



RAEMAKERS' KAISER (1914)

**O** LUCKY Londoners! In spite of chaos about you, nights in the bowels of the earth, and familiar surroundings devastated in a moment's fury, you can still slip down to the corner on a perilous errand, and return to your air-raid shelter with a copy of that journal to which Low contributes his cartoons.

Never, surely, has the cartoonist had such a world in which to splash black venom from his pen! The jutting jowl of Mussolini; the enraged-rabbit-with-Chaplin-moustache which is Hitler; the villainous whiskers, as in a stage melodrama, of Comrade Stalin; Sarah-Gamp-Chamberlain and Bulldog-Drummond-Churchill; the benign Mother-Goose expression with which the purposeful lord of the U.S.A. habitually disguises his inward determination; these must surely have been created expressly that their features might adorn the cartoon-page of the daily papers! Or is it that, having gazed on so many caricatures of these and other notabilities, we cannot now envisage them as ordinary citizens in appearance? That the cartoons have led us, in thinking of Mr. Eden, to see in effect the pink-and white tailor's dummy; and in pondering on the abstract idea of American aid for Britain, to substitute the mental picture of two hands clasped above a storm-tossed ocean?

#### Nightmares by Raemakers

As a child, I remember seeing my very first war-cartoon. Yes, there was a war on at that time too (the same war, Mr. Coward tells us), but it was unfortunate that some unthinking adult chose to initiate me into the cartoonist's art by showing me some drawings of the master-cartoonist of 1914-1918. Yes, it was Raemakers, of course, and he gave me nightmares for months afterwards. (Perhaps that adult was not so unthinking after all; the effect on me was a vicious hatred of war which I will never lose). I woke in the dark, still seeing the armoured giant hacking with his battle-axe at the base of the Cross, where hung an emaciated, suffering Christ—circling vultures above, and a mountain-pass below. I remember still the gasp of terror with which I greeted this drawing, and the sickening disgust with which I gazed at fig-

# THE CARTOONIST IN WAR-TIME

*"In many cases the 1914 Cartoons might, with date reversed to 1941, be completely at home in to-day's newspaper"*

Says DOROTHY I. SCOTT in this article for "The Listener"

ures of blood-stained women and mangled children, victims of the barbarism of that war and of all wars. When it was explained to me that these were "cartoons," I was lost. I had seen local pictures of politicians with exaggerated heads, and words printed coming out of their mouths, and I suppose I imagined that all cartoons must be humorous, in a mild way. But what was there to laugh at, in this cruel drawing, too realistic altogether, of the sinking "Lusitania"? This vicious and righteous anger was a new element. Later I was to encounter it in many another cartoonist, and long afterwards, when local and topical sketches are forgotten, I can still bring to mind, at will, the clear image of Raemakers' Christ rising from the dead of the battlefields . . . Dyson's Fiend with horns and hooves regarding the night-lit New York streets

with the sad words, "Well, well, one lives and learns!" . . . Wragg's pitiful drawing of an underfed slum-dweller resting in a wood of tall trees, his bicycle by his side, and the breathed thanksgiving "One Day in Thy Courts" . . . And such tremendous jests as Norman Lindsay's "The War-God Sounds His Gong!" in which the young Australia, a small listening boy playing soldiers, hears afar-off the call of World War Number One in the shape of a colossal Mars clanging his reverberations around the world in flames.

#### No Art of Caricature

To turn from such men as Raemakers, Gulbransen, Kapp, and Dyson, to the work of Low, Bateman, Strube, Caran d'Ache, and Heath Robinson, is to realise the sheer futility of setting any standard or beginning any sort of



RAEMAKERS' HITLER (1941)

criticism. As Low himself says, "There is no art of caricature. There are only caricaturists." And the Lows, the Batemans, the Robinsons, are the geni who conjure laughter out of chaos, whose anger is not expressed in direct outpouring, but reveals itself by cunning and devious means, as though the perpetrator of the drawings were prompted, not by a sternly classical Muse, but by some malicious demon offering a forked tail dipped in gall as a substitute for a pen.

It doesn't really matter what side of politics you're on, you simply have to laugh at these artists, even if you recognise that the laugh is against yourself. If you're a Tory of the royal and ancient vintage, you won't particularly like Rollin Kirby's "King George Cuts Buckingham Palace Expenses," wherein King George V. is pictured in an ermine bathrobe saying to the Queen: "My dear, you left the light burning in the bathroom!" If you're a confirmed follower of Marx, Lenin, Engels, and Stalin, you are hardly likely to revel in Low's drawing of "The Russian Terror Again," wherein Soviet plenipotentiaries sit in judgment on a child's toy and condemn it to be shot at dawn. But both these cartoons are so skilfully executed, and convey their messages in so ludicrous a style, that even Kipling's "jelly-bellied flag-flapper" must chuckle with Rollin Kirby, and it is only the most immovable of proletarian revolutionaries who can't get a laugh out of Low.

We of the twentieth century recognise the dot-dash style of Fougasse (author of those delightful "Don't Spread Rumours" cartoons), the roaring of Norman Lindsay, and the frugal opulence of Low, as representative of our own mode of thought. We no longer thrill to an engraved Britannia, robust and majestic, enthroned on a suitable rock, and labelled "Mistress of the Seven Seas." We laugh instead at Mr. Chamberlain poking Hitler in the rear with that celebrated umbrella. It is not that we don't respect Britannia, but she is required nowadays to come off her pedestal and mingle with the throng.

#### Cartoons of the Last War

It's interesting to look back at cartoons of the last War, and see how they

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#### SCOTTISH SOLDIERS SEEN THROUGH GERMAN EYES

Hitler declares in "Mein Kampf" that the result of the caricatures of the British that appeared in the German Press was an undervaluation for which the German people have had to pay dearly