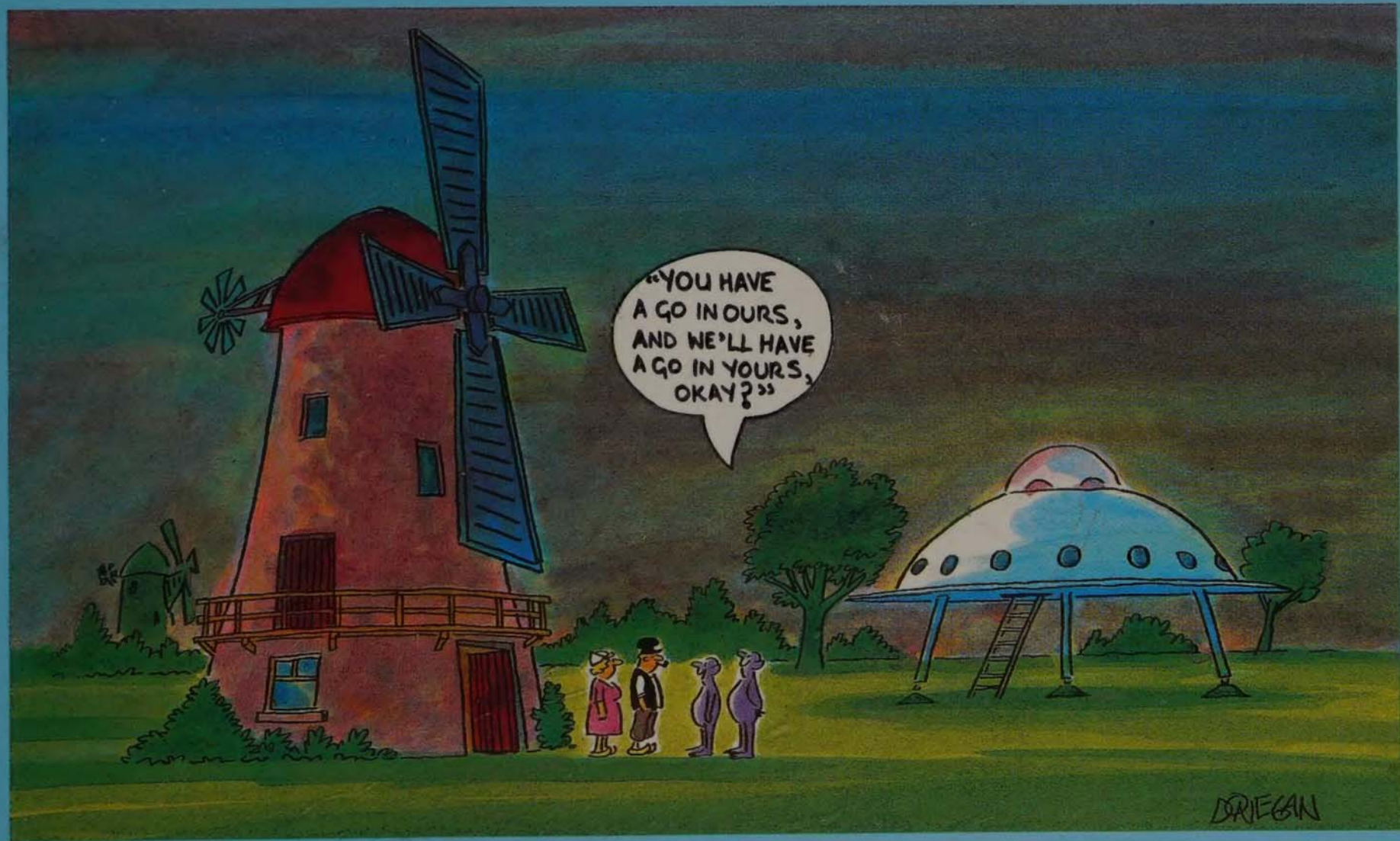


SPACED OUT



PUNCH AMONG THE GALAXIES



SPACED OUT

PUNCH among the Galaxies

Edited by William Hewison

A PUNCH BOOK

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Introduction

'We can't go on meeting like this'; 'Darling, they're playing our tune'; 'And this is my husband's little den.' Three remarks which don't at first seem to have much in common; yet – at least to those of us who have watched the antics of cartoonists over a decade or two – they fit snugly together into a single, clearly defined compartment. Each of them is a caption cliché. Each of them, by some peculiar accident, is a phrase to which cartoonists have fixed umpteen different scenarios, umpteen variations. The drawing is fresh, the caption remains the same.

A fourth candidate for inclusion in that compartment would certainly be 'Take me to your leader.' That one is perhaps the daddy of them all, a caption which has spawned a multifarious and mind-boggling array of situations, even in the end becoming a free-standing catchphrase in its own right. I suppose initially it harked back to those exploration, adventure stories in the Rider Haggard mould, so it was a certain cartoonist's back-reference to this source that gave the phrase an altogether fresh lease of life when he produced the first Martian/Flying Saucer cartoon. That cartoonist was Alex Graham, and I hope you won't accuse me of cheating when I reveal that Graham's caption was not 'Take me to your leader', but 'Take us to

your President.' His drawing in the *New Yorker* showed a flying-saucer in a field and two bug-eyed Martians talking to a horse. Afterwards, jokesmiths everywhere hurried to get in on the act, and *President* gave way to *leader*, perhaps as a way through to a wider audience.

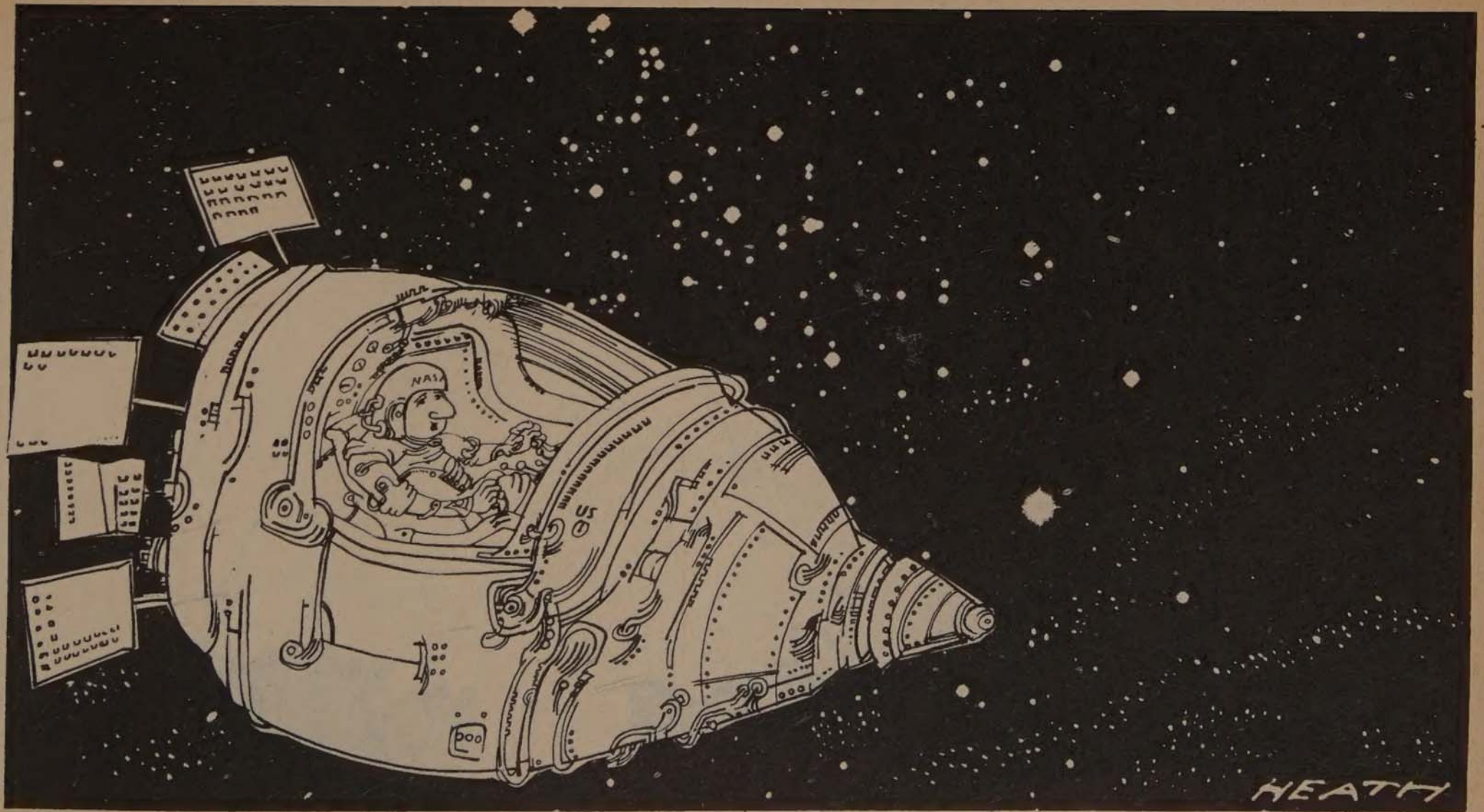
Robot Martians said it to petrol pumps, gnomic Martians said it to Harold Macmillan on a grouse moor (a neat one, that – Macmillan *was* the British leader at the time), and yet another Martian rang the bell at Franz Schubert's door and demanded to be taken to the composer's *lieder*. And no doubt – though I haven't yet come across it – a cartoon exists somewhere which gathers together a pop-eyed Venusian, a smirking swan and a recently ravished Leda. All in all, 'Take me to your leader' has had a pretty good run for its money.

That's not the full story, though – cartoonists, once they have latched on to a productive theme, will shanghai it towards fresh locations and push it into new alignments. The Unidentified Flying Object and its crew of little green men are therefore liable to turn up anywhere and everywhere, and in all kinds of shapes, in order to act out another humorous situation; Noel Ford has a child-Martian playing with little slabs of stone and the result is

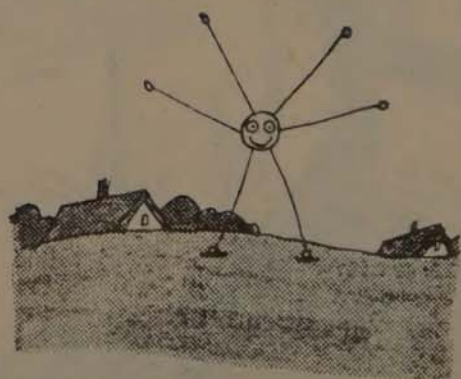
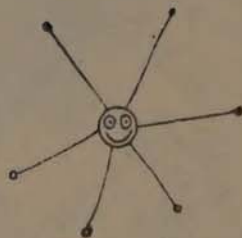
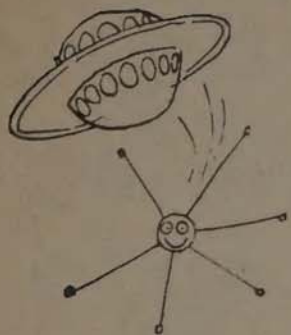
Stonehenge; Haldane's Martians are left with five million digital watches on their hands. This is humorous drawing as a form of science fiction, of course, but sci-fi fantasy is not anarchic – it has its own kind of logic, and the best cartoons of the genre are those which stick to the rules.

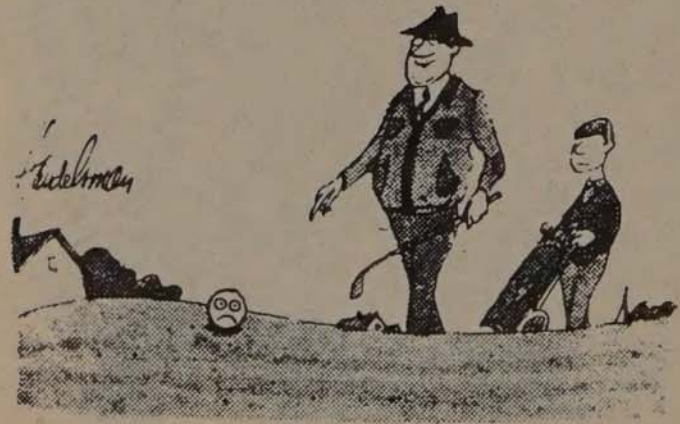
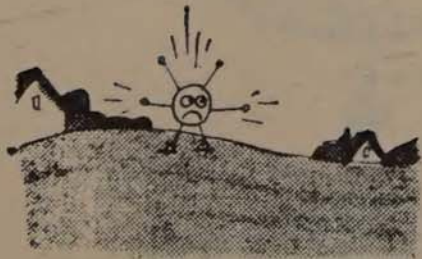
Mind, this collection is not just UFOs and humanoid Venusians with stalks on their heads. It also takes account of the traffic the other way: the *real* existence of rocketry and space travel; the moon landings; orbiting astronauts and space walks. They're all taken care of in the following pages, proof that *Punch* cartoonists are no sluggards when it comes to sheer inventiveness. They all have Lift-Off, with All Systems, Go.

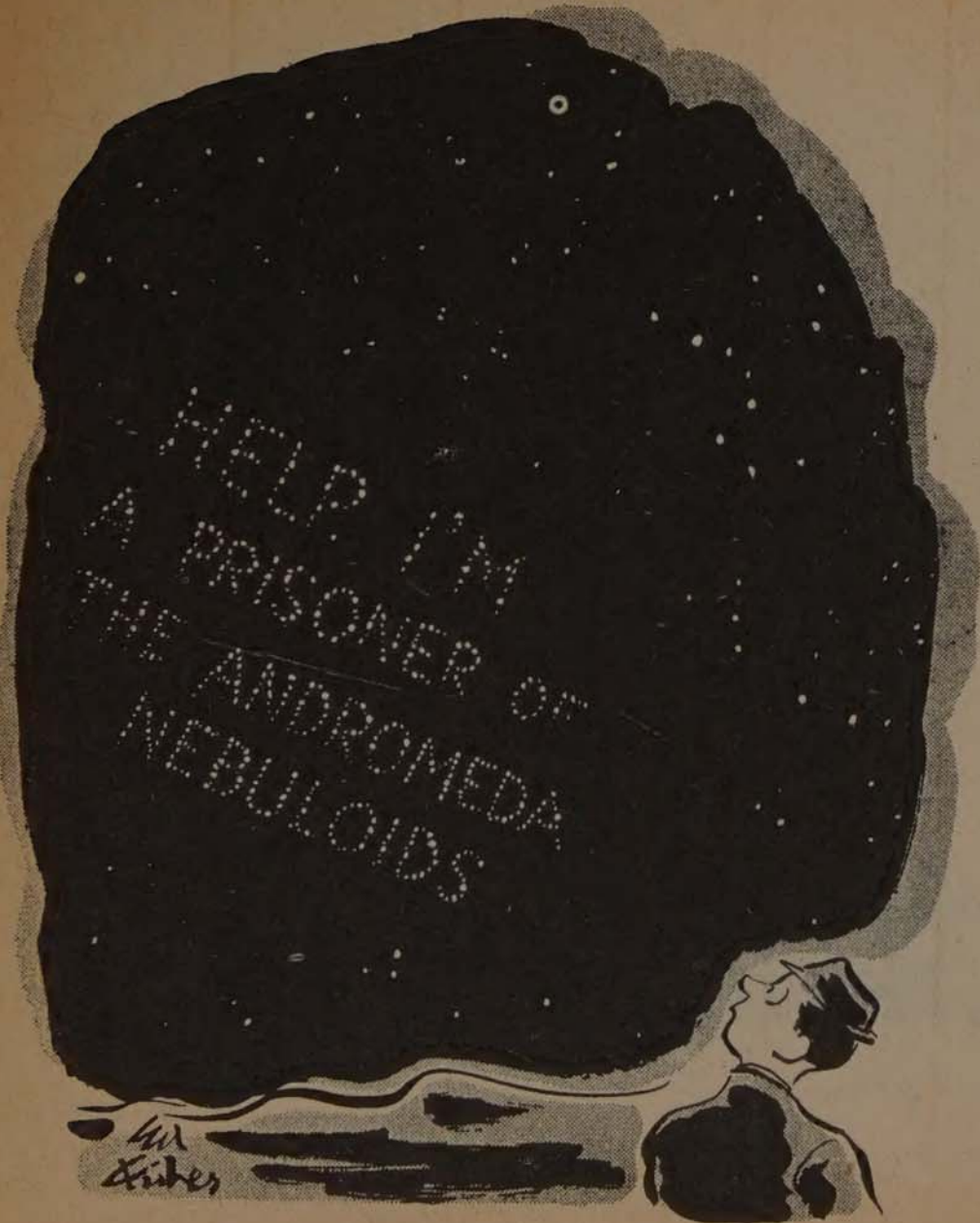
William Hewison
March 1987



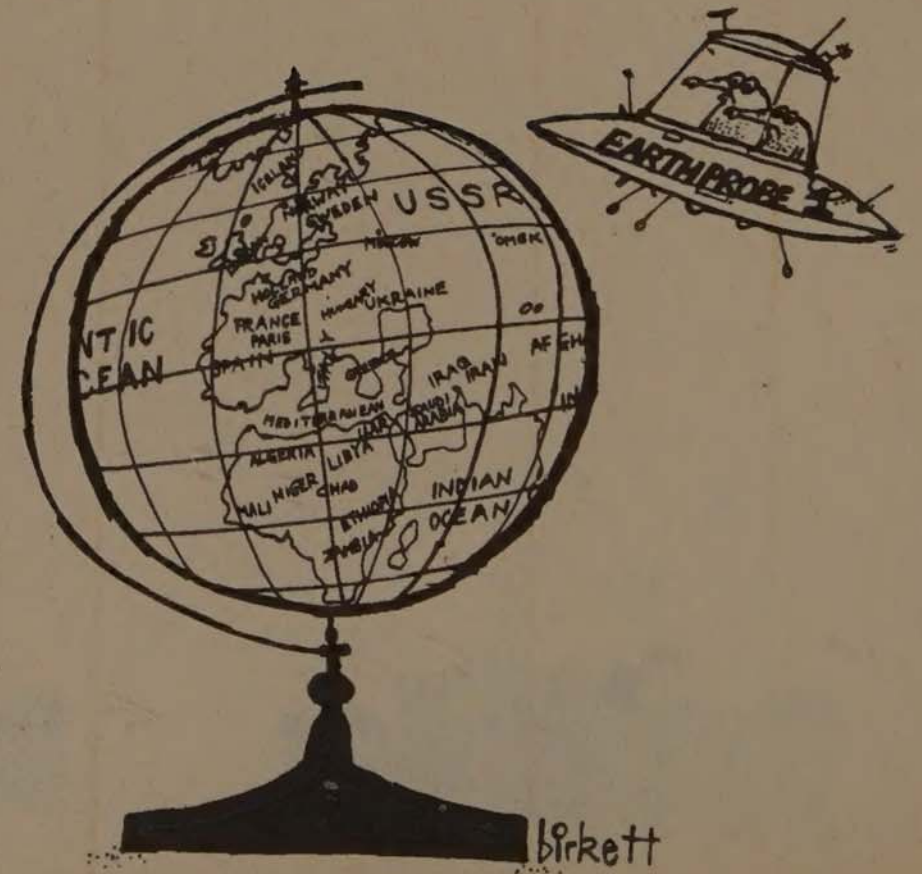
"Sorry, ground control, could you repeat that? I was miles away."







"Hello! The plot thickens!"

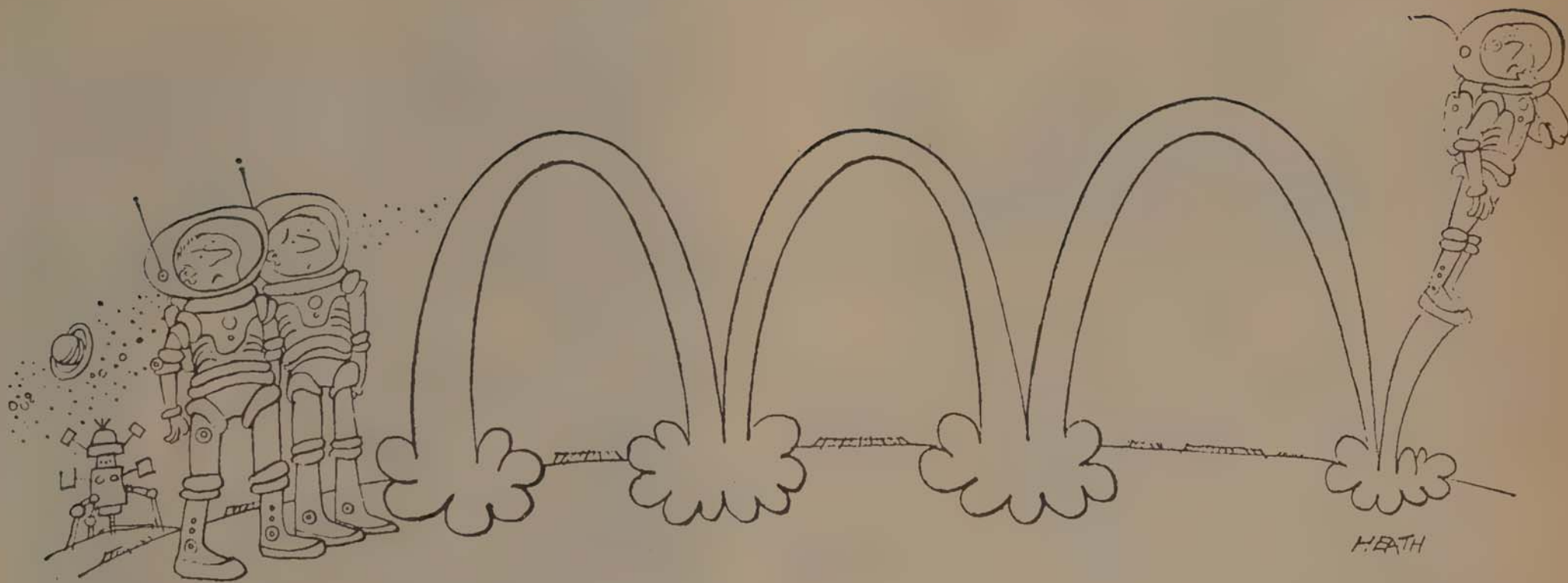




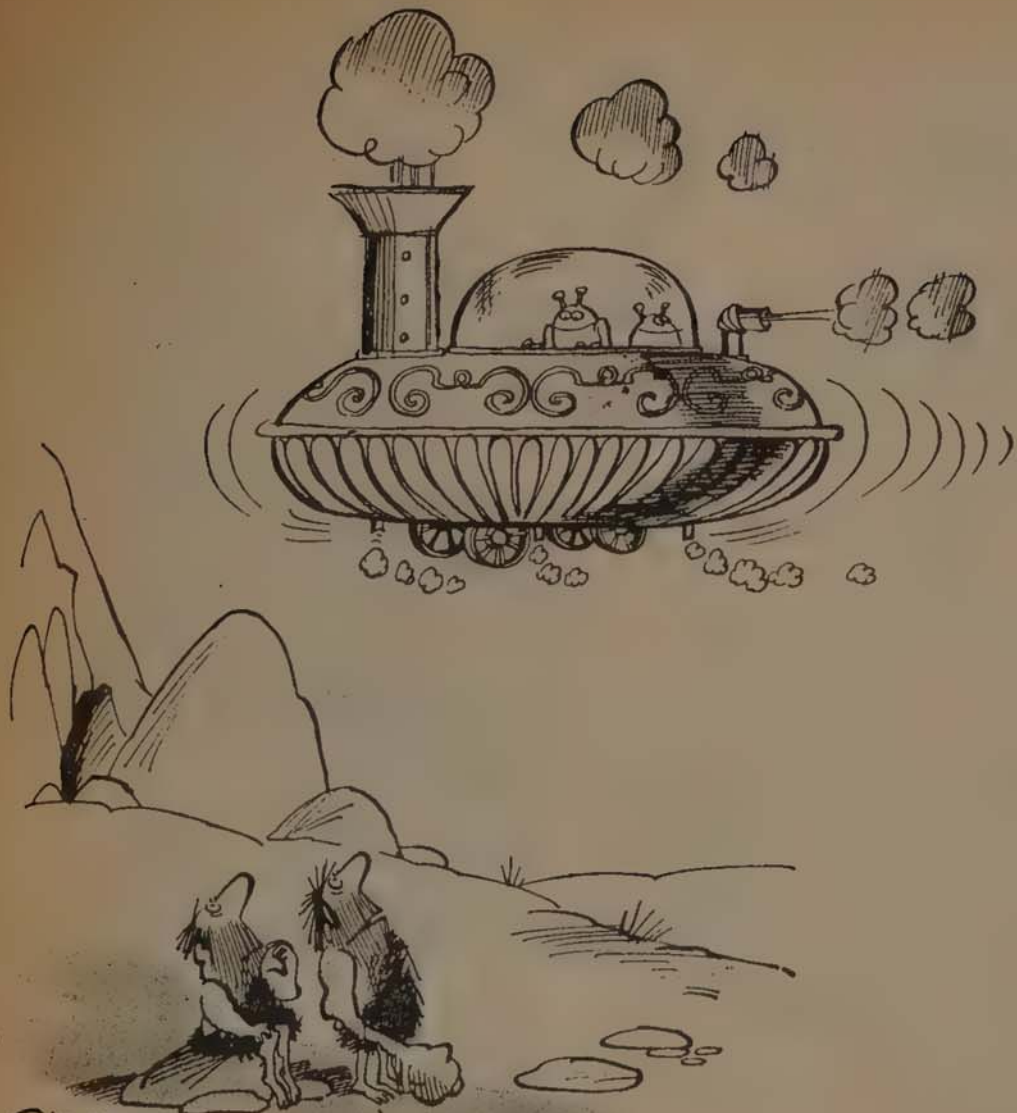
"Well, seeing as you ask, this is the National Costume of Uranus."



"I am Igsprx from the planet Thynog – take me to your toilet."



"Hiccups can be a horrible thing up here, Carter!"



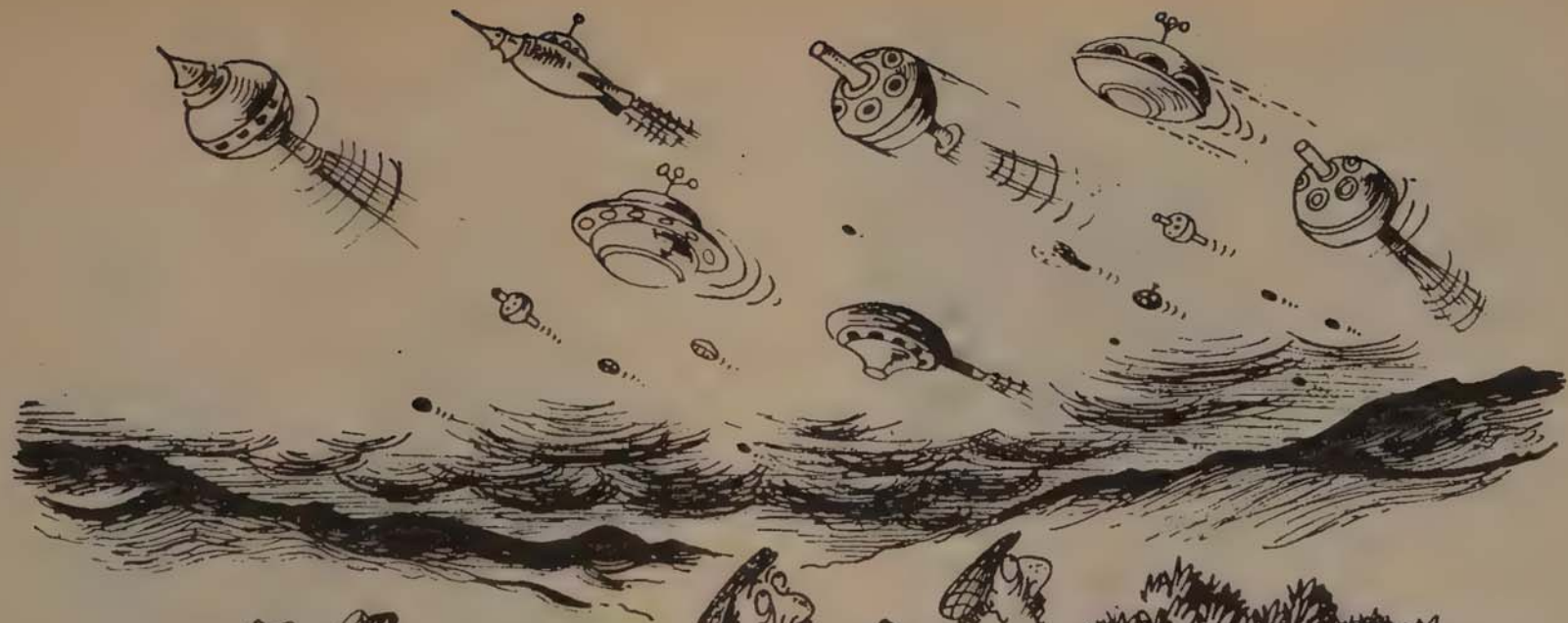
S. McJURRY.

"It's another of those flying saucer things."



Stark

"Calling Jupiter. Calling Jupiter... Reporting from lifeless asteroid.
Over to you - over."

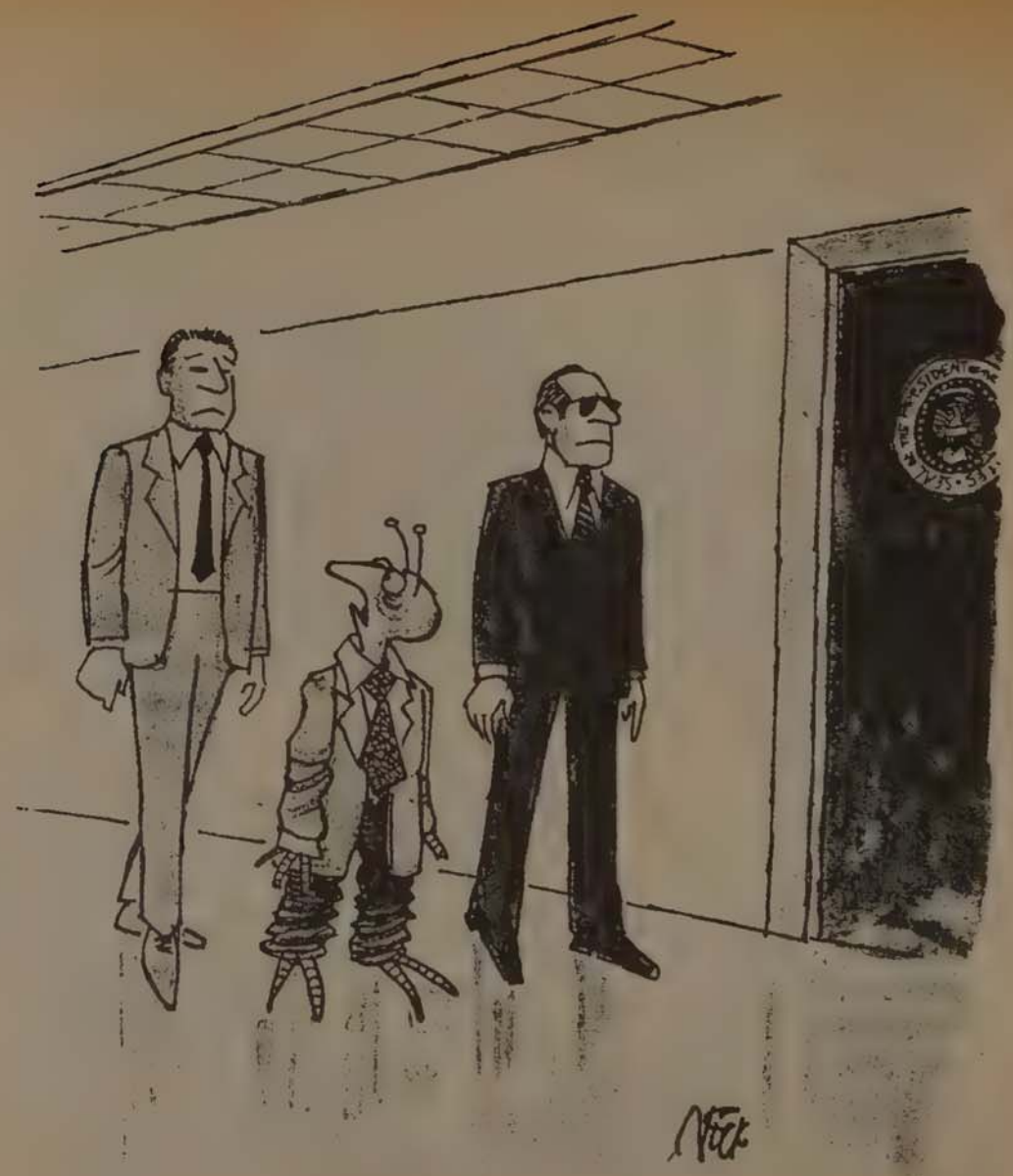


Spud



S. Harris

"Sure, I love you, but what kind of neighbourhood is this to bring up kids?"

