

OFFFBASE



O F F B A S E

A Collection of Cartoons

by

BARRY BASE

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Barry Base

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I N T R O D U C T I O N

I first met Base at a private school which, for the sake of its reputation, shall remain nameless. We got together with youthful enthusiasm, so I recall, to launch an exam failure insurance business. The scheme never got off the ground due to somewhat understandable public apathy, and I accepted its fate stoically, being more concerned at the time with poetry readings on the roof. But Barry seemed soured by the experience, and realizing that any pursuit related to the scholarly was doomed to failure, he founded an association of conscientious objectors through which he hoped, with characteristic dogged determination, to undermine the whole of lower education.

Later, while actively engaged in this pioneering effort he was suspended, ostensibly for his irreverent habit of laughing. The movement, however, carried on; he was quite proud when the latest statistics concerning high school drop-outs were issued.

After defiantly passing all his exams on his own, he tried to further his cause by enrolling at Teacher's College with an eye, I suppose, toward internal sabotage. Unfortunately the atmosphere proved too much for him, so he retreated slightly and appeared in the ranks of York University. It is a tribute to his tactical genius that he is still there, studying General Arts to keep up appearances. He is often seen on campus, malevolently moustached, driving a red sports car which falls apart as regularly as his regard for the human race.

Through it all his campaign continues- this little collection of his artistic efforts is his latest weapon. Some people may laugh at the contents, others may go away muttering, but to the Outsider his purpose is clear. As civilization crumbles around him, the author will sit calmly, pen in hand, catching all the nuances of its downfall. He'll probably live unhappily ever after.

-J. Jones

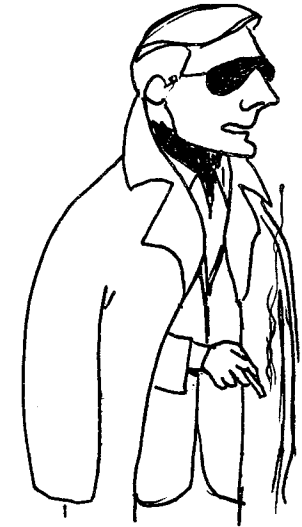
I have this friend who breaks up with some chick and then is absolutely miserable for WEEKS- he can't eat, he can't sleep, he can't work-- you know, the whole sick bit!



He goes through the same agony every time simply because he refuses to accept the elementary, basic fact that a chick is an ACCESSORY, just like a stereo phonograph or a pair of driving gloves- an aid to gracious living.



I say to him, "Look-- should I expect to COMMUNICATE with my Jaguar? Do I grow wan and misty-eyed if my electric razor seizes up? Then why insist on dragging these human values into your relationships with girls?"



I say "Sure- take her places, amuse her, meet her parents, make out with her, FINE! But get seriously ATTACHED (God forbid), open your SOUL to her and you'll scare her half to death and blow the whole thing to smithereens!"



I tell him, "That's just the way it is, man. You're trying to swim against the current. BUT you must ADMIT, her education and background have equipped her to function WELL in her place. She knows what to say, what to wear, what to serve...."



ACCEPT her limitations-- when BRANKSOME girls come equipped for LIFE, I'll let you know!"



So after my fixation on window sills, my soul, the core of my entire being did a take-off --dig? Live fast, love fast, die fast.



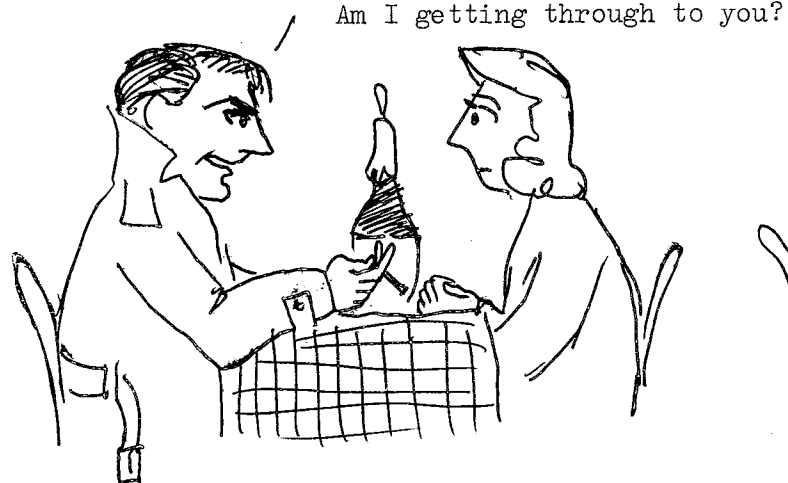
I knew that in spite of myself I was building up a head of steam to burst the bonds of the physical and shatter my libido like so much schrapnel!



