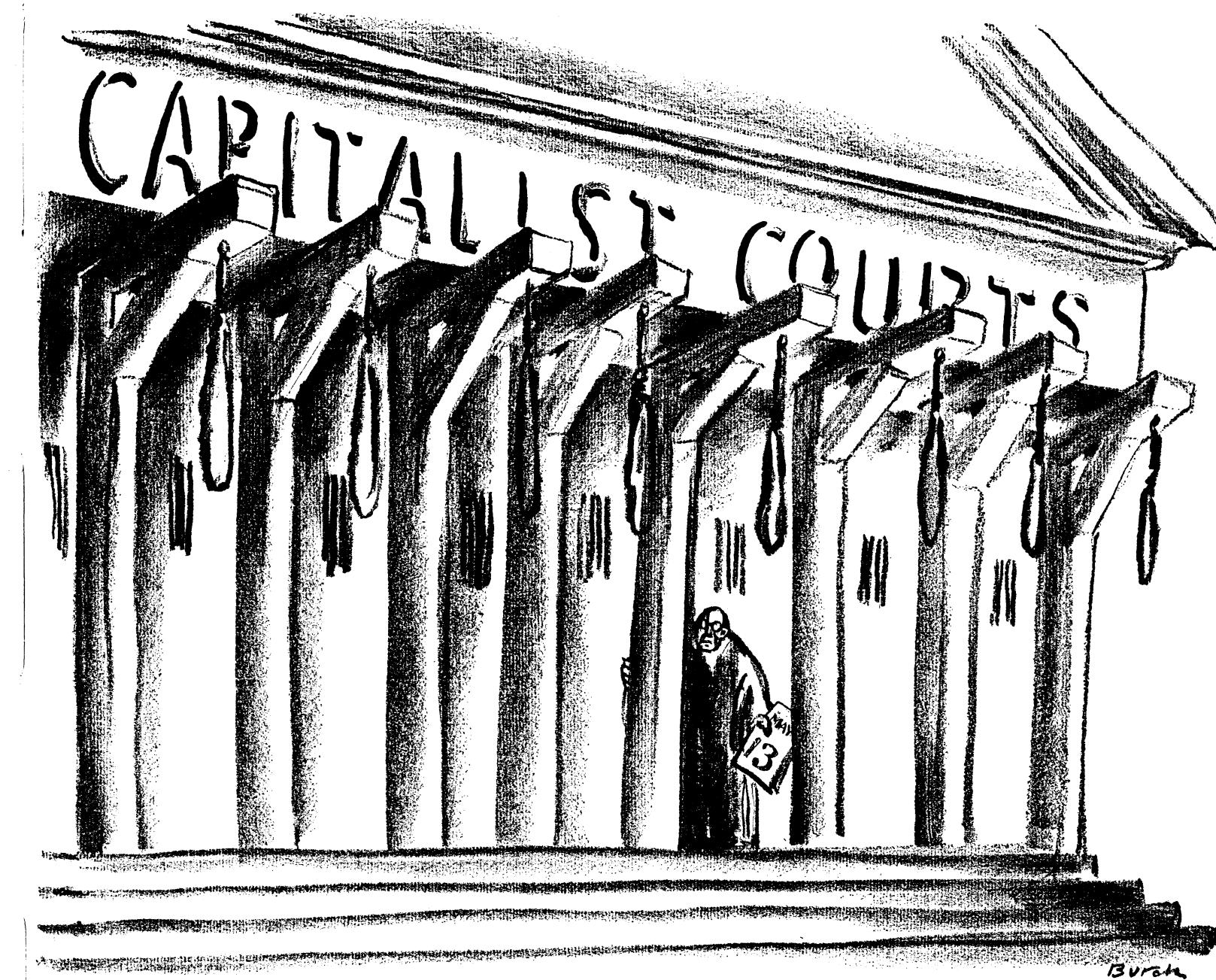
**"The Boys 'll Be Around Tonight!"**



**Clearing His Conscience!**



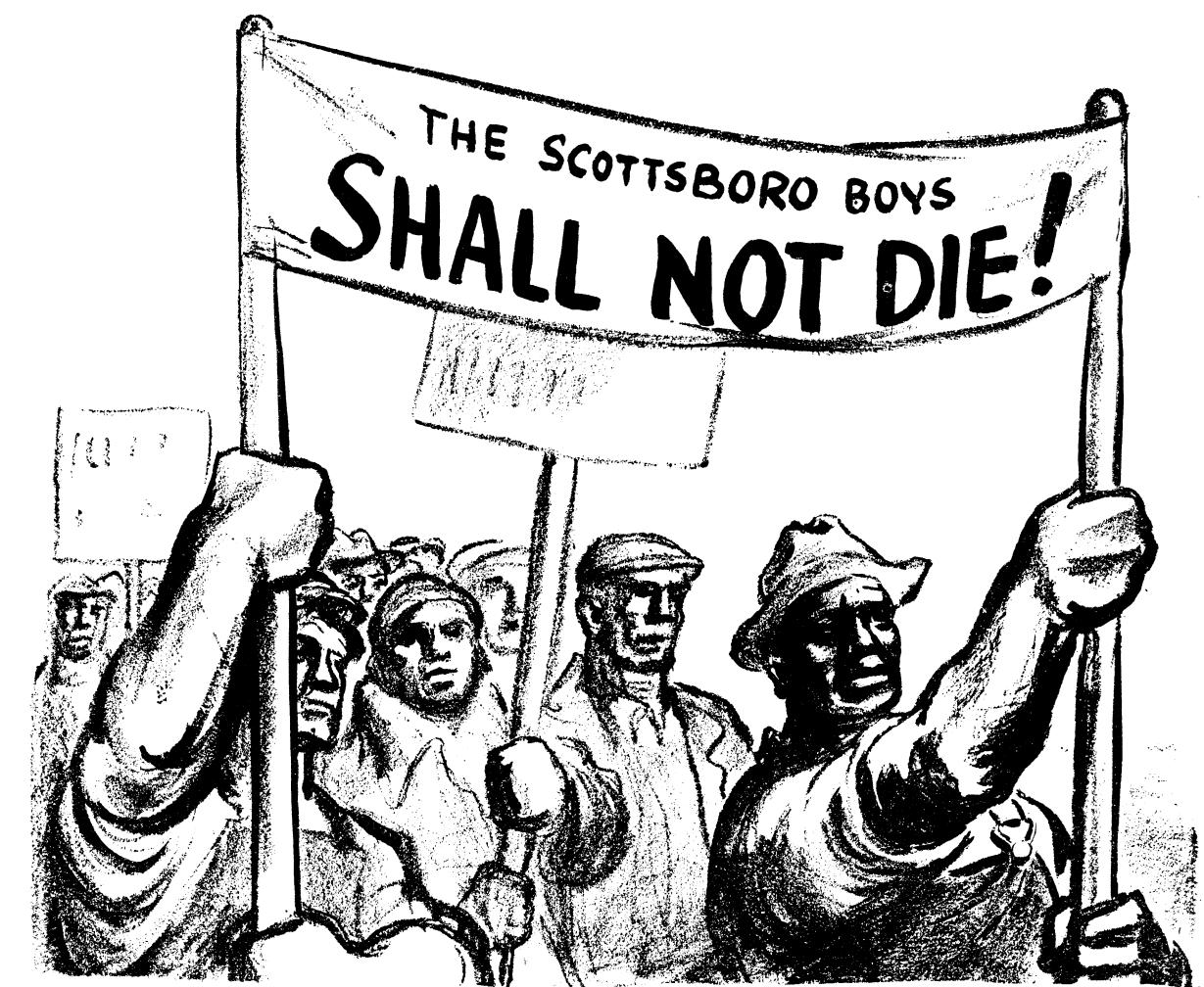
## Pillars of Justice



**"The Jedge Says  
He'll do the Job!"**



**“They Shall Not Die!”**



# IMPERIALISM

IMPERIALISM for more than a century has been guiding all of the old world and for seventeen years, five-sixths of the world. But if imperialism can no longer influence the interior of the one country which is free from it, it nevertheless disturbs, with a supremely catastrophic effect, by means that are frightfully perfected and with a multiplying ferocity, all the rest of the world. That which you here see can also be titled: The great current facts of our epoch.

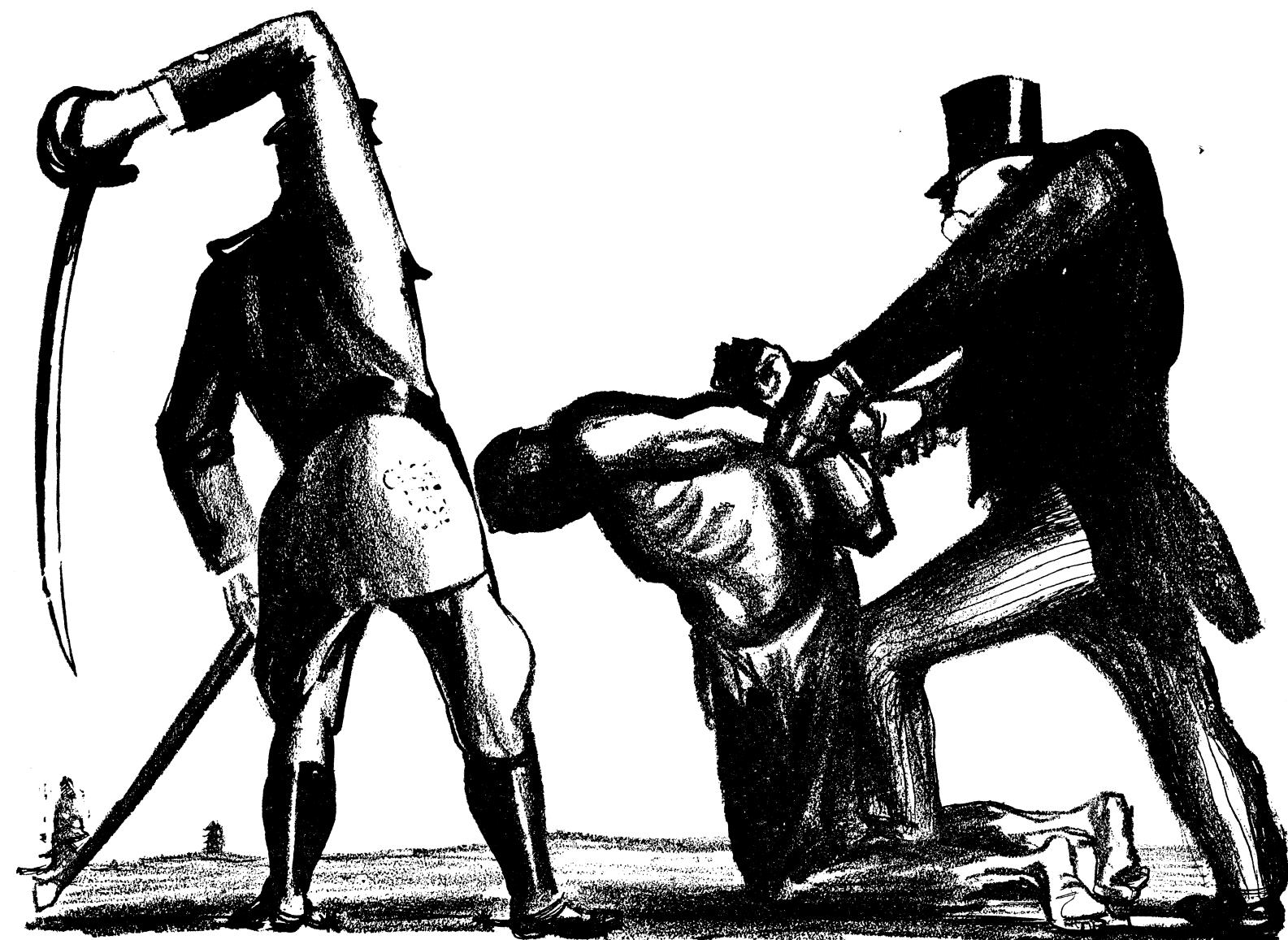
Those who lead in great world events are rightly called men of affairs. These are the giant statesmen. They are not many in number, but they have found a way, through their superior position over those whom they have robbed, again to lay hands, for their greater profit, on a large part of terrestrial power. I have called these men giants. That does not mean that they are supermen, men of a superior essence, geniuses, but they are great—for the moment—because of their material dimensions and by virtue of their brute force. These are the masters of the hour. These are the emperors and the kings. But these titles of emperors and of kings really have little meaning. There are also within this group republican presidents, and above all there are as you know, and as you will know still more intensely after you have looked at these pictures, the great financiers and the great industrialists. If here the Emperor of Japan, or the Emperor of India, can do some little of what they wish, the merchants of cannon and the speculators, who are elevated the highest upon the ladder, can also do—even more completely—whatever they will—that is to say, whatever corresponds to their interest, to their profits, above all, to their domination (because domination means profit). These last are those who, in the final analysis, make the Emperor of India and the Emperor of Japan, the kings, the presidents, Il Duce, and Der Fuehrer, keep in step. Furthermore, they are allied together, in spite of certain differences in appearances and certain disputes between them.

