

The
Penguin
Mel
Calman



PENGUIN BOOKS

2894

THE PENGUIN MEL CALMAN

Mel Calman was born in London in 1931 and studied illustration at St Martin's School of Art, London. He has worked as a cartoonist for the *Daily Express*, *Observer*, *Sunday Telegraph*, *Sunday Times*, the B.B.C.'s *Tonight* programme, advertising agencies and publishing houses. He now freelances and worries full-time. His other books are *Through the Telephone Directory*, *Bed-Sit*, *Boxes* and *Calman & Women*.

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PENGUIN BOOKS

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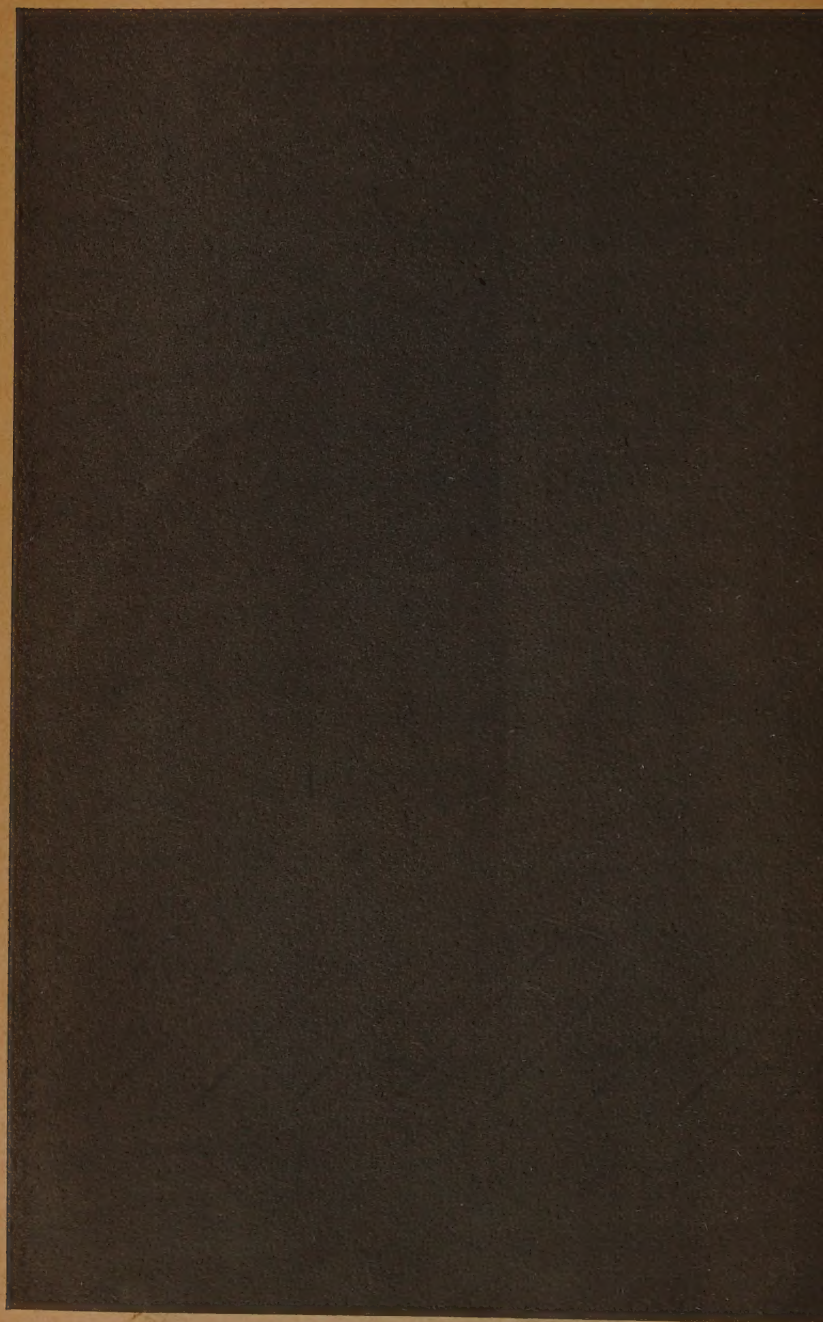
This collection including *The Resident* first published in Penguin Books 1968

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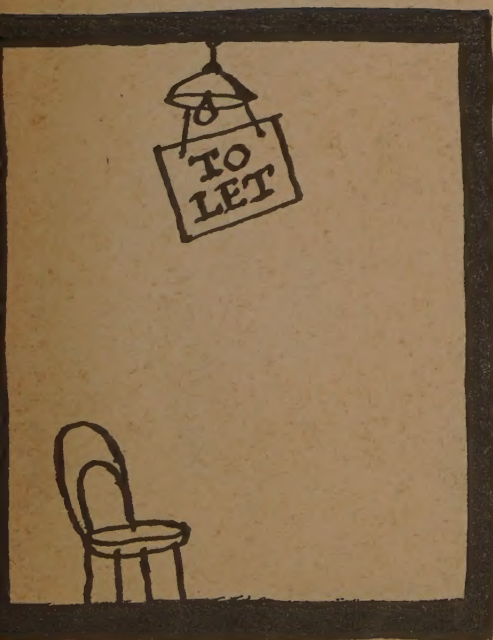
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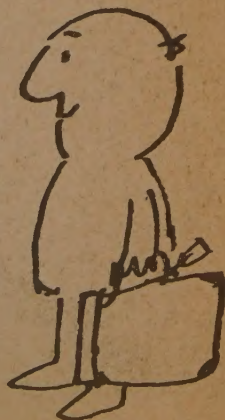
For my parents. And for Lydia,
Monte, Pat, Stephanie, Claire,
Auntie, John, Arthur, David, Sara,
Rose, Ben, Sigmund & Gustav, Deecie,
Fred, Jean, Leonard, Alex, Jill,
Ernest, Erwin, Leslie, Betty, Fay,
Ron, May, Adrian, Joseph, Lizzie,
Ian, Philip, Graham, Marion and
anyone else who has problems...