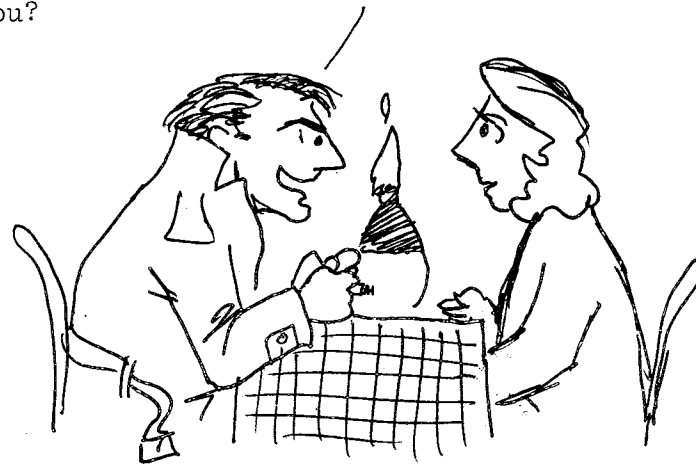
When I read Kerouac I almost went out of my mind! In a flash-- MY ideas! MY feelings! Expressed better than I ever could! It was like a curtain being raised for me!! Dig?



I knew then that if I was to LIVE life and WRITE I had to break through the facade and FEEL everything! Experience everything-- pain, ecstasy, suffering, love, jazz, speed, beatitude. EVERYTHING!



This summer at four in the morning I stood on Telegraph Hill and with a bottle of Muscatel in my hand, I looked out into the ocean and SAW GOD! I KNEW!! Do you understand?



Look-- why don't you come out to our 'Young Peoples' ?



I asked my parents if I could have a couple of kids over on New Year's Eve and it was a real scream because no kidding about a hundred and fifty showed up.....



It was a real BALL because everyone brought BOOZE and Chubby Checker LPs and they set up a bar in my little sister's bedroom and everyone got STONED out of their MINDS and TWISTED and MADE OUT all over the place...



You know Jimmy Witherspoon, -his father's the magistrate- well, he got really BOMBED and wouldn't come down off the ROOF, and then Frank Cartwright passed out and fell through a glass door.. ..yeh, wild!



There was beer all over everything, and cigarette burns in the furniture, but like Daddy said, the kids were just letting off steam, and like a lot of



them are trying to FIND themselves. Mother said wasn't it terrible what the BOMB does to people....

At 3 AM kids were going to the neighbours to borrow ice cubes or use their washrooms or something, and I guess somebody called the cops.



So they came and Freddy Jackson was sick all down this one cop's uniform and the cop called him.... well, something really HORRIBLE- I can't tell you on the phone....



He's going to get it, though, because Fred's dad is a lawyer and he's going to make trouble with Summerville over it.



Mother said wasn't it TERRIBLE to use language like that in front of young people. Father said what do you expect from the working classes!



I didn't want to come here in the first place. It was my old man's idea



"I know what's good for you," he says. "You've GOT to have a B.A. to get ANYWHERE-- look at the mess I made of my life



Asked me why I was deliberately hurting my mother after all she had done for me. Asked me where they had gone WRONG.



So I gave in



So I've been to two classes in three weeks. I have three essays overdue. I've failed six tests and I've been invited to visit the Dean at my earliest convenience.



And I could be pulling in \$55 a week in the insurance company.





I'm an ascetic. I've been standing here in the wilderness for forty years protesting the decadence and corruption of society or something... Actually, its been so long that I'm a little foggy as to what exactly my original motives WERE in coming out here. It's amazing how time blurs the old issues....



Every five or six years some smarty type reporter turns up to do an interview-- Reader's Digest-- family reading stuff...



They ask me WHY I'm here. I have to tell them SOMETHING or look like a FOOL. I've got SOME self respect, you know. I say I'm waiting for the word of GOD, working for my prophet's licence. THAT fixes 'em.



Last year a whole TV crew arrived with lights, cameras, scripts-- the whole bit. I issued a bulletin... "THE WRATH OF THE LORD IS IMMINENT!" They were electrified.



But it's not all fame and glory. Consider the occupational hazards... heat, wind, insects, these damn birds....



Frankly I'd pack up the whole thing and go home, but my foot's gone to sleep.

BAB

Mind you, we never expected the VOLUME. We figured on a couple of kooks rolling up here every week for a little morale boosting, but the response has been TREMENDOUS. "Mrs. A." has become a household word.....