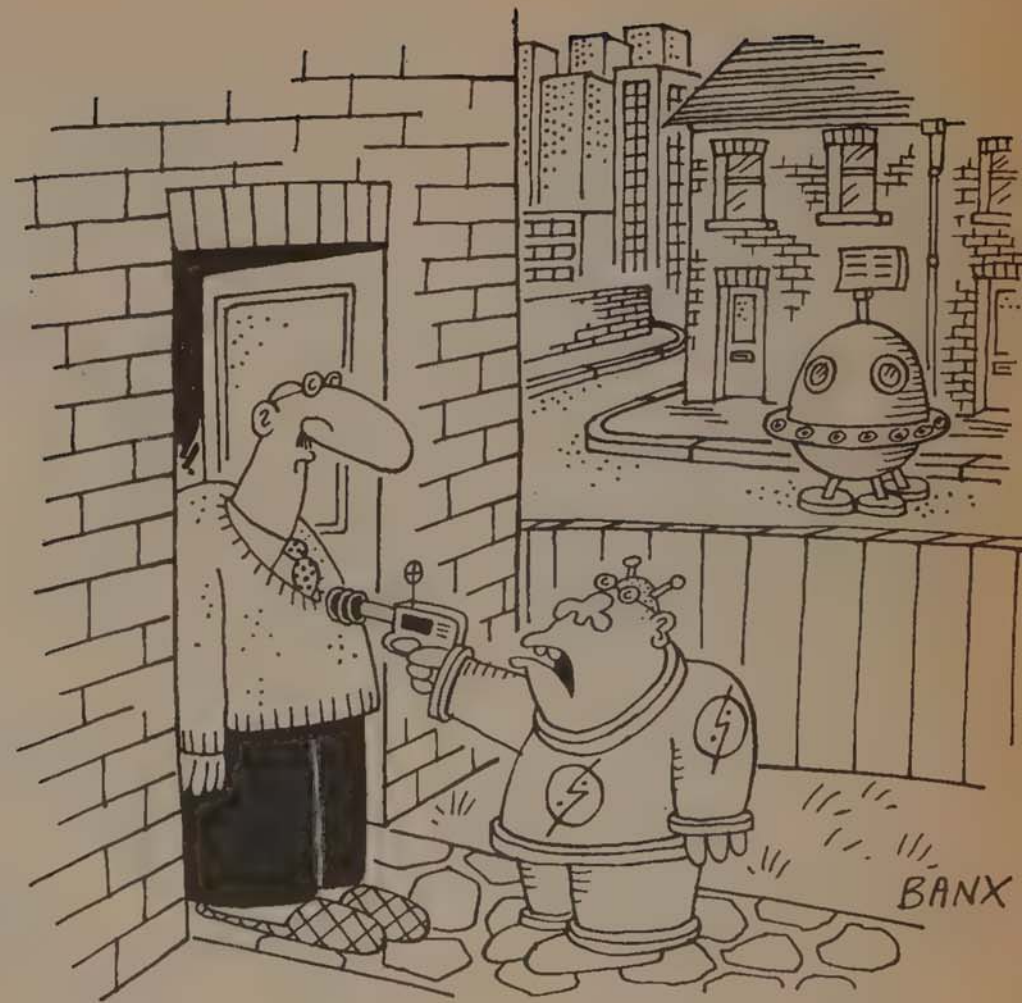


Neck

"President or no president, I feel pretty ridiculous in this get-up."



"The key's under the mat, okay?"



"You were tried and convicted in your absence, Earthman."

CHELM OF TRYG2 by Bill Tidy

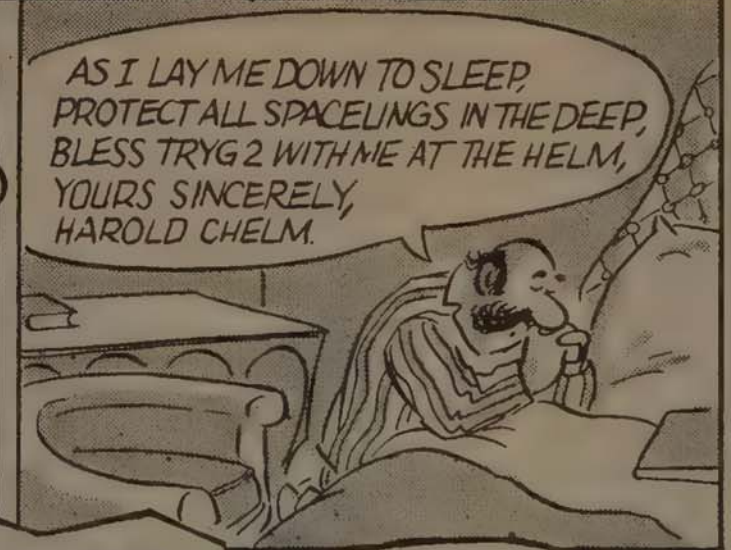
DEEP IN SPACE ...

HANGS TRYG 2, BRITISH SPACEPORT. IT IS EVENING



THE NEW CONTROLLER HAS COMPLETED HIS FIRST DAY IN HARNESS

AS I LAY ME DOWN TO SLEEP, PROTECT ALL SPACELINGS IN THE DEEP, BLESS TRYG 2 WITH ME AT THE HELM, YOURS SINCERELY, HAROLD CHELM.



PHEW! WHAT A JOB! BUSY SPACEPORT SUFFERING FROM YEARS OF LABOUR GOVERNMENT NEGLECT. WHAT'S NEEDED IS PLENTY OF BRITISH SPIT AND POLISH. I'LL SHAKE EM UP! I THINK I'LL START TOMORROW WITH THE ...

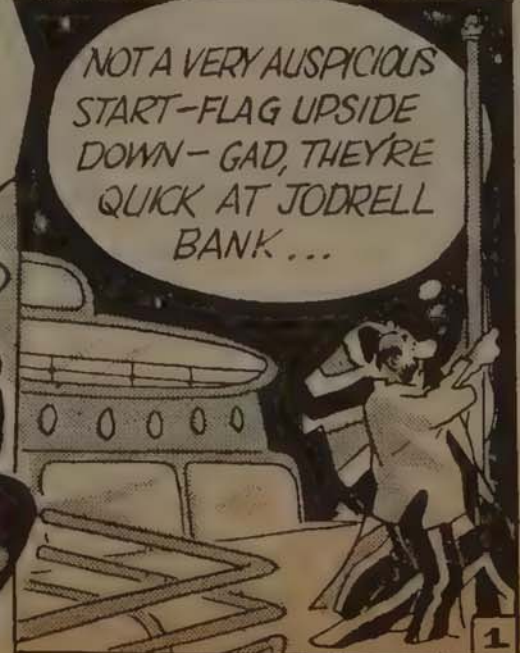


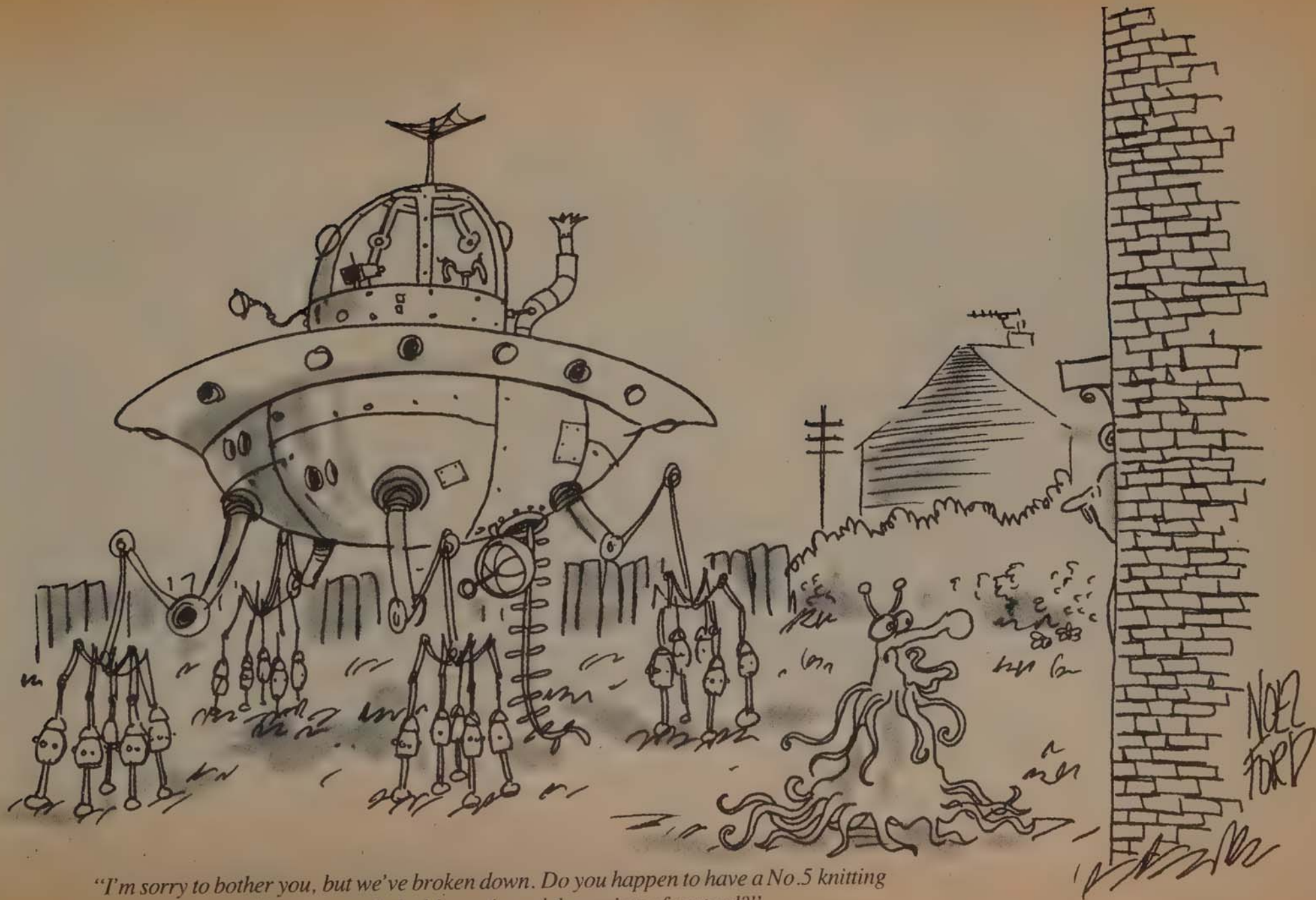
PEEP
PEEP!

IS THAT CHELM? LOVELL HERE - WHAT THE HELL DO YOU THINK YOU'RE DOING, MAN? FOR GOODNESS' SAKE...



NOT A VERY AUSPICIOUS START - FLAG UPSIDE DOWN - GAD, THEY'RE QUICK AT JODRELL BANK ...





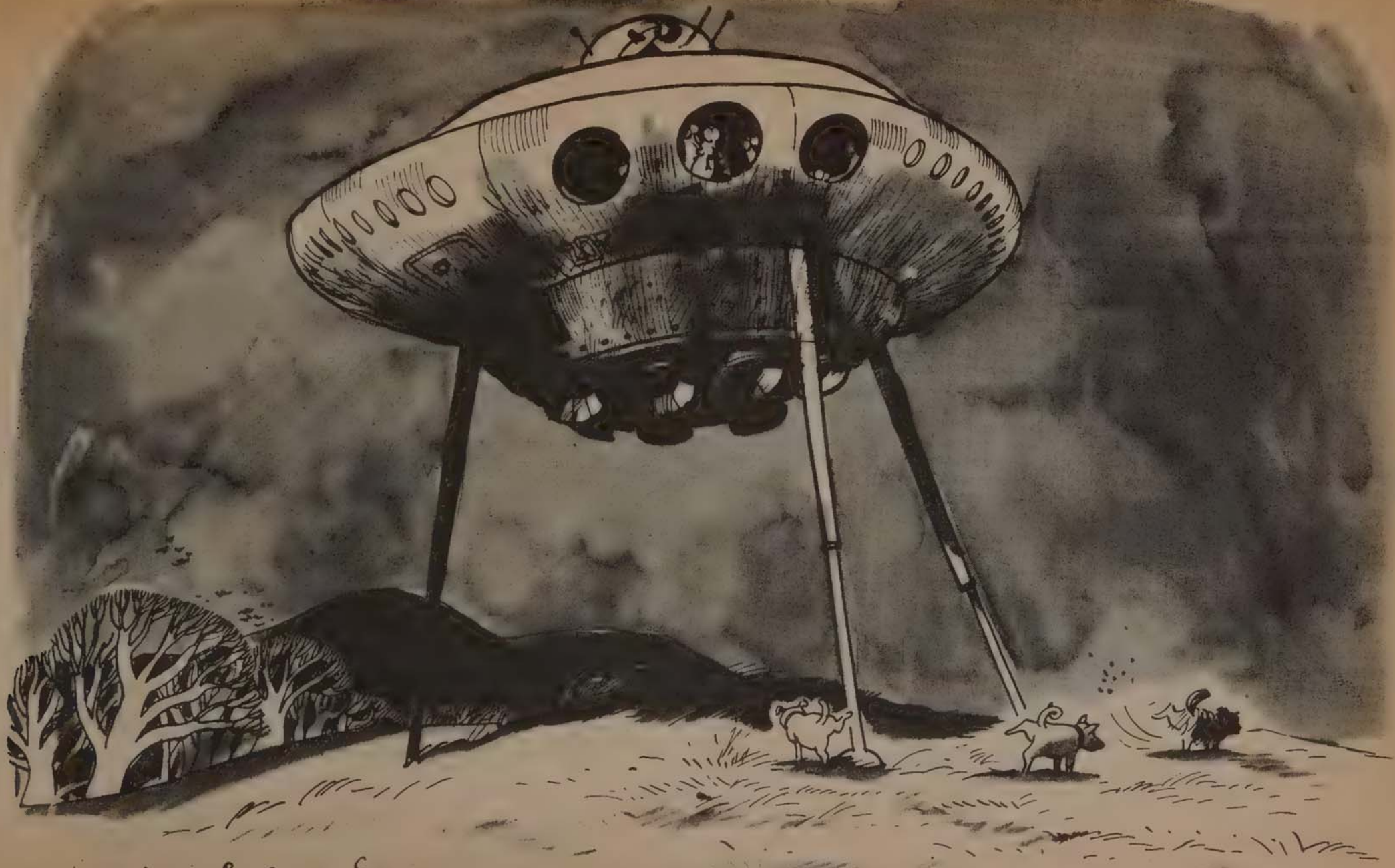
"I'm sorry to bother you, but we've broken down. Do you happen to have a No.5 knitting needle, an empty baked-bean tin and three pints of custard?"

NOEL
TORD



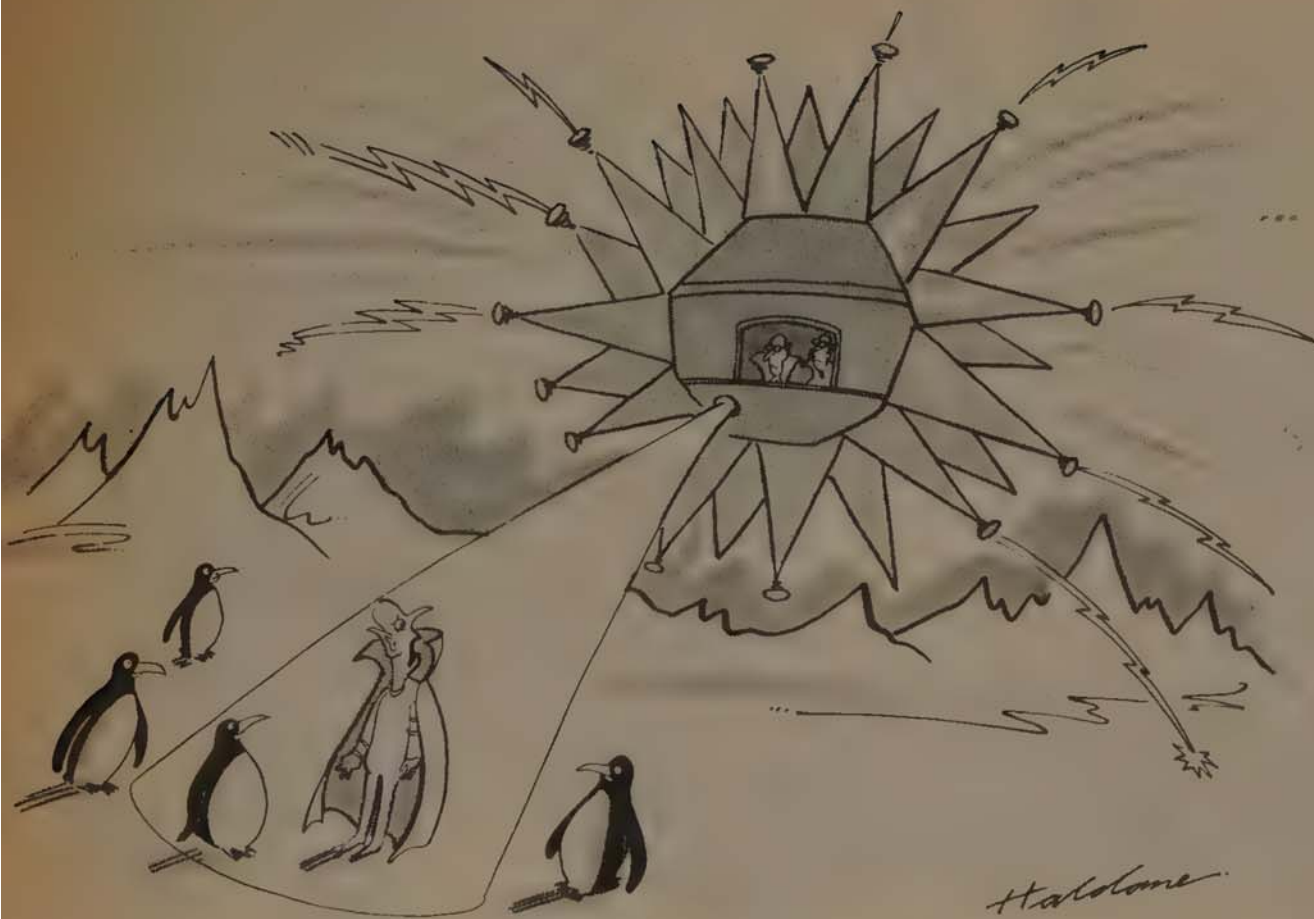
Haroldome

"I've done all I can but I think he's getting too old for this game."



Mike Williams.

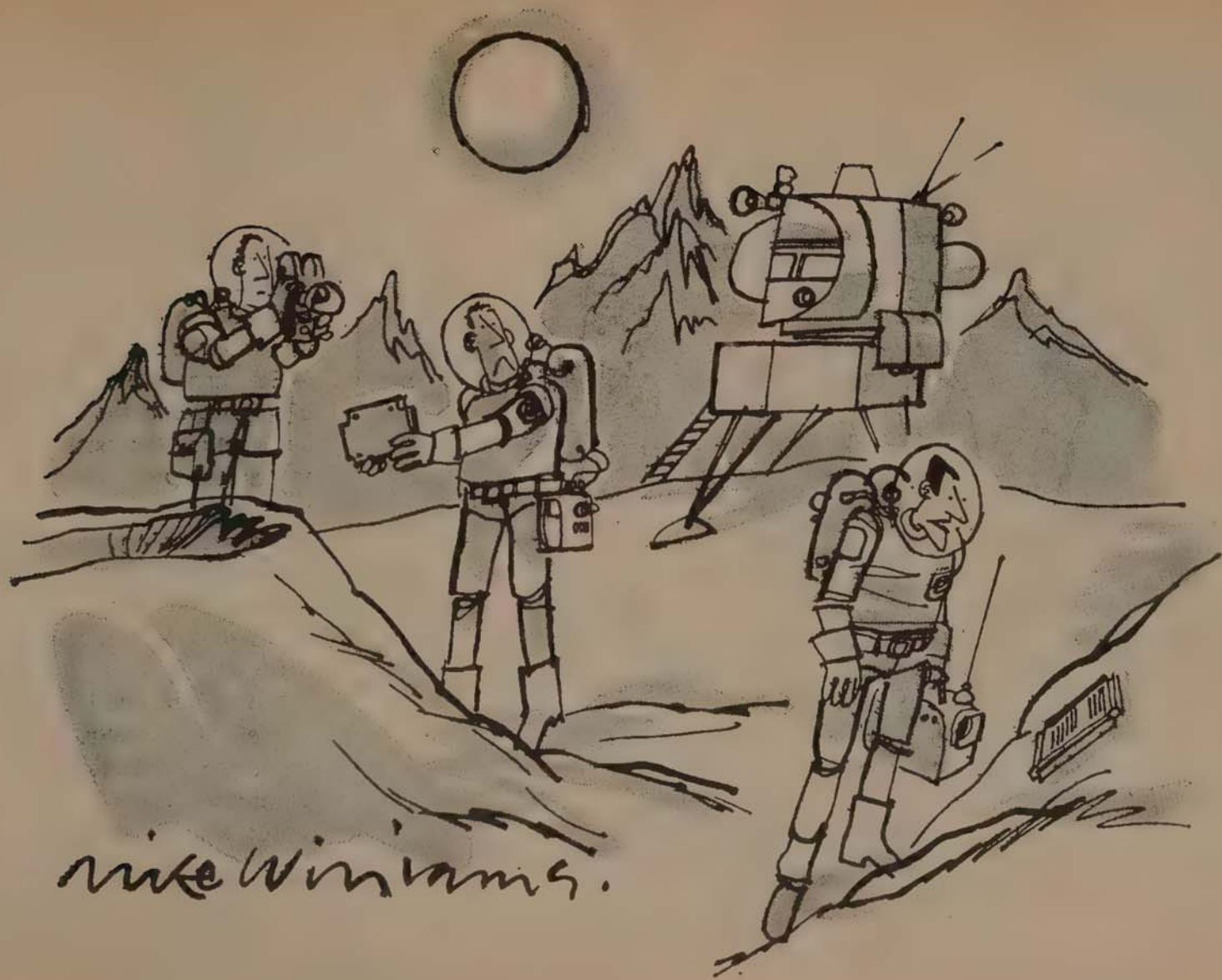
"Earthlings are now attacking our landing supports...repeat...Earthlings are now..."



"I offer them the secrets of the universe and all they want to know is how to grill fish."



"What's all the fuss about? After all, it got them there and brought them back."



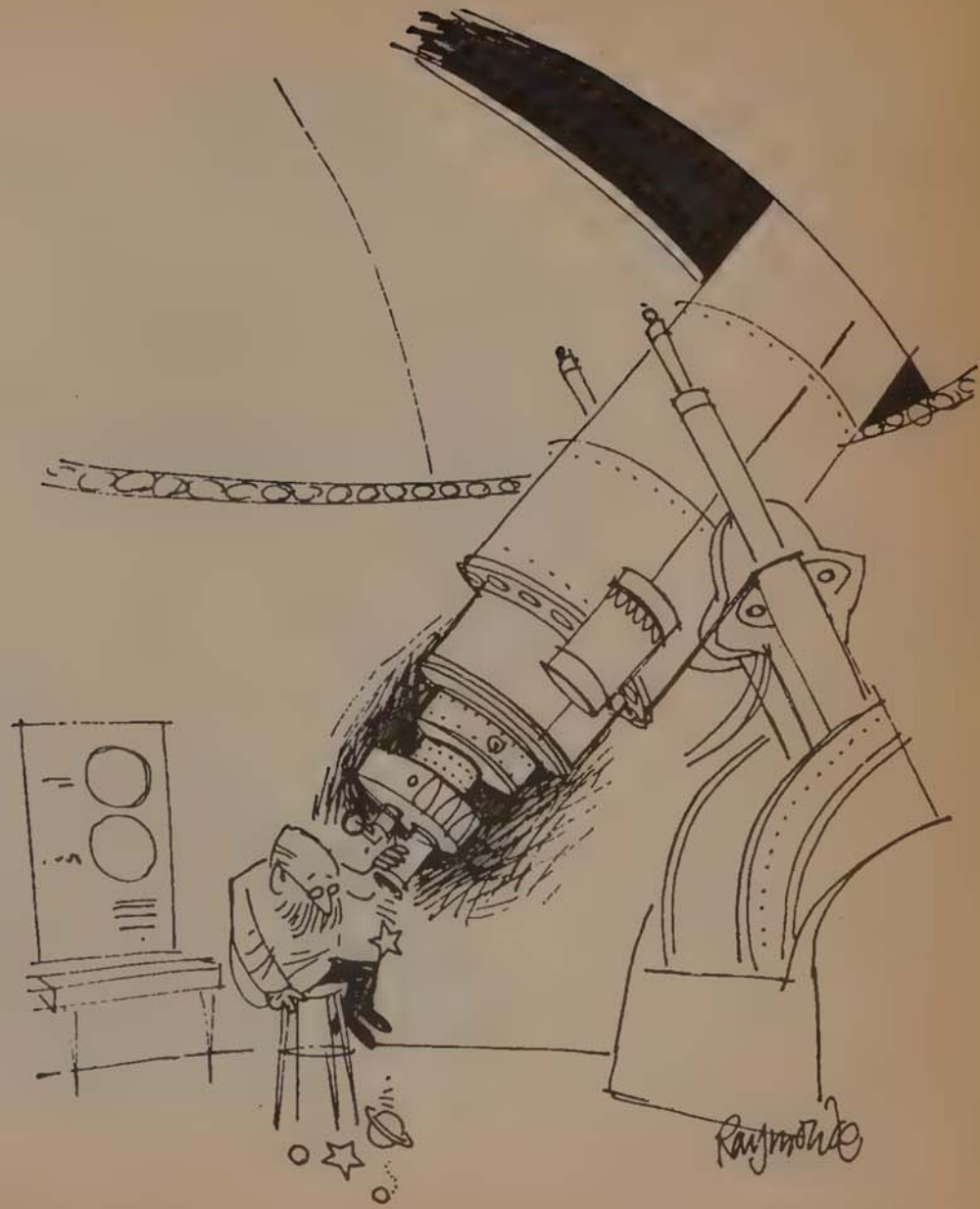
"Hey, there's another plaque here! It says 'We came in peace for the benefit of all Venusians. Trespassers will be annihilated!'"

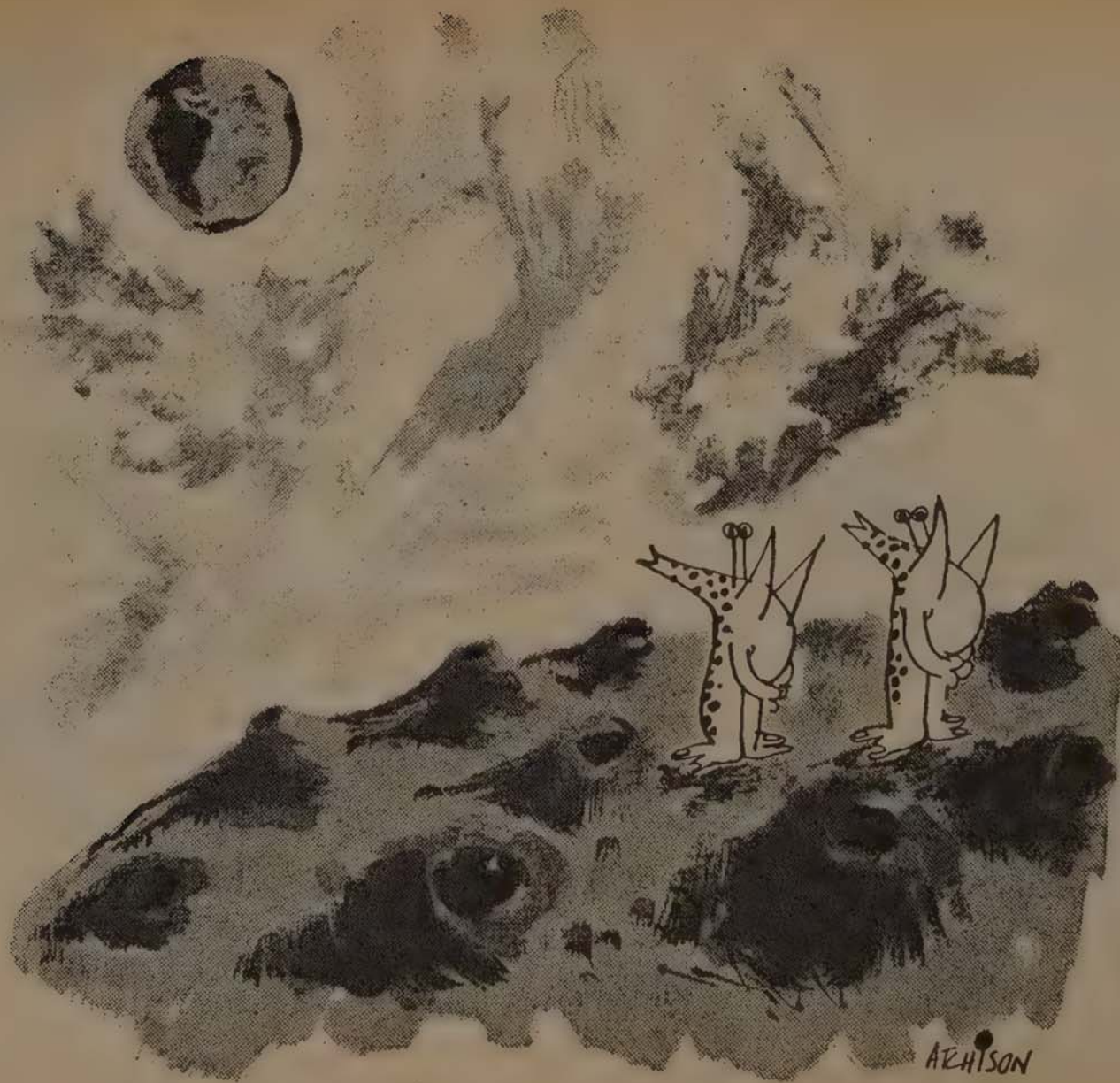


"You are Tommy Tooth Decay and I claim the 'Dentaglo' £5 bonus!"



"Gold - it's gold."

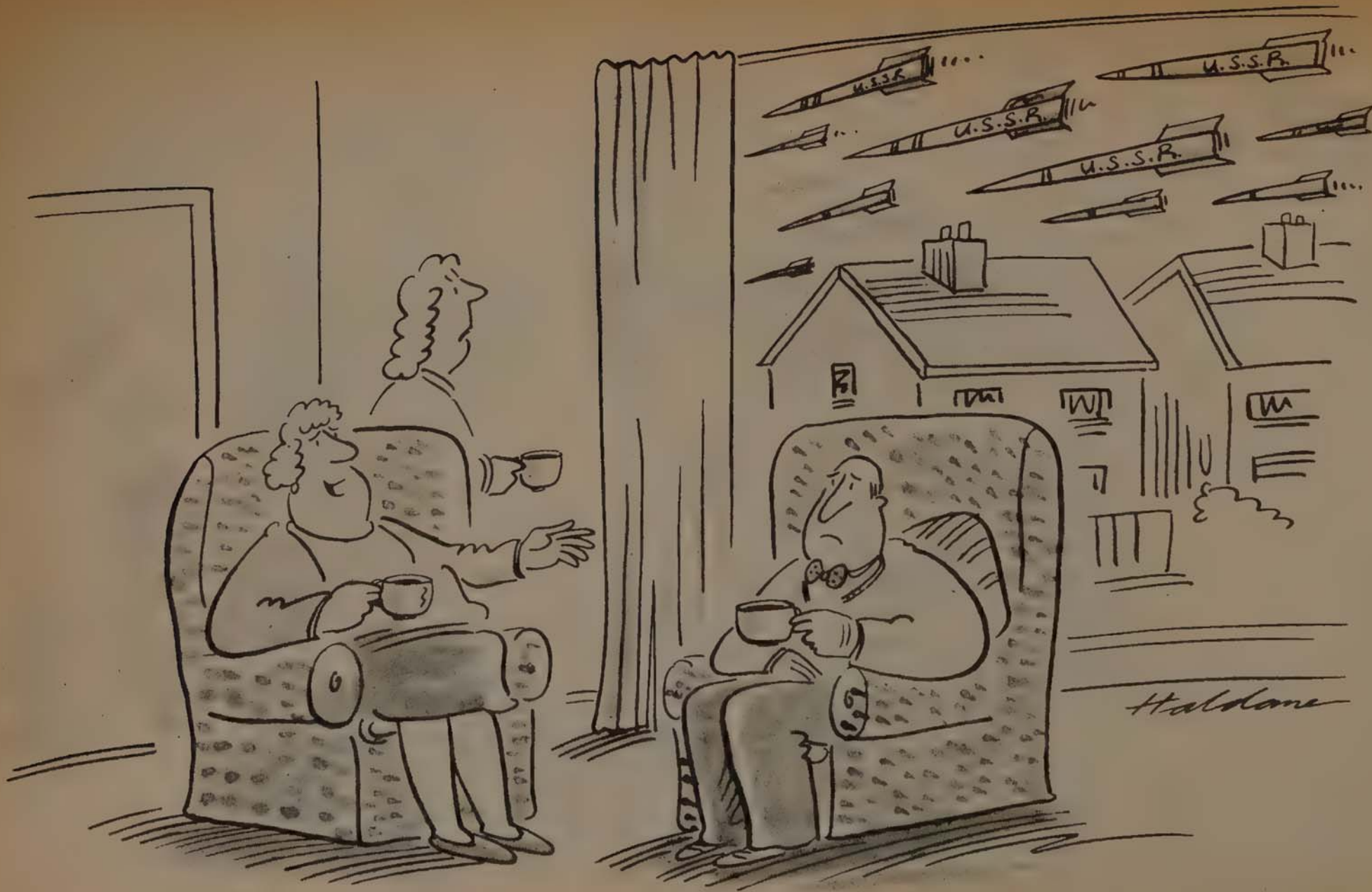




"Whichever gets here first, I suppose we'll have to look out for our women!"