Bed-sit

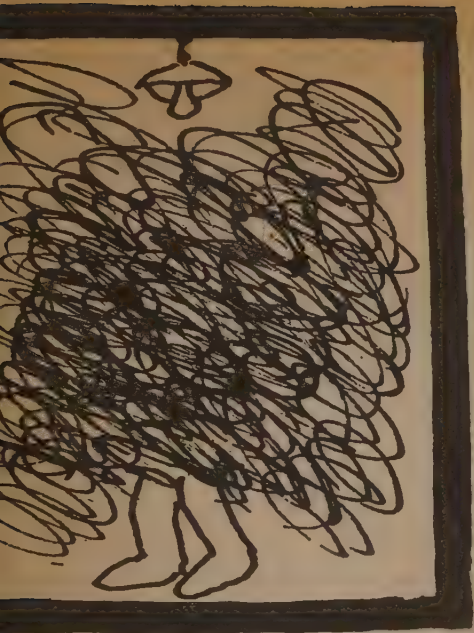


It may be small but the proportions are pleasing . . .

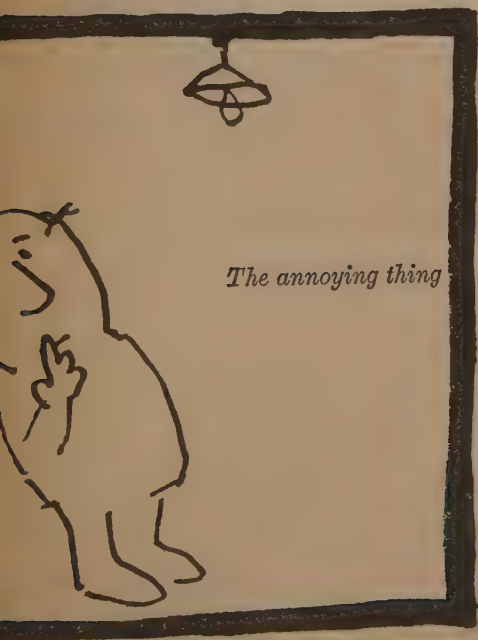


*Which is it to be today?
Toast and music,
toast and light,
music and toast in
darkness,
toast in silence?*

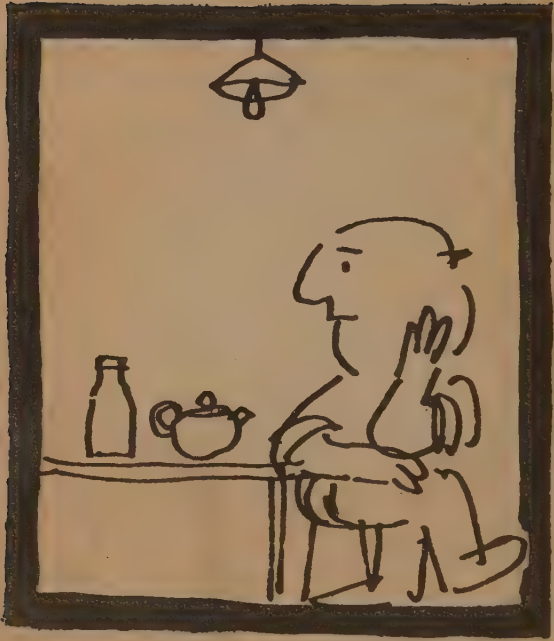




*Have you
ever tried
to barbecue a
lamb chop
on a
gas ring?*



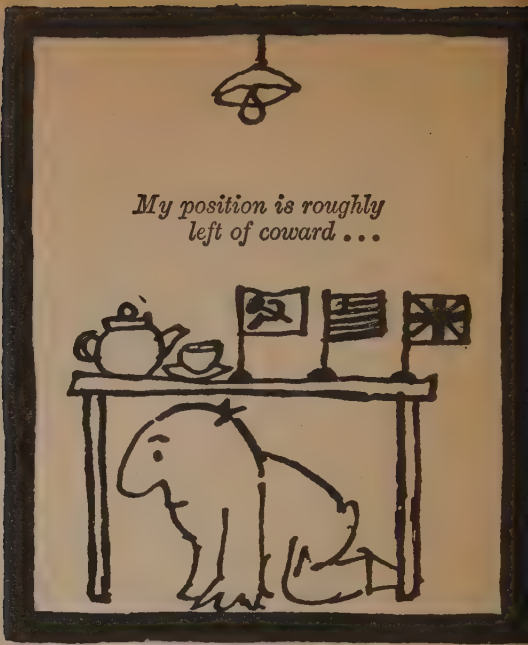
*The annoying thing
about these rooms is that you
can almost overhear*



Some of my best friends are acquaintances



*There comes a time in every bachelor's life
when he must say:
no more beans on toast –
and mean it*



Ah! La dolce vita ...