Frankly, the department was snowed under. We considered holding group therapy sessions in the lecture halls and holding lectures in the offices. As it is, they're queued up here ten deep by 8 AM. Some bring cots and spend the night in line.



And PROBLEMS! These kids have problems like you never HEARD. Half of them should be handled through the courts, not the counselling service!



Anyway, we got IBM up here to systematize the whole procedure. Students who can't work because of financial problems (there actually are some) fill out pink cards. Students who can't work because of love problems fill out blue cards.....



Students who can't work because of problems at home fill out green cards. Students who can't work because of personality problems fill out yellow cards. Students who are lazy and have NEVER worked fill out white cards.



The cards are then shuffled and transferred to the U of T placement service. Duplicates go to the accountant who refunds tuition through the mail. You'd be surprised how our operations have been speeded up!

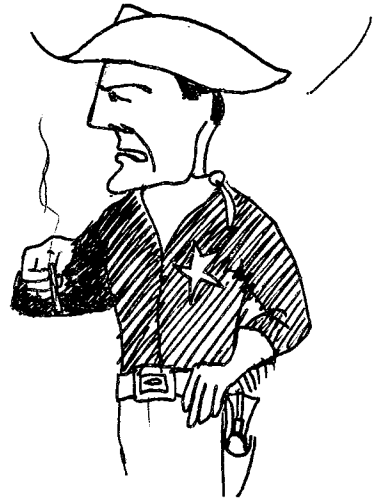


Boob

Go for your gun ,
sherrif! You won't
take me alive!



Don't be a fool . You
need help. You didn't
MEAN to kill all those men.
You were a pawn of your
environment. Tell me
about your father...



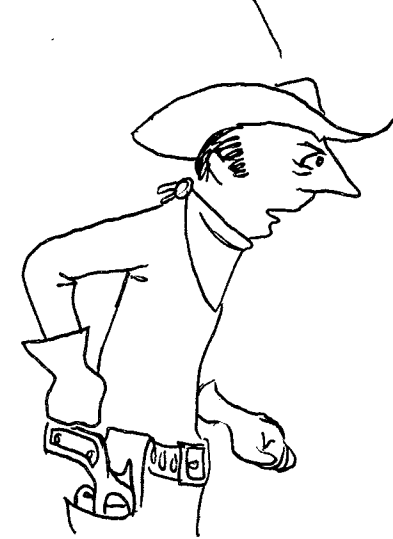
Pop? Pop was
a bartender.
Never saw him
sober.



Ah HAH!
And your
mother....?



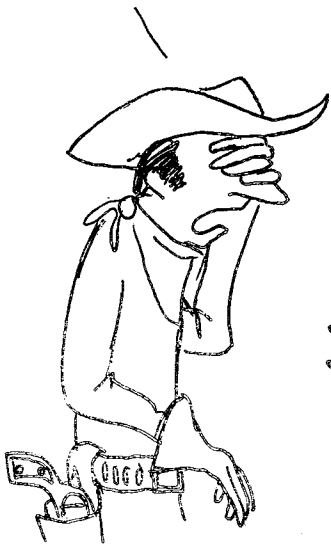
Maw was a loose woman,
sherrif. All the other
kids KNEW and laughed
at me. I never had any
friends.



Yes. I see.
Were you
unhappy in
your job
situation?



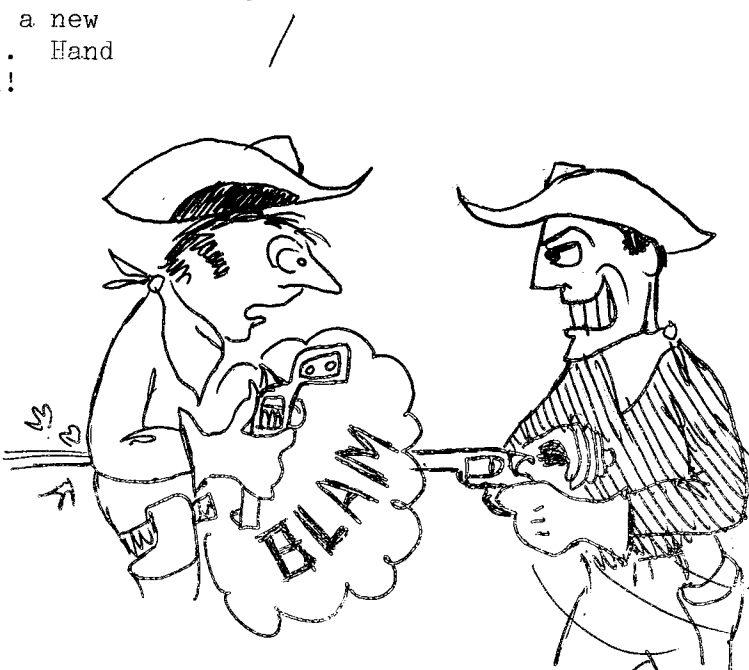
God no. I was a cowboy!
Cows cows cows morning
noon and night, day after
day. I swore I'd scream
if I ever saw another
cow.