Everything they do is against the interests of the masses, that is to say, against the interests of human beings. So that even if there is only a small number of these insatiable executioners—and as everyone knows, this is their right name—yet there are millions and millions of victims. First of these victims are those populations, freed from slavery, who are made so heroically, so rationally, and so magnificently, to add to the prosperity of a republic which is two times as great as all of Europe. Aside from this country which is actually, on the world map, the only prosperous country, the only country without ruin and without unem-

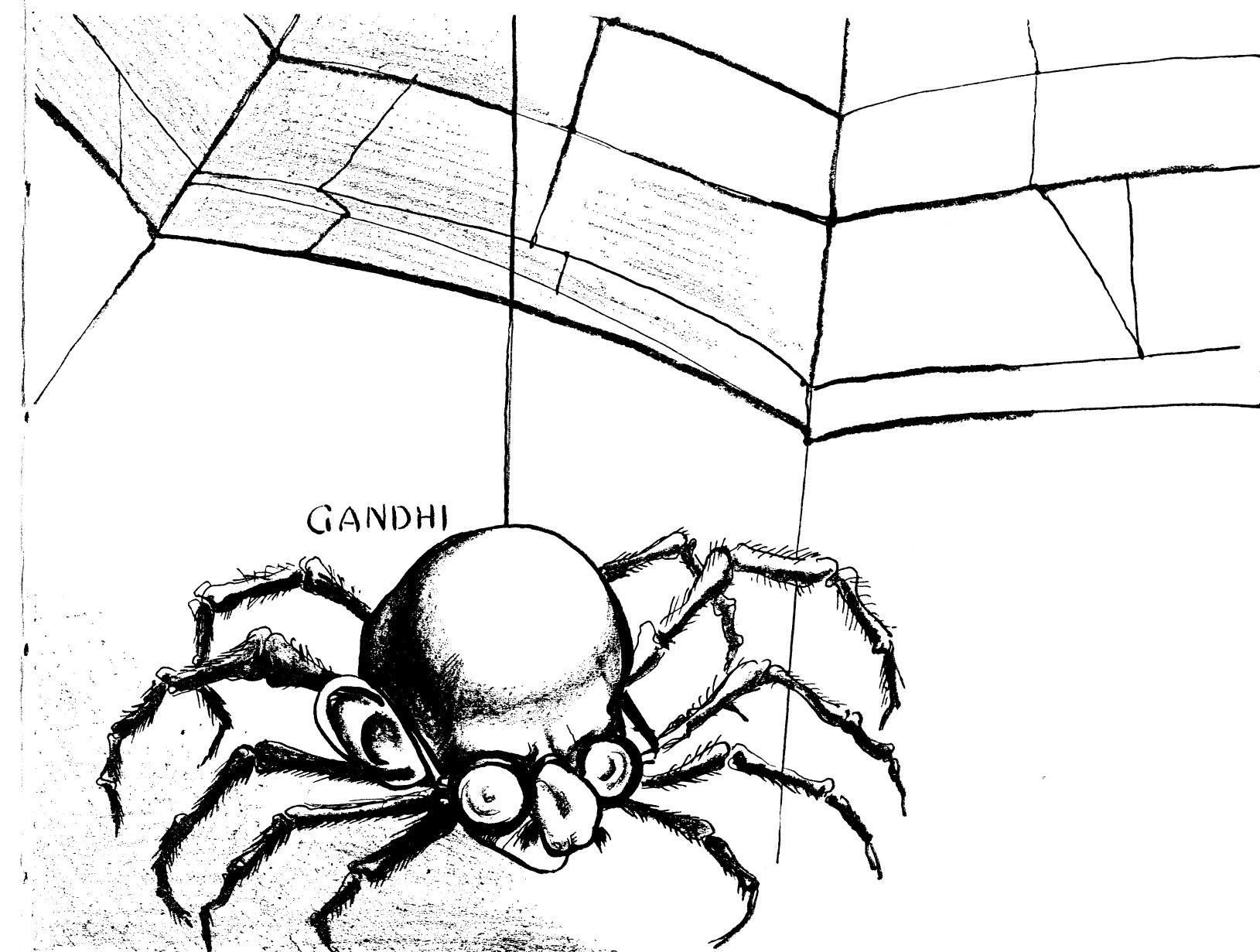
ployment, there are those peoples of all the great lands, those workers of hand and brain, the world over, who are the prey of these consummate parasites of the life and blood of humanity.

You know that in our epoch there are two ways to conceive of material progress, the conduct of collective property: Socialism, which takes into account the aspirations and the needs of all; and Imperialism, which sacrifices the immense majority to an infinitesimal minority. You can see this Imperialism in action; in the search for markets, in the conflicts organized and calculated to lead to war and to transform the system of economic rivalry into a general massacre. You can see it in the armies mobilized to defend the tariffs and the exchange set up by the potentates. You can see it in Japan's engulfing of China with the connivance and the complicity of the great powers. It manifests itself in Bolivia and Paraguay, thrown one against the other for the control of oil and trade routes; it is in Irigoyan thrown against Uriburu. It is the enslavement of the Philippines, and of Nicaragua and of Cuba. It is India held in chains by the English, under the pretext of English civilization. It is Morocco and all of Africa put in a slavery that is regulated by the aid of bayonets and machine guns, by the bombs of aviators, by French and English Imperialism. It is also the crusade engineered by the Holy Imperialist Alliance against the Socialist people of the Soviets.