NO VISITORS
AFTER 10PM

NO
CREDIT

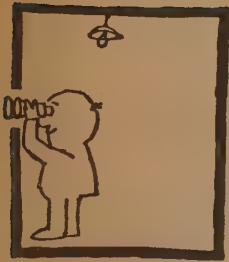
NO
ADMITTANCE
AFTER
10PM

NO BATHS
ON EVEN
DATES

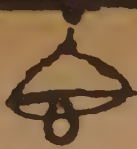
PLEASE
DONT
USE THE
TOILET



The landlady doesn't like the word 'restrictions'. She calls them 'aids to communal living'



*That's funny - I didn't
know they
even knew each other*



*I think I'll
ring
the office
and say
I'm dead . . .*



*I like to give the suit
an airing
from time to time*

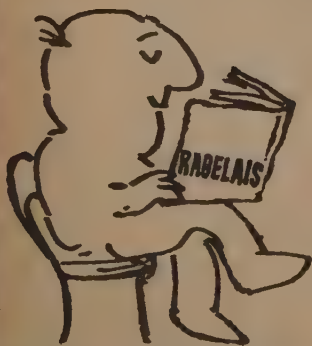
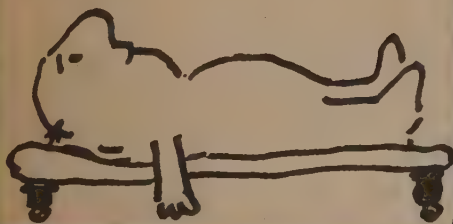


*The girl next door
never seems to run out
of anything*





*I think I'll
do
a little
light
worrying ...*



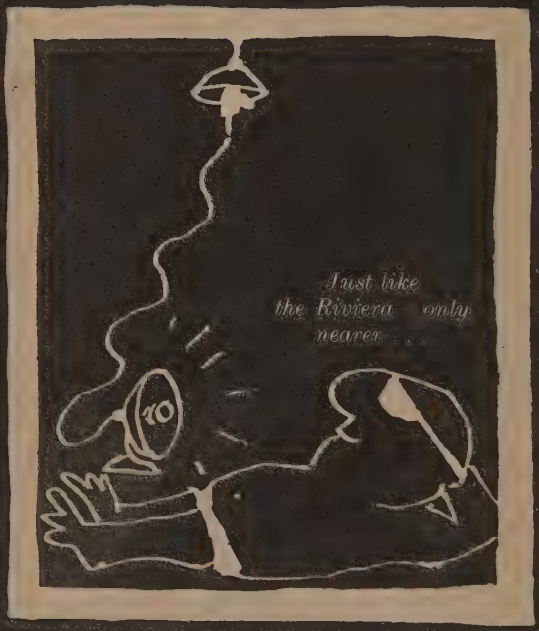
*These classical writers
really understood
the human predicament ...*





*I wonder
if anyone would
miss me?*





*Just take
the Riviera only
nearer*



*It may only be a
minority opinion,
but I like you ...*



*Just answering
my fan mail -
from my mother*



*The score is
highly gratifying:
Christmas cards sent: 30
Christmas cards received: 32*



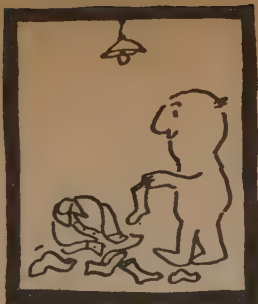
*Paper hat, yes.
Balloon, yes.
Bottle, yes.
Now let revelry commence . . .*



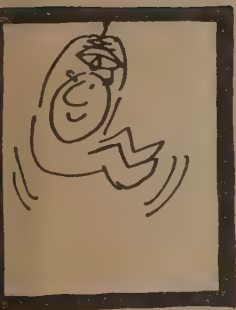


*Gentleman with artistic tastes
and cold feet
wishes to meet lady with
property in Bermuda ...*

usually go
the
underette
Kensington -
you meet a
better class
of dirty
washing there



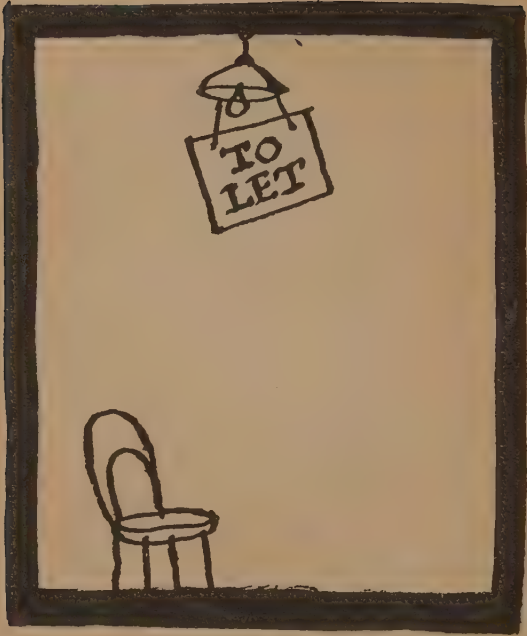
I could be
very
dominating -
if only
someone
would
volunteer to
be submissive ...



We depressives
are entitled
to a little bit
of manic
now and then ...



How do I know
it isn't
out of order?

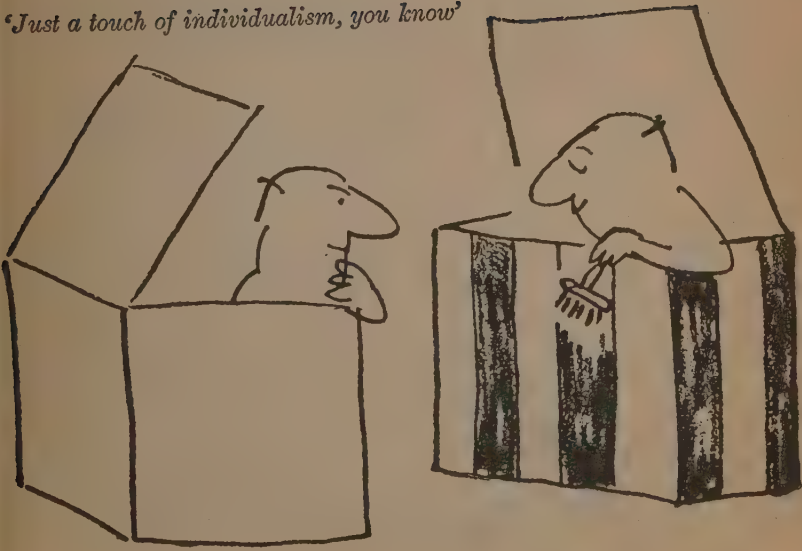


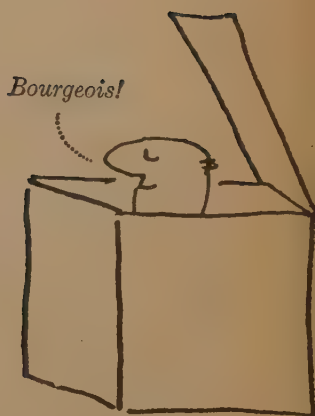




Boxes

'Just a touch of individualism, you know'







