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Artist's Note: Dan Youra Explains Iconic Caricatures Rendering Donald J. Trump as an Icon

I have drawn President Donald J. Trump thousands of times over many years, always with the same expression. Some have asked why I never alter his face—why no scowls, smiles, tears, or cheers. The answer is simple: I am not rendering emotion. I am casting an icon.

Icons do not frown or grin on command. They endure.

When a figure passes from mere personality into cultural emblem, the artist has a duty to preserve that essence in a single, unshaken visage. Just as **Alfred E. Neuman** never changed his “What, me worry?” grin for half a century, my Trump bears the same unbroken face—calm, unflappable, self-possessed. Not cruel. Not saintly. Something rarer: resolute.

I am not in the business of flattery. I am in the tradition of **Swift, Hogarth**, and every satirist who understood that a fixed face allows the world around it to convulse, crumble, or rejoice. The face is the constant; the world is the variable. That is how you separate a **caricature** from an **icon**.

In this work, I have awarded President Trump not the **Nobel Peace Prize**, withheld by committee, but the **Noble Peace Prize**, bestowed by pen. My “Noble” is not an imitation of theirs; it is a return to the root of the word: *virtus, honor, steadfastness*. One may debate decisions of Stockholm. One may not revoke the authority of satire.

Only satire is free enough to honor and to mock in the same stroke. Only satire can crown a man with a medal and a bandage at once. And only an icon—never a fluctuating face—can carry that paradox with dignity.

I have chosen this single Trump face because, like it or not, history will remember a fixed image. And I intend to be the artist who casts it.

—Dan Youra
Caricaturist, Satirist, Medallist