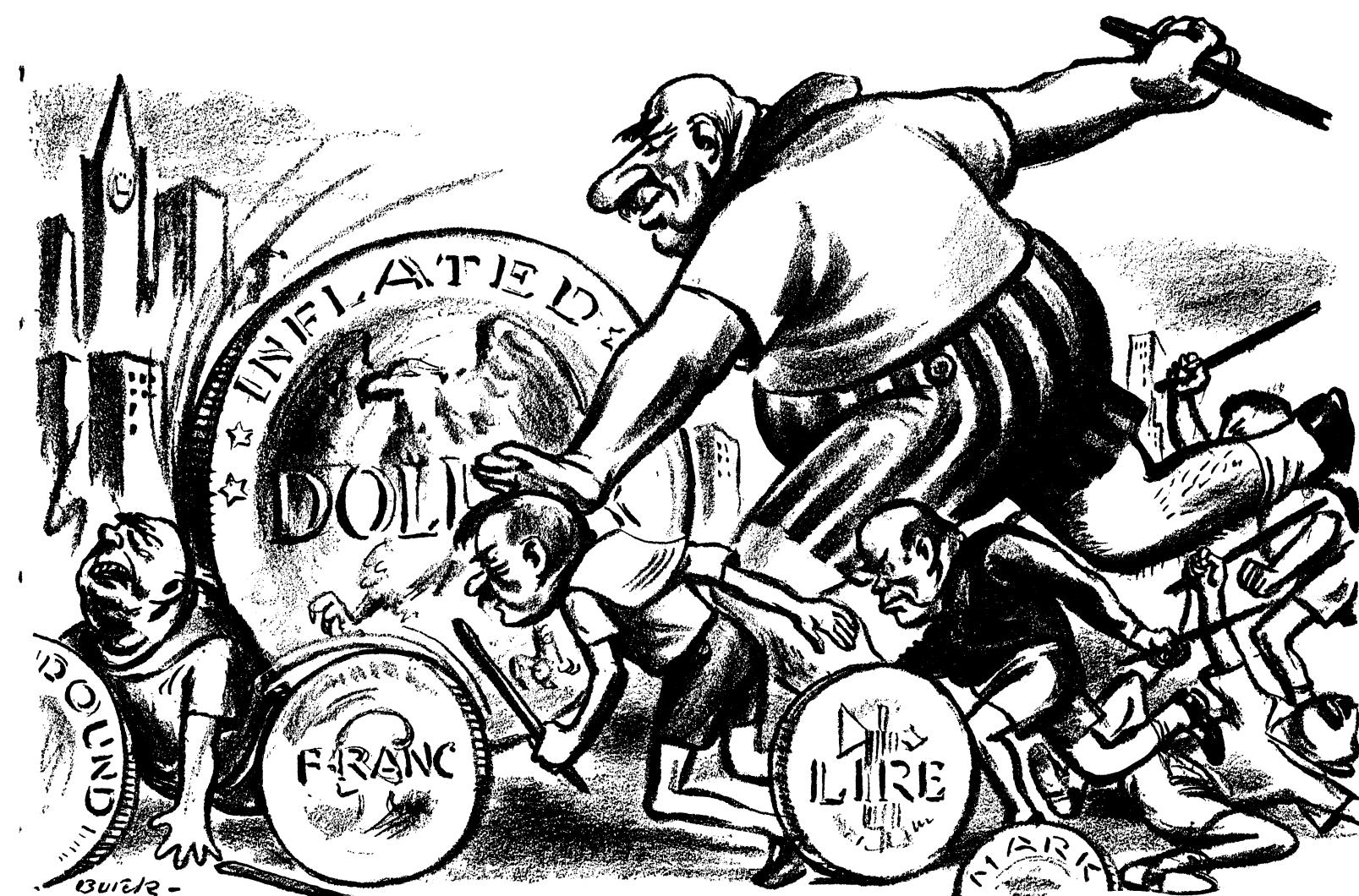
*Henri Barbusse*



## The Spinner



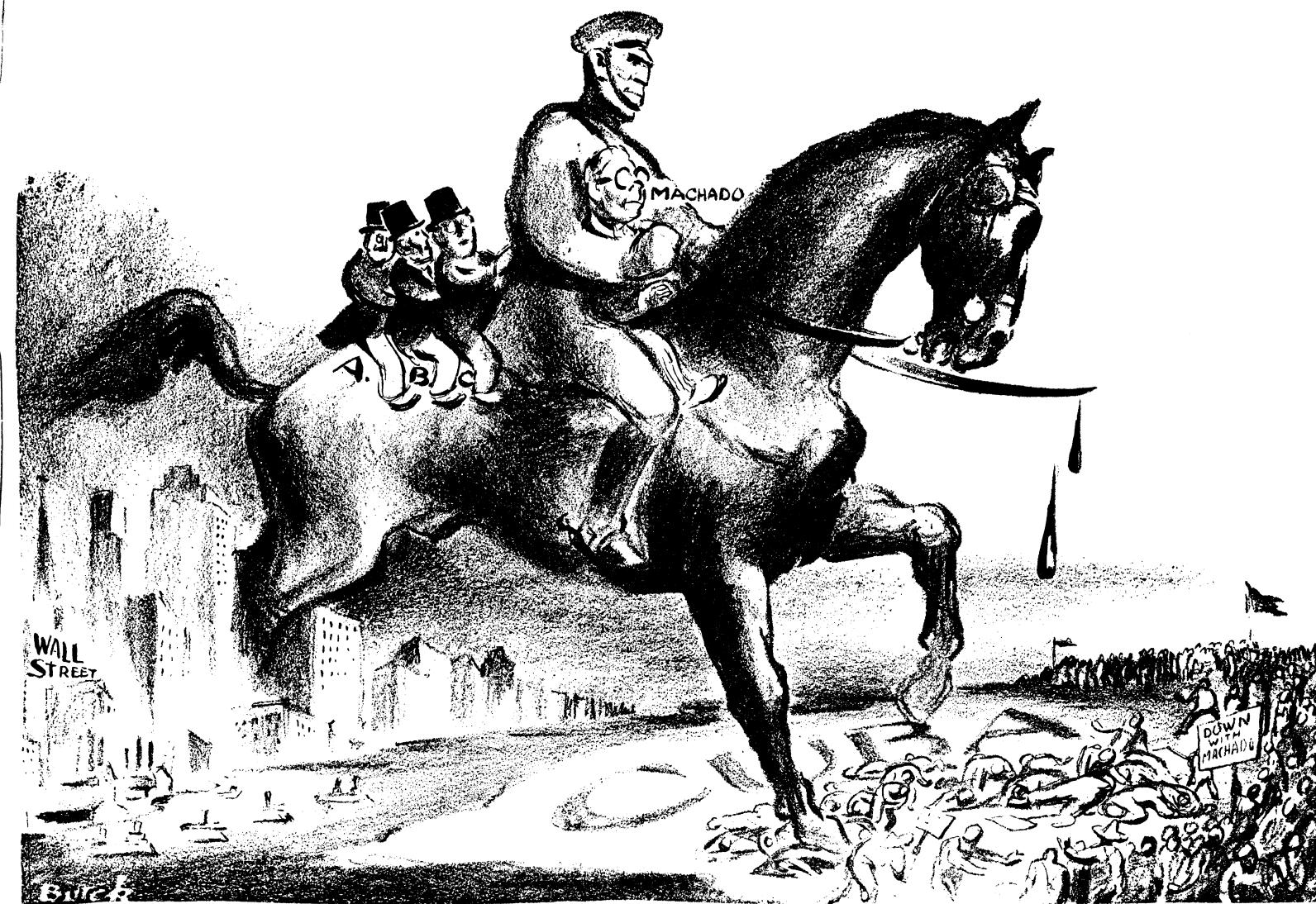
## The Race for Markets



## A Lecture on Stability



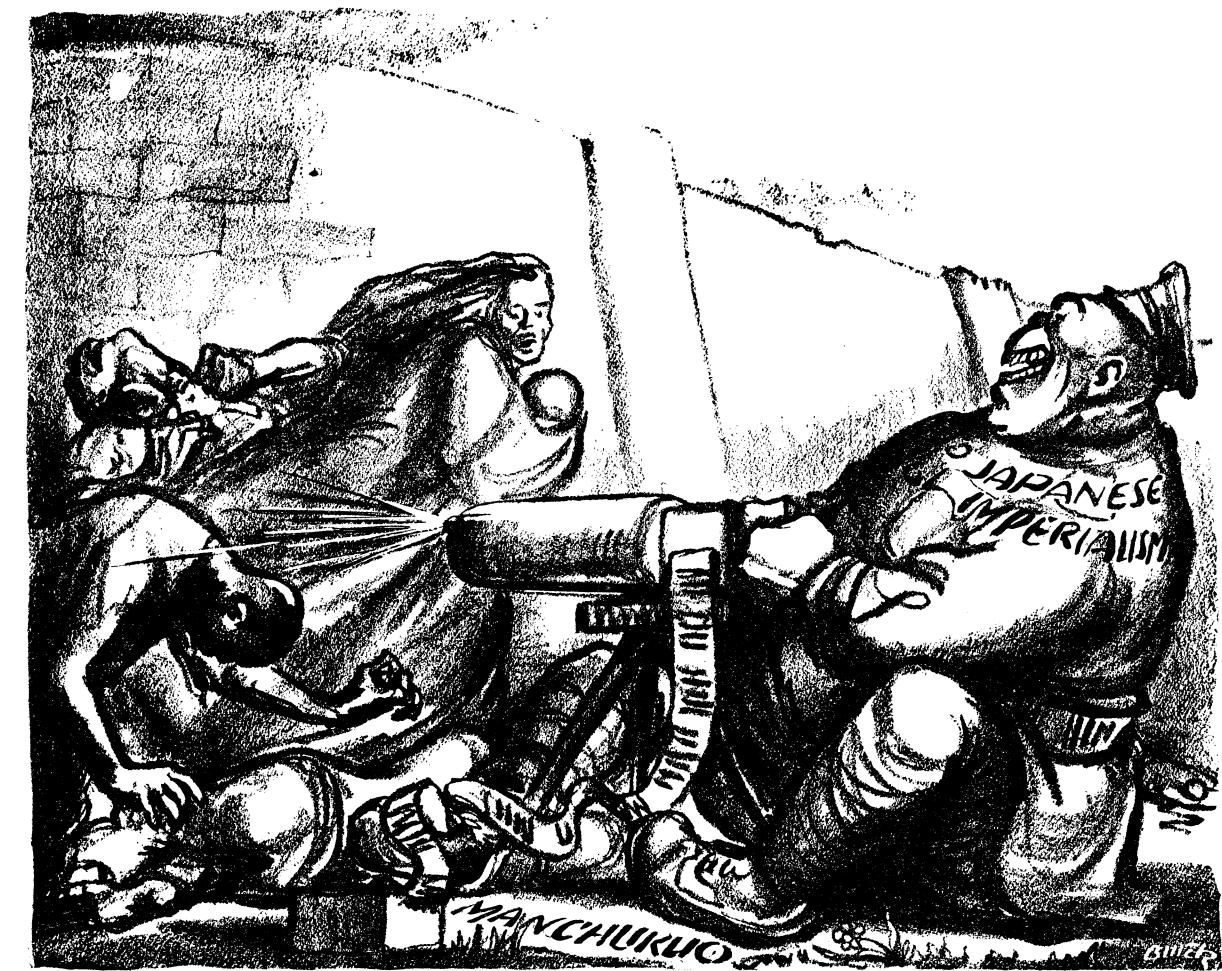
## The Good Neighbor



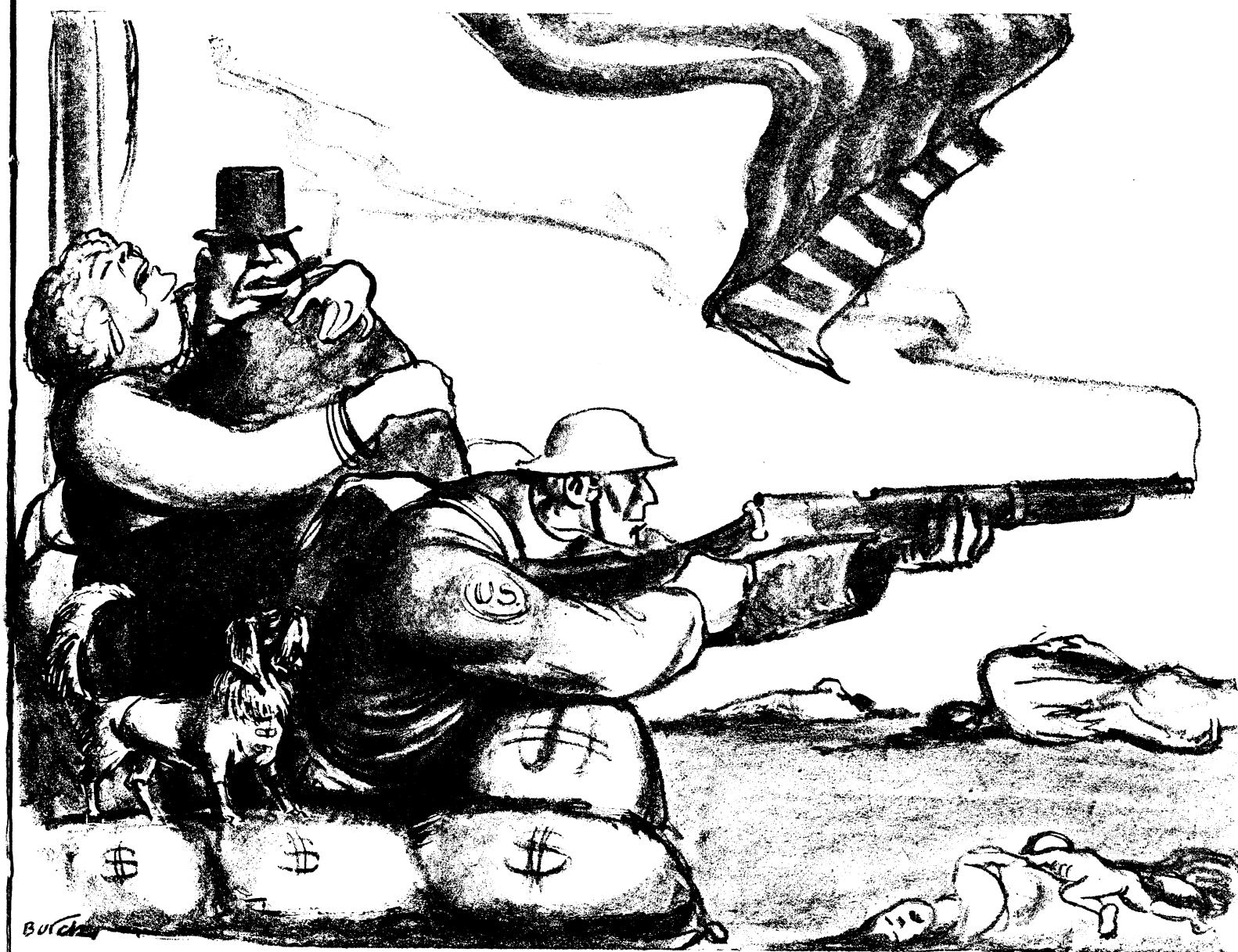
## Matching Their Birds



**"Restoring Peace"**



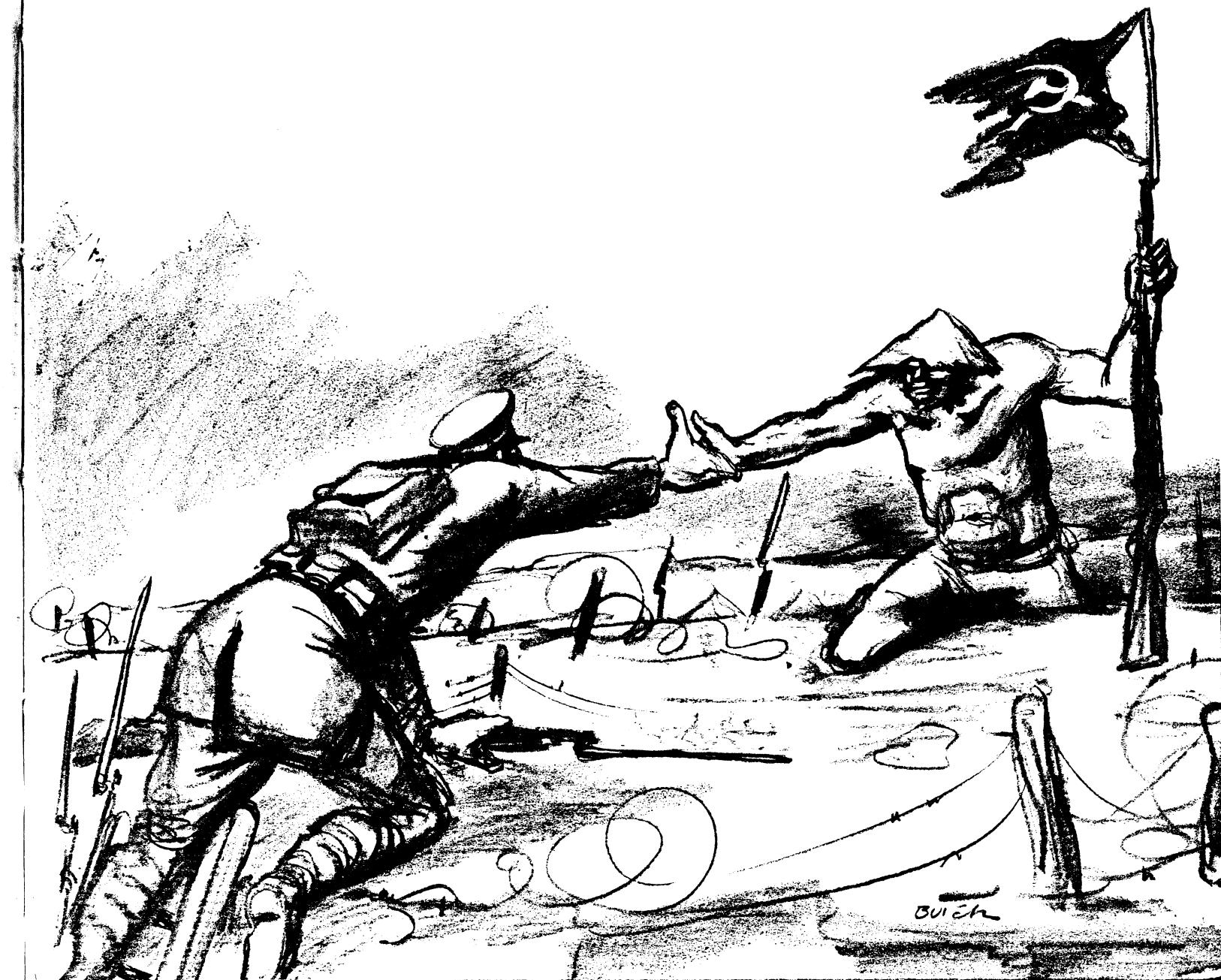
**"American Lives and Property Must Be Protected!"**



## Nearing the Goal



## The Way to End War

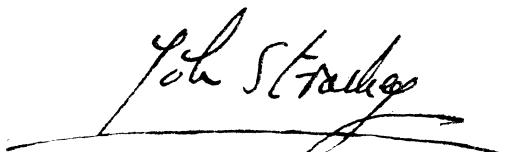


# FASCISM

BURCK'S cartoons perform an international service. They stamp the fascist movement with the mark of the beast. And this is what must be done by every man or woman who cares for the salvation of human civilization.

Surely it needs no argument today to prove that fascism is what the organized working class movement has always said it was, namely, a force which is leading humanity back to barbarism and the dark ages. Already, with the June massacres, Germany is reproducing in almost all its revolting details the conditions of the Roman Empire in its extreme decadence. Blood-drenched orgies and internecine massacres are the daily life of its leaders. In Italy the process is less dramatic, but there, too, Fascism is slowly, but equally surely, strangling every possibility of civilization.

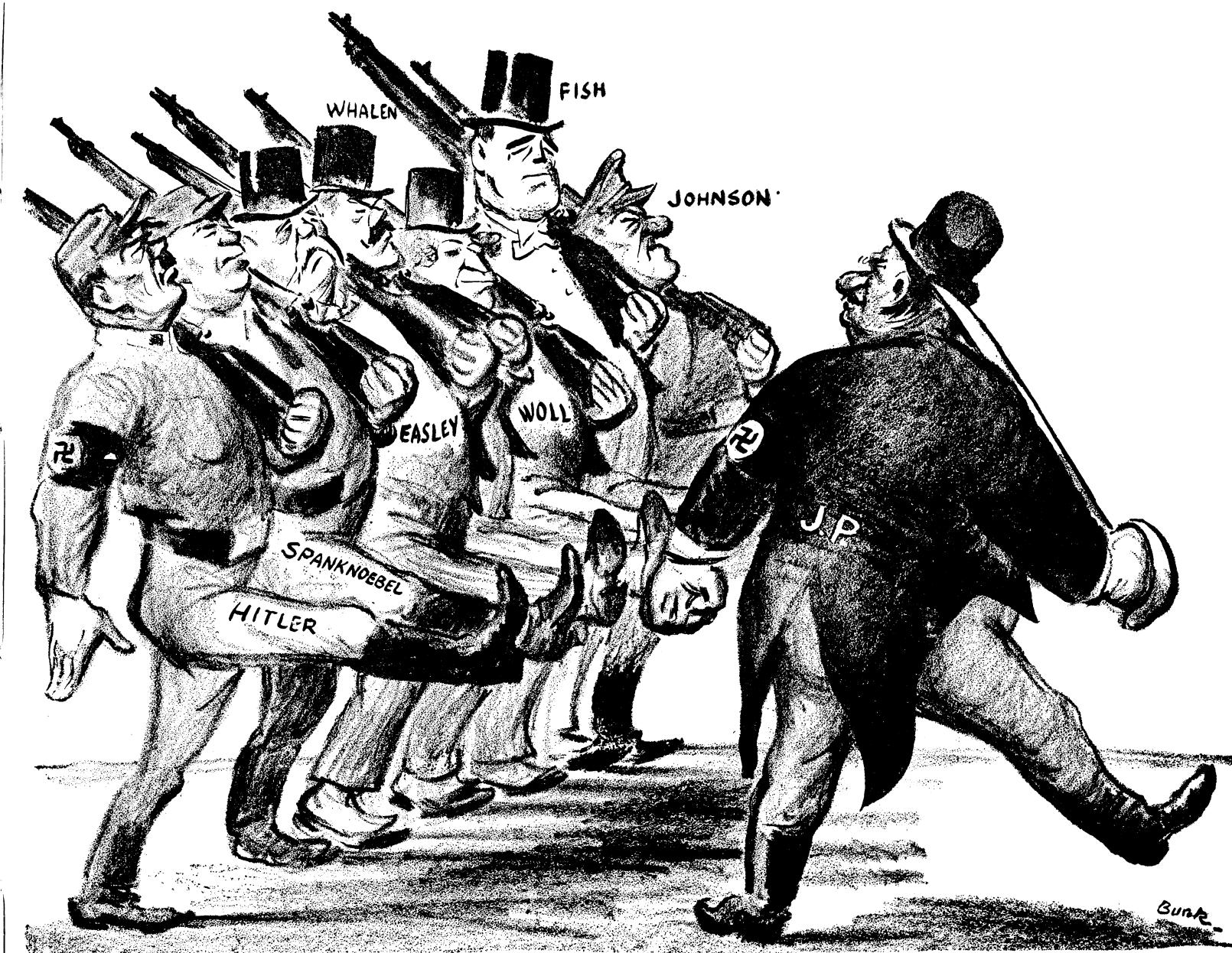
But Burck's pencil also shows us that fascism is not confined to Italy and Germany. Capitalist crisis is breeding it in every corner of the world. Indeed, fascism in one form or another is today the only resort of the ruling class. Ever more unmistakably mankind is faced by the alternative, Fascism or Communism? Let those who still hesitate look carefully at these cartoons; let them think over whether they are exaggerations, whether they do or do not exactly and realistically depict the reality of fascism.