*“‘Woman’s World’ magazine, sir – would you describe yourself as
Eau-de-Nil or Spring Fern?”*



"Normally Roger wouldn't touch instant coffee."



CHELM SPEAKING. THIS IS AN EXERCISE! STATE OF SPACEPORT READINESS FOR EMERGENCY LANDING BY ROYAL ROCKET! YOU'VE GOT EXACTLY 3 MINUTES!



Spaceport cleared ...
Fire-crew alerted ...
Military band tuning up ...



Guard of Honour forming ...
Flagsellers moving about ...



Flowers arranged ...
TV, Radio, and Press coverage assured ...

NOT BAD!



2 MINUTES AND 20 SECS...

Bar open. V.I.P. lounge ashtrays emptied. Civic notables notified...



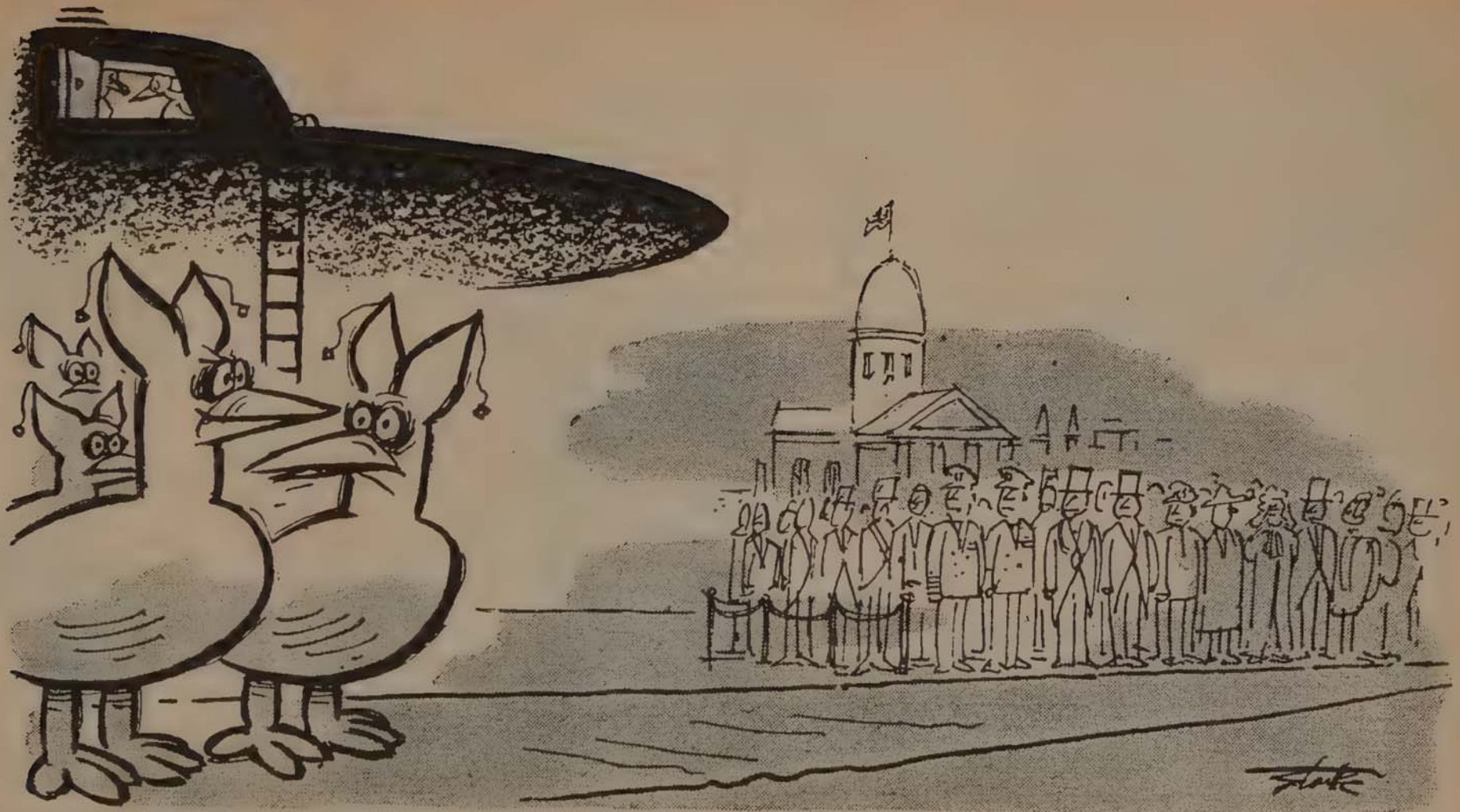
EXCELLENT! LET'S HAVE A LOOK AROUND!



I'M NOT ENTIRELY HAPPY ABOUT THIS RED WILTON ANTI-GRAVITY CARPET!



"For heaven's sake! No! No! No!"



*"Now, for goodness sake try to keep a straight face –
remember we are ambassadors of our planet."*

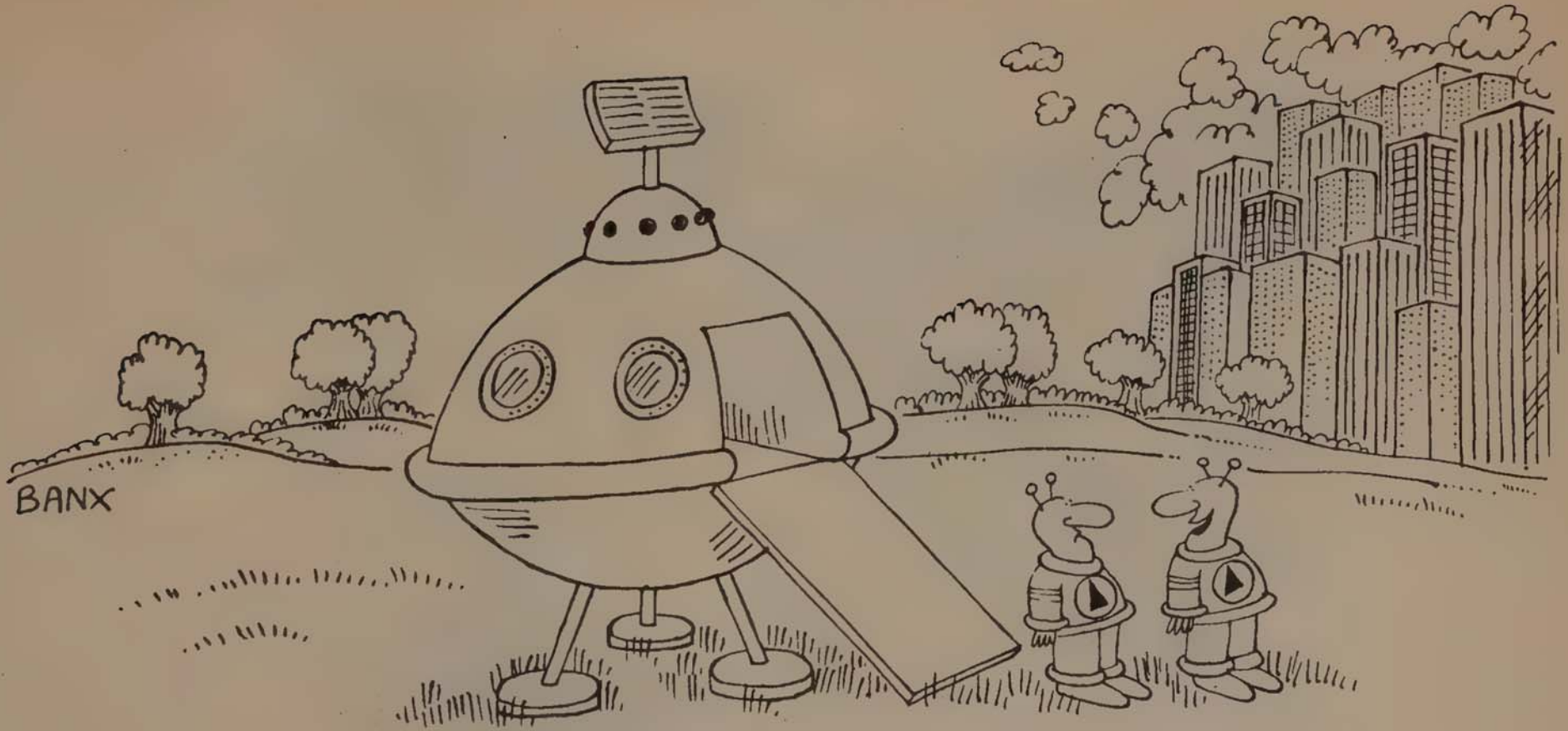


"Ammonia! Ammonia!"

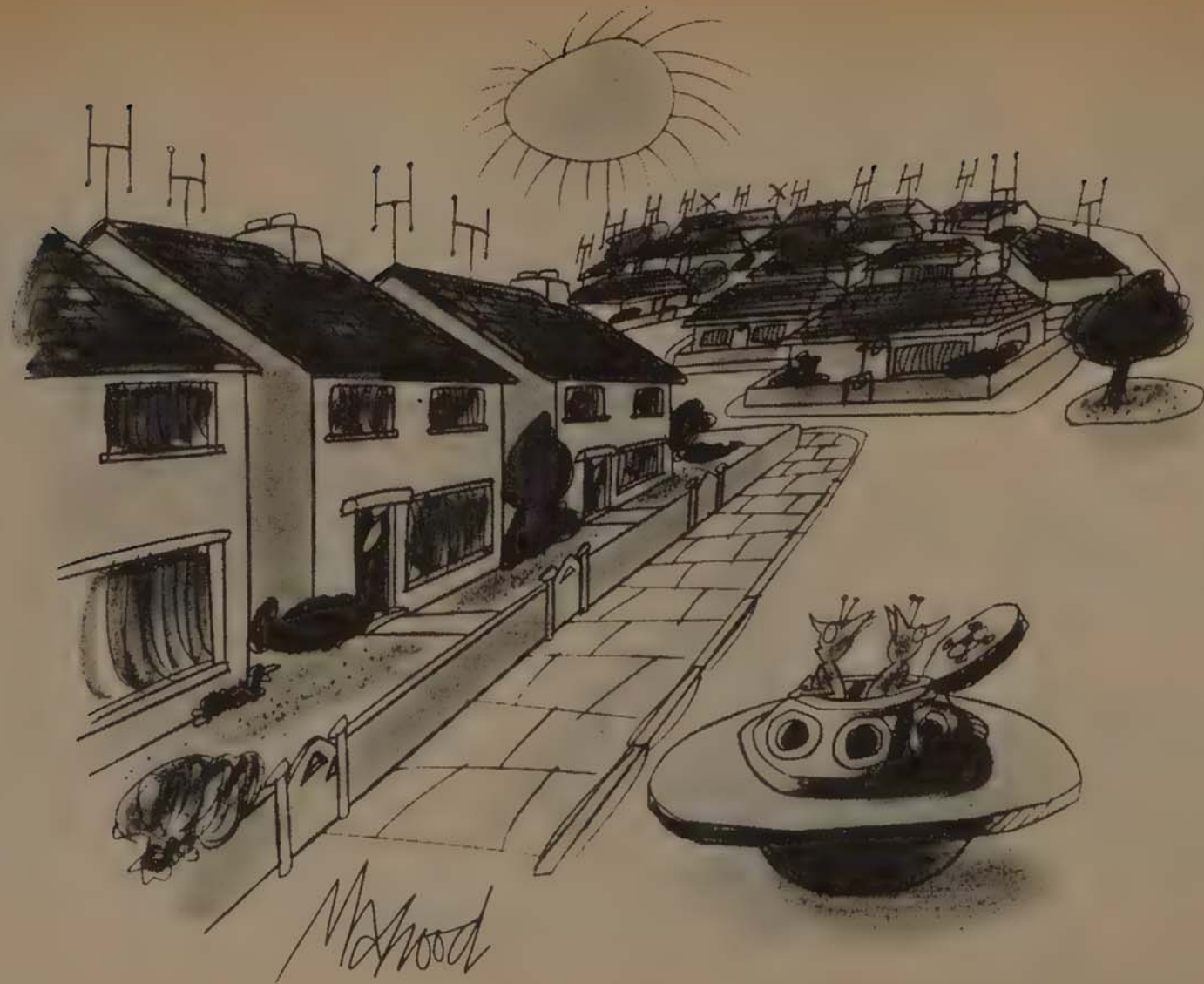


DOWEGAN

"You have a go in ours, and we'll have a go in yours, okay?"



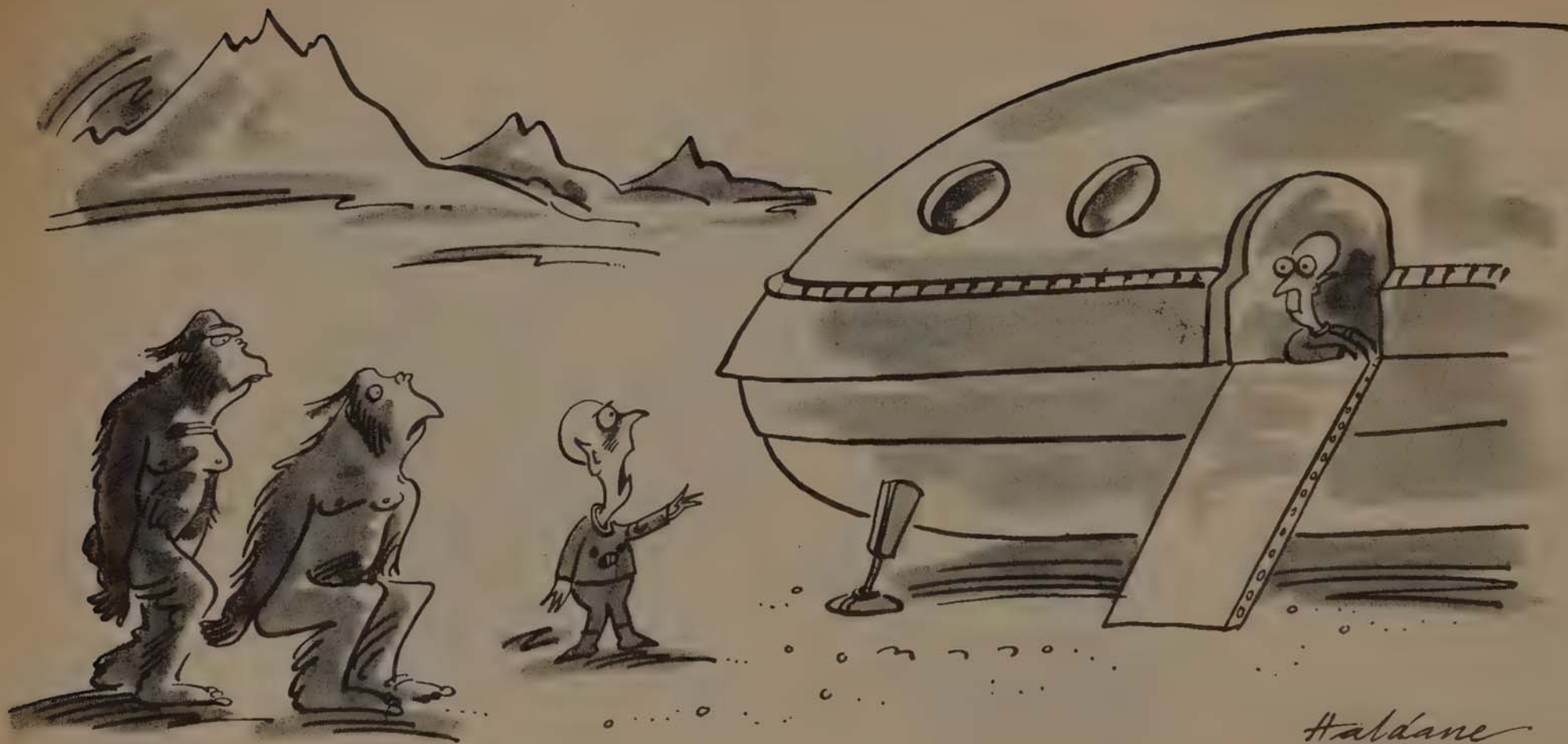
"This is the bit I like best—flaunting their rabies laws."



"Agreed, then – no sign of intelligent life on Earth?"

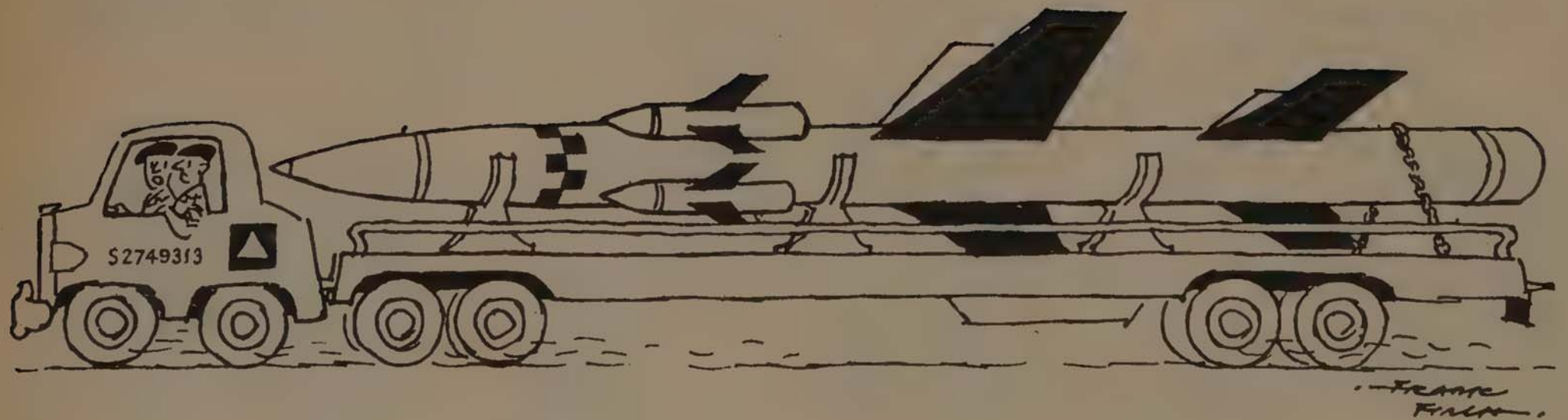


“Good heavens, we don’t all sport antennae, you know!”



"All they want is the secret of fire, so we're still stuck with 52,000,000 digital watches."





"Do you have to say 'Venus here we come!' every time we hit a bump?"

ARE YOU AWARE, SIR, OF THIS AMAZING **FREE OFFER**, WHICH CAN ENABLE YOU TO MASTER ONE OF THE MOST DIFFICULT LANGUAGES IN THE GALAXY?



TRYGVIAN, THE UNIQUE VOCAL SOUND, MASTERED BY NO OTHER EARTHMAN, CAN BE **YOURS** FOR **ONLY** 1000 DINARS!

THE ADVANTAGES OF SPEAKING FLUENT TRYG CANNOT BE OVEREMPHASISED TO A MAN IN YOUR POSITION!



NO THANKS!

LOOK, OLD CHAP I'M NOT REALLY INTERESTED UNDERSTAND?



BUT THIS **FREE OFFER** IS ONLY AVAILABLE FOR **TWO WEEKS!** AND YOU ALSO RECEIVE THIS **HANDSOME, INITIALLED...**



NOW LISTEN YOU! I'VE PICKED UP A BIT OF TRYGVIAN FROM THE GROUND STAFF...



SO **'VOK EN!**

WHAT A COINCIDENCE!



...THEY WERE THE **FIRST WORDS OF ENGLISH I** PICKED UP!



"I can get on with the Phoenicians, Greeks and Etruscans. It's the Martians."

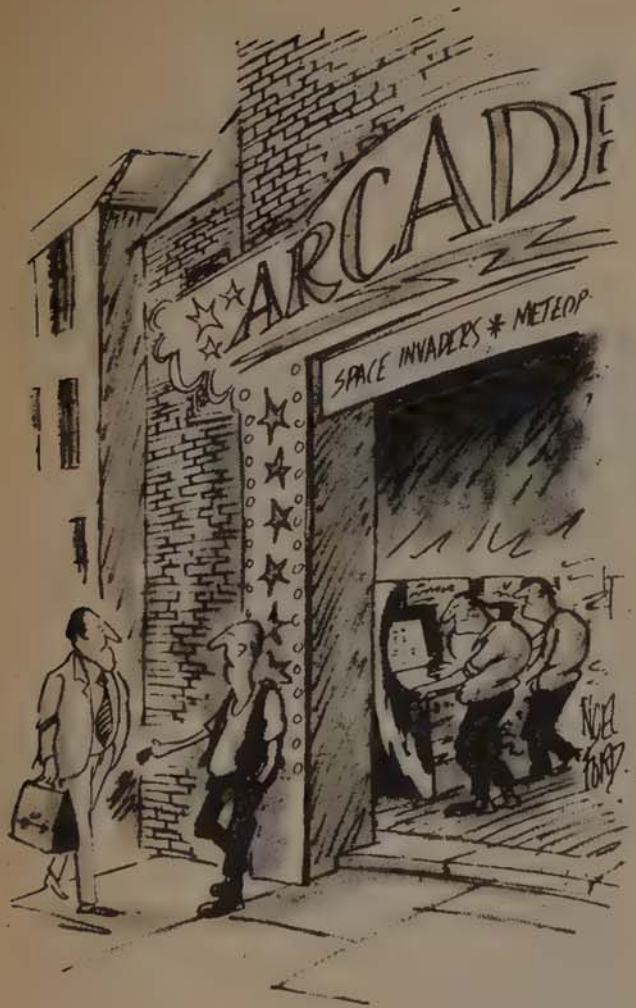


*"Well, must dash, the tour itinerary gives us only 32.46 minutes for
this solar system."*



J. Folkes

"But this is where we landed last time!"



"Spare 20p to save planet earth, sir?"



"I don't care what planet you're from, you can't run around earth stark naked!"

FLICKR.COM



“...and the next contestant hoping to become Miss Universe...”



"This is gonna be the highest yet, General."



"They appear to be having a whip-round for the driver!"



*"And how much has **that** bloody thing cost the ratepayers?"*



"D'you think there's anything in this astrology business?"



Atlatl

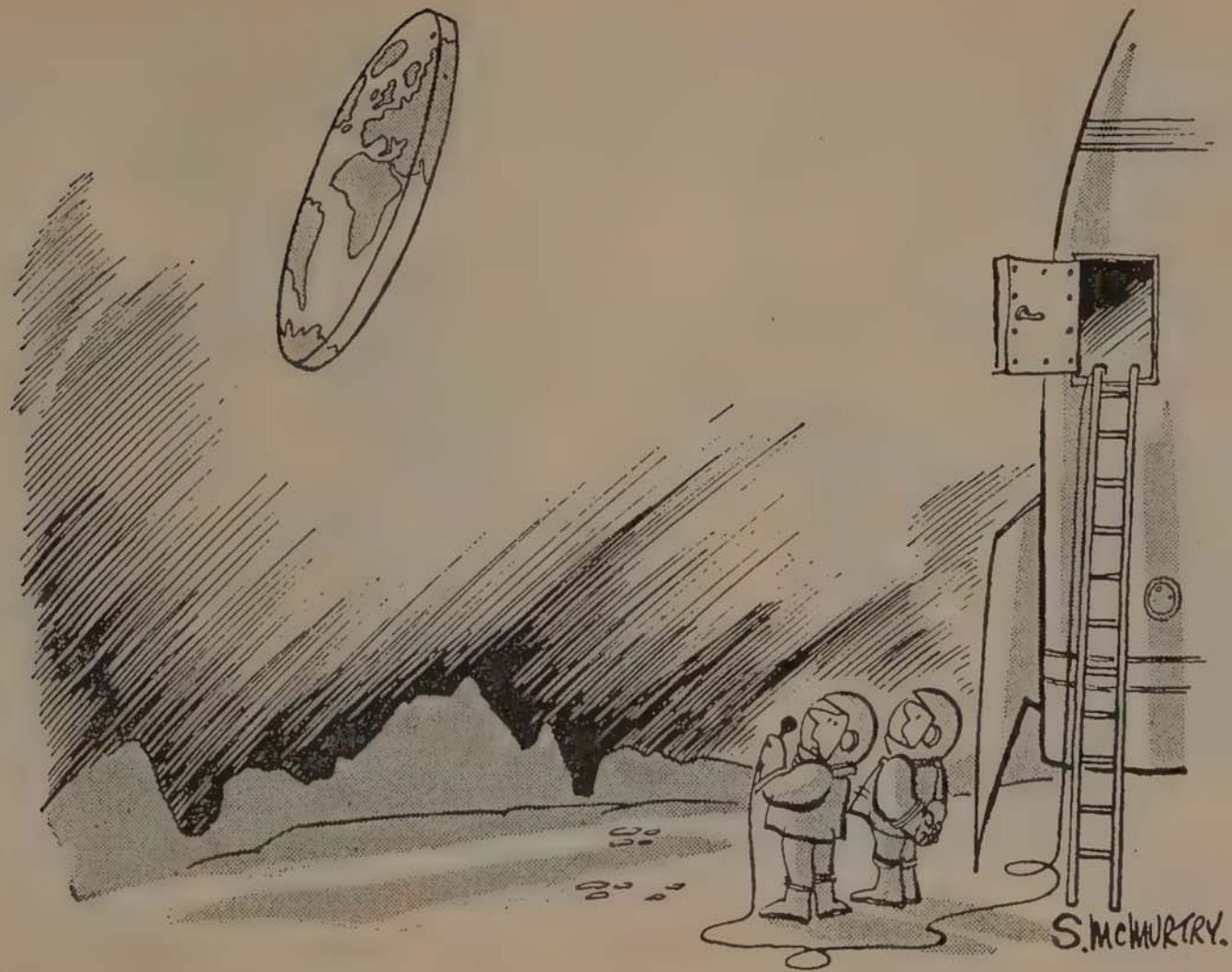
"Hi! I'm BU-4-DEx and it's like I'm right out of some movie!"



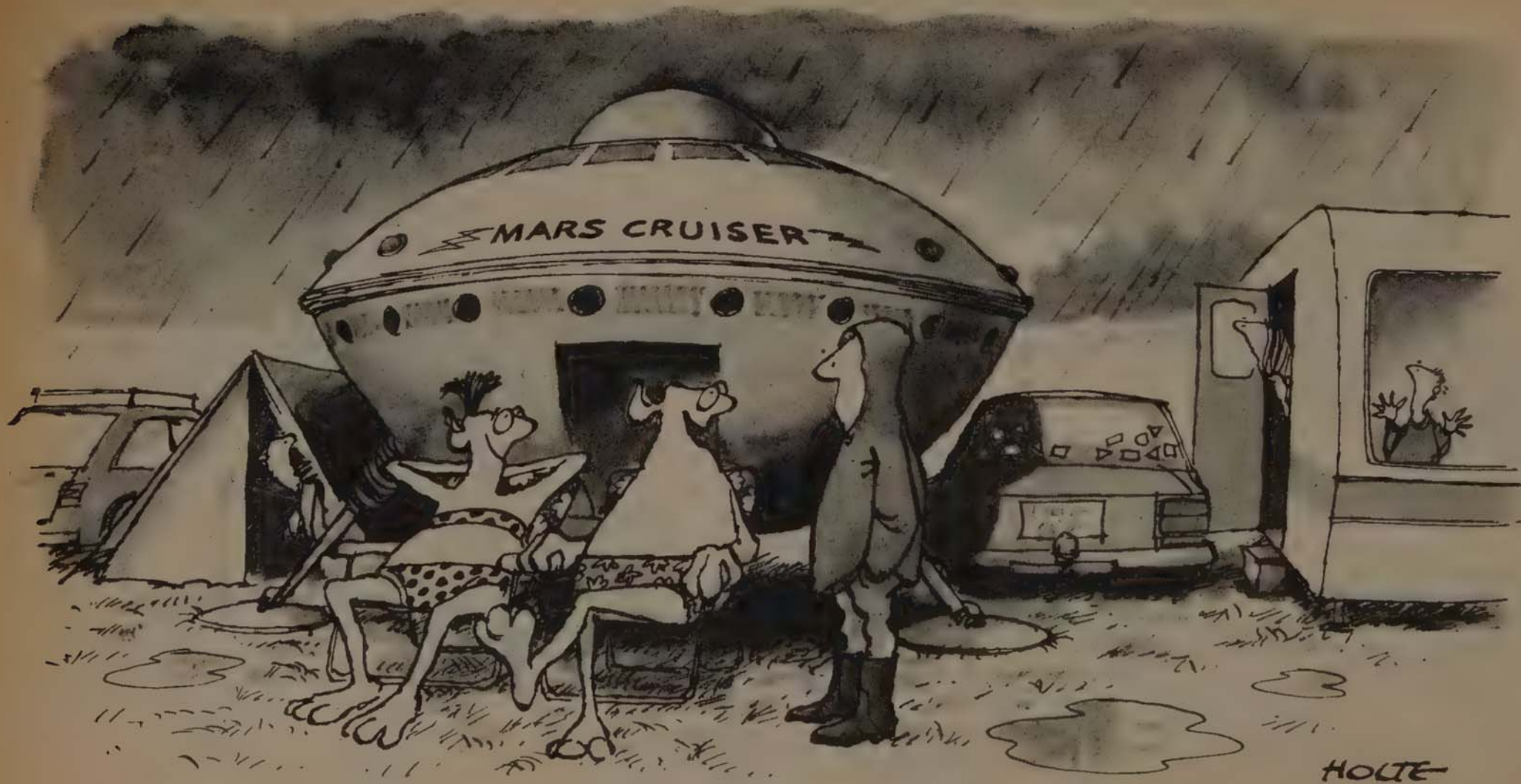
"It's all right, Sophie, here come ours now!"



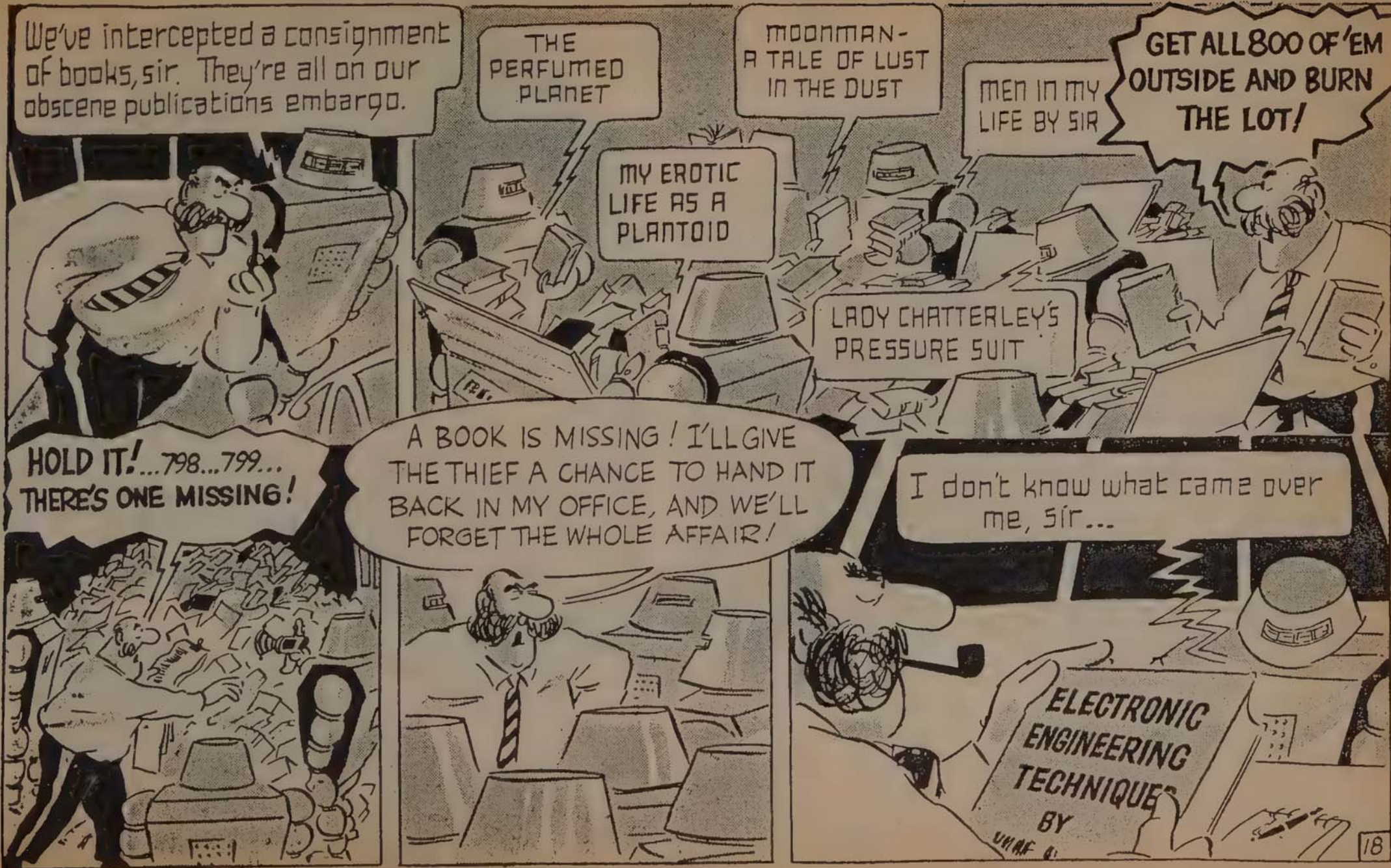
"Nice try, Mr Stupendo, but magicians are ten-a-penny these days!"