See kid? SOCIETY
is the REAL killer.
We can HELP you to
adjust! Make a new
start in life. Hand
over your gun!



OK sherrif,
here's my
gu-

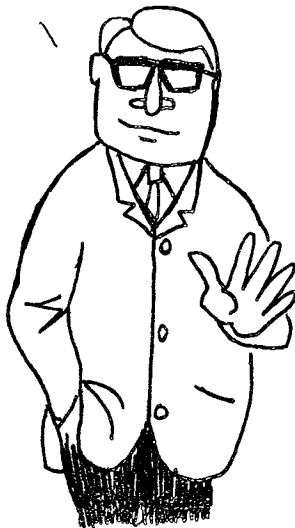


Be reasonable. I have a
duty to the community.
Bullets retail at 3¢.
Psychiatrists cost \$50
an hour. The kid was rotten.
You understand my position.

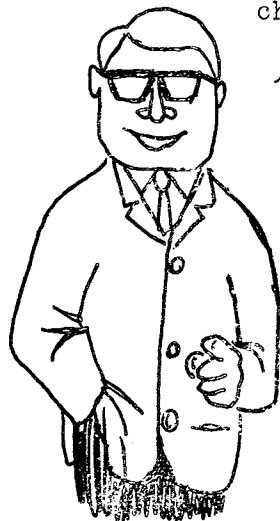


MRS

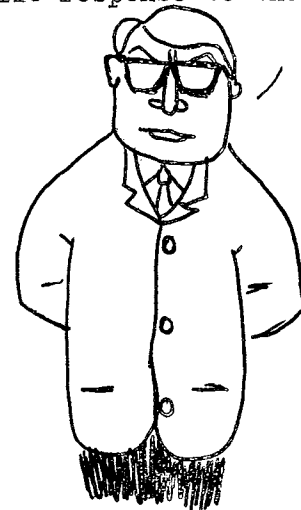
Hi there,
consumers.
I'm Santa Claus.



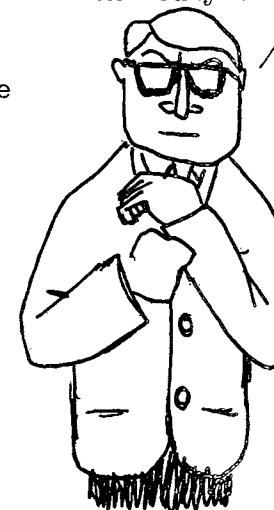
I know what you're thinking-
"Golly, that's not how I
pictured him." Well let me
tell you, we've made some
changes!



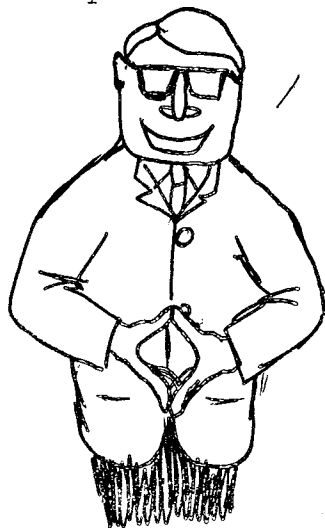
The Board of Directors and myself
have been keeping a finger on the
public pulse these past years, and
frankly we've been disappointed with
public response to the more naïve,
traditional
concept of Santa
Claus- image-wise
that is.



We asked ourselves
bluntly if a fat old
gaffer in a red suit
could SELL Christmas
on today's competitive
market....
The answer
came back
negative!



We handed our contract to a
new PR outfit, who revamped
our whole motif. For me it
was Slenderella, a good Barber,
and Eaton's Junior Executive Shop.
The toys are made in New York by
Matel. The gnomes have been
pensioned off. I'm assisted on my



rounds by a bevy of
beautiful chicks
in bunny outfits....



Unfortunately Mrs. Claus
couldn't make a
satisfactory transition.
The divorce becomes final
next week. I'm sure we'll
all miss her.



I still dispense
Christmas cheer, but
of a slightly different
sort. The rather gauche
Ho Ho Ho Ho routine has
been cut to a polite
chuckle.



So as not to offend
any of you ethnic
minorities out there,
let me wish you not
Merry Christmas, but
Happy Holiday!