## The Maniac



## The Drill Master



## The Brown Pest



**"No Books Today!"**



## In the Path of the Revolution



## Viennese Waltz



**"Dead Men Tell No Tales!"**





**"Torgler and Thaelmann, Next!"**



# THE SOVIET UNION

JACOB BURCK'S drawings dealing with the Soviet Union bring out graphically and convincingly the contrasts between a planned Socialist order and the miserable chaos that goes by the name of capitalism. And they also illustrate the very important point that, in order to find a temporary way out of its crisis, world capitalism holds ever in mind the tempting thought of an attack on the Soviet Union with the object of overthrowing the first Socialist republic and dividing up its richest territories into spheres of influence and exploitation.

But it is not merely the hope of new imperialist domains that leads capitalist nations to plot war against the U.S.S.R. Even more important is the fear of capitalists everywhere that the workers whom they exploit, urged on by the example of Soviet Russia, will one day decide to set up a similar form of society. In the Soviet Union depression, unemployment, and war-making imperialist ambitions have gone into the dump-heap of history. There, in a short seventeen years and in the face of the most tremendous obstacles, a whole new world has been built. The cultural revolution keeps pace with the economic and political, so that for the first time in the history of Russia the masses of the people—workers, peasants, women, oppressed nations and all the rest—are having a chance to enjoy and creatively participate in the things of culture. Science leaps ahead. And intelligence in general, released through Socialist planning from the cramping confines of capitalist contradiction, functions more freely and effectively than has ever been known before.

This is the picture of the Soviet Union that is coming more and more to prevail in the rest of the world. This is the picture that the working class elsewhere is very soon going to reproduce. And it is the picture that Comrade Burck's cartoons so strongly impress on the imagination.