"Hello earth...look, I'm not quite certain how to put this..."



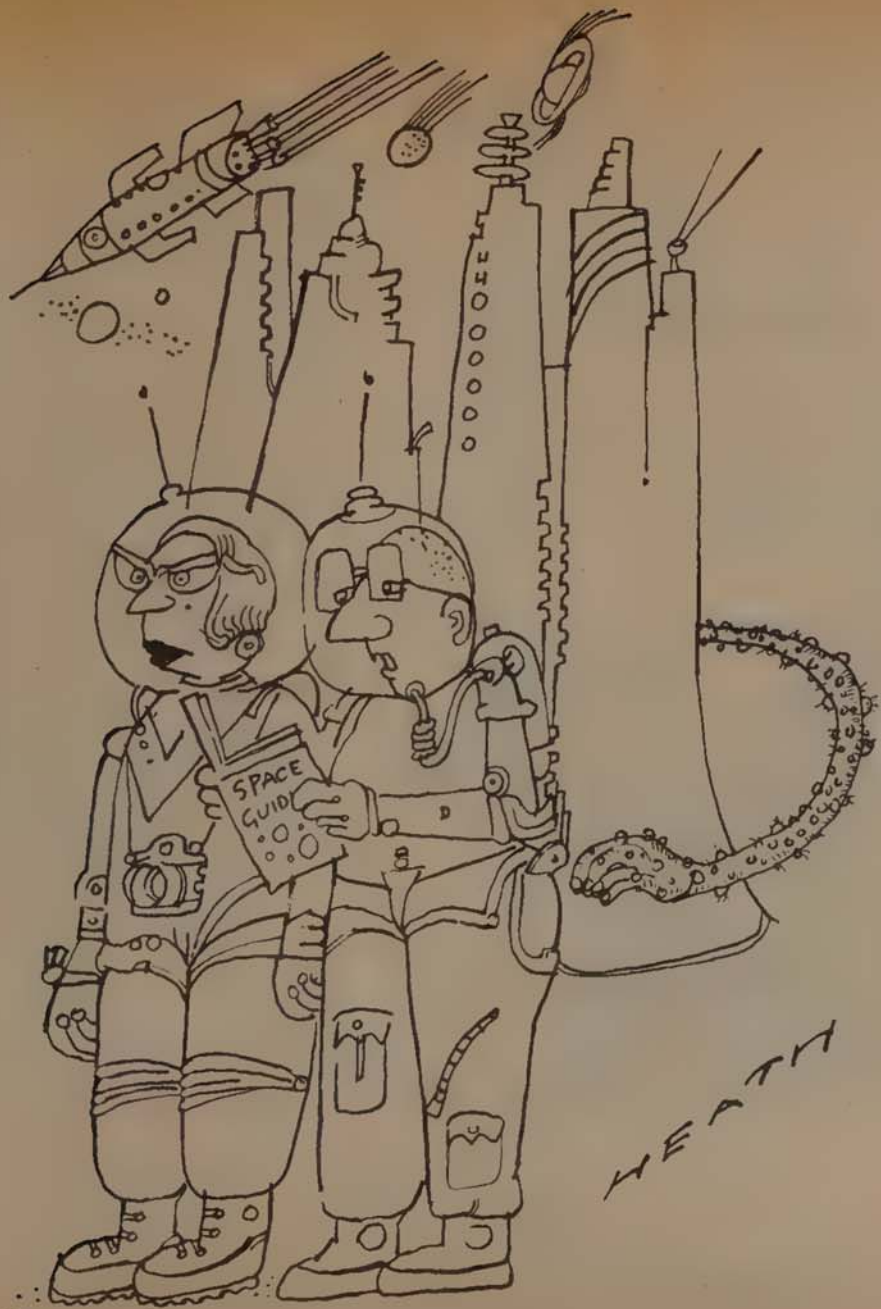
"It's a damn sight better than the weather we've been having lately, I can tell you."



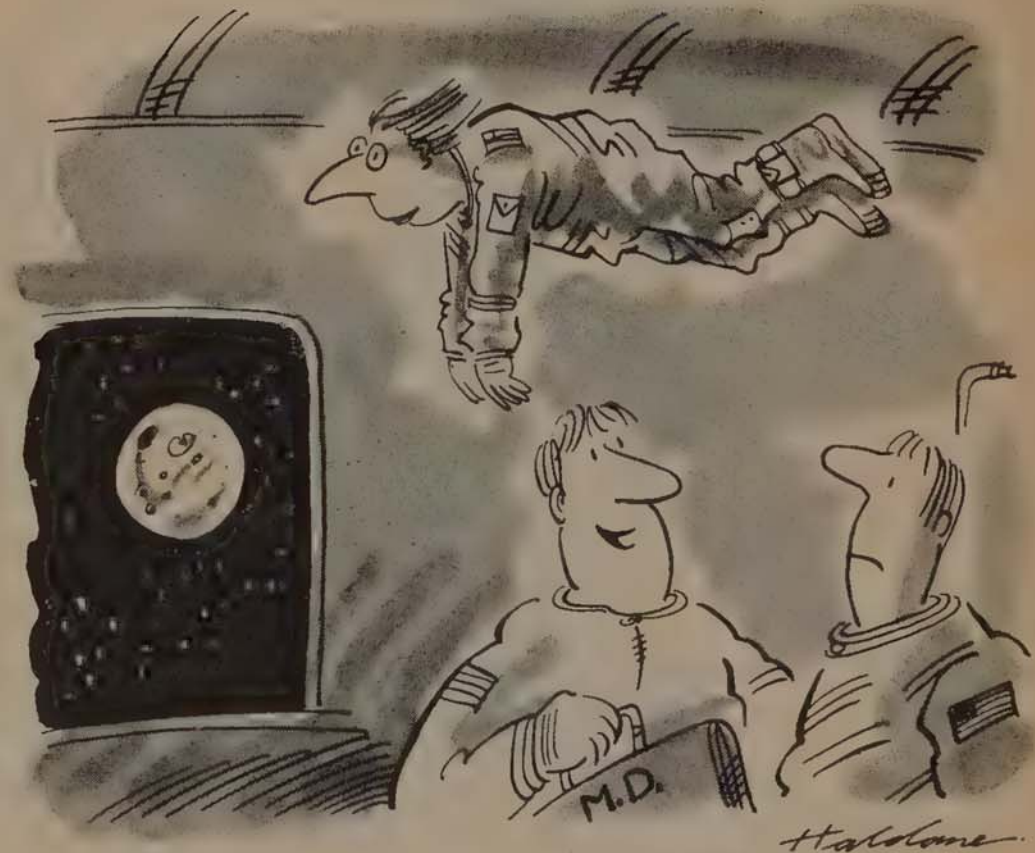


“Sunshine or not I’ll be damn’d glad when this observation stint’s over and we can get back to Mars.”

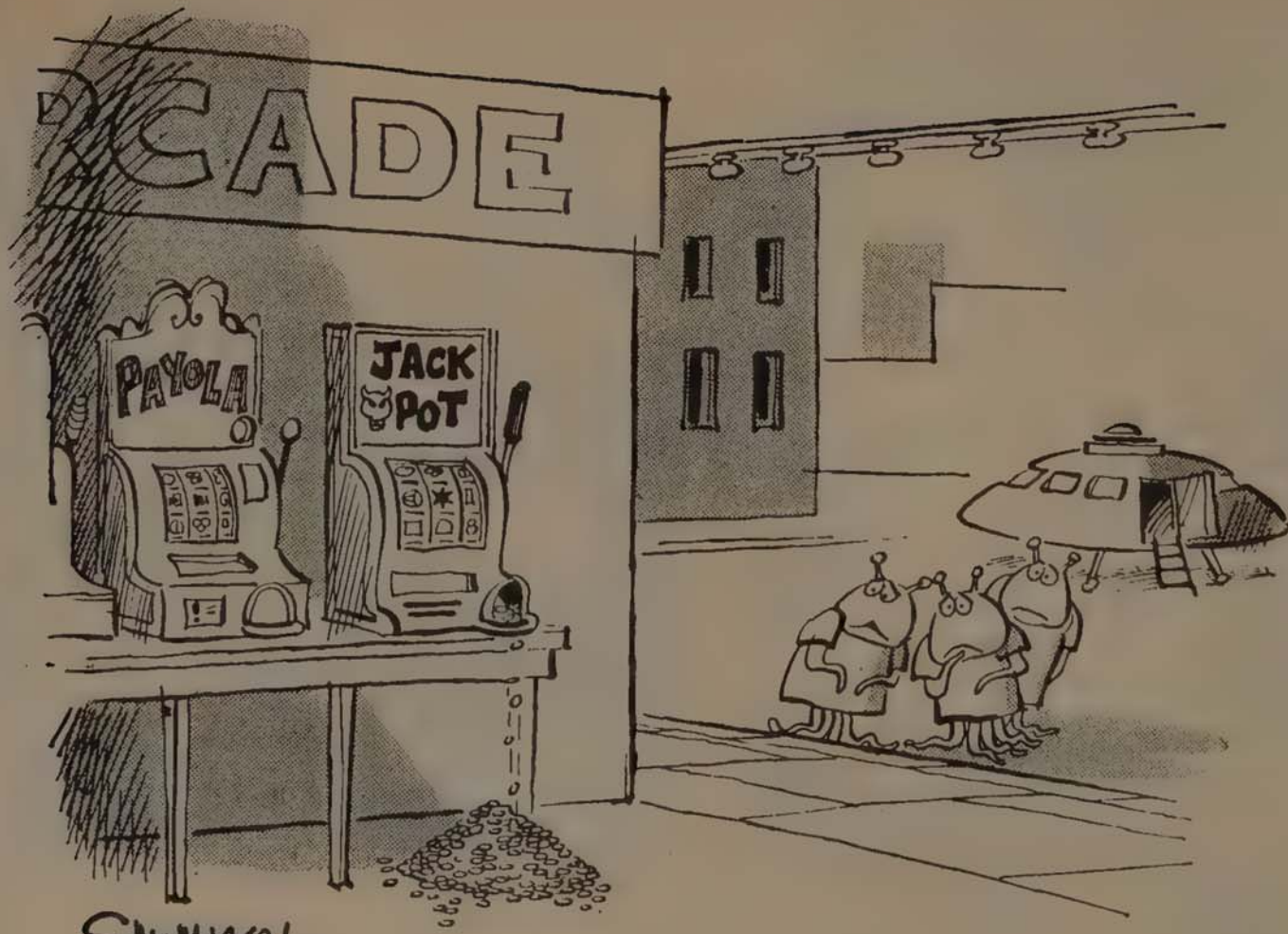
“Listen! – the sound of the roaring of the depths!”



"It says here we should beware of local pickpockets."



"Actually, we're not weightless. He's on Valium."



S. McMURTRY.

"I just shook his hand and he was sick."

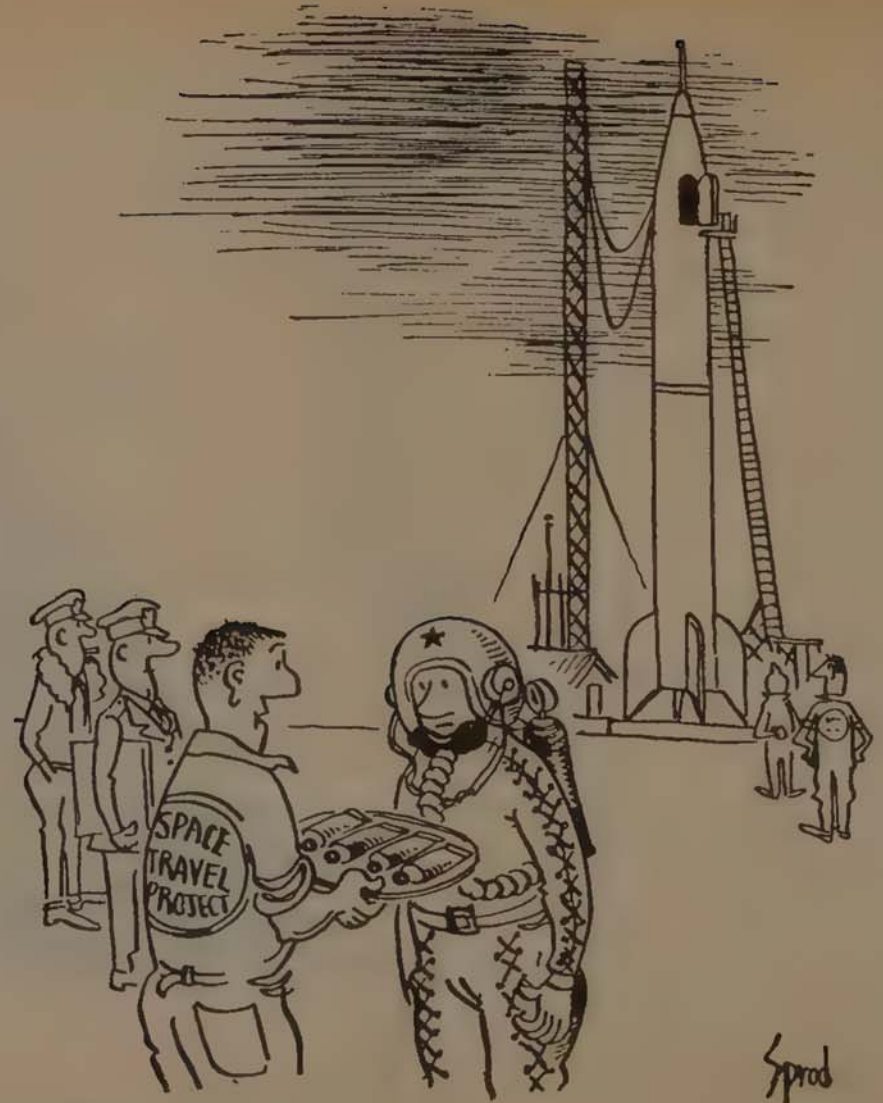


B. Trace

"That's the way it is down here – they're either ugly or they don't know how to cook."



"I name you Pilkington's Comet!"



"Here are your rations for the trip – tomato soup, boiled beef and carrots, home-made apple pie, and the one on the end is toothpaste."



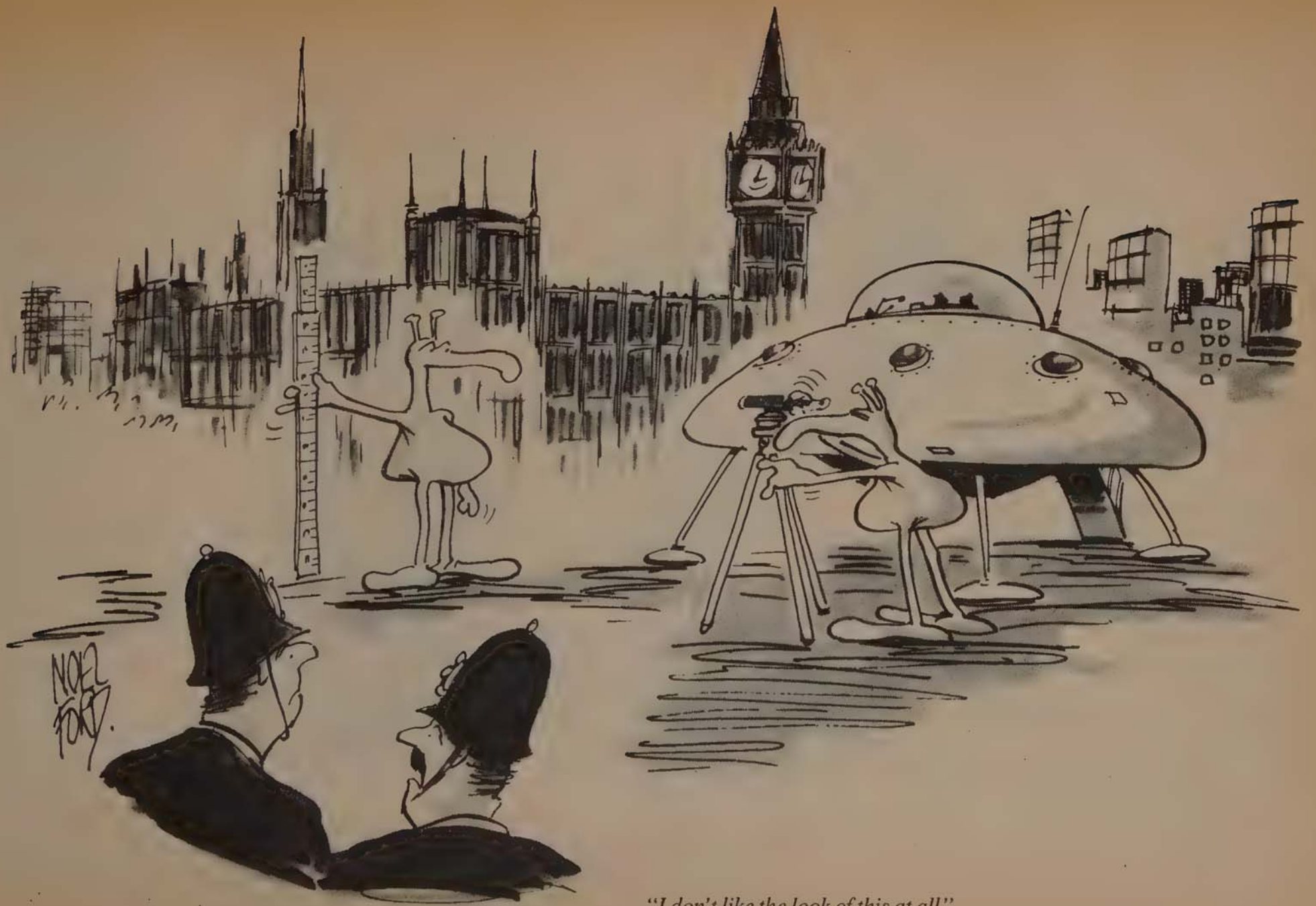
"Come along, dear, we're off now."



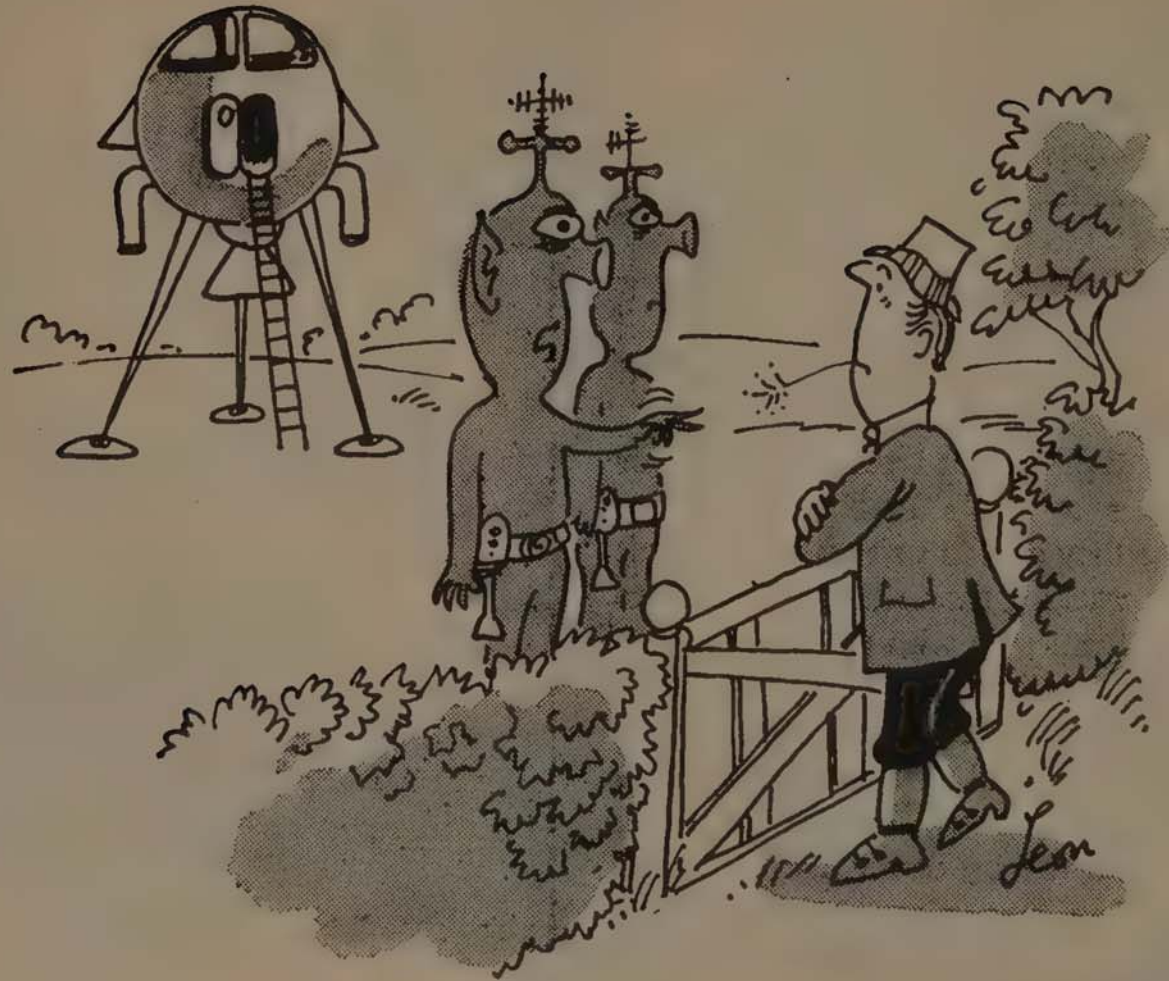
*"Take us
to your lieder."*



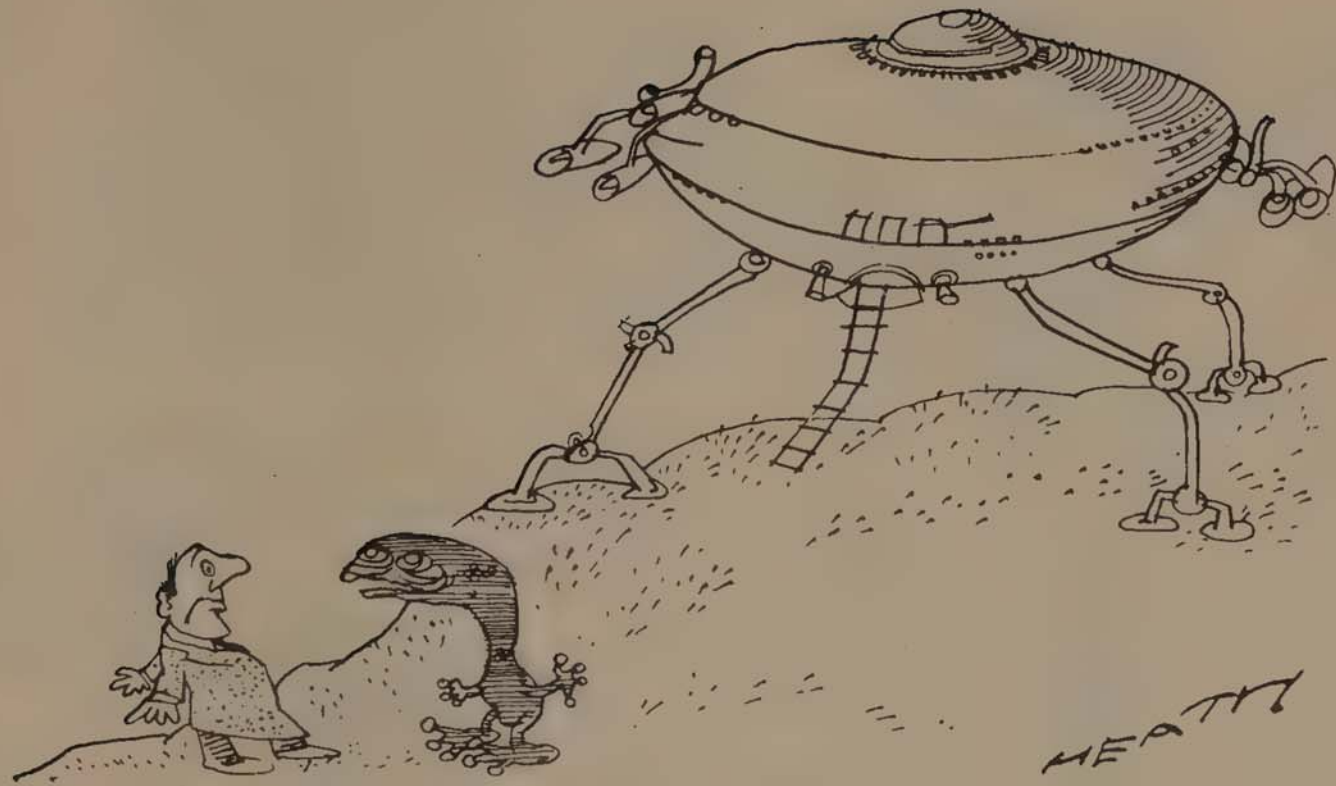
"Look here, this Universe you sold me – it's expanding!"



"I don't like the look of this at all!"



"White man speak with forked tongue!"



"Take me to a film producer."



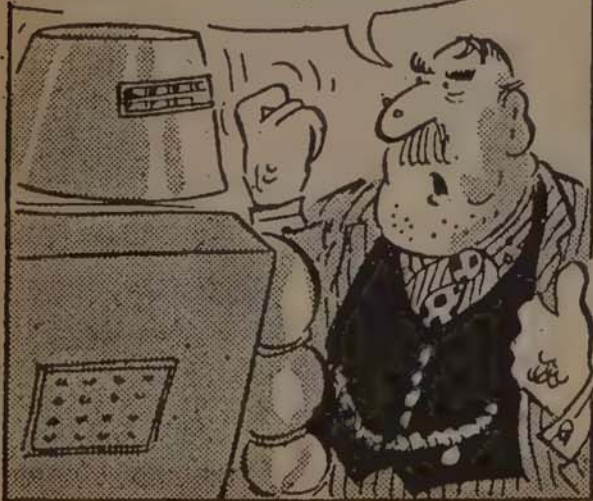
The visiting M.P.s are here, Mr Chelm!



I'M NEVILLE PREACH, TORY, HUYTON, LEADER OF OUR LITTLE FACT-FINDING TEAM MAY I...

CUT THE PLEASANTRIES, NEVILLE! LET'S GET DOWN TO BUSINESS AND FIND OUT WHERE T'TAXPAYERS' BRASS GOES!

FRINSTANCE, LIKE. HOW MUCH DOES IT COST TO RUN ONE OF THESE TIN ROBOTS?



WELL, SIR. THEY'RE RATHER EARLY MODELS, AND EXPENSIVE TO MAINTAIN AND OPERATE, BUT WE HOPE TO BE RID OF THEM BY NEXT YEAR, AND BE USING THE MOST UP-TO-DATE...



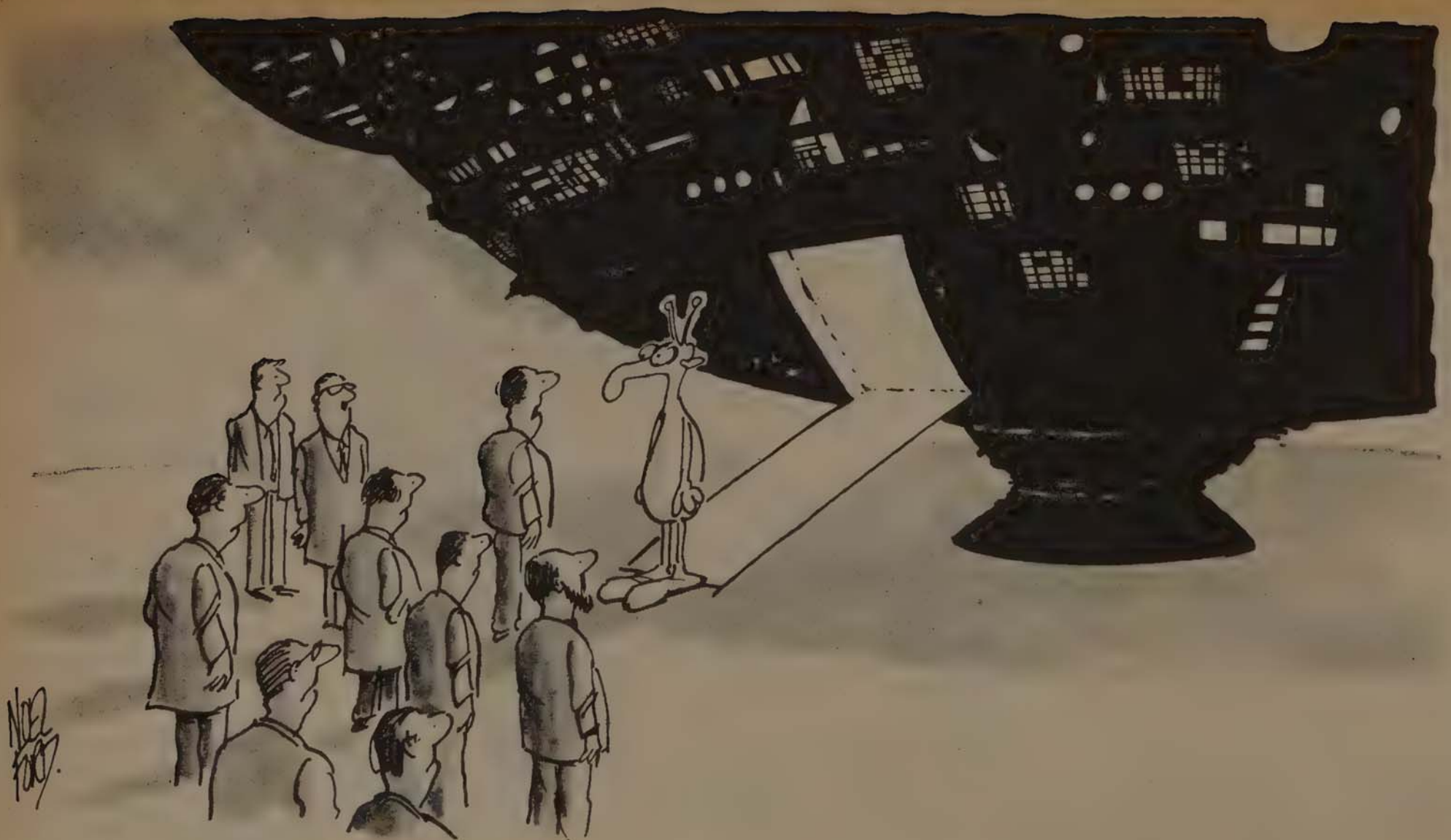
IS THAT SO?



BROTHERS!
ONCE AGAIN, THE UGLY SPECTRE OF REDUNDANCY...



"According to the theory, a spaceship landed there 20,000 years ago."



NEZ
1967

"We were rather hoping for a deep insight into trans-galactic space drive technology – we already have glass beads."



"Take us to your leader."



J. F. F.

"All right. I'll allow you to play the stroke again."



"Sorry, no coloureds."



Atch

"Holy Jupiter! I hope we don't meet any of their butterflies."



"We're very disappointed in you, Xglurgox – six months on Earth, and you still haven't established diplomatic contact."