BBB

Look, I was just CURIOUS, that's all.



When two people love each other, you'd think the past could be left alone, Harold.

I just want to know where I stand! After all, you went with him for a year!



I don't know why it should matter NOW Harold.

Don't you think I'm MATURE enough to face facts! I just want to know!

Never look back, Harold-FORGET IT !

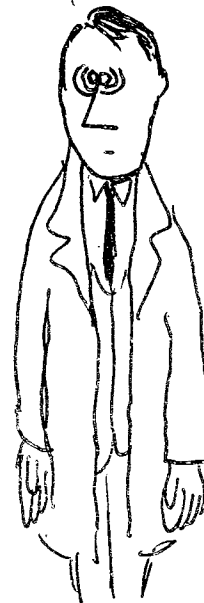


Look, if our relationship MEANS anything to you NOW, TELL me. I'll understand.



ALLRIGHT ALLRIGHT He DID kiss me!

Oh I see



Are we going on?



Oh I see yes oh



Never mind I'll take the bus home.



Look- I'll be frank- we're PLAIN, HONEST, working class people, but by giving our son a university education, we hoped that he'd have something BETTER in life than WE did. An opportunity that WE missed. With the money from the insurance policy, we JUST made the



tuition. Look- you know a BETTER investment than your own SON?

Then one day he comes home and says "Momma, how can I compete at University when my CLOTHES betray my class IV background?" So his sister quit school and got a job to help out, and now he dresses like Cary Grant. Look- should MY kid feel inferior to some little Lawrence Park snob?



About the time I took a night job to make the payments on the skis, tuxedo, and sports car that he had to have so he wouldn't be at a social disadvantage, he was finally accepted by the smart crowd....parties? Look- weekends he was only home to change his clothes!



Then we found out he wasn't going to lectures. He wasn't doing assignments. He couldn't concentrate on his work. He went to see the Dean. The Dean sent him to the psychologist. The psychologist sent him to the psychiatrist. They got together and announced that he would fail his year because he lacked values and



incentives. They said if he managed to pick up a few values and incentives he might try again in 1966.

We were all disappointed. His sister said she couldn't STAND a failure and left home. His father won't speak to him. Next year he'll be working in an insurance office and seeing a psychologist twice a week.....

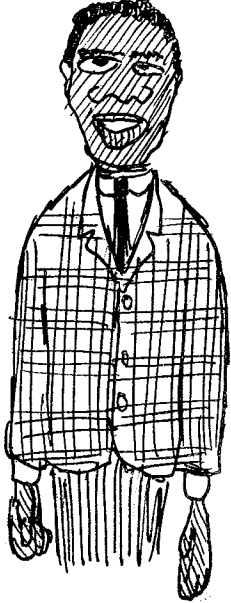


But look- could we have got him into a NICER club for five hundred dollars?

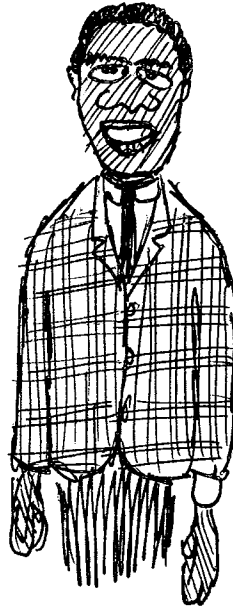


ABF

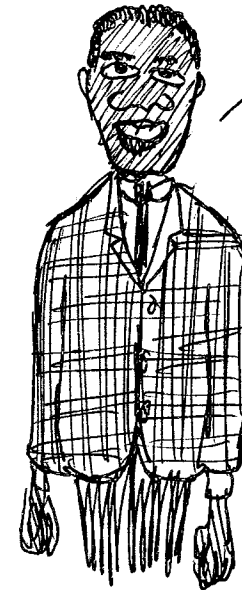
My name is Joseph M'Buto.
I'm studying political
science, history, economics
and sociology on an African
Students scholarship.



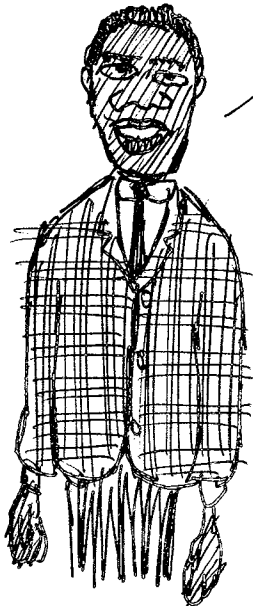
EVERYBODY couldn't
go to Russia. SOME
of us had to come
here. You know how
it is. That's the
way the ball bounces.
I don't really mind.