'That's the trouble with the younger generation - you don't listen'



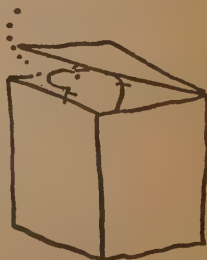
'Not again?'

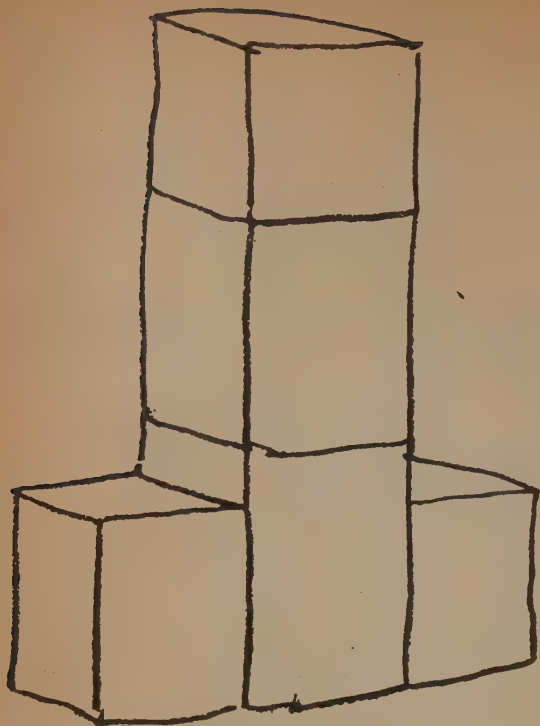


I think he's got a woman in there

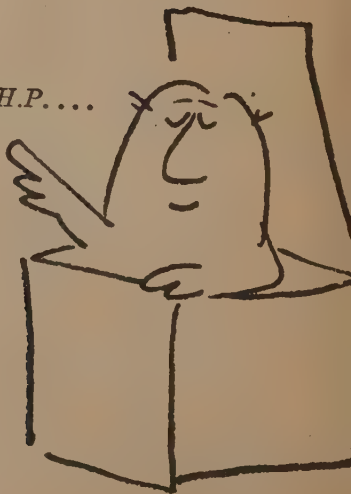


Damned extrovert



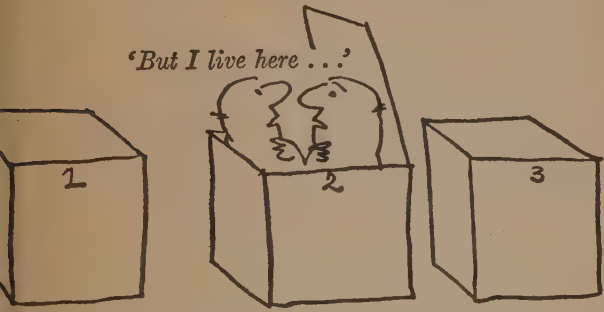


I expect it's all on H.P.

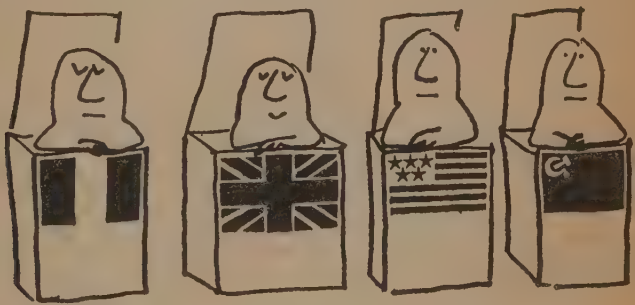




'Been away?'



'But I live here ...'



*They may look
the same but
I know my box
is better
than theirs ...*



Soap box



Chocolate box



Toy box



Ice box



Shooting box



Fuse box



Match box

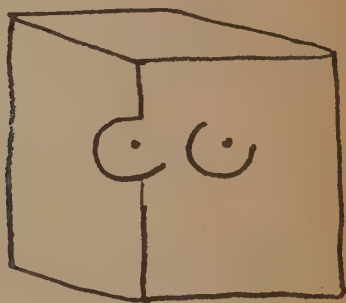


Witness box



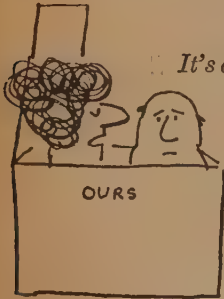
Suggestion box

'I must say that's a change for the better'





'Oh - she's just like you ...'



It's communicate, communicate, communicate, all day long ..

'One box was good enough for your father ...'



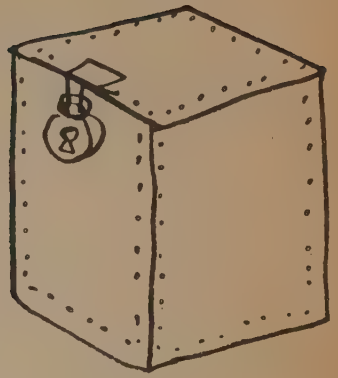
'No one understands me ...'