*Carl H. Haas*

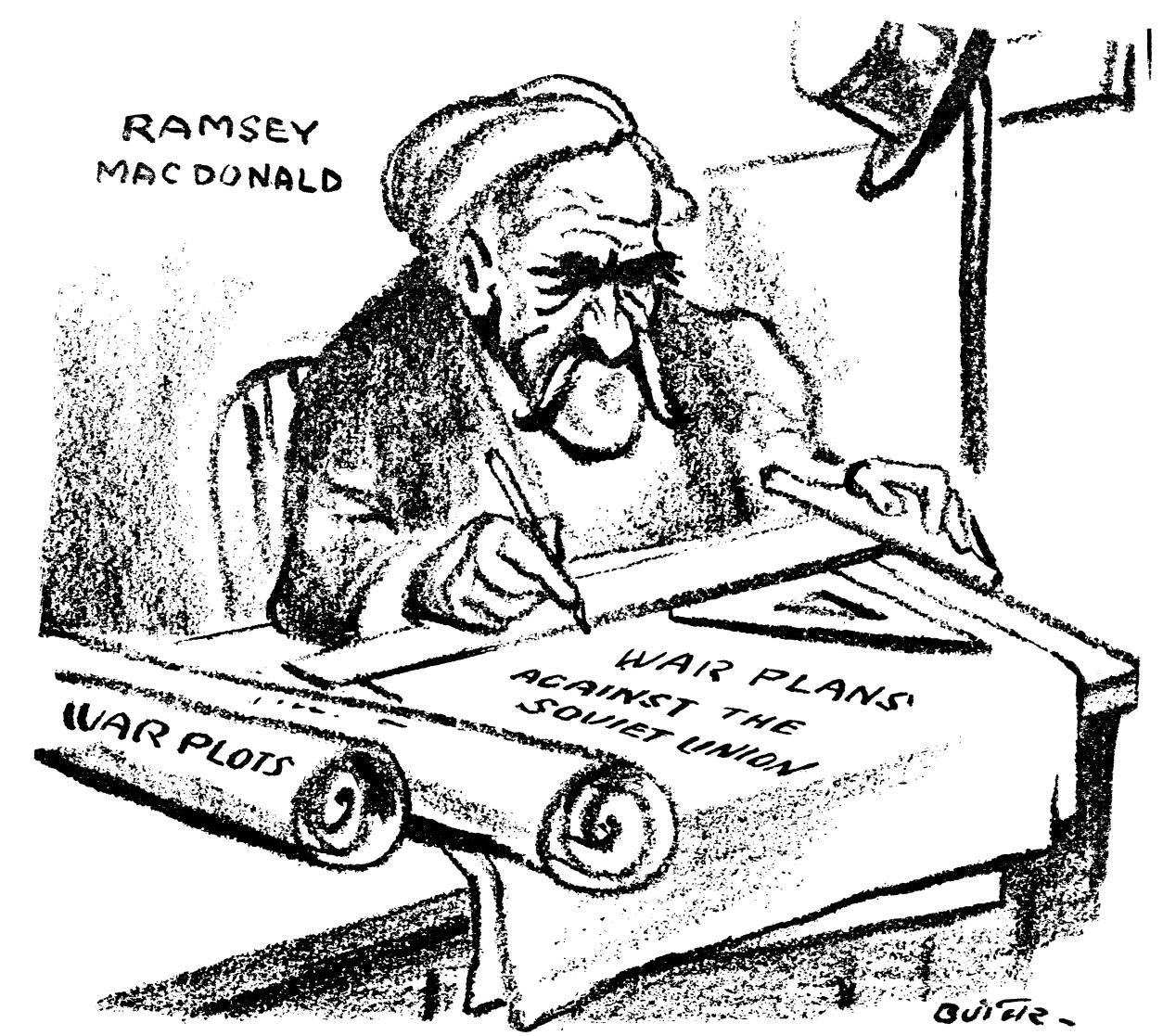
## The Victor



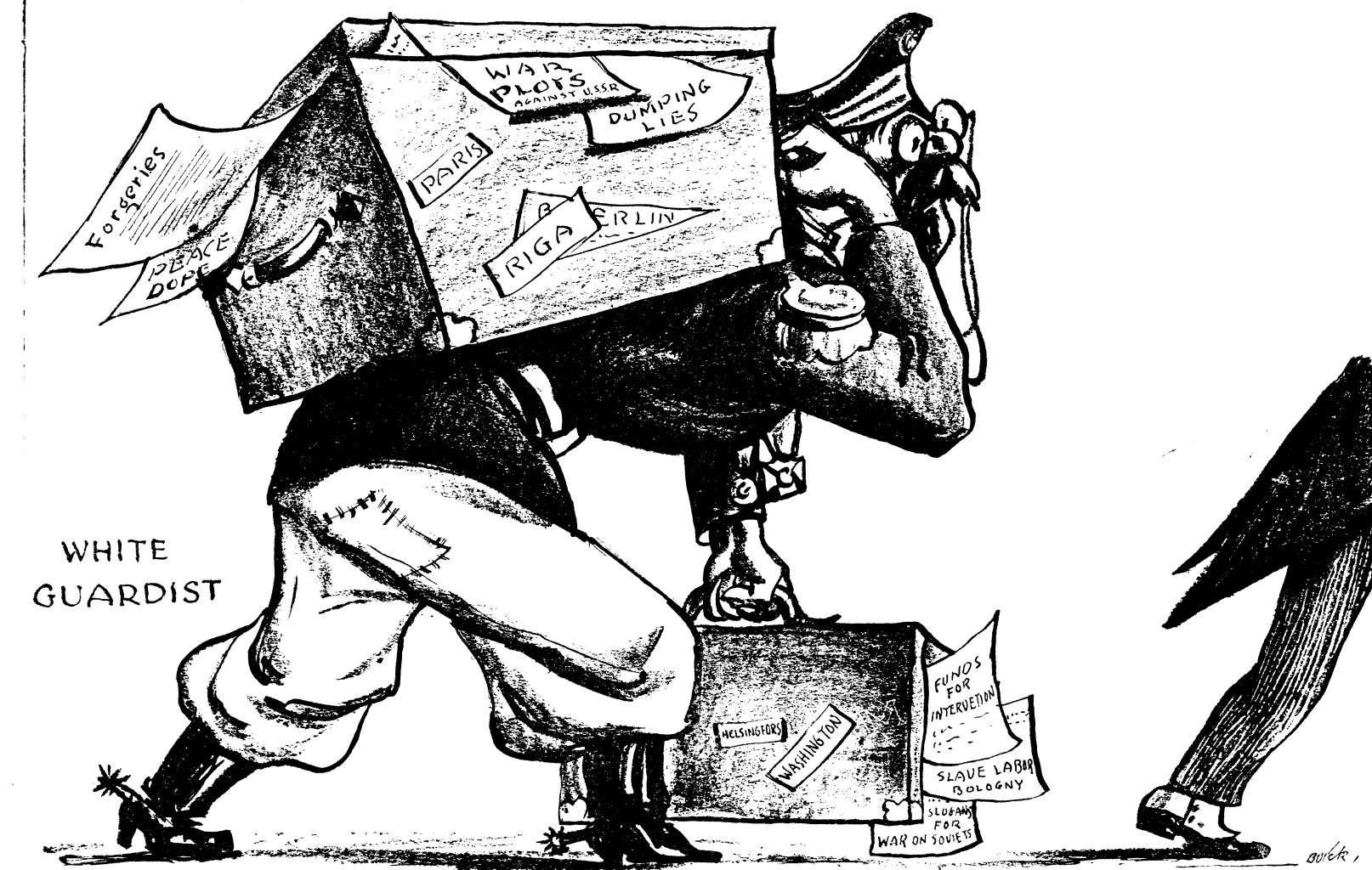
## Two Plans



**Capitalism Can "Plan" Too**



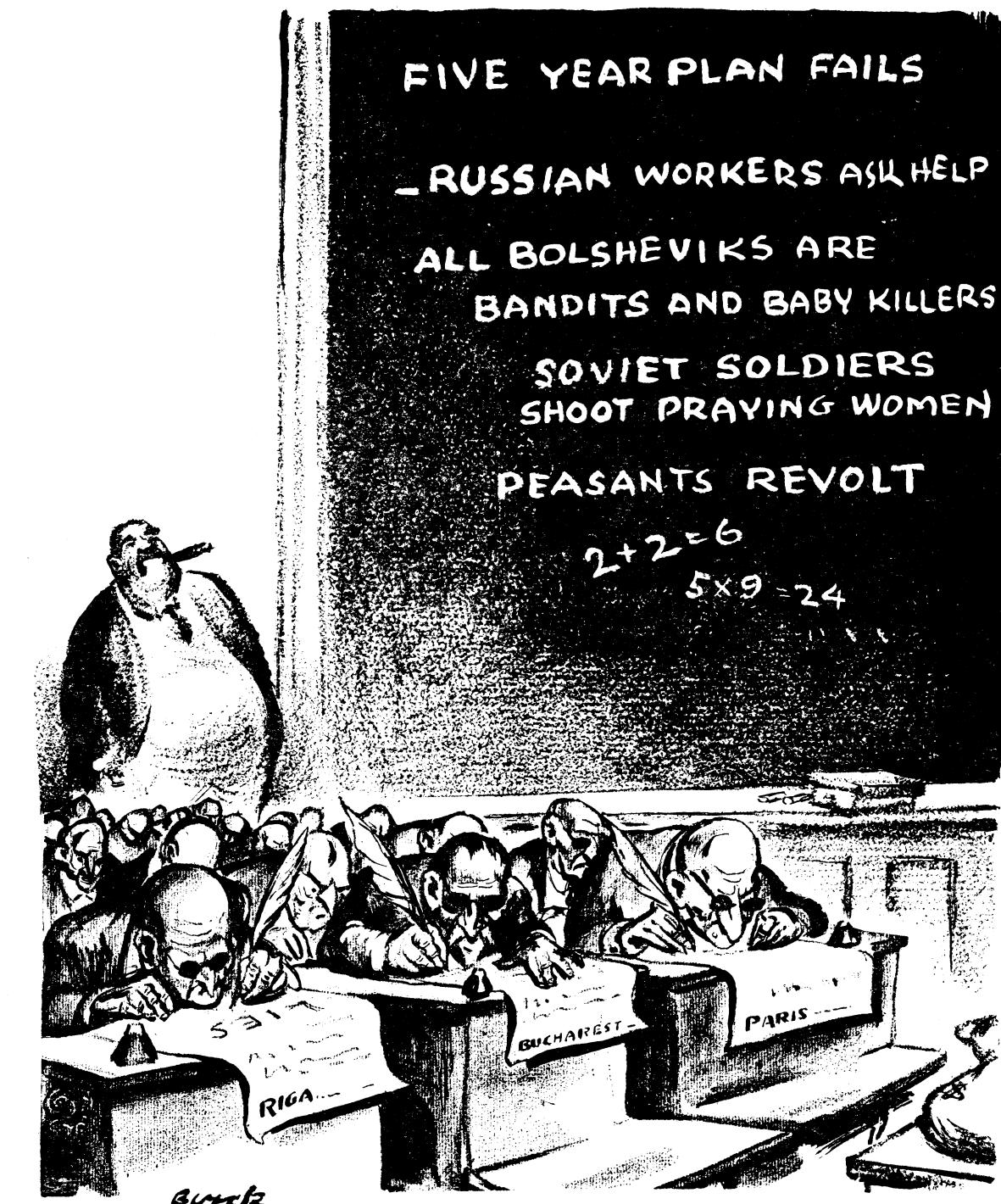
## The Lackey



**"Defaulter!"**



**"Our Correspondents Say . . ."**



**"Stop! I Know Your Plans!"**



# W A R

THE inexorable continuity between Woodrow Wilson and his Assistant Secretary of the Navy, Franklin Roosevelt, coruscates from the brush-like shadings of Jacob Burck's graphic "Daily Worker" editorials on the threatening world conflict for imperialist world hegemony.