Dirrett

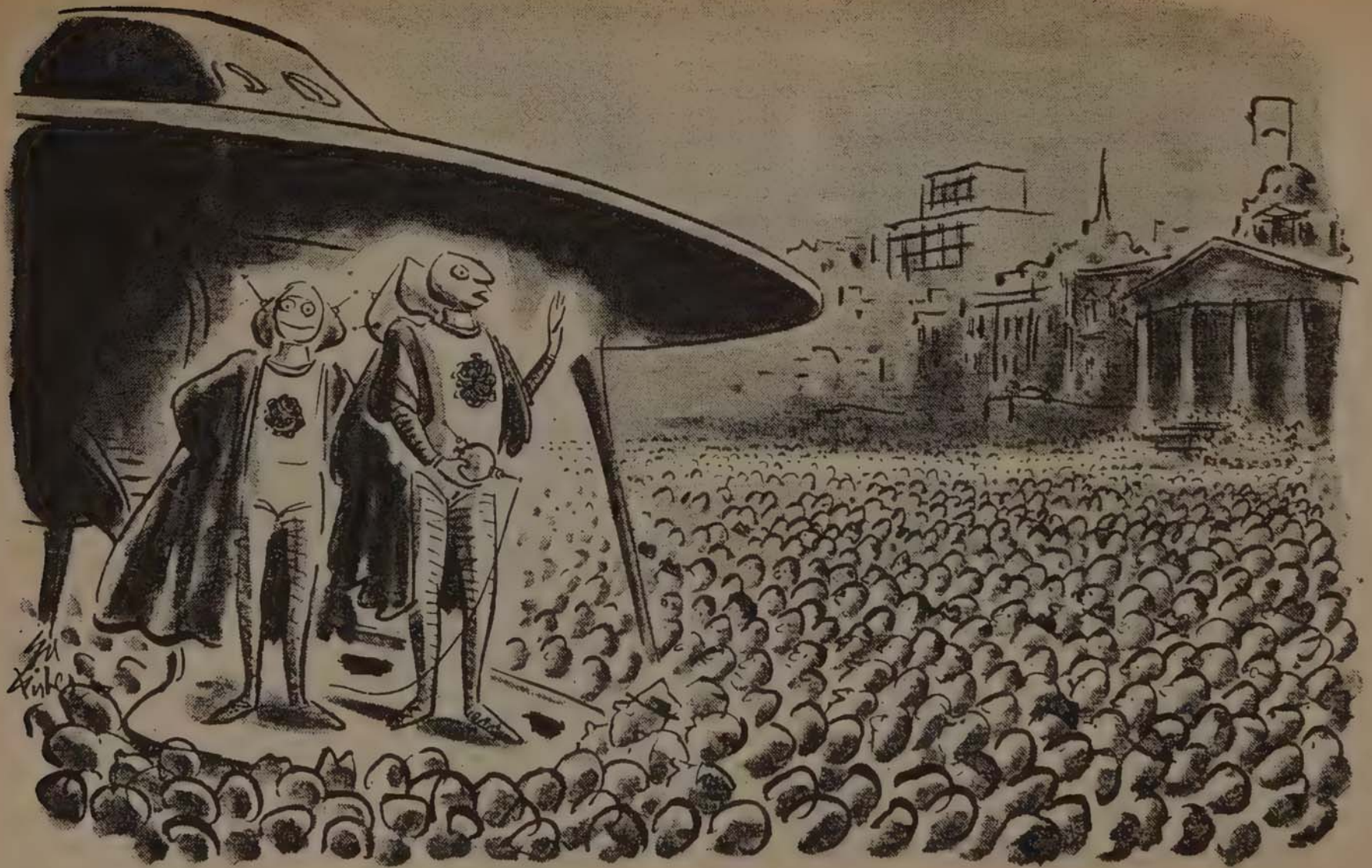


"Keep still - he's nearly got it."



Neil Williams.

"What's he mean, 'Bloody students'?"



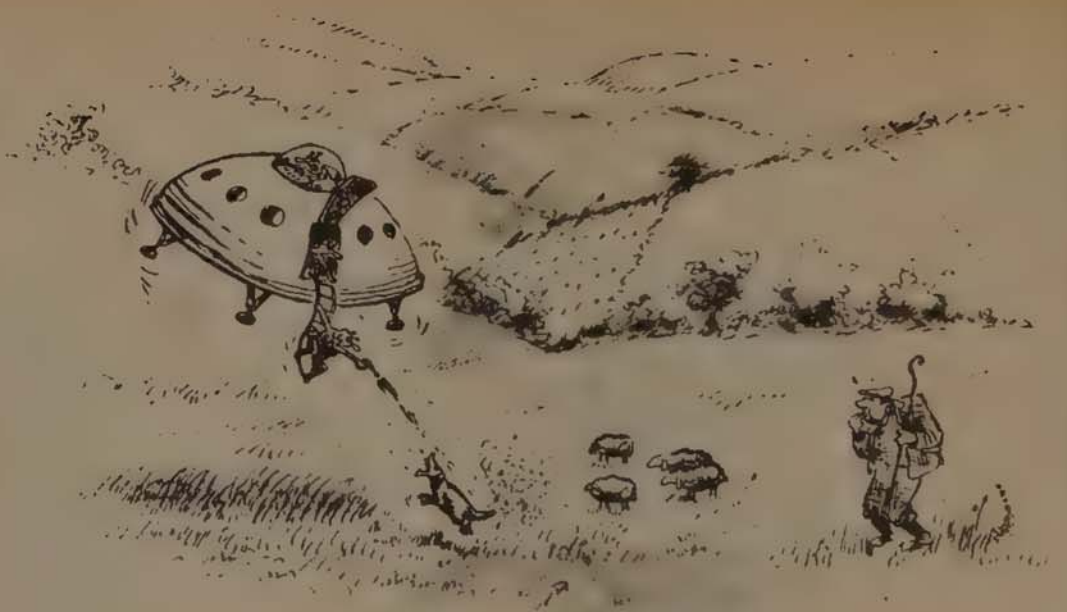
"—And our message to you humans is, grow up; settle your silly little wars; trust your fellow men; clean up the social inequities on this planet, the hunger, the disease; study; mature; apply for membership in the Galactic League of All Bipedes; make yourself worthy to join the larger planetary community and help us wipe out the damned tripedal Betelgeusians!"



"Actually, we are from another planet, but we're not quite as advanced as you are."

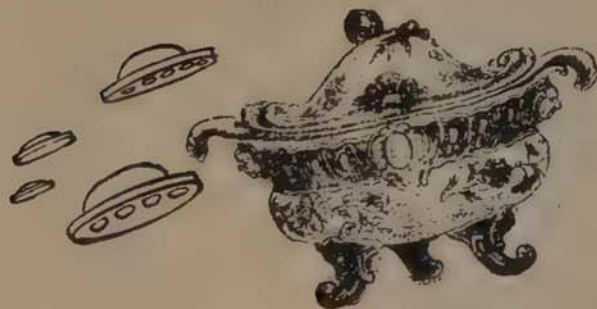


"Author! Author!"

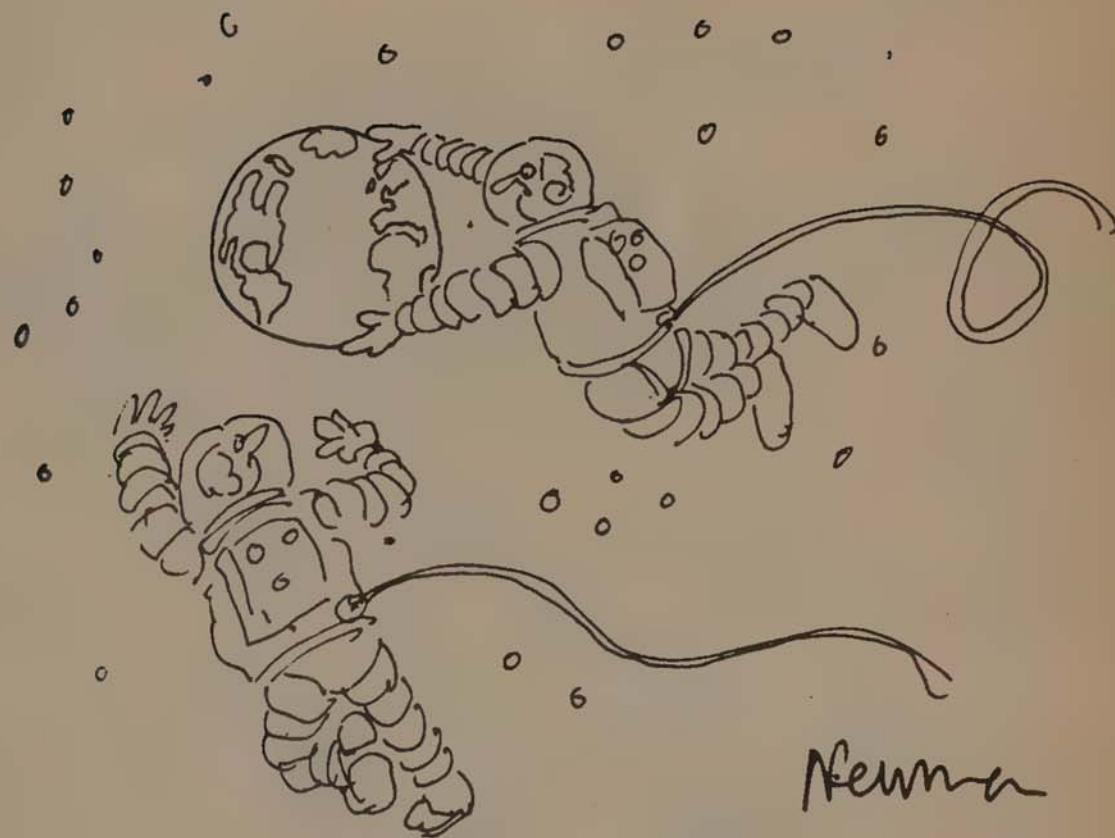


"Uh-uh! Her attention's wandered - this is costing precious points!"

*"Looks like they mean business
this time..."*



**RAYMOND
LOWRY**



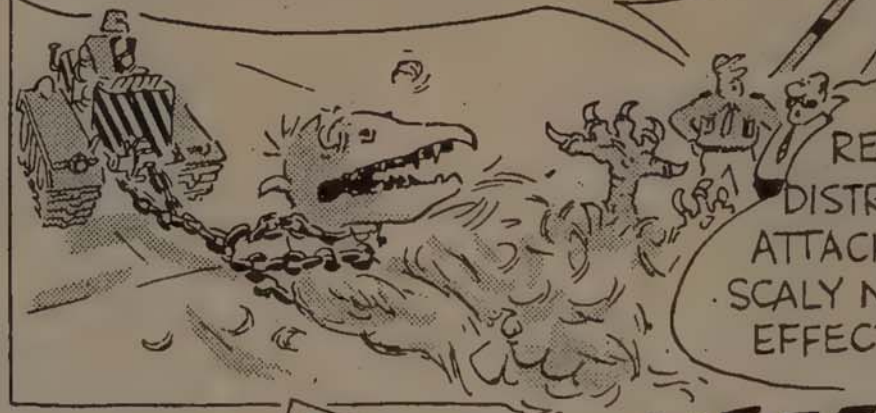
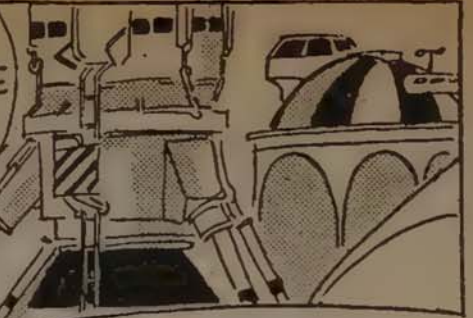
Newman

"...but heavier than I imagined."



NEARLY A NASTY ACCIDENT, CAPTAIN!

PILOTS ARE BEGINNING TO HATE DOCKING HERE, MR CHELM. THESE BLASTED FLYING GRONKS ARE A MENACE. THEY BLOCK UP THE AIR INTAKES, FOUL UP RADAR APPROACH. CAN'T YOU GET SHUT OF THE DAM' THINGS?



I'VE TRIED EVERYTHING! RECORDINGS OF GRONK DISTRESS CRIES, EVEN THE ATTACKING BELLOW OF THE SCALY NURTLE - WITH NO EFFECT, I'M AFRAID!

NOTHING SEEMS TO FRIGHTEN THESE LEVIATHANS OF THE AIR! NOW YOU MUST EXCUSE ME, I'VE GOT SOME DISTINGUISHED VISITORS.



SOUNDS LIKE IT FROM THE DIN!



BEATLES WE LOVE YOU

I WANNA HOLD YOUR FEELER

EEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE

WOW! LOOK AT THAT GRONK GO! WE'VE FOUND THE ANSWER!

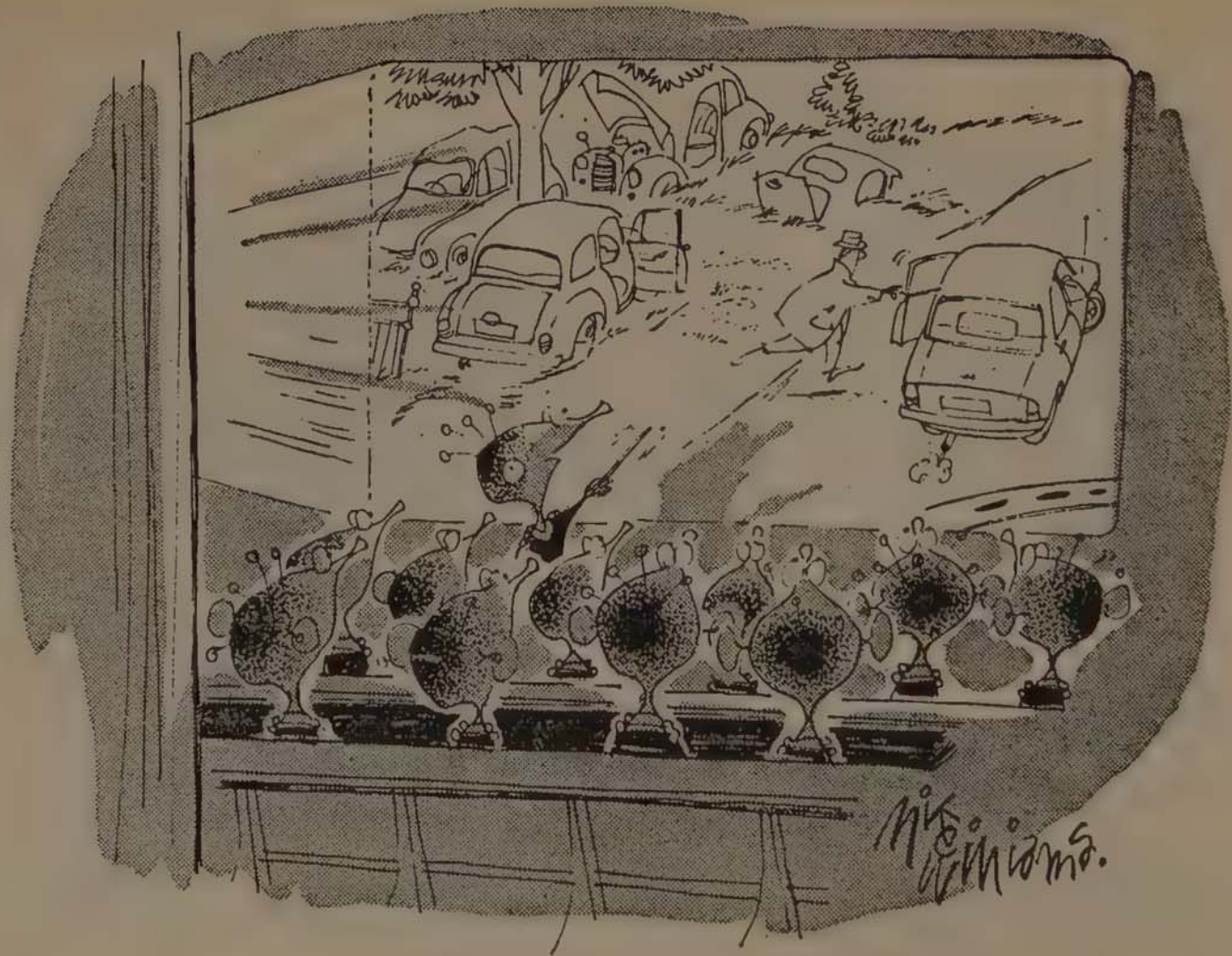
RINGO

BEAT

EEEEEEEEEEEE



"...and this is one of the whole family taken by Frank Borman."



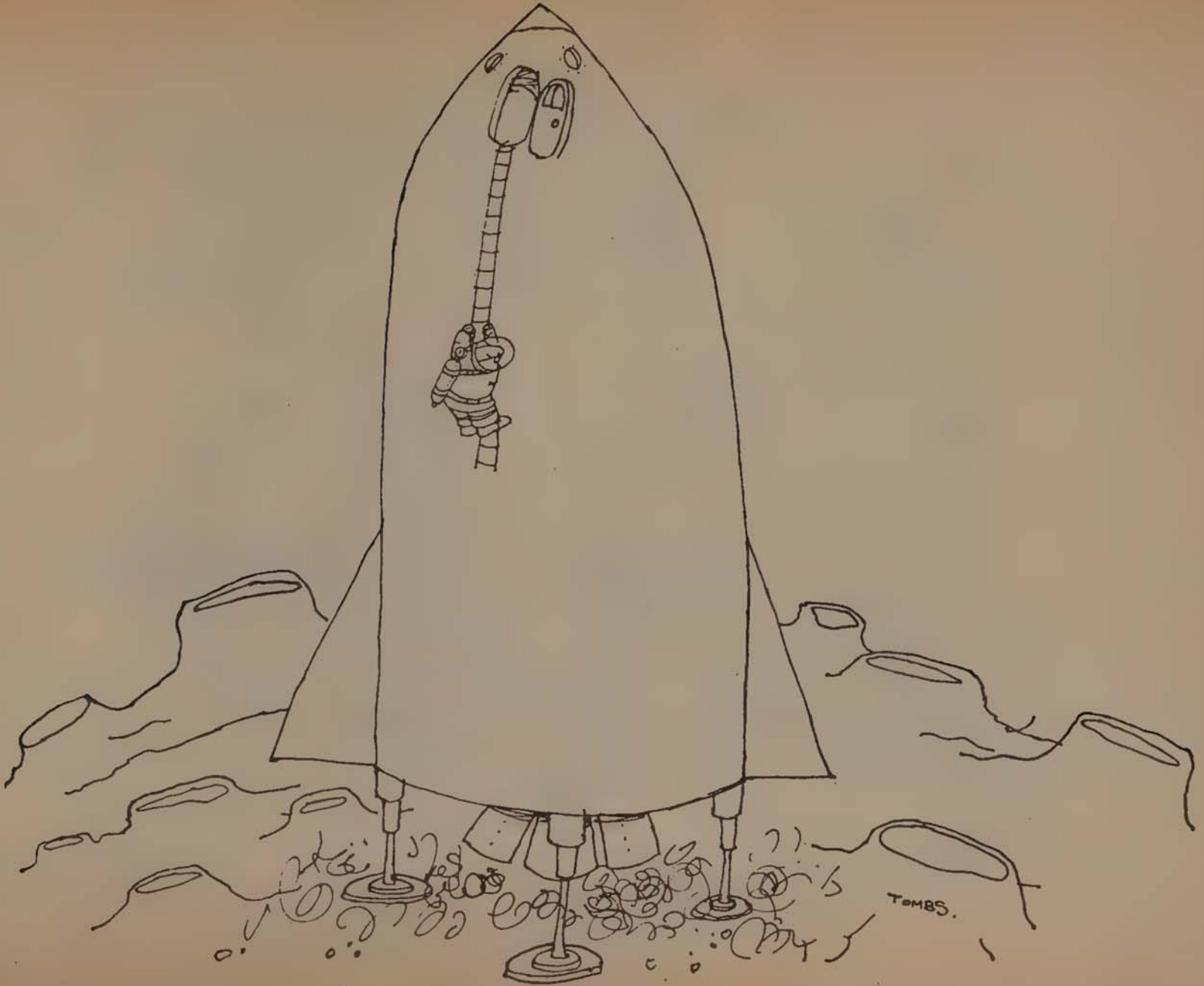
“...and every few years Earthlings go into the country and cast off their old skin.”



*"Just think, ZXYXIL, in a very short time we will have
conquered Earth!"*



"What did I tell you? See one planet and you've seen them all."

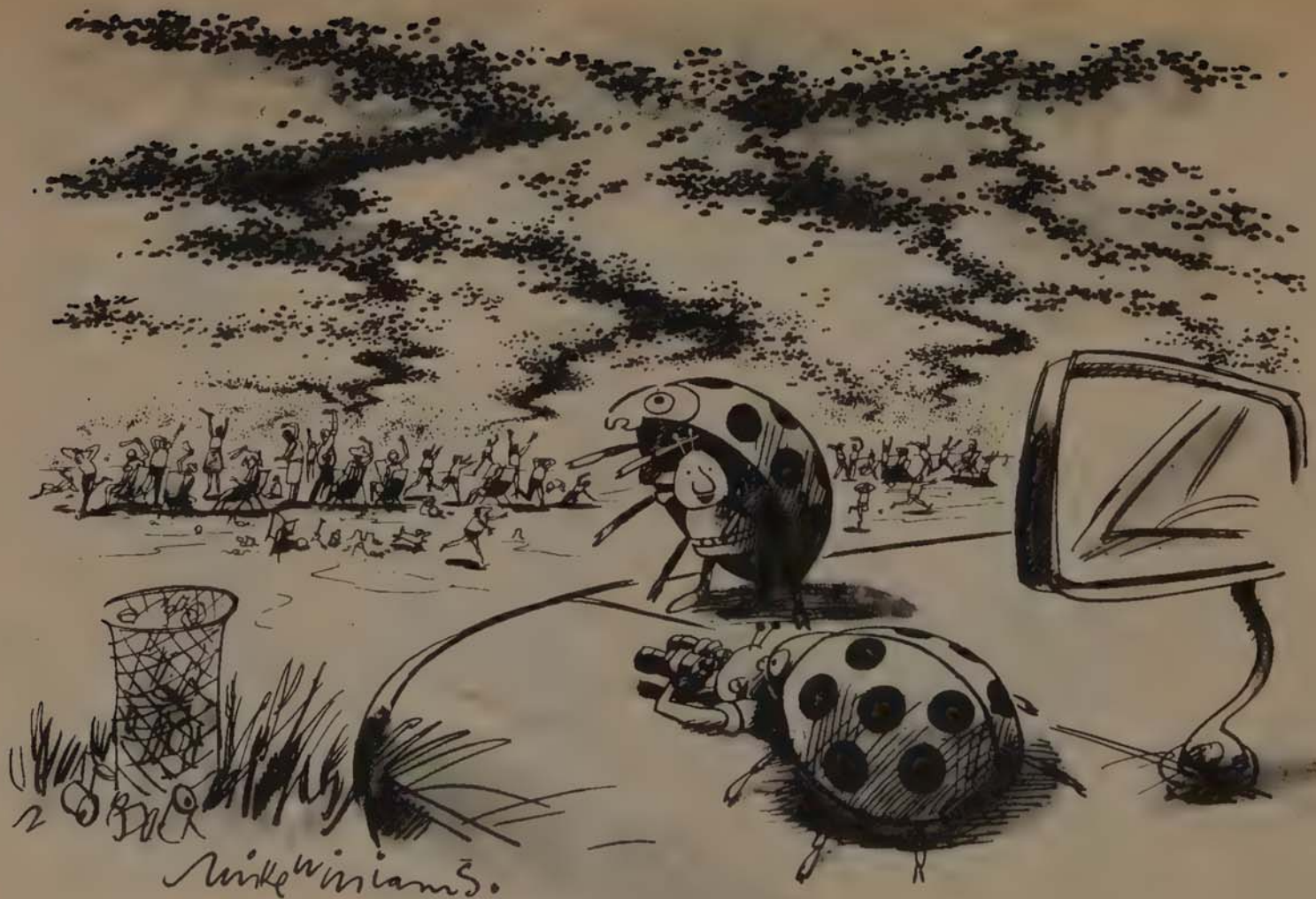




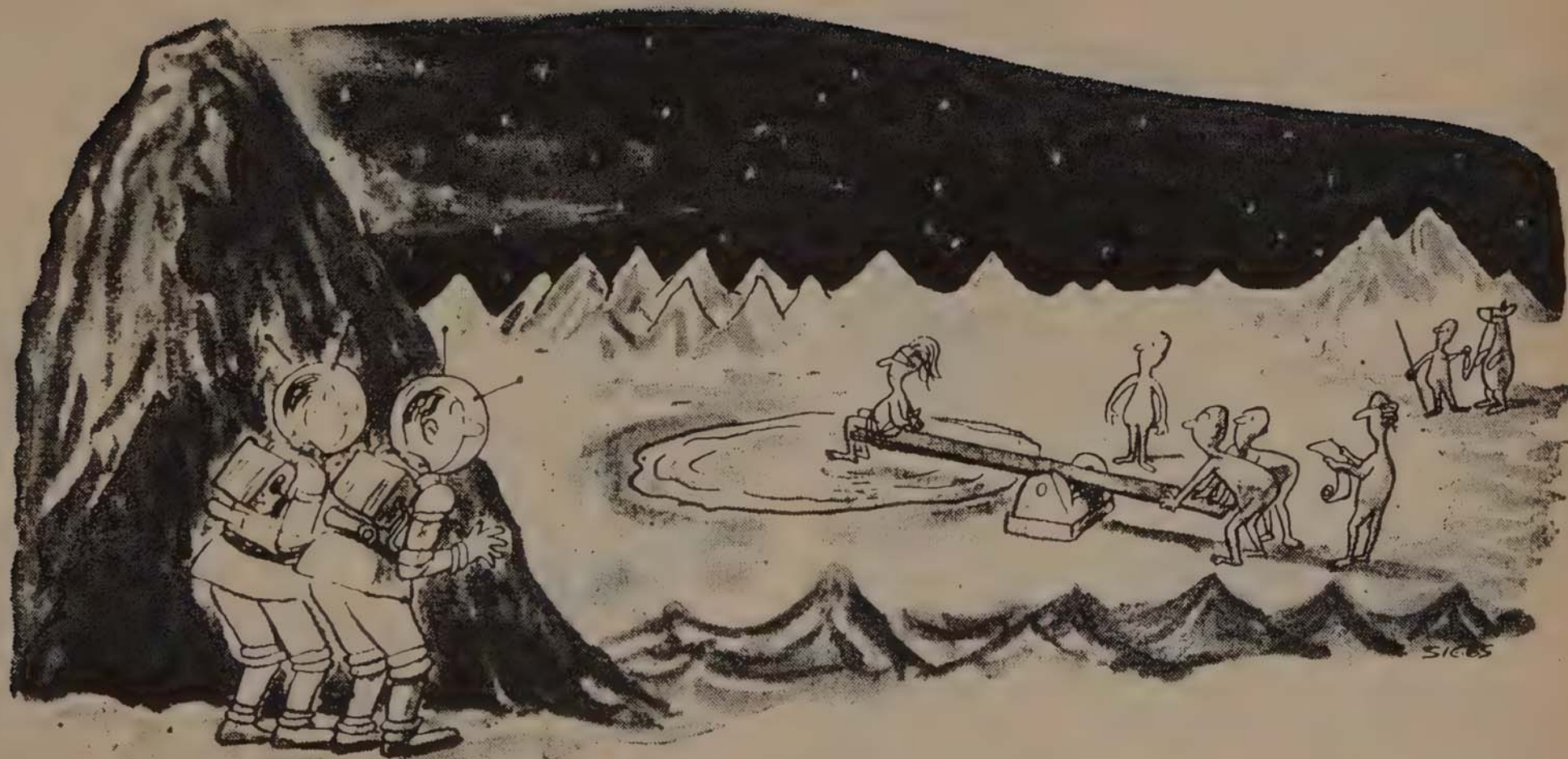
*"All right – if this is the way you want it. But don't forget we came here
with peaceful intentions."*



*"It seems only yesterday that you walked through that wall and said,
'Greetings, Earthling!'"*



"How we doing, Otog?"



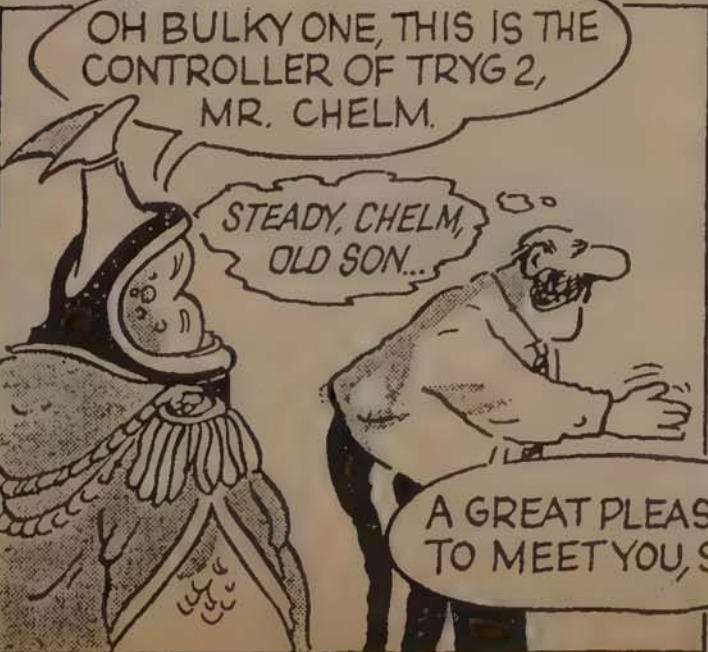


"Do you think there's intelligent life anywhere else in the Universe?"



I CAN ACCEPT MOST OF THE STRANGE CREATURES WHO PASS THROUGH TRYG ON THEIR GALACTIC JOURNEYS THEY'RE ODD BUT INTERESTING. THE ONE THING THAT I'M NOT LOOKING FORWARD TO, IS...

... BEING PRESENTED TO **SLIMO** OF NAXTIA, WHEN HE STOPS OFF HERE. A MOUNTAIN OF HEAVING, SMELLY JELLY - AND I'VE GOT TO SHAKE HANDS WITH HIM! UGH! OH NO...!



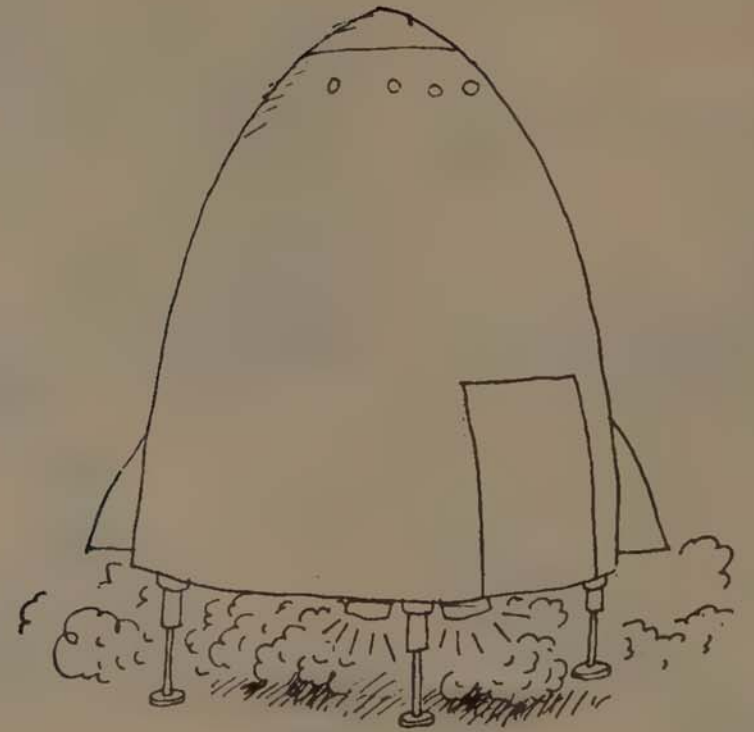
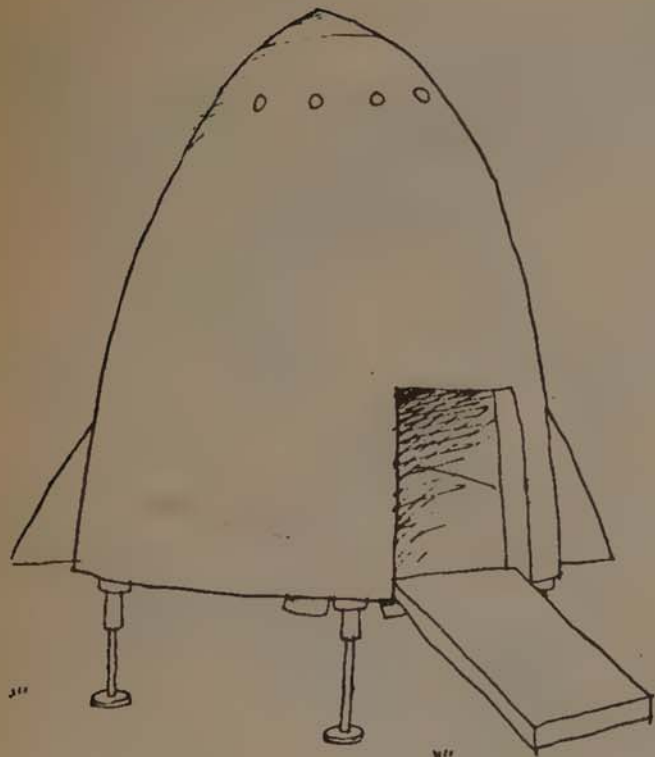
OH BULKY ONE, THIS IS THE CONTROLLER OF TRYG 2, MR. CHELM.