Actually, everybody
here has been very
kind. There was a
little tension in
the air during the
Congo crisis, but
after the riots at
Ol'Miss, I didn't
eat at home for a
month.



As I'm a member
of a non-white race,
my views have been
sought on the situation
in Ghana, South Africa,
Algeria, Laos, and
several South American
countries, the names of
which I can't recall....



In turn, I appreciated
the opportunity to
observe your customs and
methods, and look forward
to taking this experience
back to my country.



It should be
very useful
after the
Revolution.



press



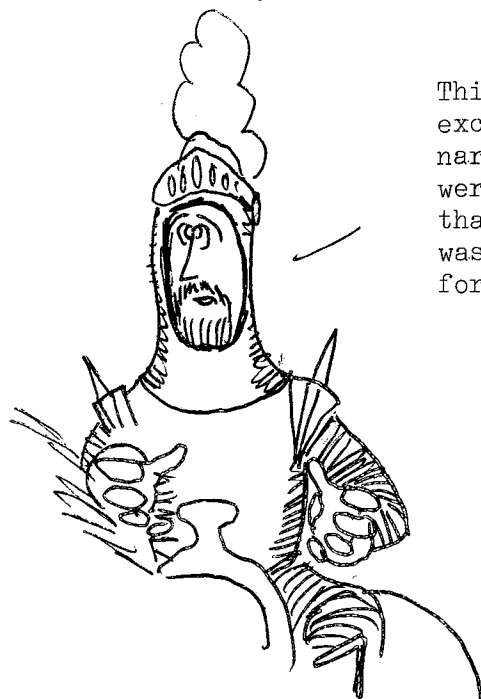
Once, I was a knight in shining armour. I used to ride around the countryside like MAD slaying serpents, rescuing damsels in distress, tilting at windmills, and generally making a damn fool of myself.



I'd still be like that today had I not run across this sorcerer who helped me, over a period of time, to attain a new level of self-understanding and to make a satisfactory adjustment.



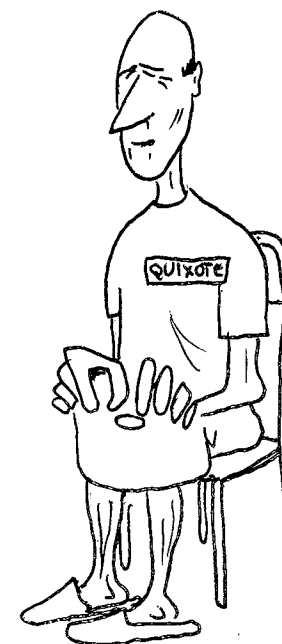
I learned that this COMPULSION to SAVE people was simply the outgrowth of unresolved sibling rivalry- The serpents were Freudian- This suit of armour is merely an elaborate defense mechanism.



This BEARD is an excellent example of narcissism. The windmills were mother figures. All that reckless bravado was overcompensation for acute phobophobia.



After an agonizing reappraisal of my norms and values, I turned in my lance, spurs and union card, and made out my application for this state-operated home for senior citizens.....



Happiness is three squares a day and bingo on Friday.

DPOSE

When I was twelve, I took music lessons for a year, but they interfered with my ballet lessons so I quit and concentrated on the dance.



I might have become a professional ballerina, but with my riding lessons and golf lessons, I didn't have the time to practice, so I gave it up.



I didn't have the opportunity to golf or ride when I was away at school, so I lost touch with sports. I took acting lessons and art lessons at the academy, but they clashed with my social life, so I dropped them.



I was always a socially advanced child. I went to my first formal at eleven. I was dating steadily at thirteen. I was engaged for the first time when I was fourteen.



Last year Daddy took us to Europe. We did sixteen countries and fourteen capitals in two weeks. When we got back I worked in a bank before school started, to get some business experience.



So now I'm eighteen and I'm going to marry Clive in June. His parents are VERY nice. He's going to work for IBM.

Look-- what ELSE is there to do?



BPS

Hey man- dig the
mad chick over in
the Penguin section
..... wild?

Yeh..Yeh...



Look-- she picked
up a D.H. Lawrence!

Man! Man! Could I
go for a chick who
digs Lawrence!



Ease off, man, she
put it back on the
shelf.

Yeh, but- Hey-
she's looking
at Jack Kerouac-
she swings, man,
she swings!



Crazy- she's got a
Salinger now! Whup-
she put it back.

Here goes nothing...
Wish me luck-----



Hold on, man, she's
buying something....

"Infant Feeding
and Child Care"



Ouch!