Because Burck is a revolutionary artist, his drawings are never abstractly anti-war. He is always conscious of the fact that M-Day, the War Department's officially designated time when telegraphic orders for instant industrial and military mobilization will be flashed throughout the nation, is definitely on the order of the capitalist day.

Burck's drawings are sketched in the shadow of the towering figure of Lenin. Addressed to the Negro and white workers and farmers who carry the revolutionary flag, they always juxtapose the might of revolutionary reason to the might of capitalism's frenzied preparations for another world slaughter at the expense, mainly, of the workers and farmers. The Burck fist is the Communist fist, the mass brawn behind the fight for a Soviet America.

The only permanent escape from the hell of the factory and the crematory of imperialist war, the way out through the revolutionary overthrow of capitalism, is the message with which Burck's anti-war work pierces the war-laden air. The necessity for turning imperialist war into civil war, the merging of the everyday struggle for bread and assemblage, on the dock, factory, farm and street, in the homes and schools, with the revolutionary struggle against imperialist war strikes the reader with new and fresh impact. The impulse to action is nearly instantaneous.

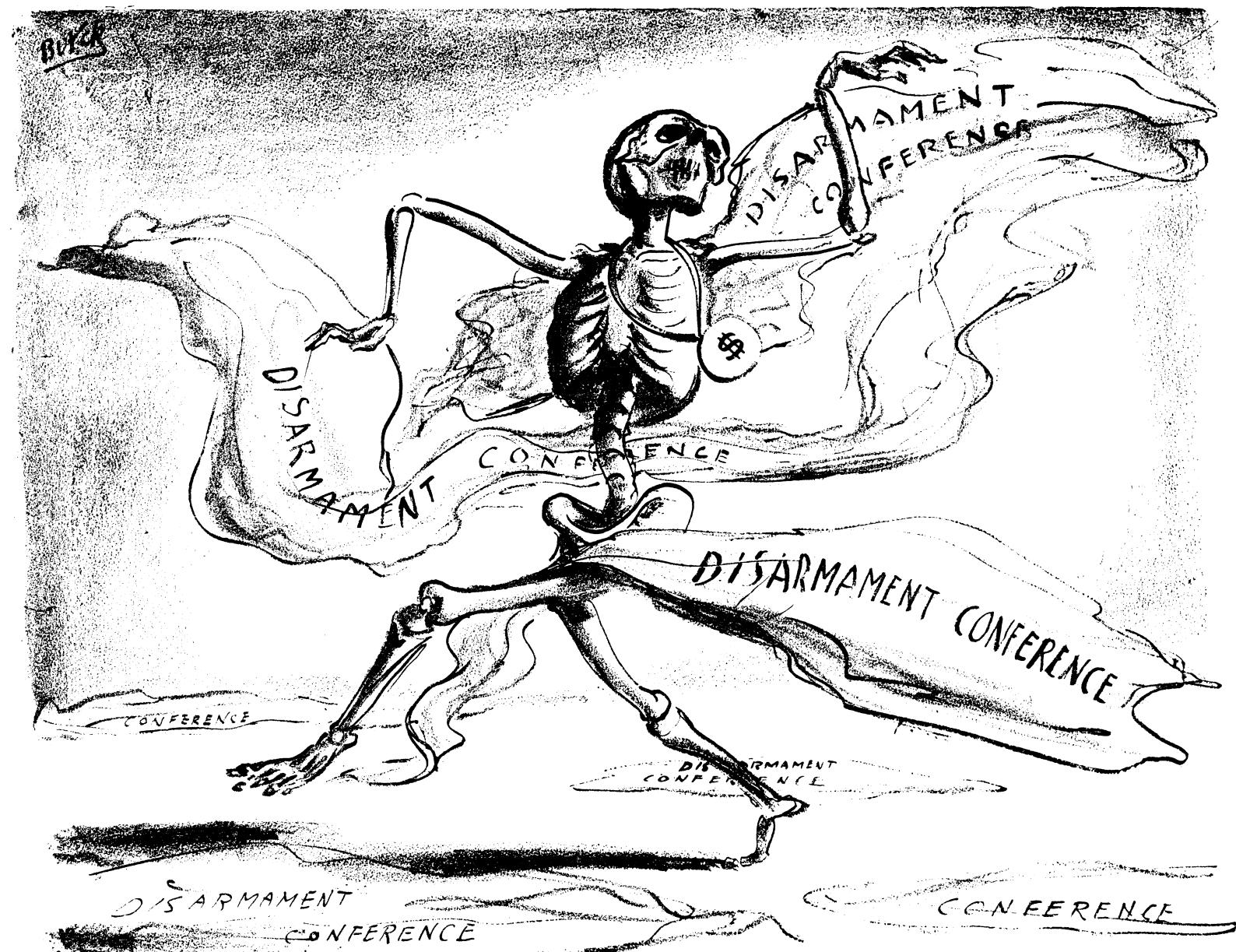
Viewing sanctified Wilson's blackboard imperialist arithmetic lesson to Roosevelt, or glancing at the same Wilson leading a group of soldiers to a Morgan-ballyhooed death while his Democratic successor and apt pupil initials the documents that birthed the fascist-tinted Civilian Conservation Corps, the Kaiserlike program for "a navy second to none," or the various "good neighbor" speeches, reduces the history of the past eighteen years to one telling revolutionary lesson.

It is just as if we had heard Wilson deliver one of his demagogic, finely phrased "to make the world safe for democracy" orations, followed by the Roosevelt 1934 Gettysburg address on the eve of the presidential review of the biggest peacetime fleet in the history of the United States. As the strike wave mounted to unprecedented heights, and as the battle-

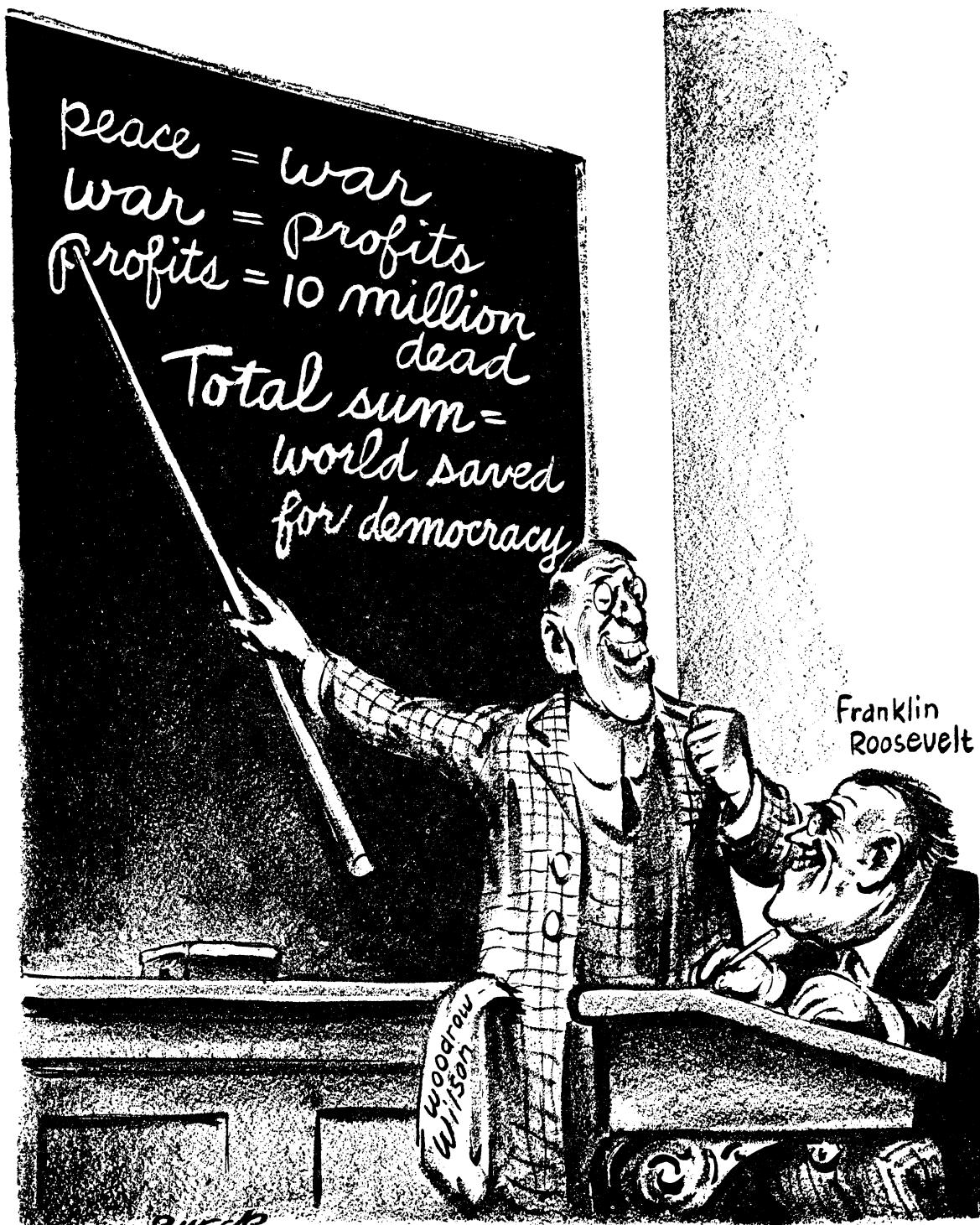
ships, cruisers, airplane carriers, destroyers and sub-chasers steamed into New York harbor to take their place in the long line of review, the President gave "renewed assurance that the passions of war are mouldering in the tombs of Time and the purposes of peace are flowing in the hearts of a united people."

In short, Burck's pencil is a social instrument that shows us that the alimentary canal of the Roosevelt Administration is a 16-inch gun.