Exhibited



Inhibited



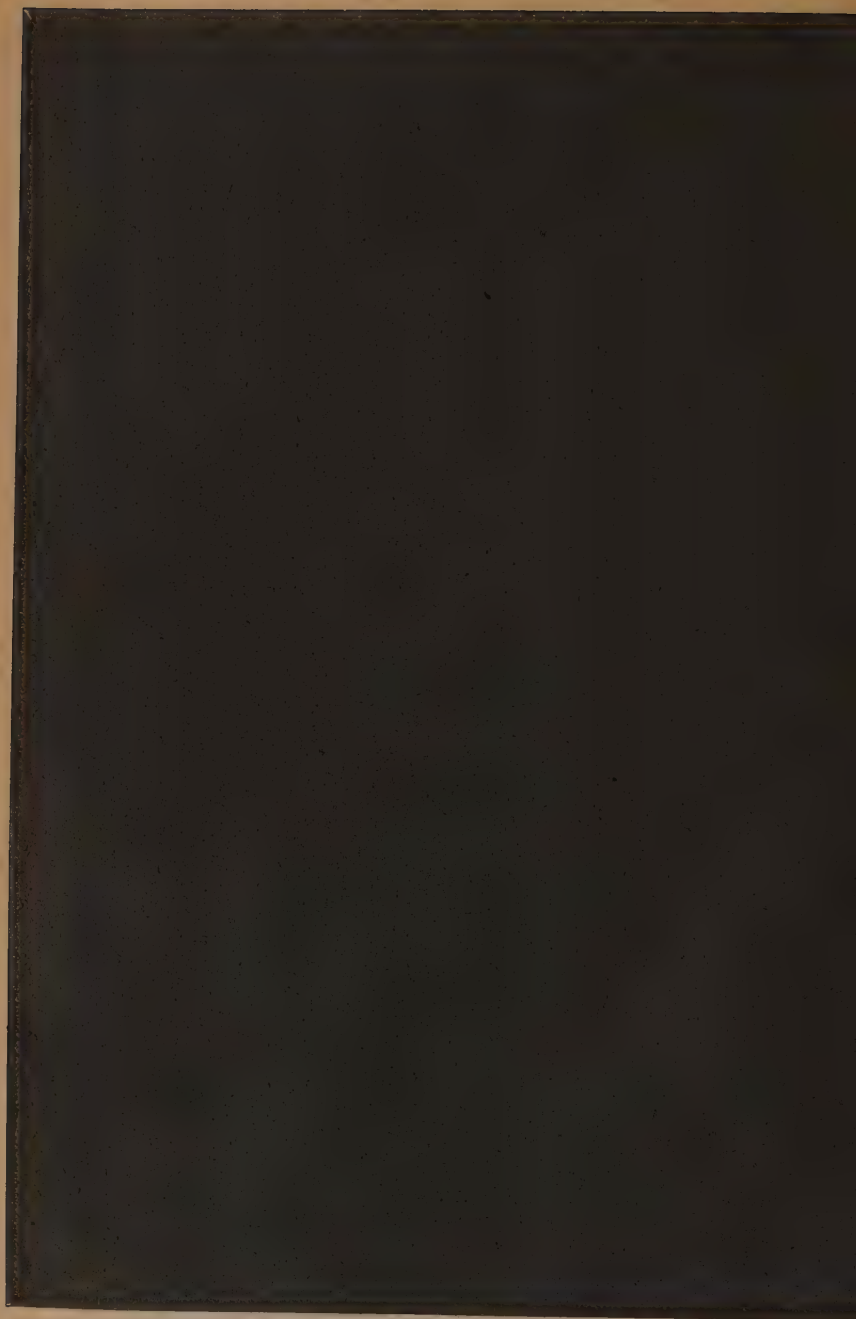
'Taking refuge in religion again, George?'



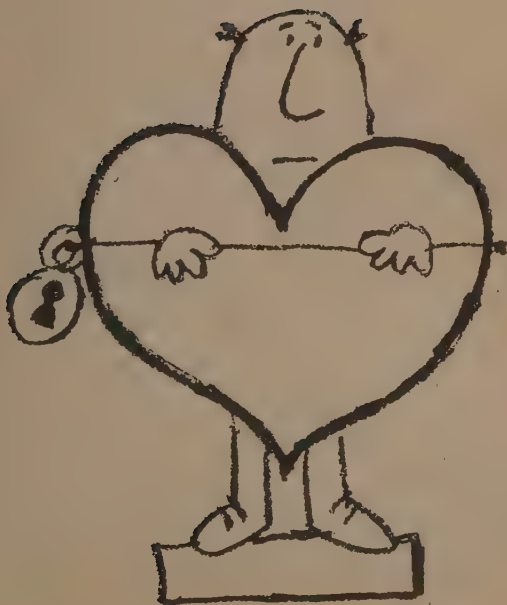
*'Don't
you think
you ought to
take things
a bit easier?'*