This place is
FULL of pseudos!



mp88

I'll say
ONE thing-
whoever lives
here serves
great booze-
this rye, gin
wine and beer
mixed is
a GAS!



I've got to lay
off it soon
though- like
the old man
says, there'll
be TROUBLE
if anything
ELSE happens
to the car...



Suzie lined up for
the john half an hour
ago- I wonder if she
left with somebody
else.....why
didn't I brush my
teeth before I
came out?



Yea, I gotta remember to
pick up some gum on the way
home. It would KILL my mother
if she found out about my
drinking.....



WHEEEEEE
CRASH
THUD

HOO HOO HEE
HEE HOO HAW
HEE HEE HO

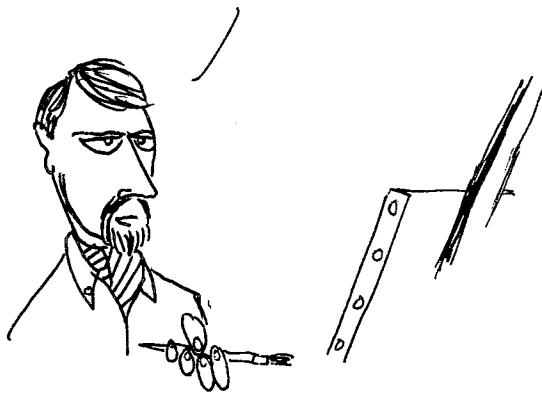


I bet they
have great
parties at
Teachers'
College



BRSS

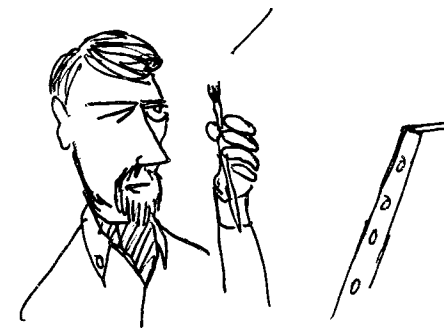
I'm an artist. I used to paint northern landscapes. I'd frame a canvas, call it "Northern Landscape" and sell it to some executive for twenty-five bucks.



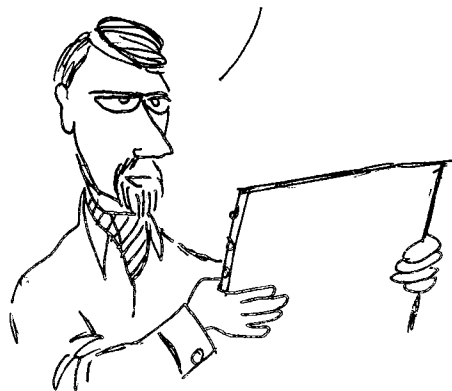
Sometimes I'd paint flowers or bowls of fruit. I'd title it "Still Life" and sell it to some housewife for twenty-five bucks. Then I realized that they weren't buying landscapes or still lifes-- they were buying STATUS, man, like PRESTIGE.



Only not knowing about ART, they never knew if my stuff was GOOD. They lived in mortal fear of the day somebody would look at their newest object d'art and say with a snide chuckle, "WHERE did you pick up THAT?" You can imagine the risk. It would blow up the whole image.



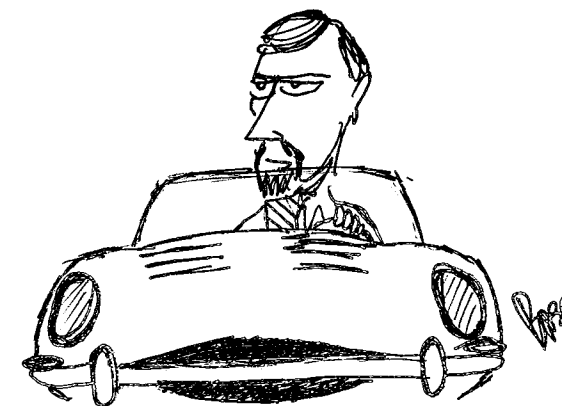
So I got smart. I decided to protect my clientele against social embarrassment. I painted a huge canvas in green splotches and orange blobs. I called it "Nude, Value and Immortality."



I sold it to a broker for five grand. I threw in the complete works of Kant, so he could explain the subtle ontological nuances of the thing to his guests if he cared to.



NOBODY has the guts to laugh at THAT one!



Look- don't even MENTION formals to ME!
I went to LAST year's. I had a rotten
bloody awful time....



I broke out in a RASH the day before-
I couldn't do a THING with my hair-
The corsage didn't arrive until the
day AFTER.... I walked out the door onto
the icy porch and PLUNGED down two
flights of stairs.
The jerk I was
with LAUGHED.