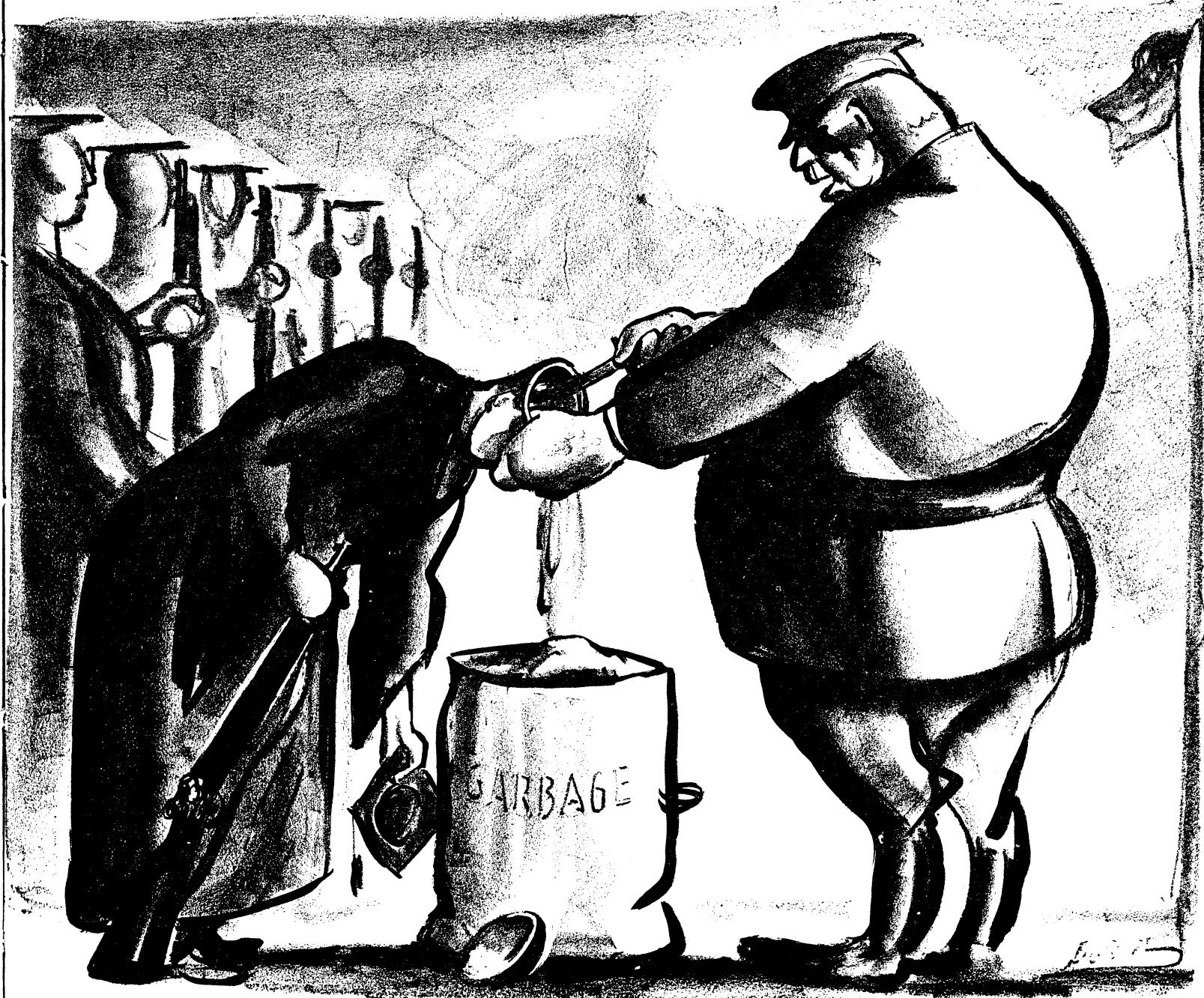
Seymour Wolfson



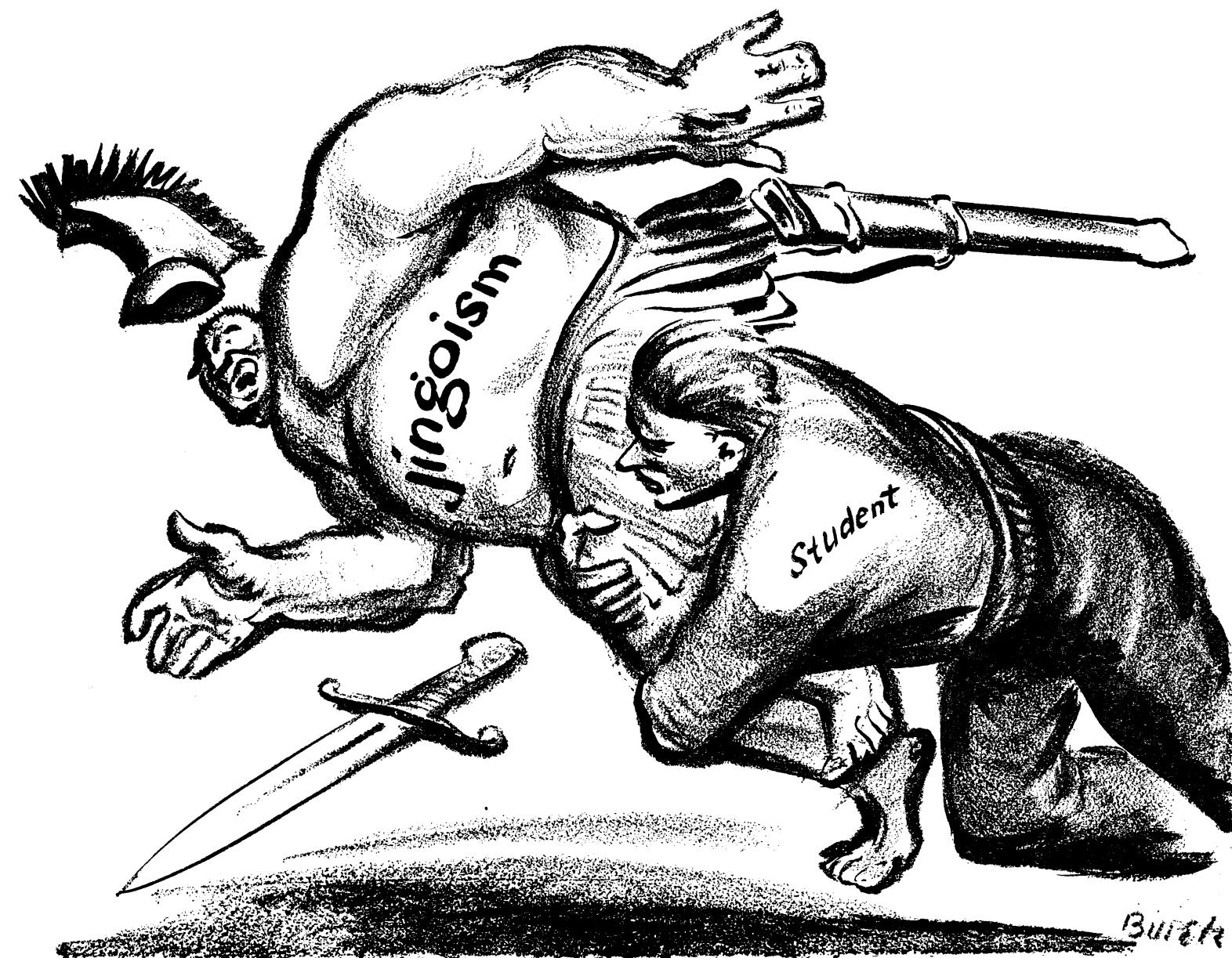
## An Apt Pupil



**“ . . . What D’ya Need  
Them Things For!”**



**Hold Him!**



**The President Solves  
Their Problem**



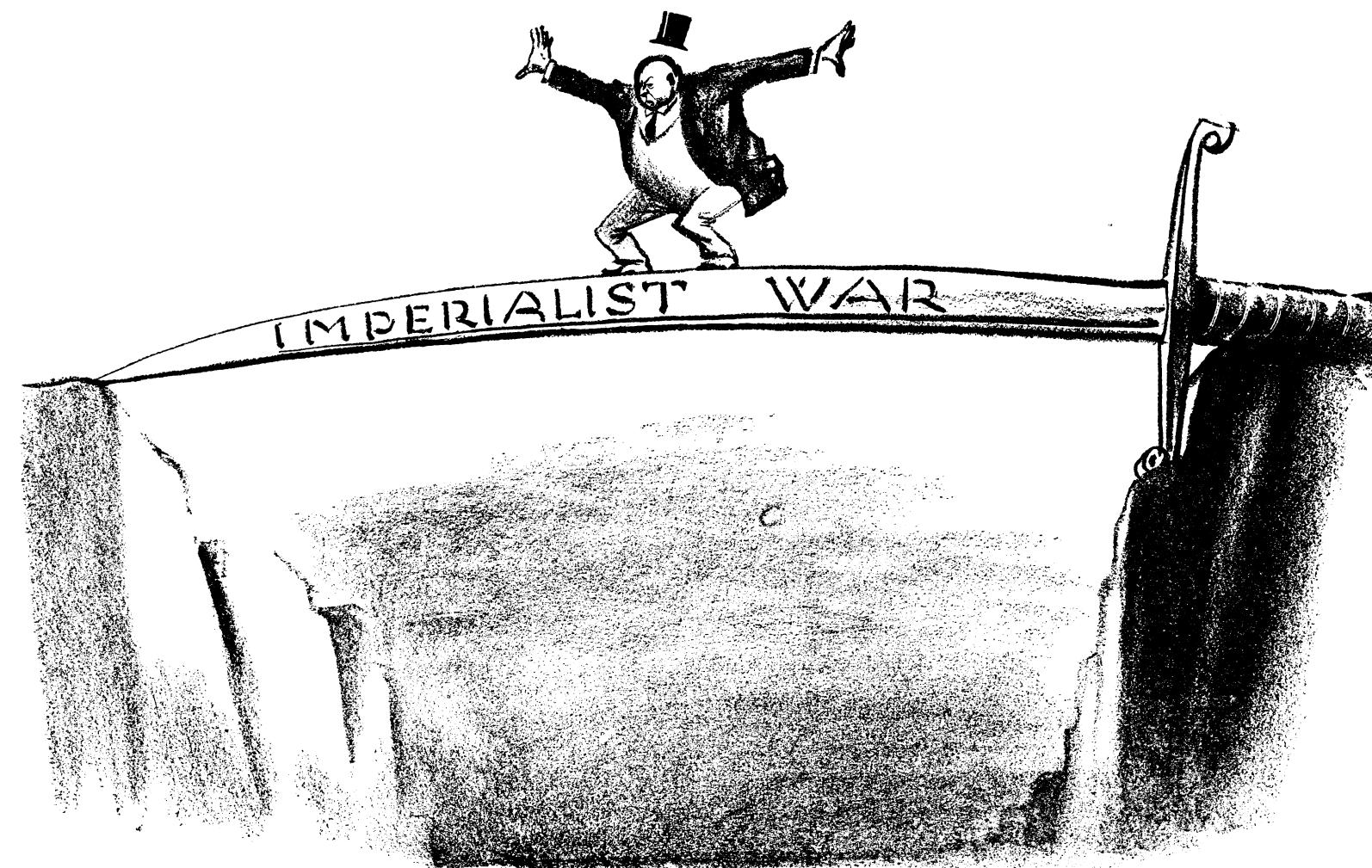
**The President Solves  
Their Problem**