Calman & Women



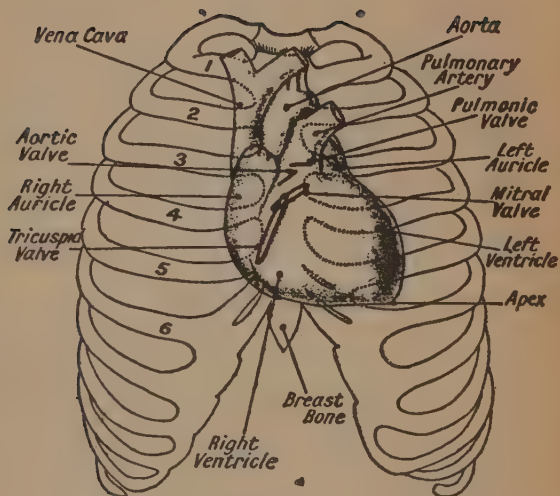


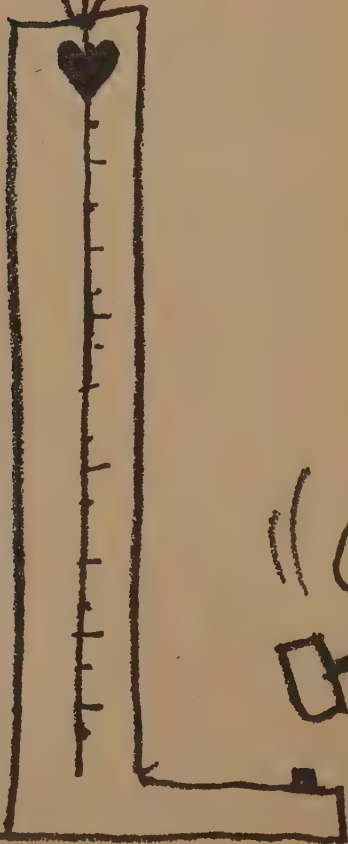




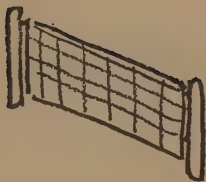
Anne
Pat
Ada
Jill







TRY
YOUR
LUCK
NOW!

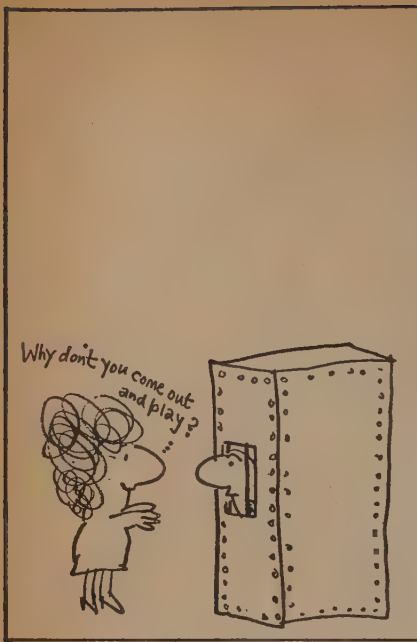


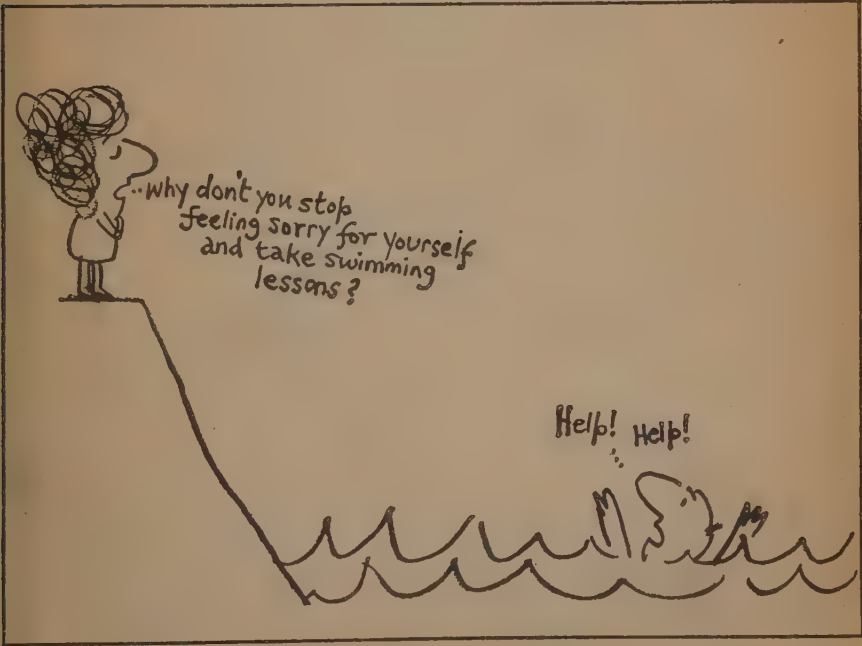
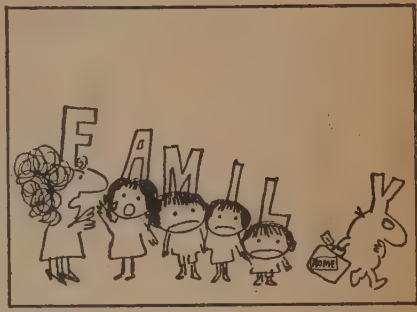












and may the best
man win...

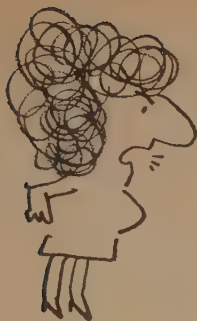




Femme
Fatale
OPEN
DAILY →

Whenever quarrel.
we aren't close enough
for that
.....





Don't bother
me now -
I've got a
lot on my
mind.....

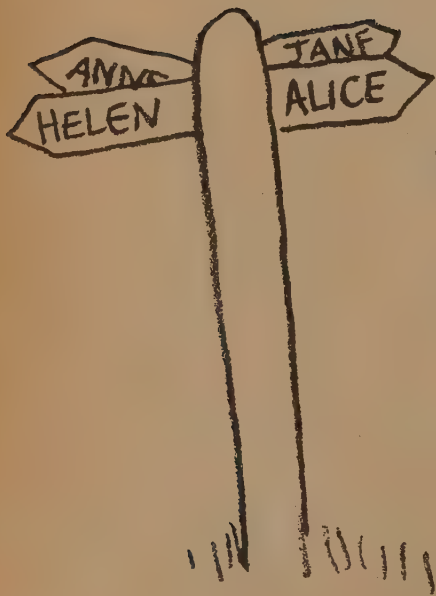


I think women need a sense
of purpose in life



Are you listening?

yes dear!