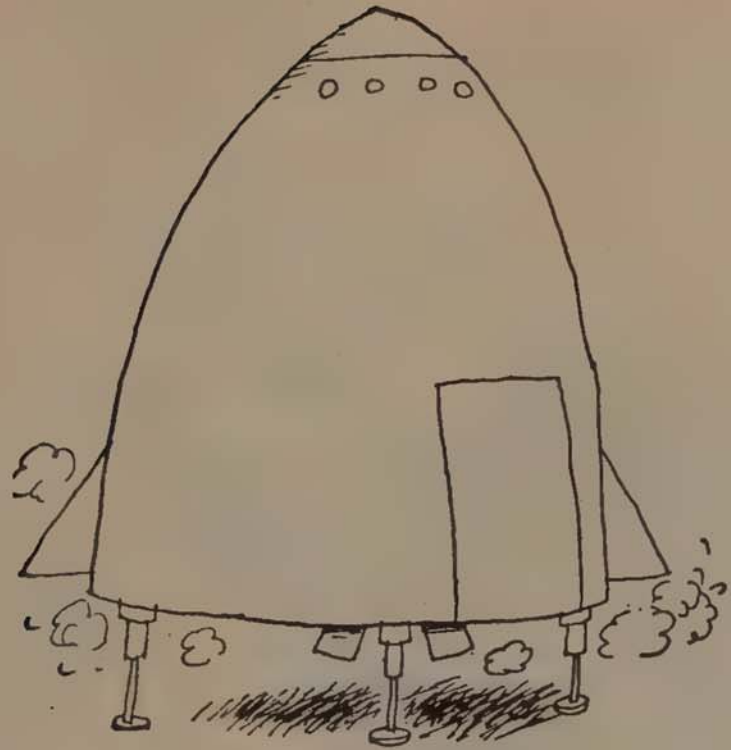
STEADY, CHELM, OLD SON...

A GREAT PLEASURE TO MEET YOU, SIR.



BY JOVE, ONE FINDS BROTHER MASONS IN THE ODDEST PLACES!

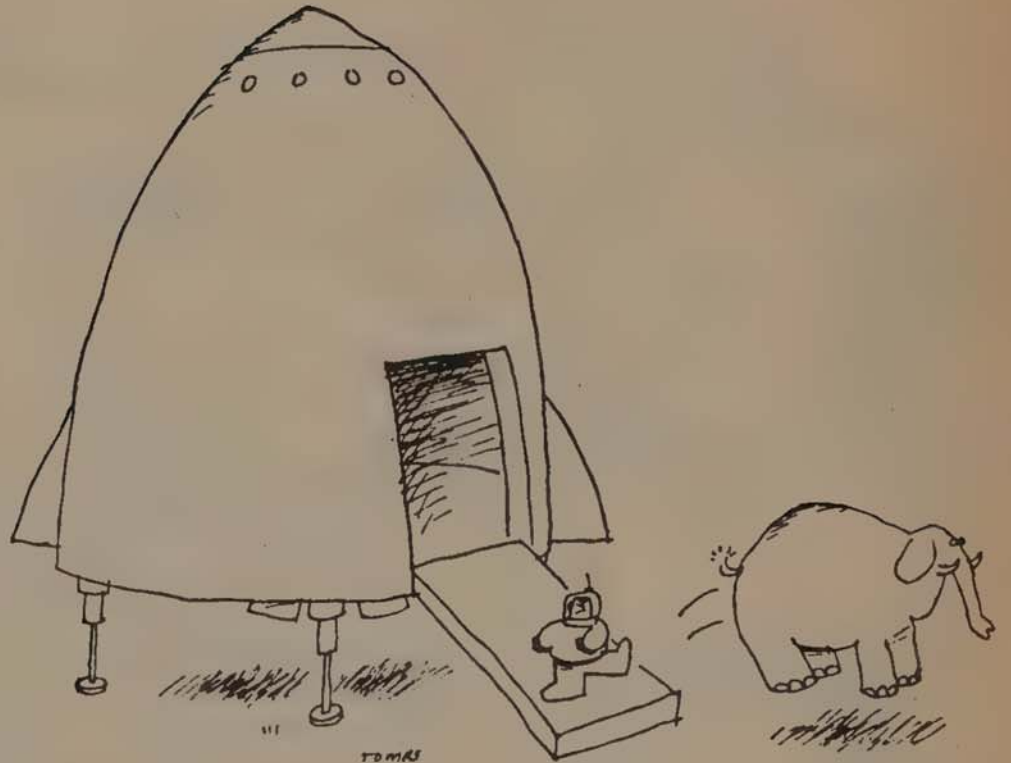




1111

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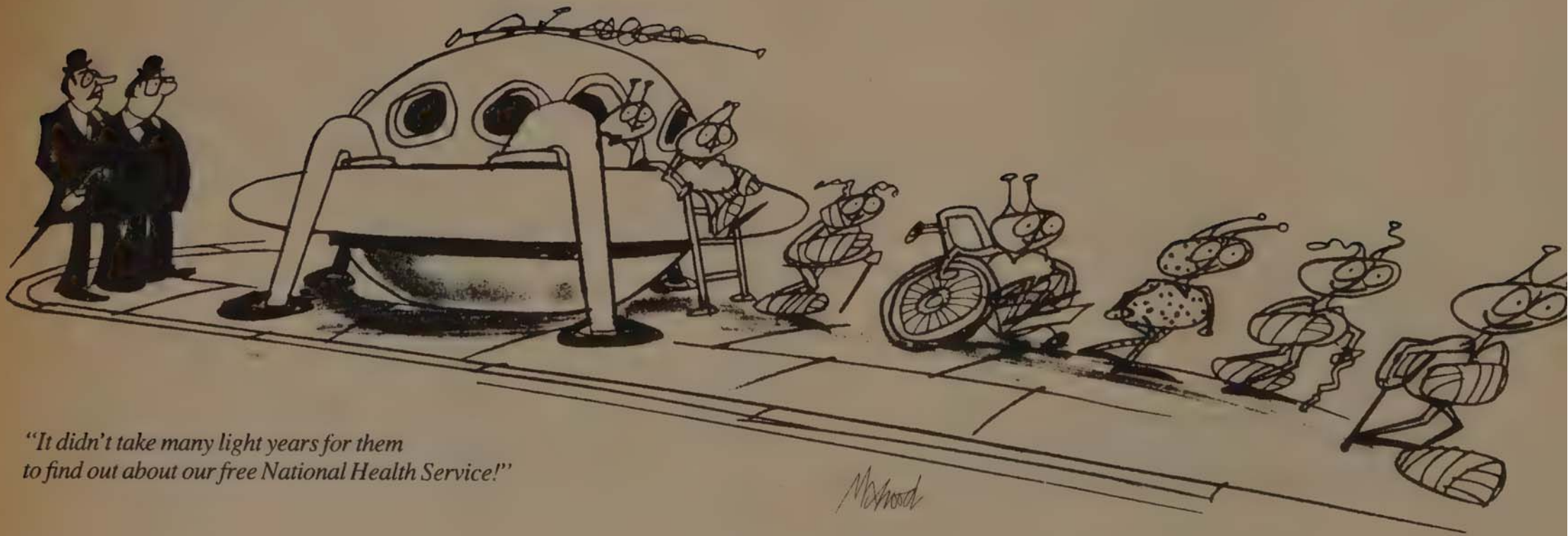


TOMAS

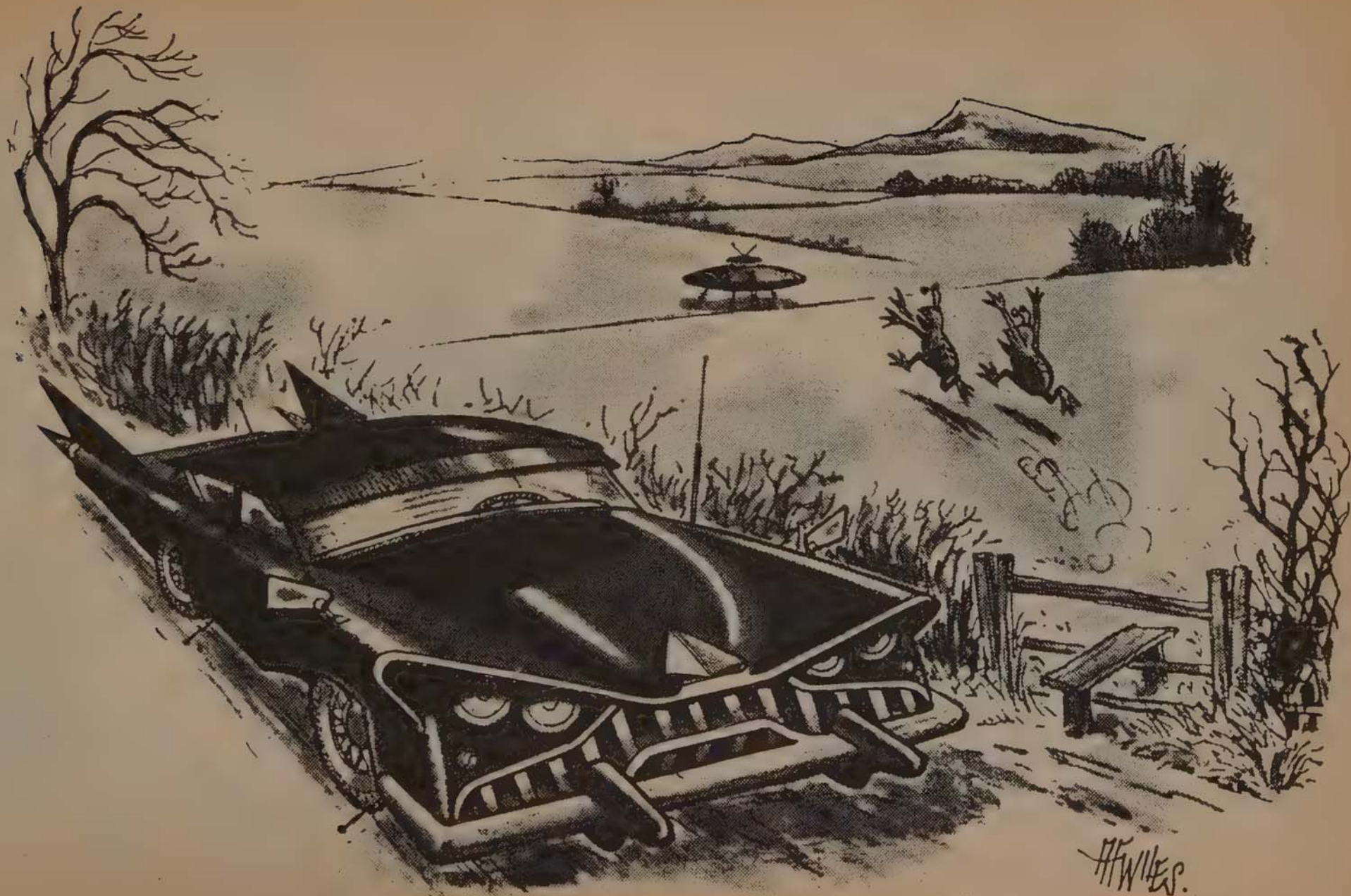
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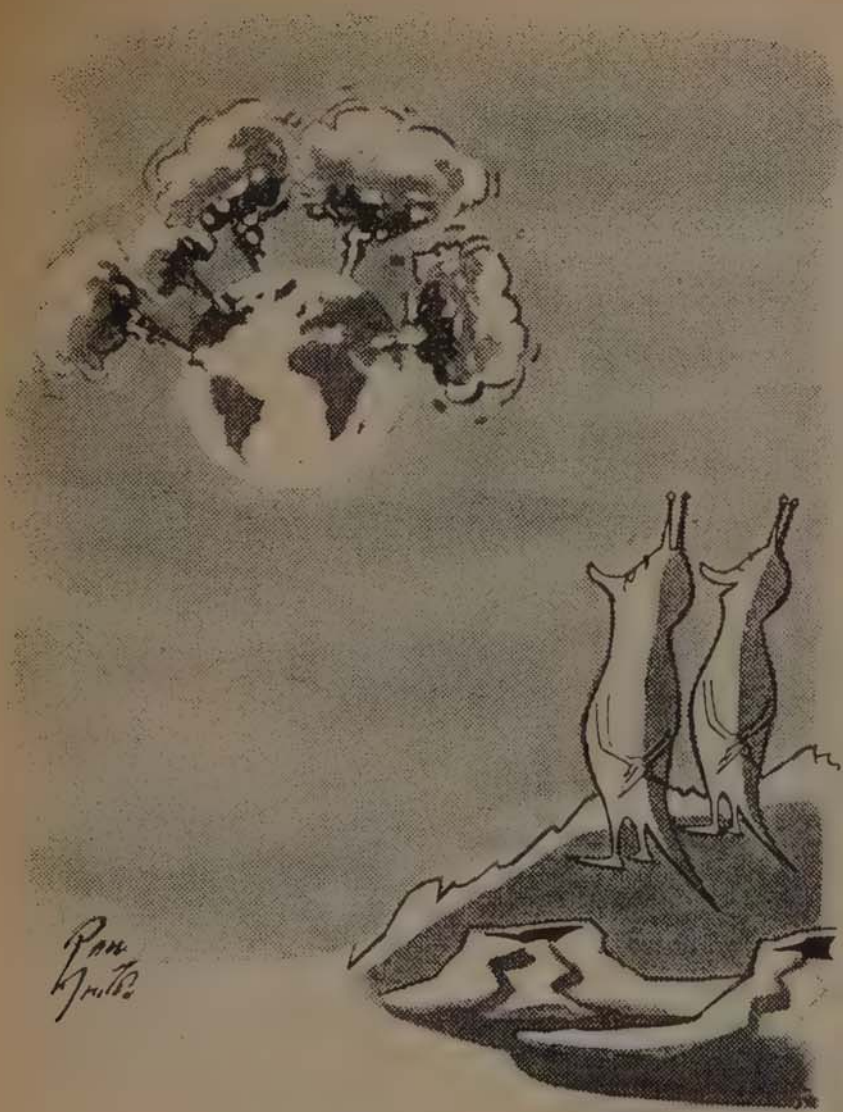
1115

1116



*"It didn't take many light years for them
to find out about our free National Health Service!"*





*Ron
Yurtis*

"It looks as though you've lost your bet!"



GRAHAM

"Wait! That isn't the whole story!"



"I'll need your signatures on this. It's just a routine form – releasing us from any legal responsibility for your safety while aboard our craft."

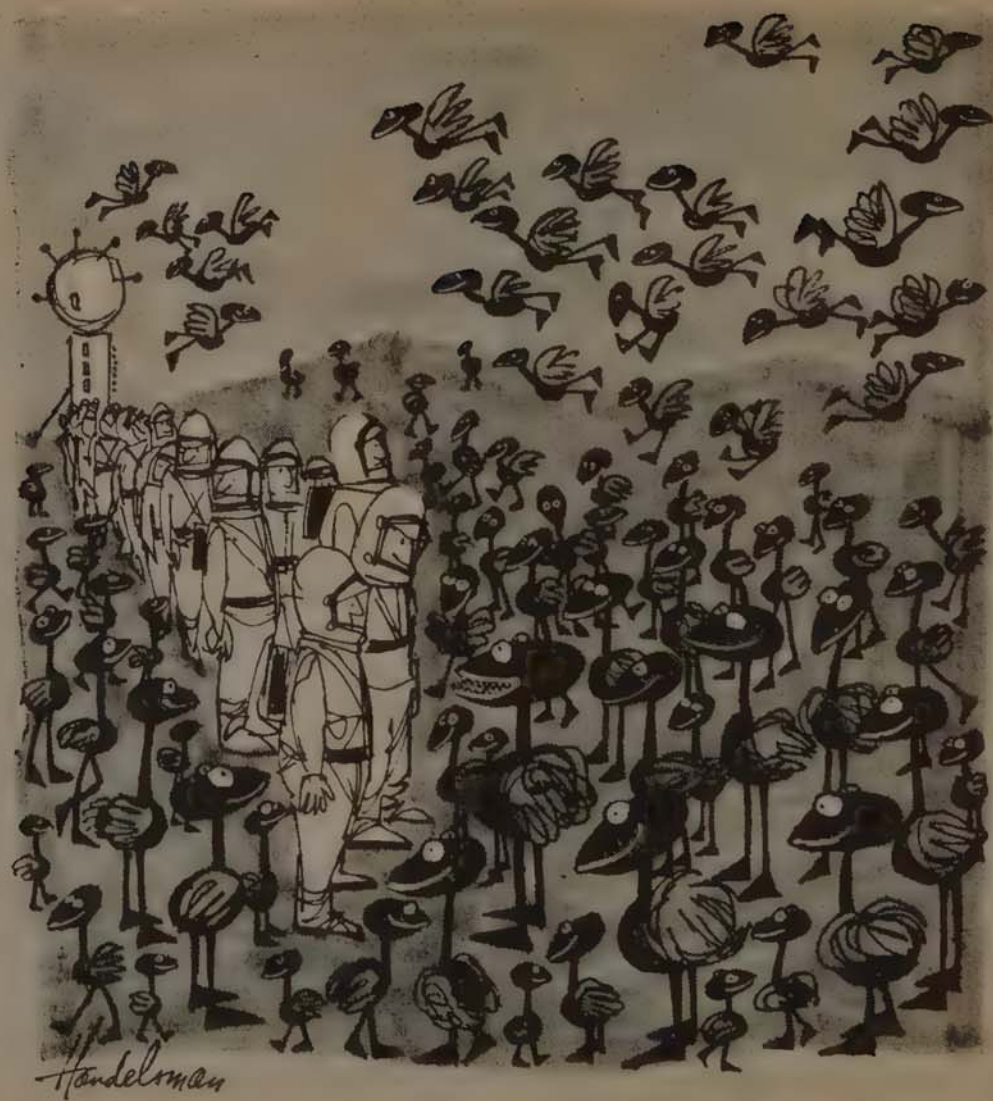


"There's no doubt creatures of a higher intelligence are trying to communicate with us – the question is, what are they trying to say?"

*"If it comes to that,
after our movies
you're something
of an anti-climax."*



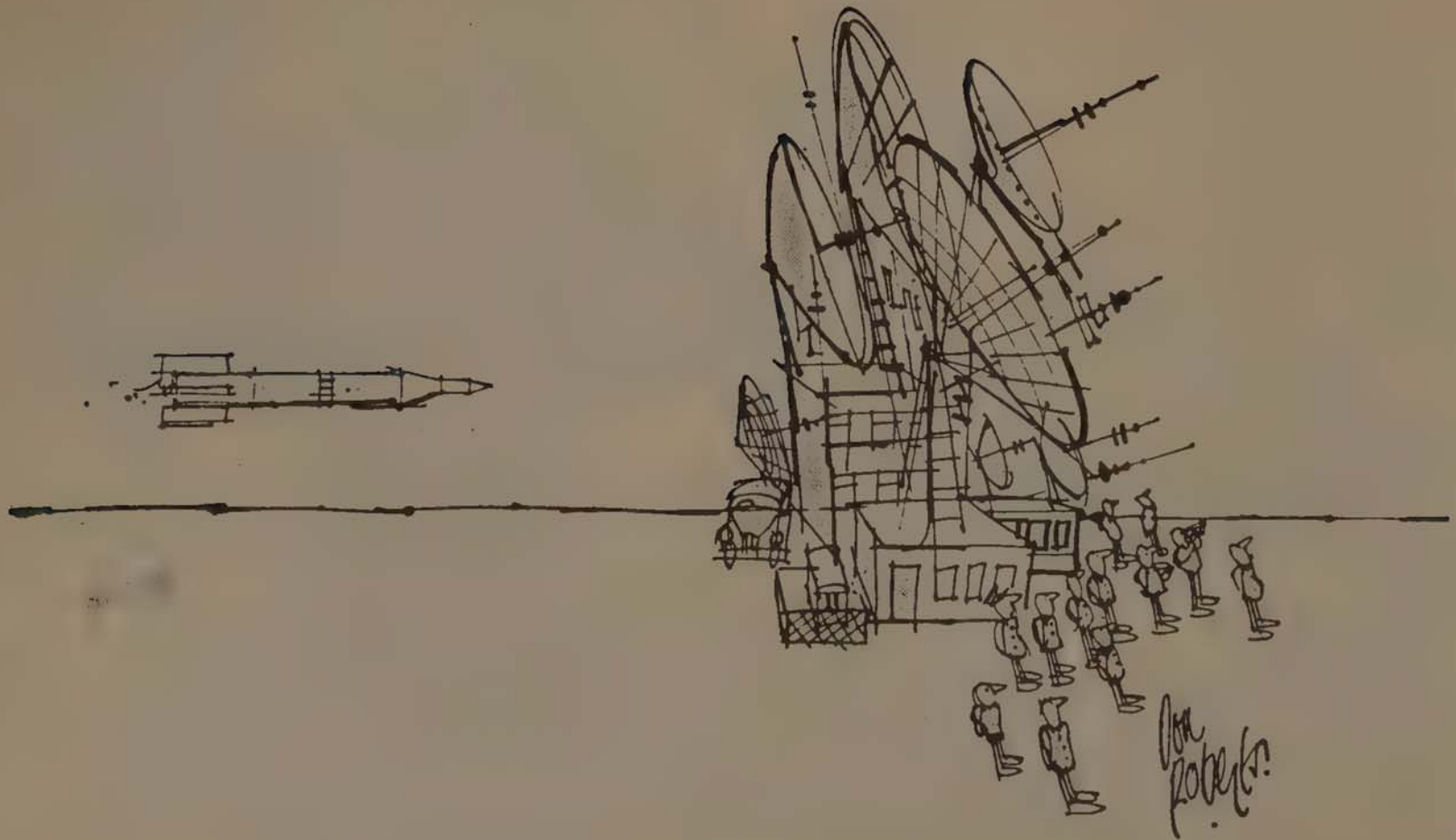




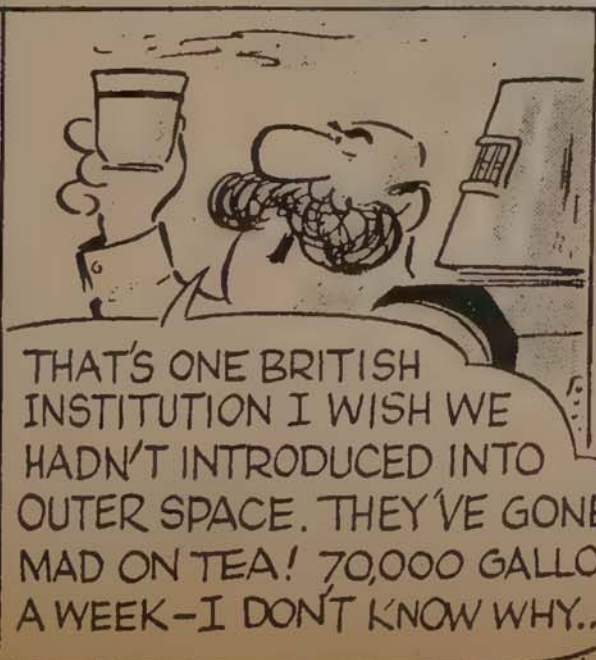
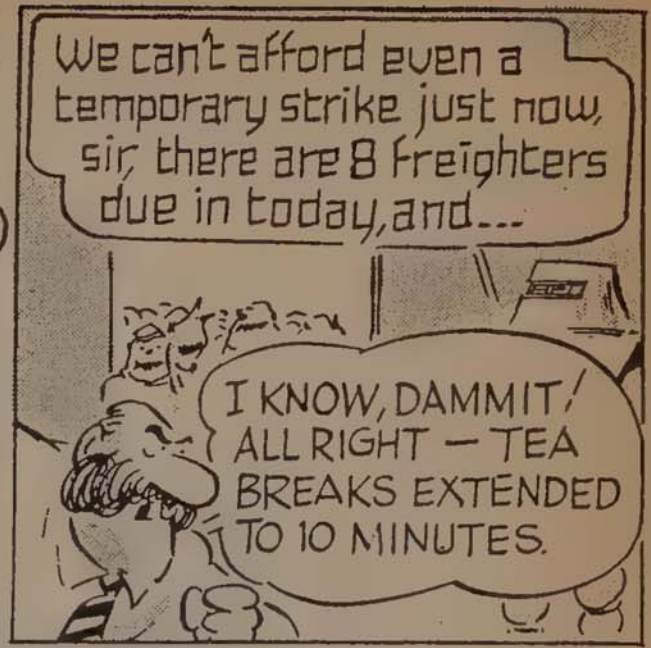
"I'm afraid you'll find us rather backward. We have wars, poverty, disease, religious and racial intolerance, and a contempt for democracy."



"Watch it - it looks as if they're going to be hostile."

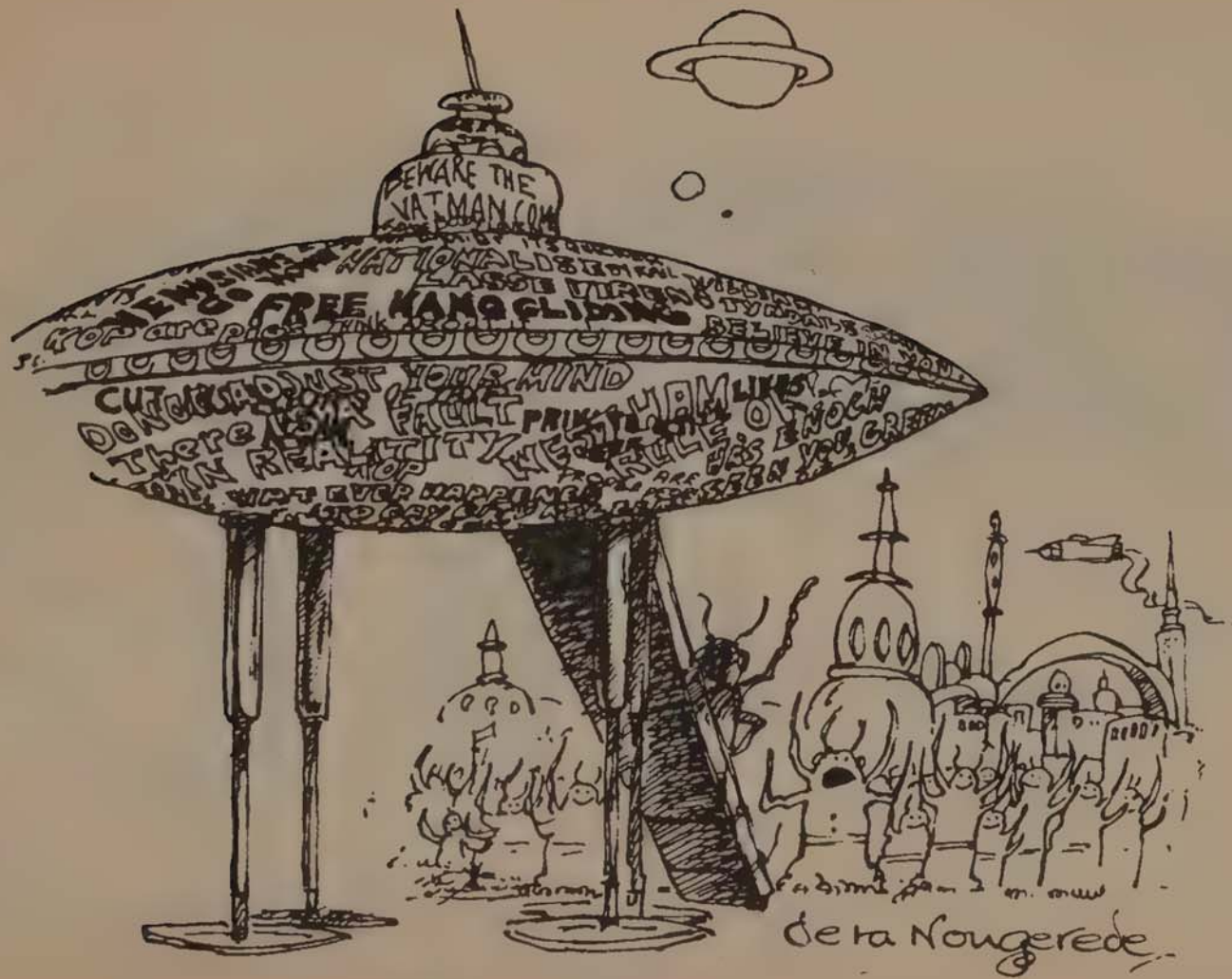


Tom
Roberts





Smilby



"You reached Earth, then?"



"No, no, you've got it wrong. You're much more advanced than us – in fact, the thing we came in was supposed to be a tin opener."



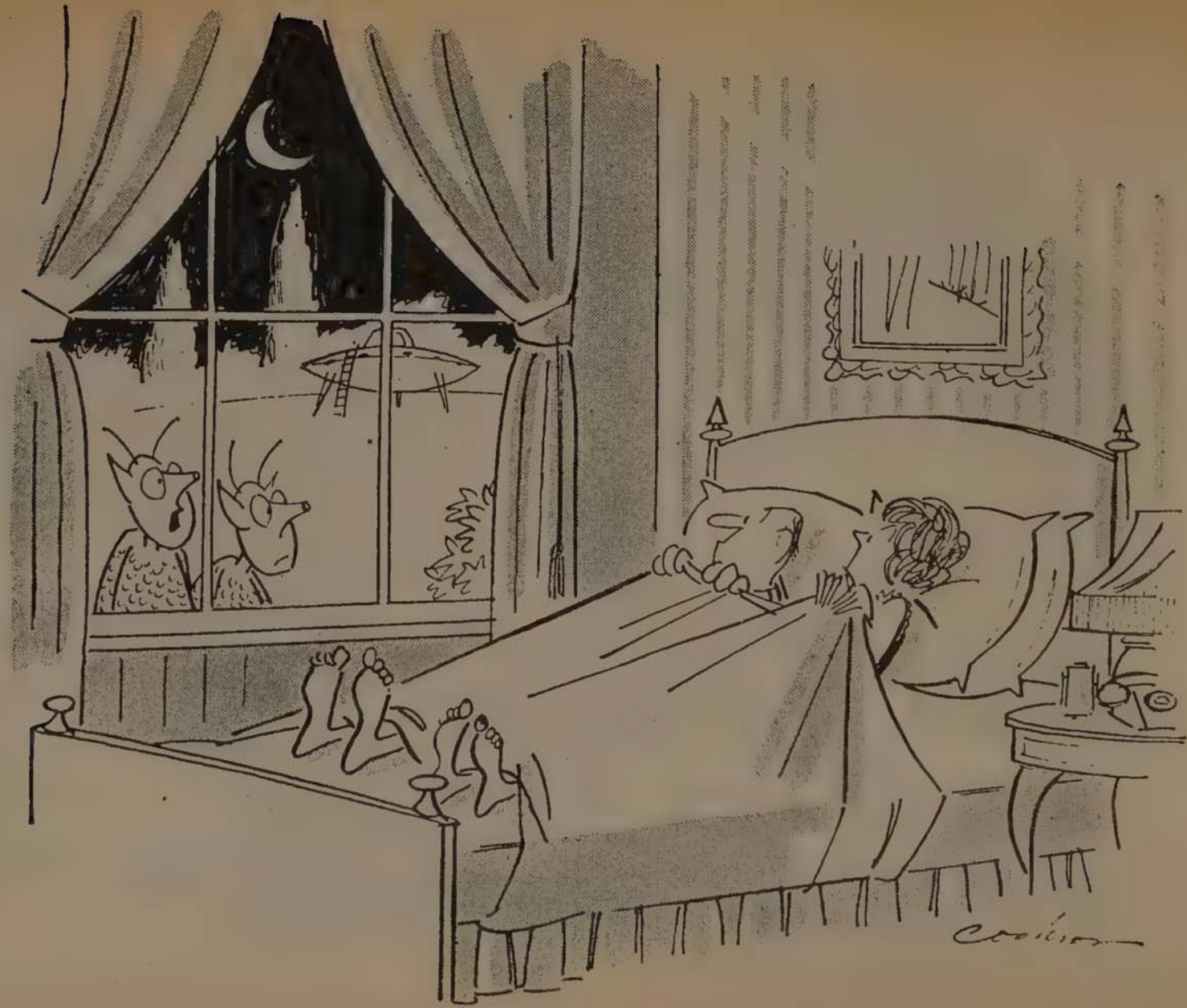
Ken Taylor.