**"Move Over, Buddy, There  
Are More Coming!"**

Burch



**The "Tight-Rope" Walker**

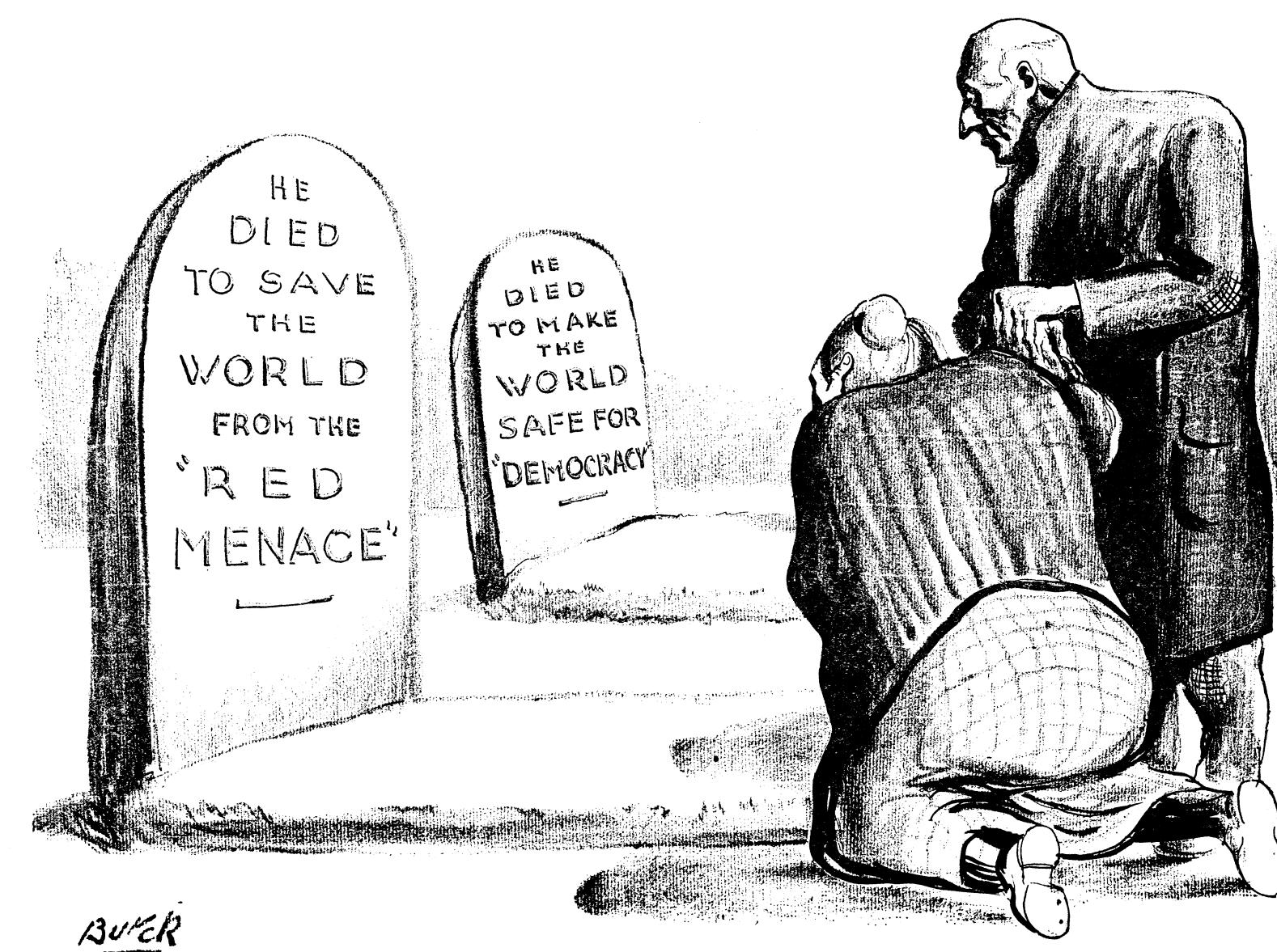
## Preparing the Shot!



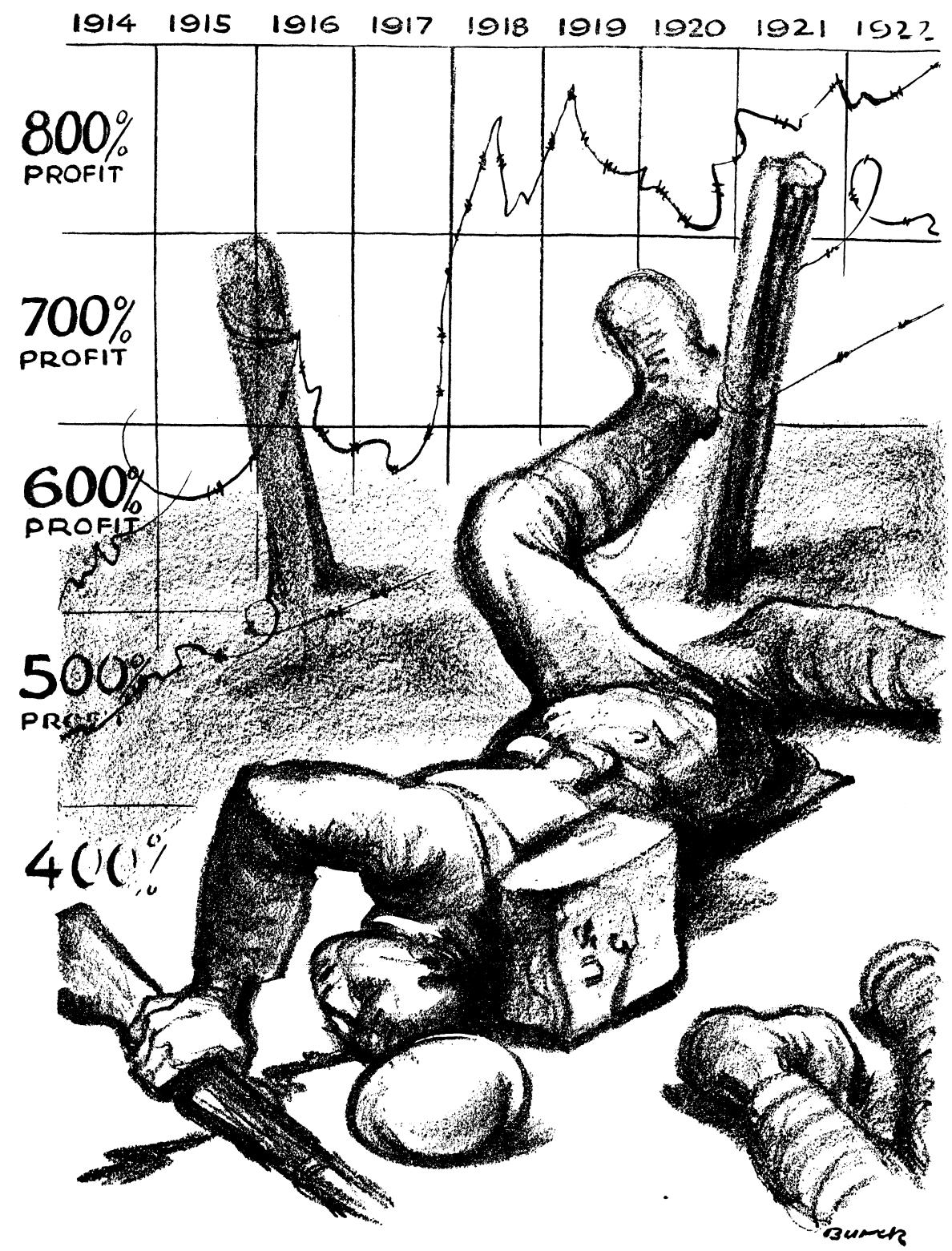
**"Hurry With Those Articles!  
You're Holding Up the War!"**



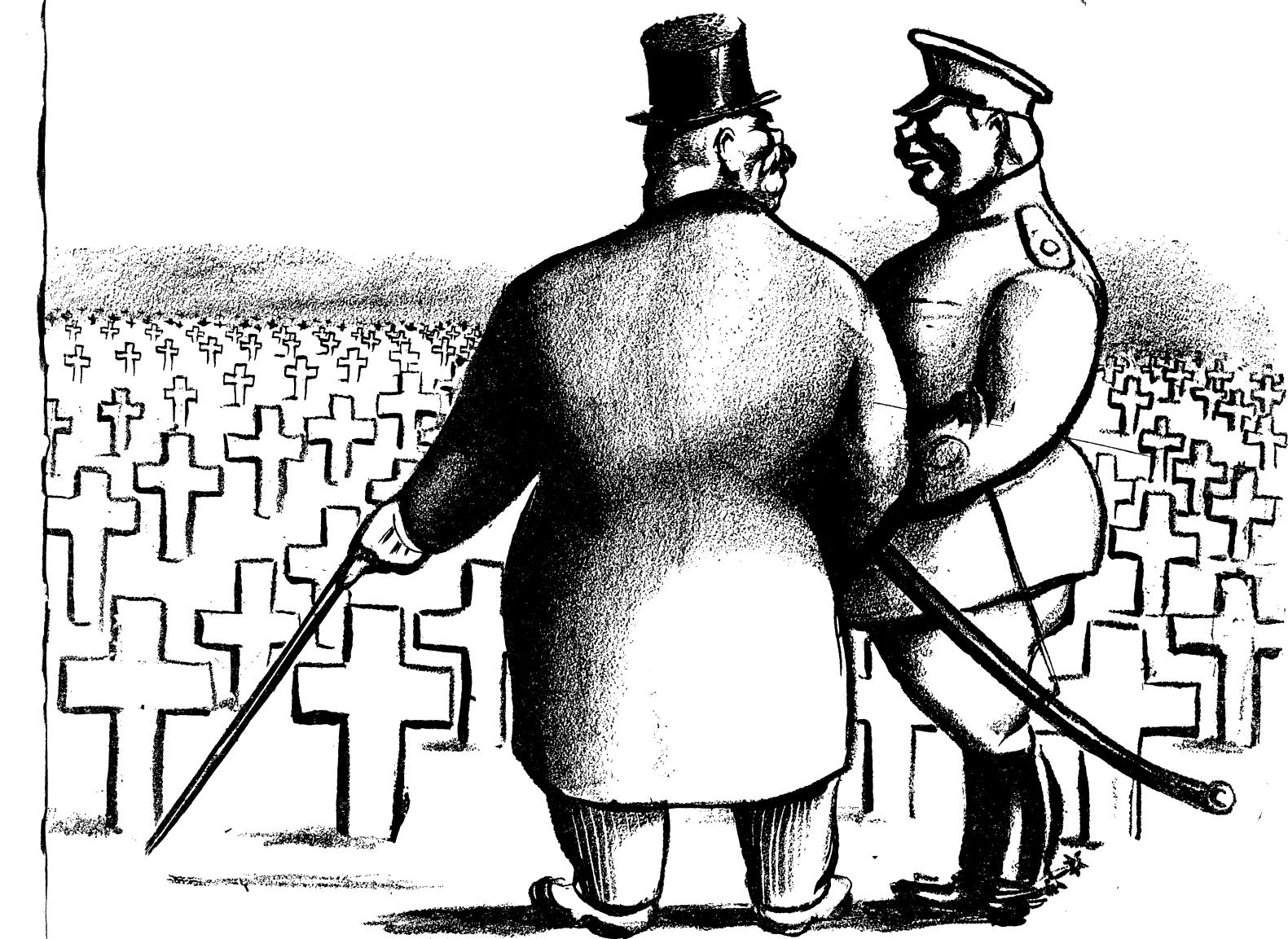
**Who Pays?**



## War—What For?



**"I Congratulate You, General!"**



**Taking the Profits Out of War!**



## **BIOGRAPHICAL NOTE**



Drawing by Esther Kriger

Jacob Burck was born on January 10, 1907, and lived in Cleveland until 1924. At that time a scholarship enabled him to further his art studies in New York, where he studied with Albert Sterner and Boardman Robinson.

He began his professional art activities as a portrait painter. After a year of this work he revolted at this catering to the vanities of a parasitic class. He decided to give up "art" and turned to sign painting as a more wholesome means of earning a living. In 1926 he entered the revolutionary movement. There he found that true art had a vital place in society and its class conflicts. His work became a weapon on the side of the working class.

In 1927 he began to draw cartoons for the Daily Worker and other revolutionary publications. Two years later he became staff cartoonist for the Daily Worker and since then has drawn daily cartoons depicting social struggle.



Union Labor Throughout

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