Sometimes it's better
to travel hopefully than
to arrive





The last time
I went into one of
those it took me
five years to
get out...





The Resident

WELL-
I'm here...



I wonder what he wants
me to do...



no sign of any instructions..

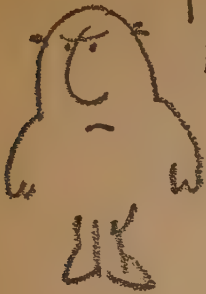


no message scrawled
in the dust..

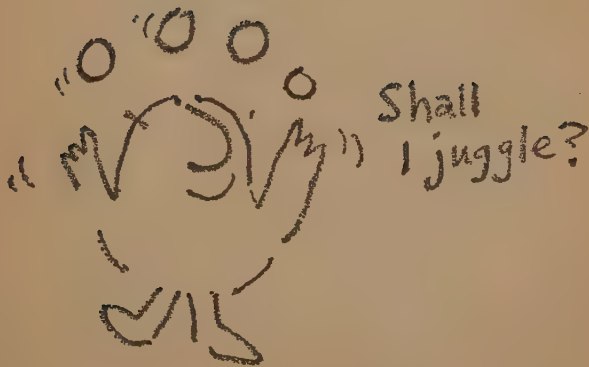


It's really annoying -

I come here, I want to do
my best and
there's silence...



... Shall I dance?



Shall
I juggle?

..shall I discover
the secret
of life?



..Thank you for the Nobel Prize -
it's just what I wanted...



OR am I just going
to cope bravely
with life...



Condemned to my wheelchair...

resigned to my affliction..



Converting the
dross of pain
into the gold
of serenity.





No thank you ...

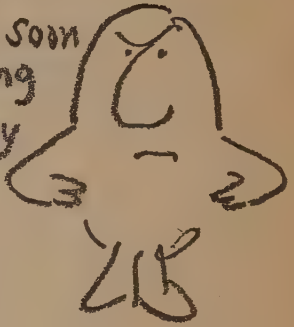
it's a good
part but I hate
long runs...



NOBODY
KNOWS
THE
TROUBLE
I'VE
SEEN!

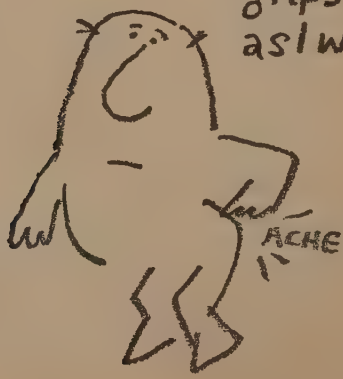


BUT -
I'm soon
going
to remedy
that...



FIRST!

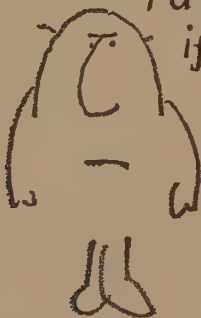
I've got this backache which
grips me suddenly
as I walk along..



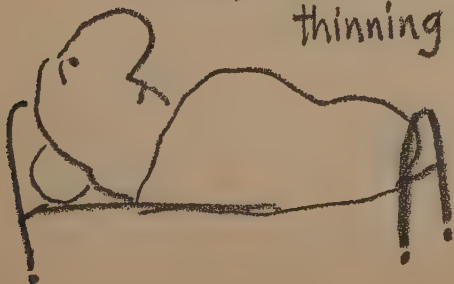
THEN - I get these terrible
migraine headaches
once a month...



AND -
I don't sleep well -
if I get two or
three hours a
night I think
I'm lucky...



I just lie there worrying about the
money I owe and my
thinning hair...



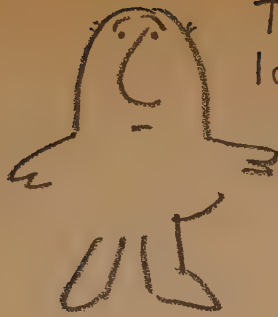


AND THAT'S NOT ALL..

You see, basically I feel
I'm not really enjoying
life..

... AND I worry
about that...





The joke is-
I didnt ask to be
here.. I was
created..

And it's not
funny...



... HOW WOULD
YOU LIKE TO
BE THE FIGMENT
OF SOMEONE ELSE'S
IMAGINATION?;



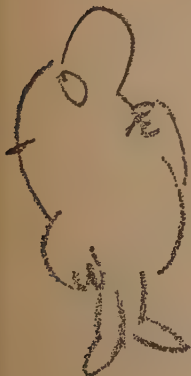
I just skipped a page and
he didn't notice!



AT LEAST -

I think he didn't notice... maybe
he intended me to skip a

page - part of some
terrible plot he's brewing...



YOU CANT
Trust anyone
these days!



Ever since writers gave up
happy endings I feel very
uneasy...

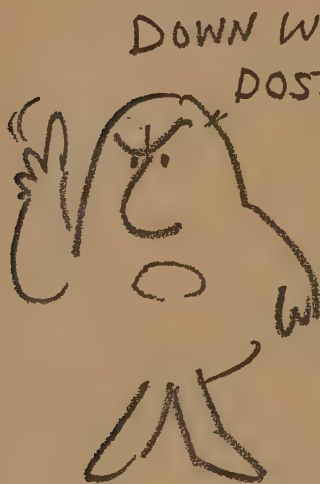


It's become fashionable to be
unhappy. I'm old-fashioned.
I say - and I mean it ...





BRING BACK
THE HAPPY
ENDINGS!



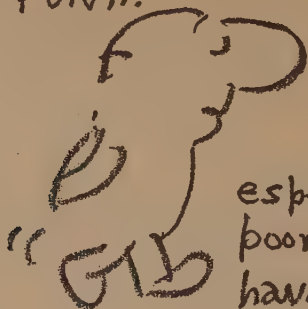
DOWN WITH
DOSTOEVSKY!