"You think we're something – you should see our menfolk!"



"Here we go again – conquest – subjection – insurrection – independence ..."



"It appears to be a two-headed quadruped."



"OK, twenty-six dollars, and that's two dollars more than we paid for Manhattan."



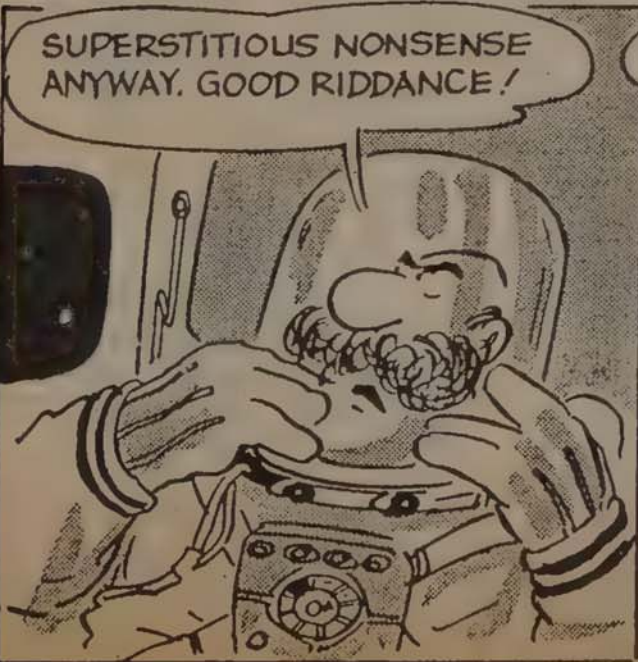
*"Over there...desolate scrubland, an ideal spot
for our first base..."*

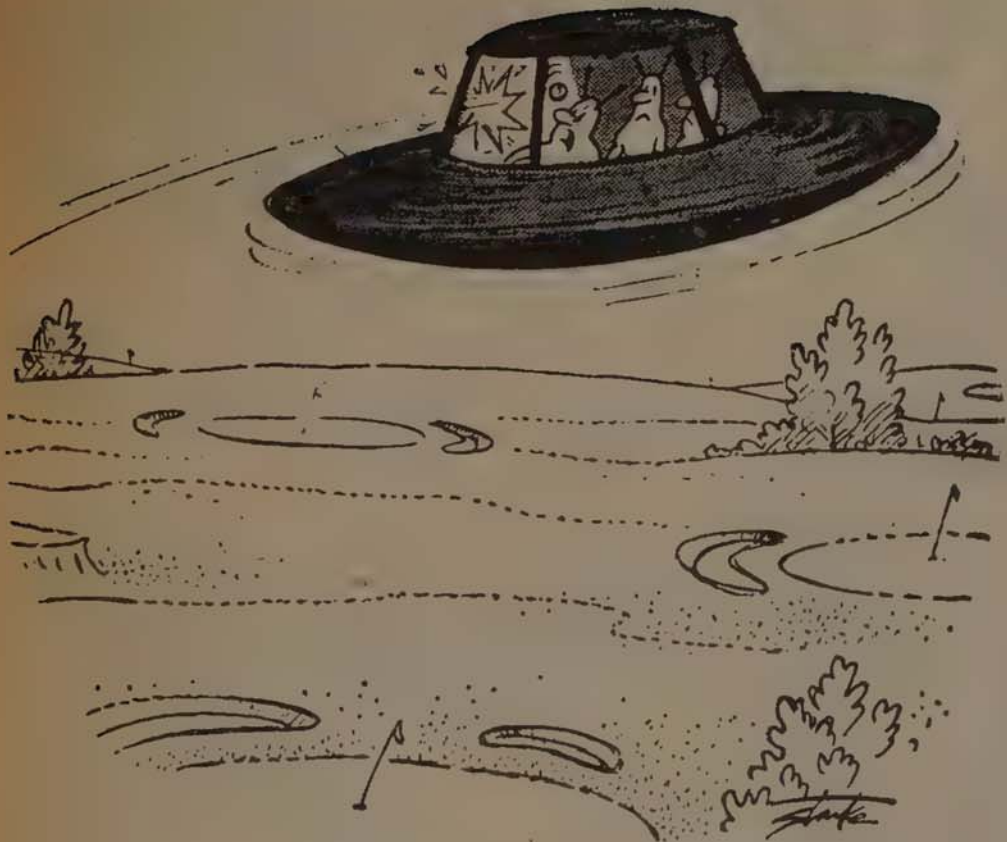


*"...I name this place 'Nubolaxy.' From here our
great people will commence operations to take over
the primitive earth creatures...start digging..."*



"Damned midges!"

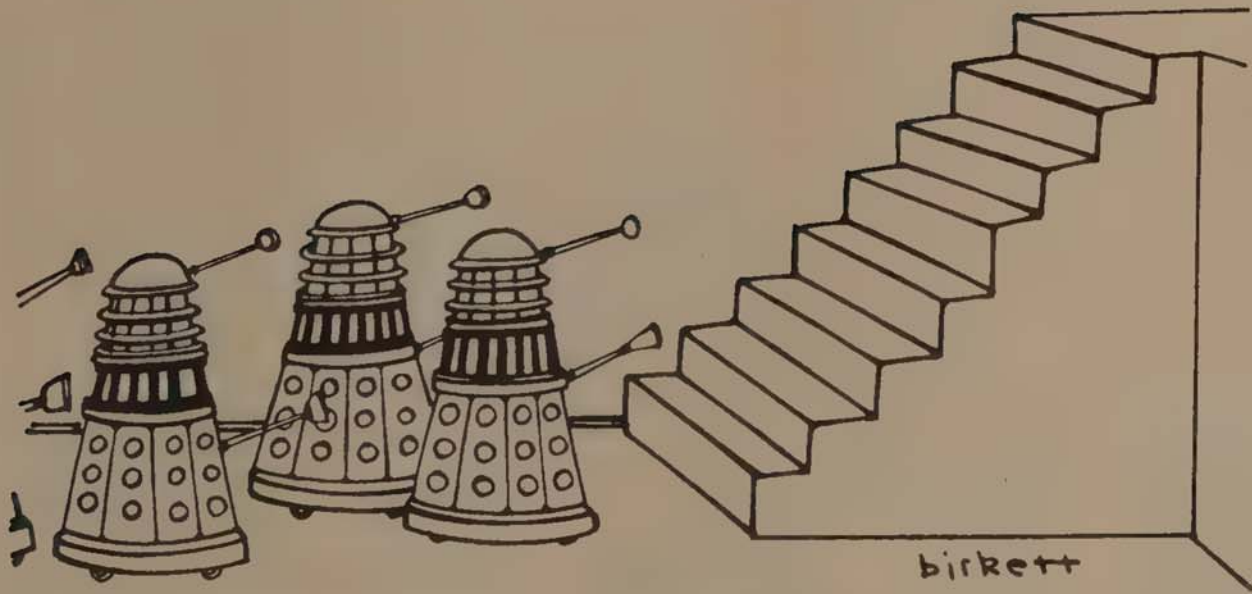




"That settles it — they're hostile!"

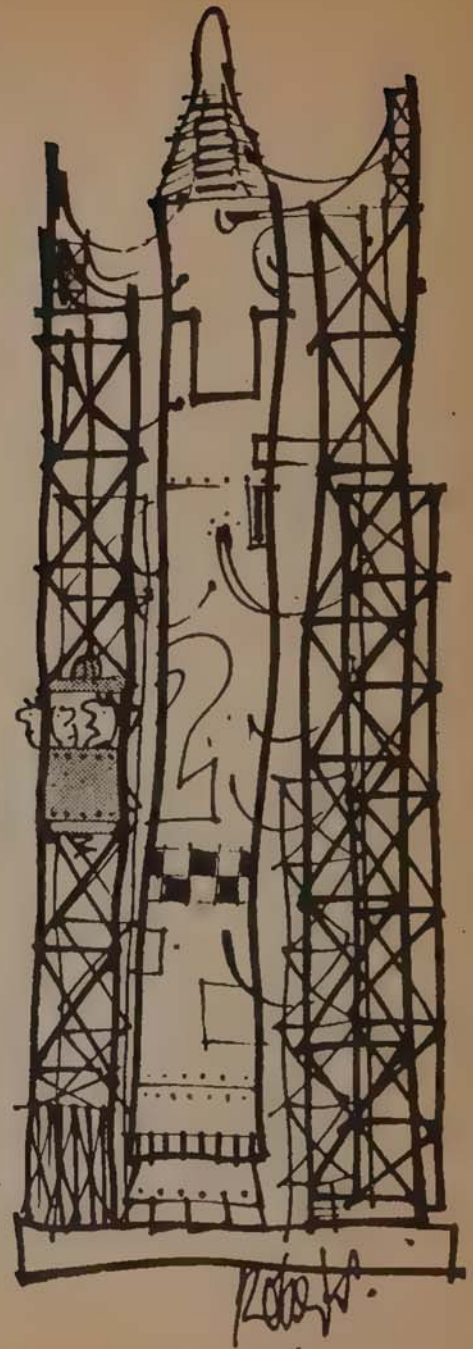


"I suppose they didn't want to risk their first-class citizens."



"Well, this certainly buggers our plan to conquer the Universe."

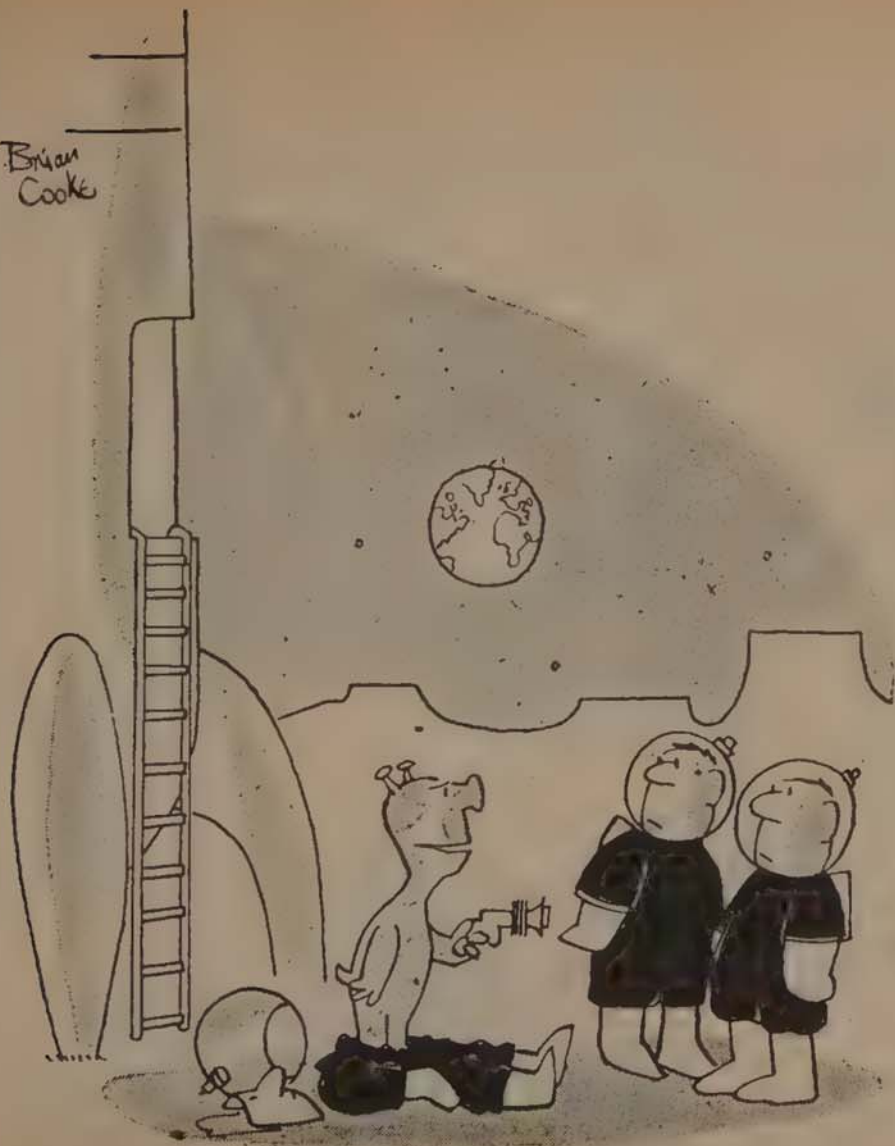
*"Third floor,
Servo motors
and liquid
fuel injection."*





HARSH REAVES

Brian
Cooke



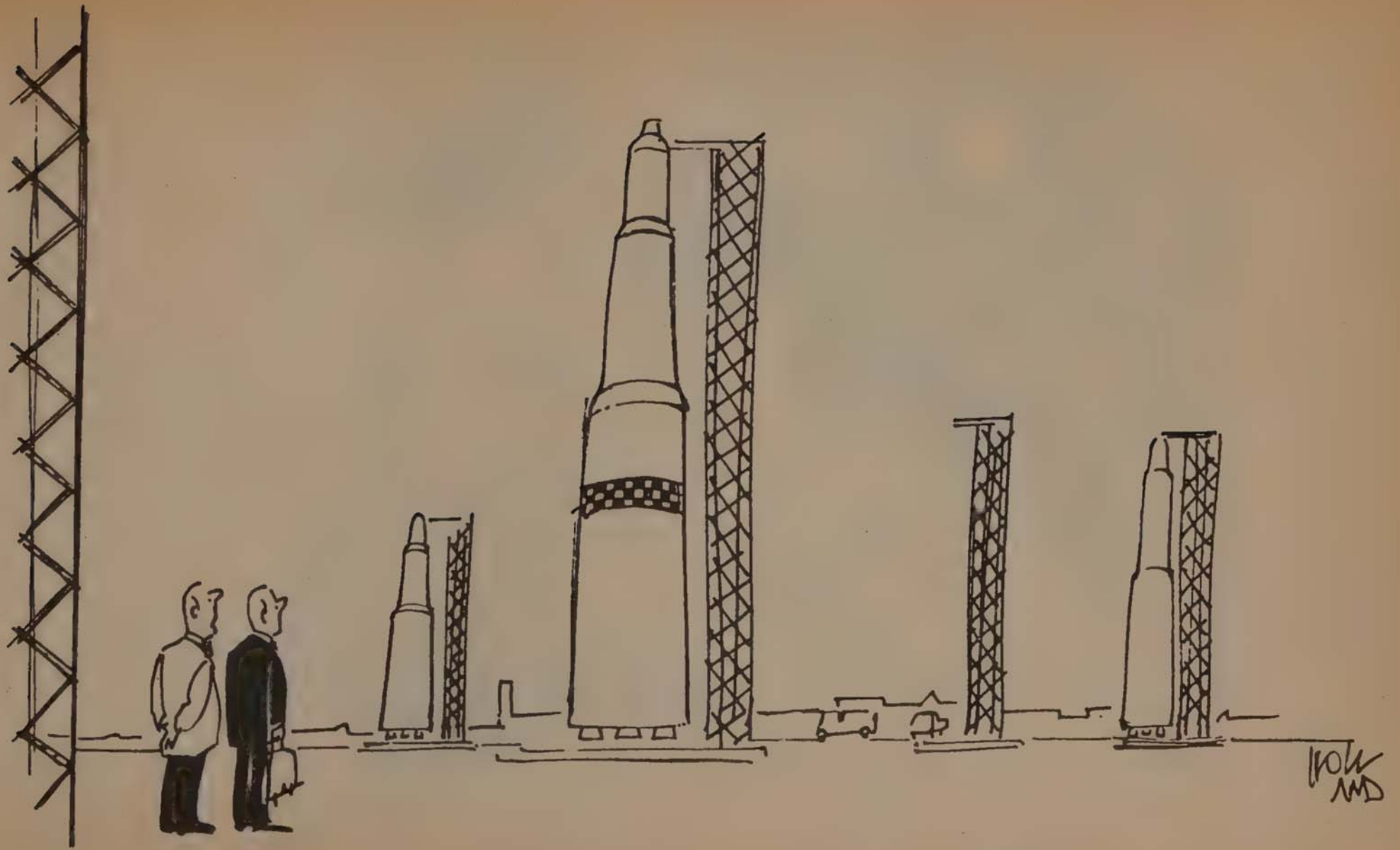
"Home at last! Okay, you guys . . . get back into the rocket!"



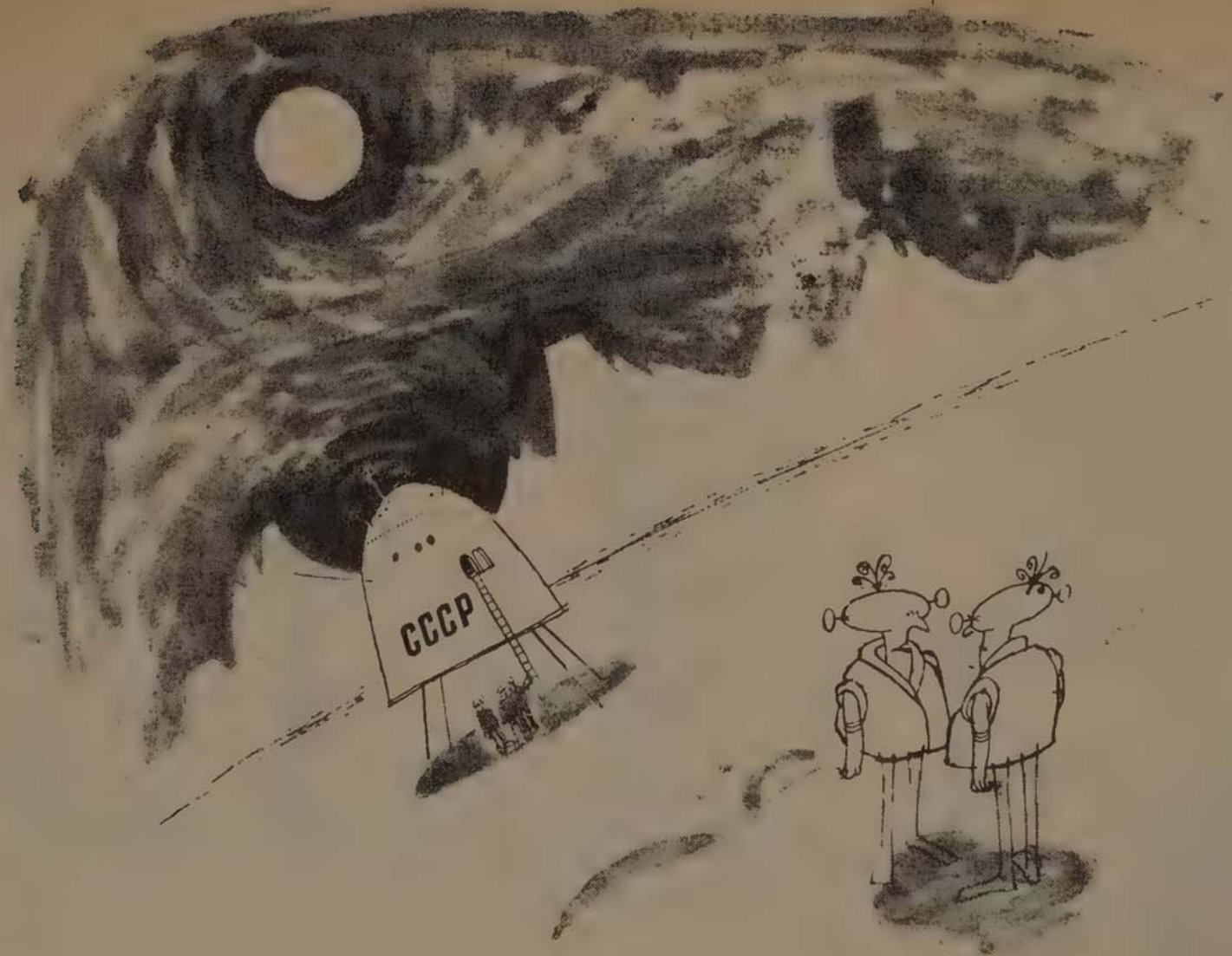


"Never mind the President – take us to his trichologist."





"Actually, they're spin-offs from a project to produce heat-resistant kitchenware."

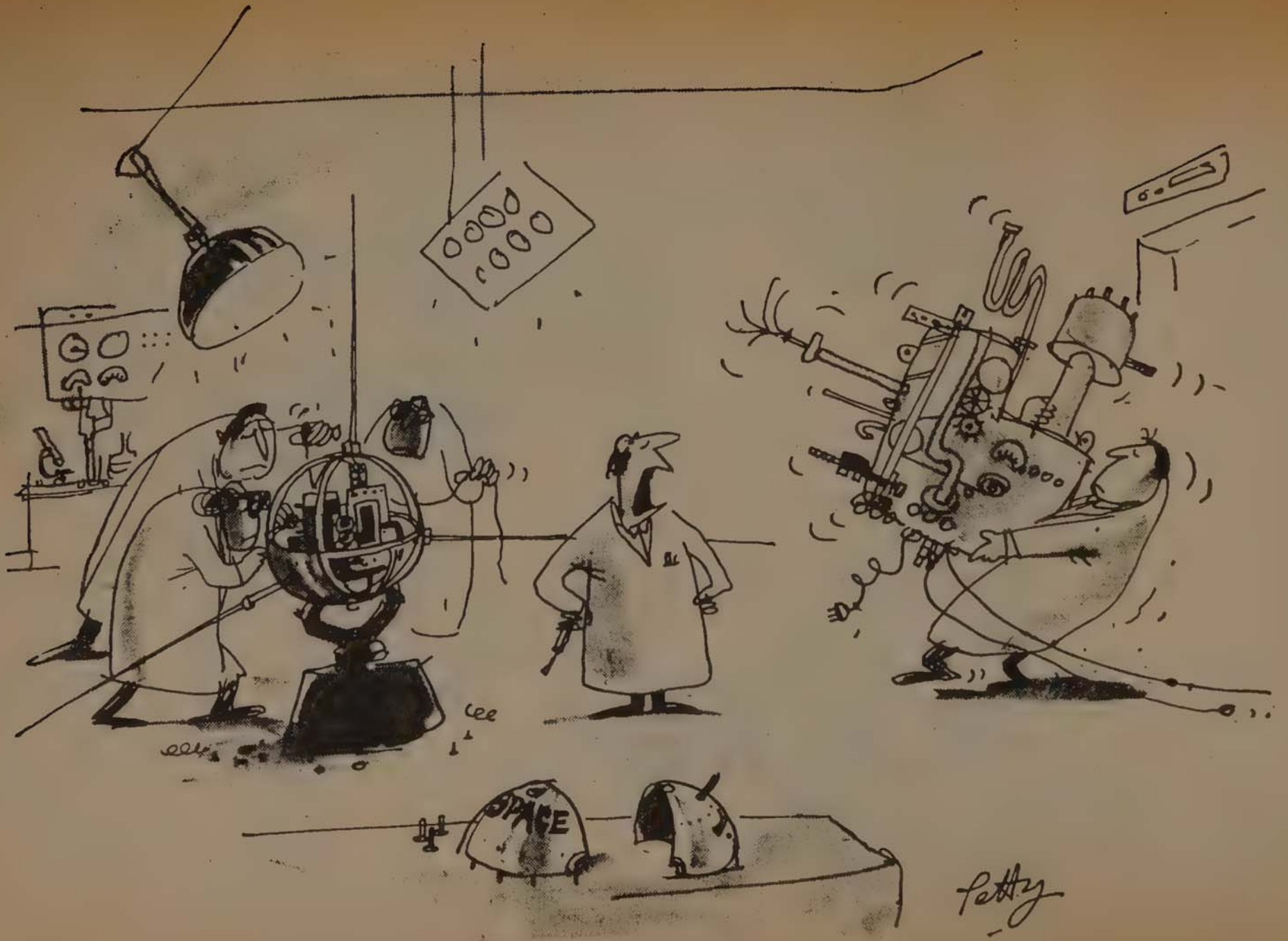


Mike Williams

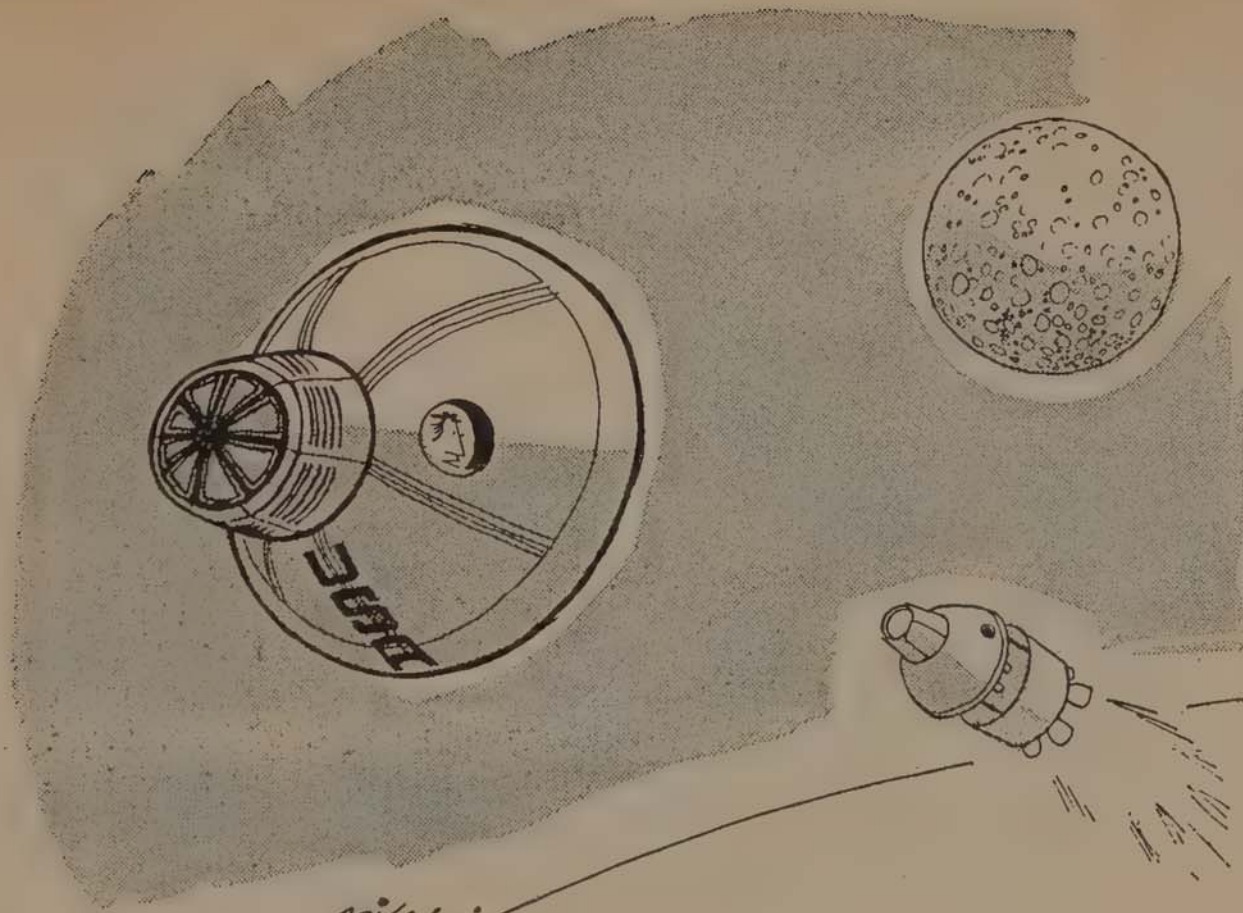
"They think they're on manoeuvres in Siberia."



*"Bit of an unscientific gesture that, after
twenty-four billion dollars on research
and development."*

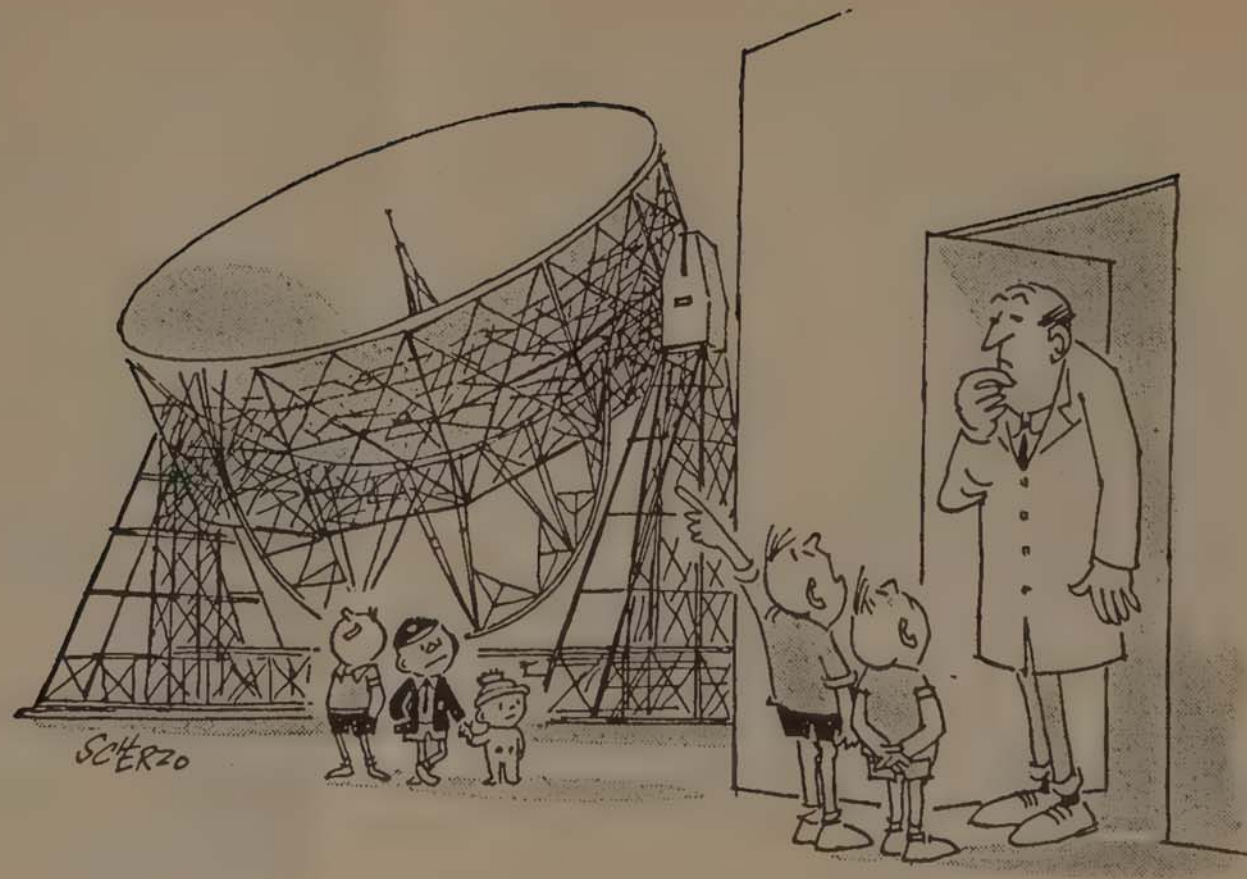


"Still too big, Perring, too big!"

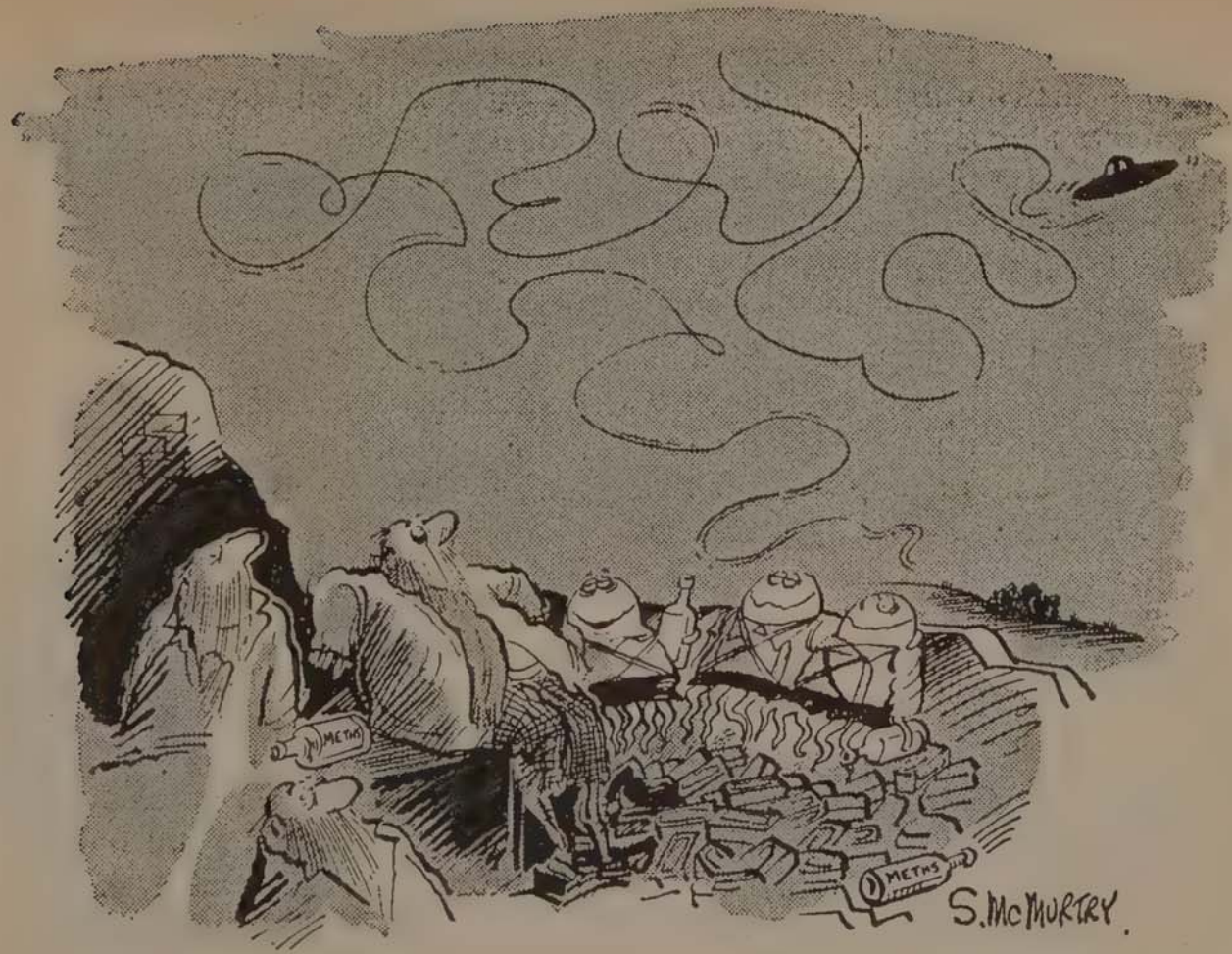


Mike Williams

"It's either the Russians or a David Frost interview."

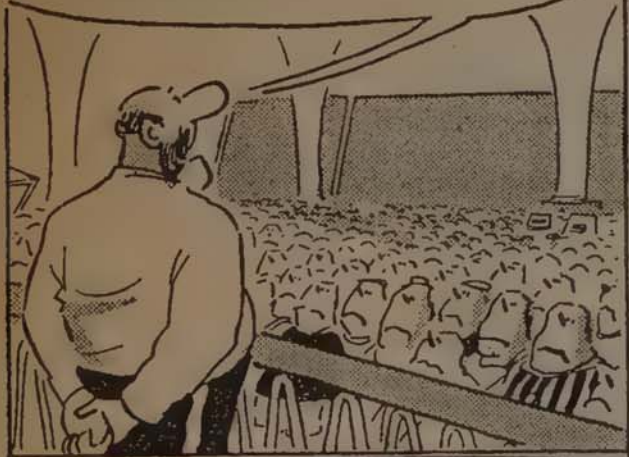


"Could we have our ball back, please?"



"Your King sure as hell can drive."

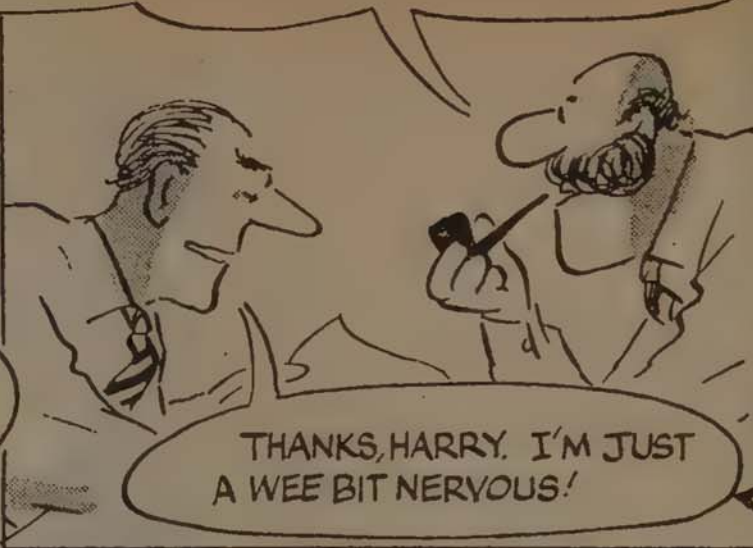
WELL, CHAPS, MY TOUR OF DUTY IS ALMOST OVER. I'LL BE RETURNING TO EARTH WHEN I'VE HANDED OVER TO YOUR NEW CONTROLLER...



THAT JUST ABOUT TIES IT UP, JOCK! SIGN HERE AND YOU'RE IN THE DRIVING SEAT OF TRYG 2!



... MR. MCINTOSH. I WANT YOU TO OFFER HIM THE SAME BRAND OF CO-OPERATION AND GOODWILL THAT YOU'VE GIVEN ME. THANKS FOR EVERYTHING!



THANKS, HARRY. I'M JUST A WEE BIT NERVOUS!

DON'T WORRY, JOCK! TRYG TAKES A LITTLE GETTING USED TO. DEEP DOWN, THE TRYGVIANs ARE JUST SIMPLE, KINDLY...

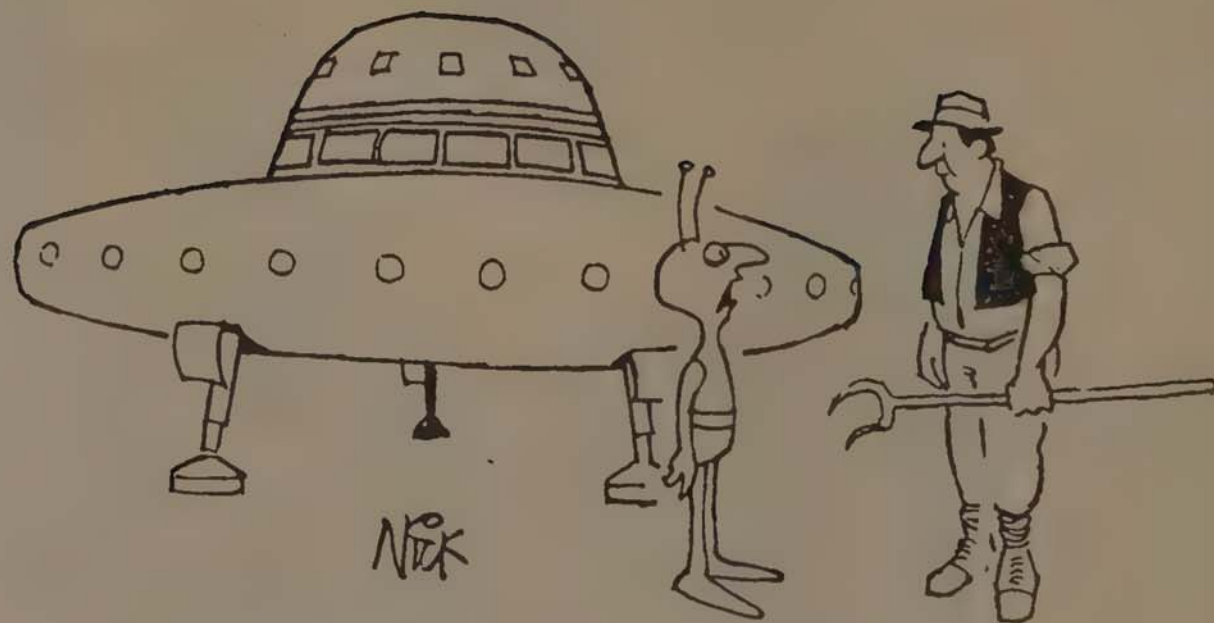


... CURIOUS FOLK!

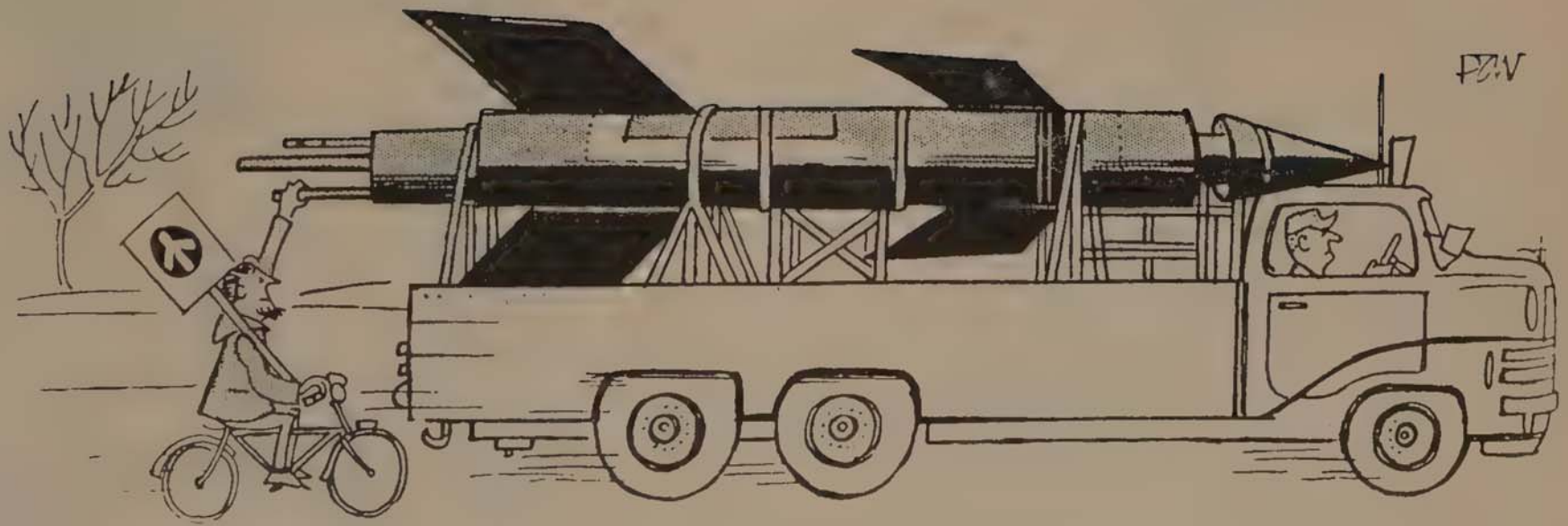


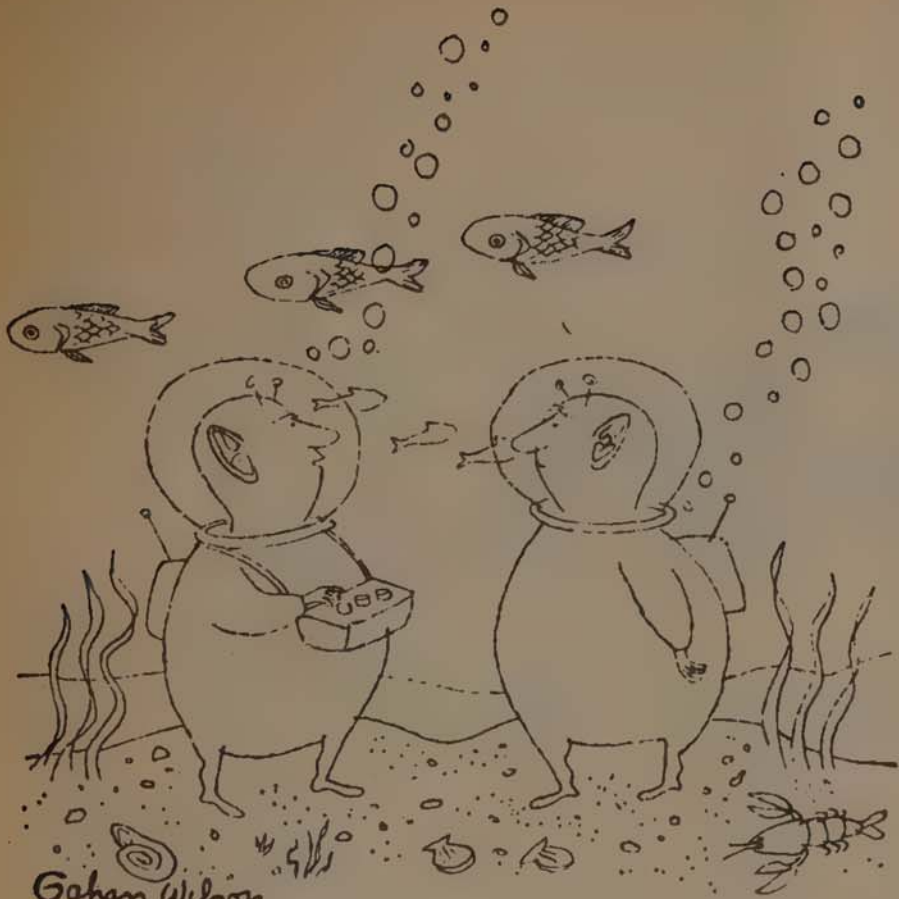


"En français, Jackson, en français."

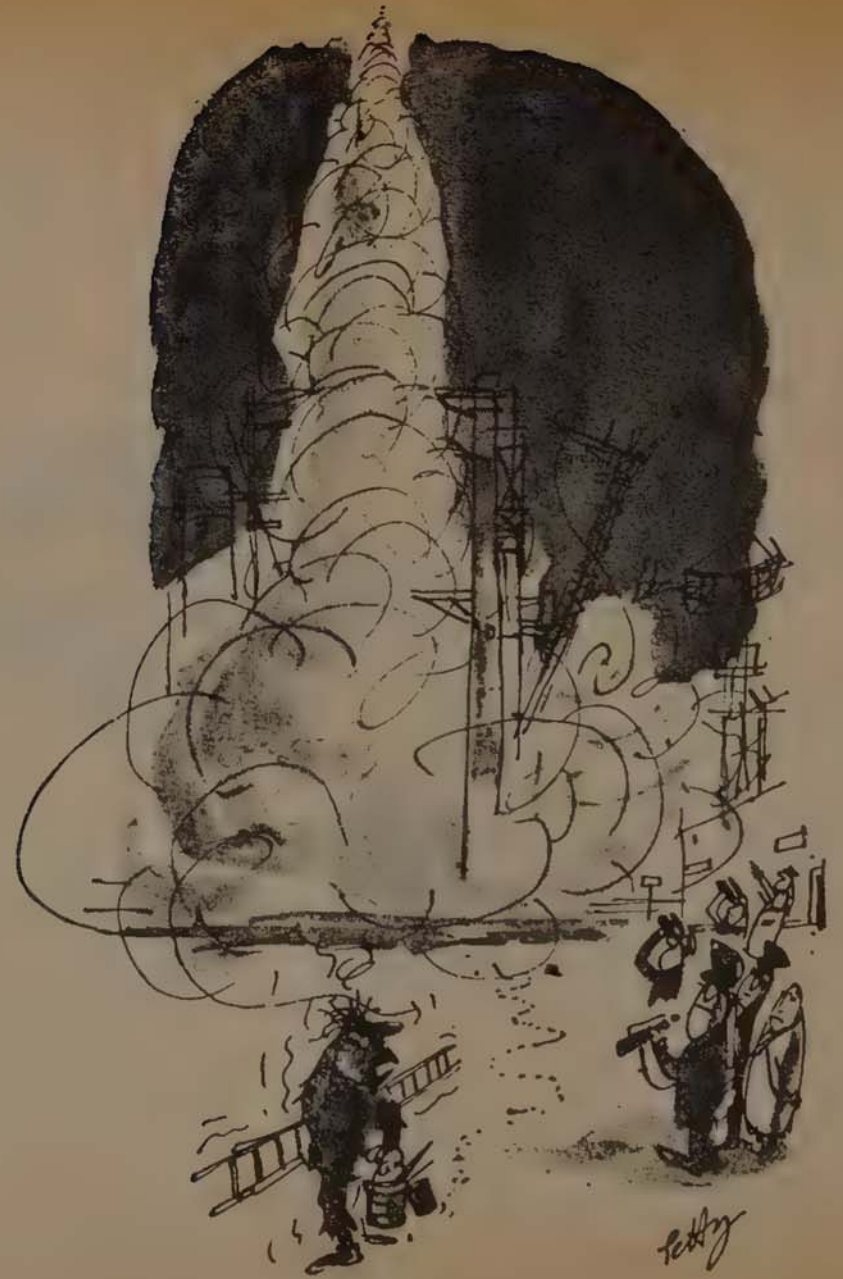


"Doesn't it make you sick? Our baggage has been sent to Jupiter."

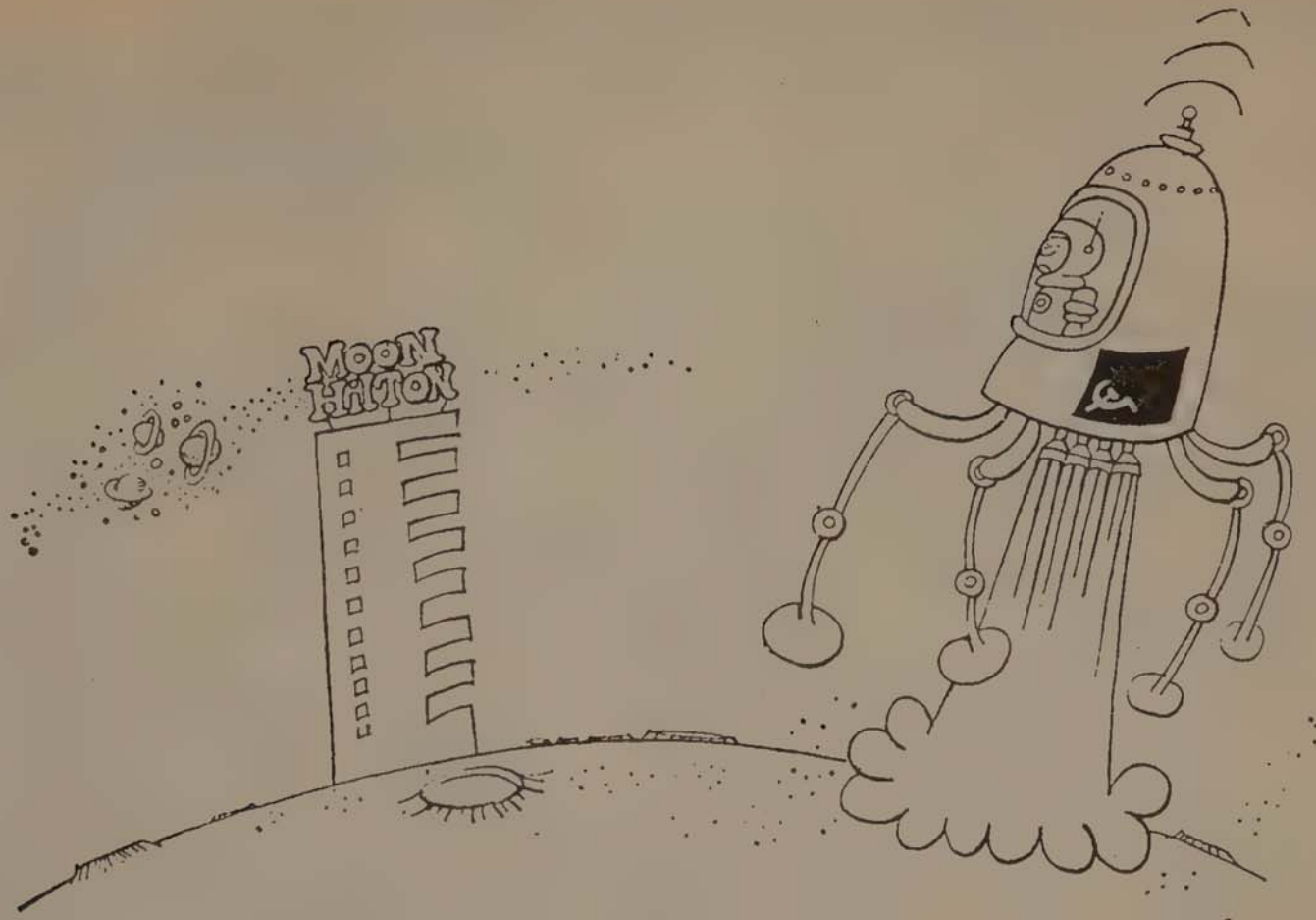




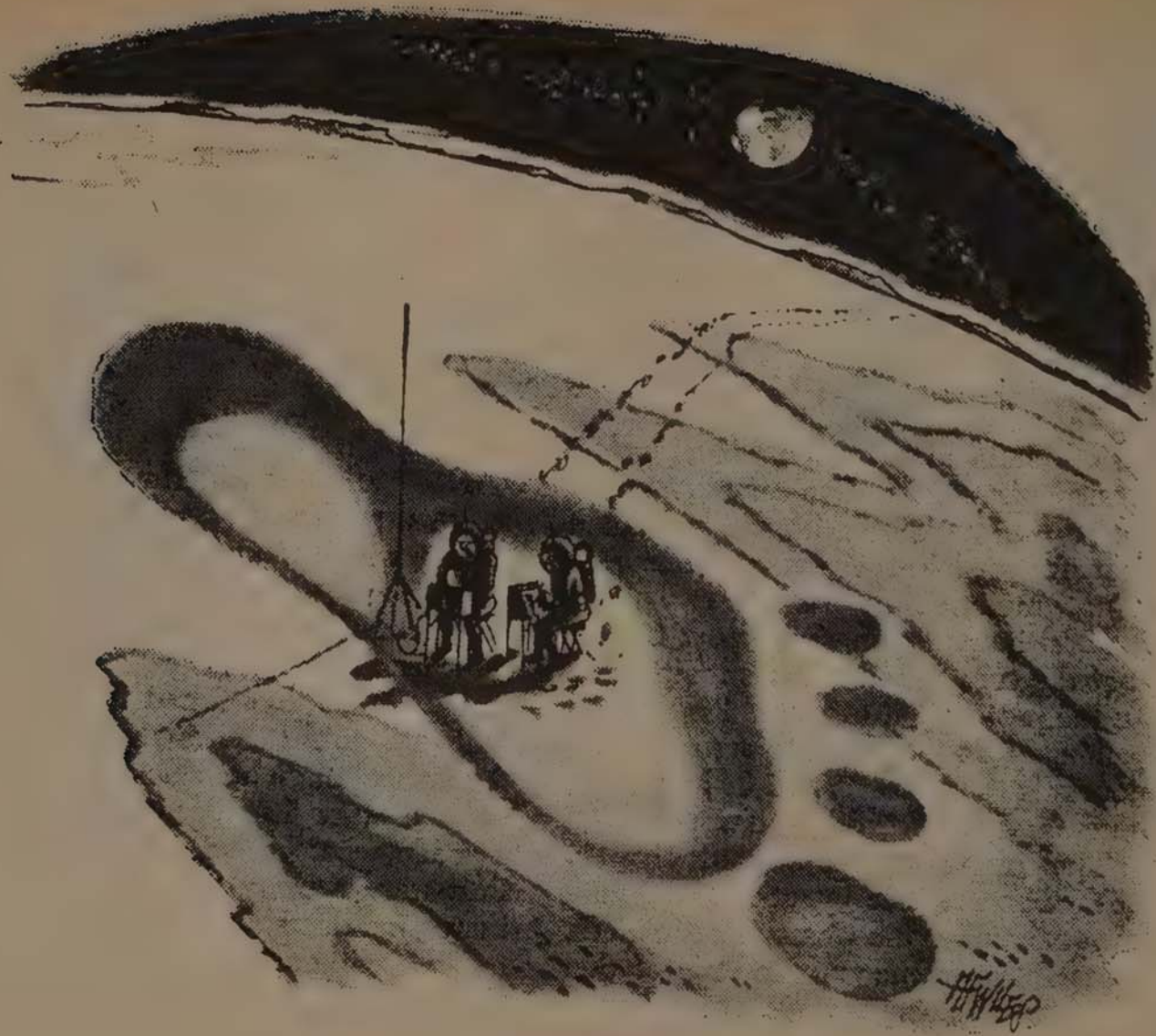
*"Strange . . . Earth's atmosphere
is much denser than we were told it would be."*



*"You might like to know
the number's all smudged."*



HEATH

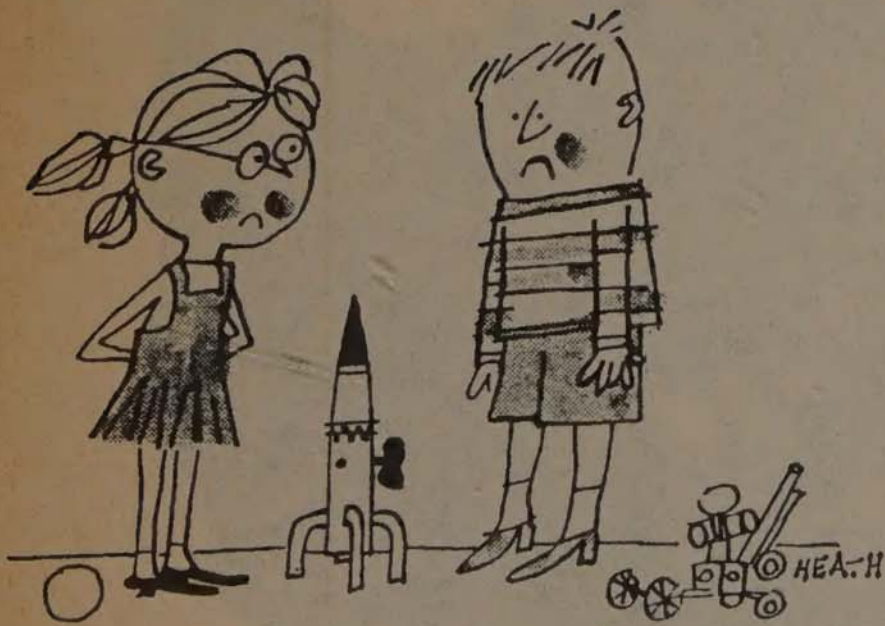


"First expedition five miles out but no sign of life yet."

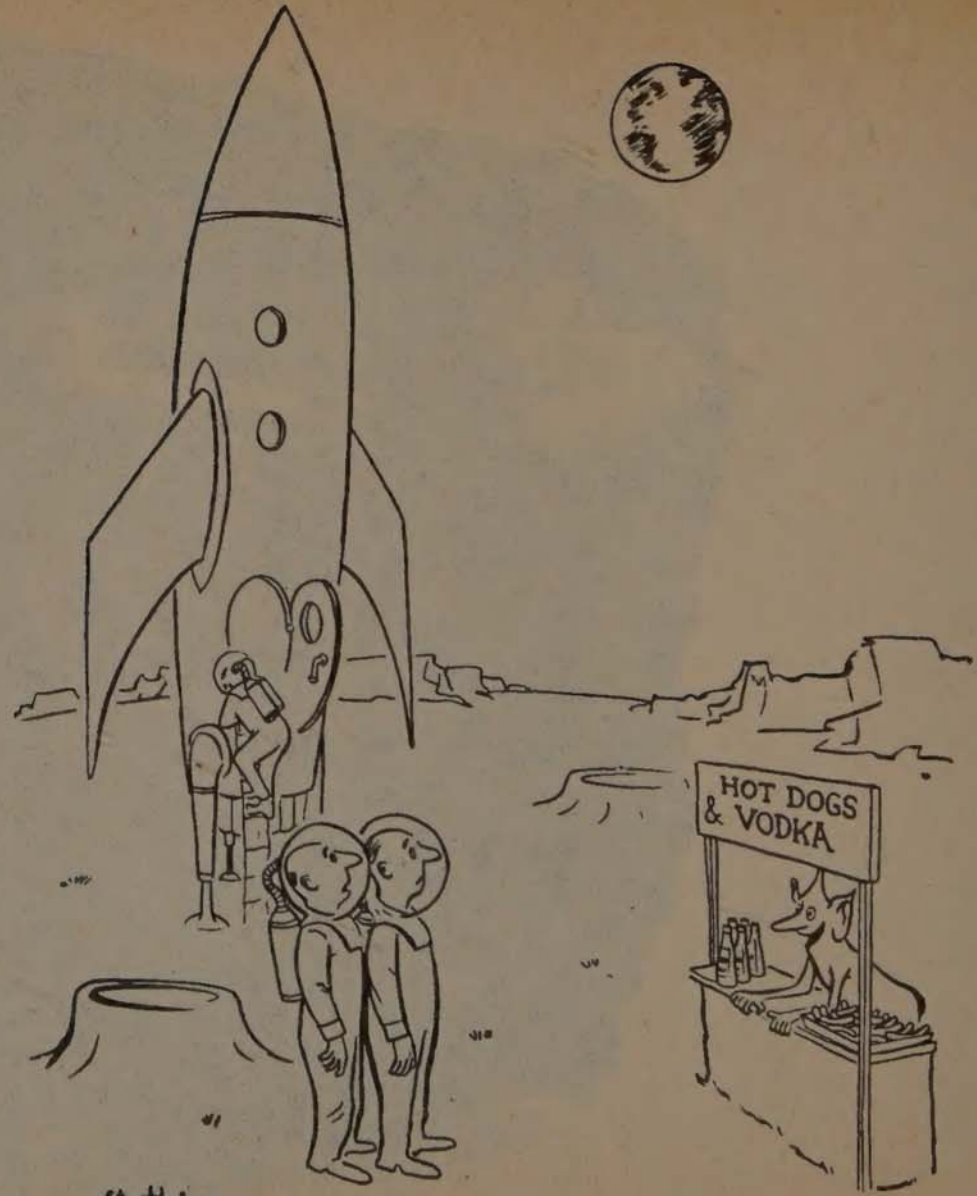


.the!we!.

"Oh - about here, I should think."



"It needs two keys to make it work, and Mum's got the other."



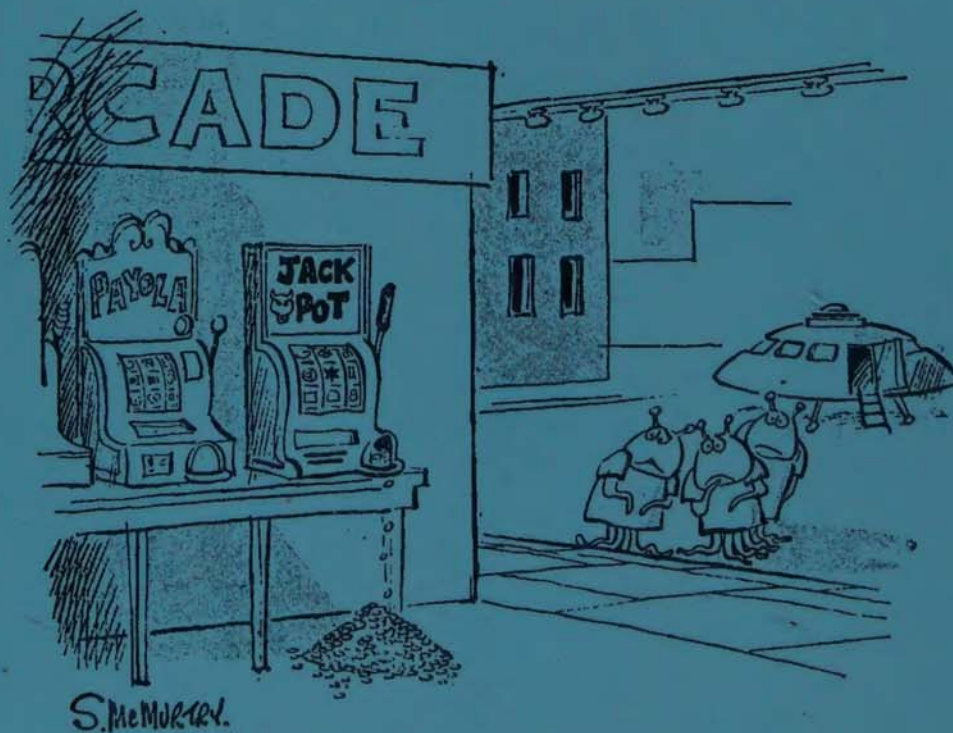
Matthias

"We've been half expecting you."



PUNCH AMONG THE GALAXIES

Is there intelligent life in the Universe (or, for that matter, on Earth)? What happens when Earthlings encounter little green men from Uranus? What do UFOs want with us? The sky's no limit when it comes to the ingenuity of *Punch's* cartoonists. Their comic antennae, ever alert, extend through space and time to scan the limits of science fact - and fiction. Yet, however advanced the technology, it's good to know that, in Bill Tidy's version of the British space station of the future, there'll always be a red anti-gravity carpet for visiting royals . . .



"I just shook his hand and he was sick."

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