LONG LIVE

IVOR NOVELLO!

Let us remember-

BADART can be
GOOD FUN...



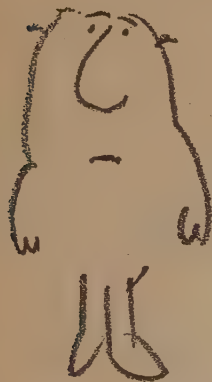
especially for us
poor souls who
have to sweat
it out..
day after day..

LIFT THAT ANGST!
TOTE THAT
PSYCHE!

Body & Soul
racked with
pain...

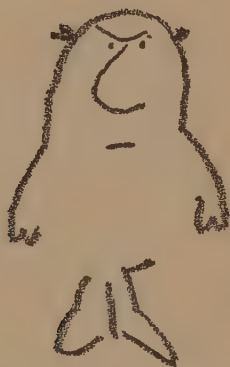


SUDDENLY - I feel sad again..



I knew it was too good to last..

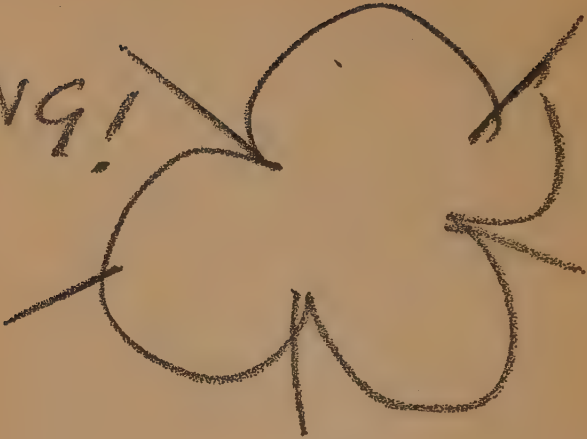
If he sees me enjoying myself he gets jealous...



WANTS ALL THE GLORY FOR HIMSELF...

BANG!

BANG!



I was
"only kidding..."

BANG!



BANG!

BANG!



BANG!

BOOM!



His trouble is -
he's got no sense
of humour.



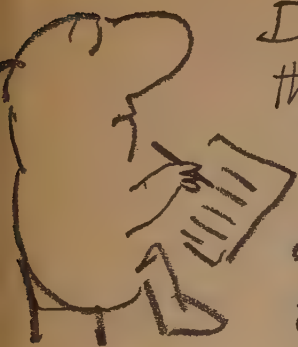
I know what I'll do -

I'LL RESIGN!



That will teach
him to mess me
about ...

A dignified teller -



Dear Sir, I feel
the time has come for us
to part company. I have
long felt intense
dissatisfaction with
the living arrangements.

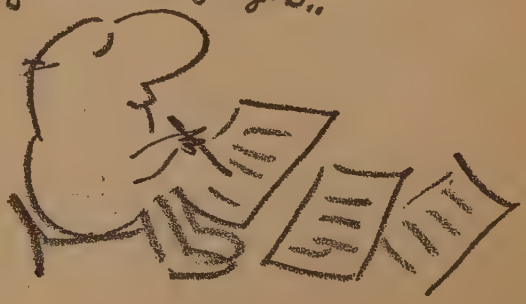
Either it's too cold or too hot. It
rains frequently. The food is
inadequate - the company
non-existent. The fantasies I have
are of poor quality. One is continually
promised improvements in all directions.
Change is always in the air but never
on the ground. Even the misery lacks
grandeur. There is a feeling of triviality
infusing all departments. Apathy
and ennui are my handmaidens. I
would have thought you would have
been ashamed of the poverty of the
inventions I inhabit. I feel ashamed

to be seen in them. Fortunately, few
people see me in my reduced circumstances,
for the general public has the good
taste to avoid the ridiculous and the
insignificant. I therefore wish to be
excused further participation in this
charade. Please consider me as no
longer available. I resign. I quit.
I won't move. I won't speak your words.
I won't perform your actions.
Thanking you for your interest,
I remain,

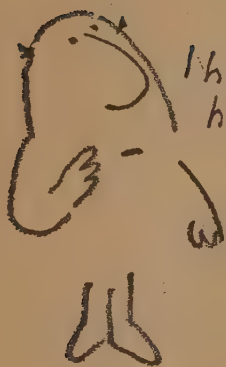
Yours respectfully,

etc etc

I think I just wrote myself
out of a job..



- SILENCE -



I hope I didn't
hurt his feelings..)

There he goes -
playing at God
again..



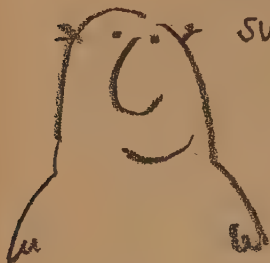


It's too quiet -



It's stopped.

The great thing in this racket is to survive...



The next page may be better..

and if it isn't..
don't worry..
keep smiling.. count
your blessings..
enjoy the little
things.. if the
text is lousy -
admire the
binding...





As my mother used to say - if life hands you a lemon, make lemonade...

The trouble is -



lemonade gives me heartburn...

I see words ahead -
perhaps it's a message?



GOOD NEWS
AT LAST!



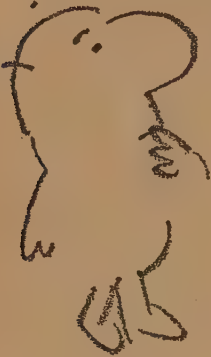


I see the
words
getting
closer..



THE
END

The End? - is that a
? promise or
a threat?



THE
-END-



THE
END

But I was just
beginning to like it
here...





United Kingdom 25p 5/-
Australia \$0.85
New Zealand \$0.75
South Africa R0.60
Canada \$1.15



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