Then I stepped out of the cab into
six inches of slush. We got inside
and there was a girl with a dress
JUST like mine, only HER'S wasn't
all torn and covered with mud....



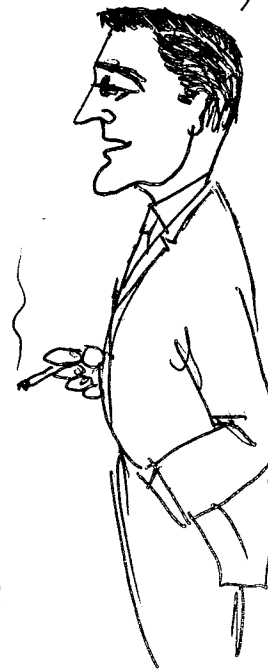
At the party afterwards my so-called
ESCORT got stoned out of his mind--
I had to call a cab for him and I
wound up going home on the streetcar.
What a gay, mad whirl THAT was....



If you think I'm going
through that again just
because I've got a new
dress and because all my
friends are going and
because nobody's asked
me, you're ...



HI there sweetheart
would you like to-

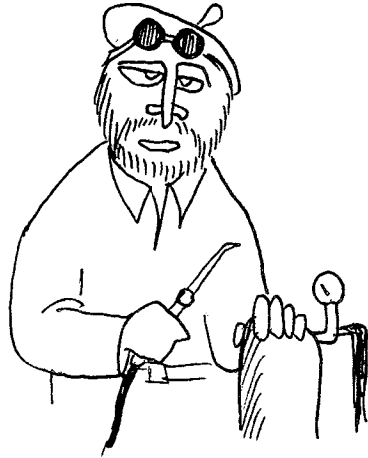


YES YES YES YES
YES YES yes yes o
God yes yes



-lend me your
psych notes?

Even when I was a kid, I knew I HAD to weld. I could feel it within me. I knew I had the potential to be a GREAT welder.



My father wanted me to be a mechanic. He said, "Welders are never recognized until they're dead. Find another way to express yourself". But it was bigger than both of us.



I studied welding at nights and worked during the day. Slowly my work began to draw attention. After my first one-man show, it was recognized as that of a genius.



My greatest creation to date was a piece for a university. They wanted to call it "the Full Man" or something. Of course, I had to load it up with SYMBOLISM and that sort of garbage. We all have to make concessions.



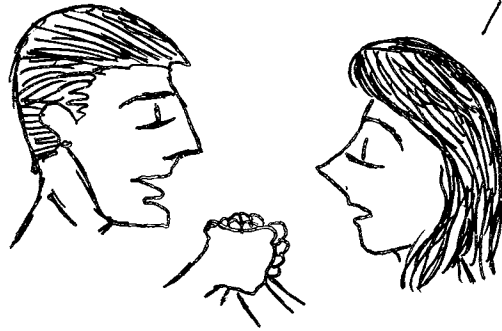
But when the wind blows through it, it vibrates in harmonic scales. They don't realize it, but it's sitting out there composing JAZZ like MAD!



Someday it will be worth a heck of a lot more than a lousy ten grand!

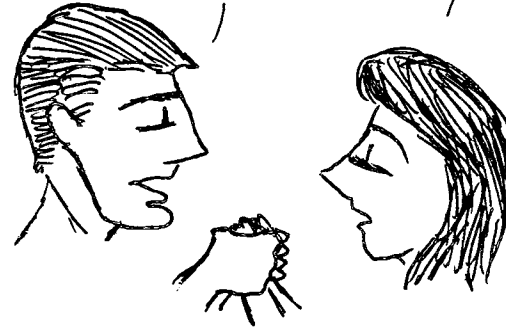


You know, Darling
This can't last
forever...



Yes, I know
Its too beautiful-
too perfect
to endure...

Love is so
fragile- like
a rose that
blooms and dies...



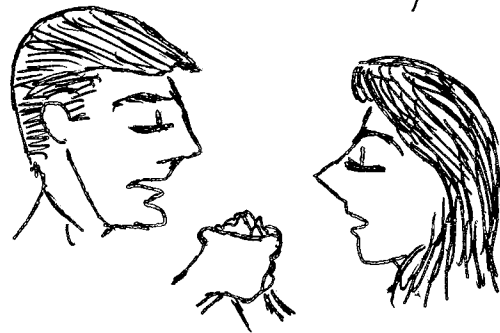
Like a fleeting
glimpse of
paradise...

If we could only
stop time and
preserve this
moment for eternity!



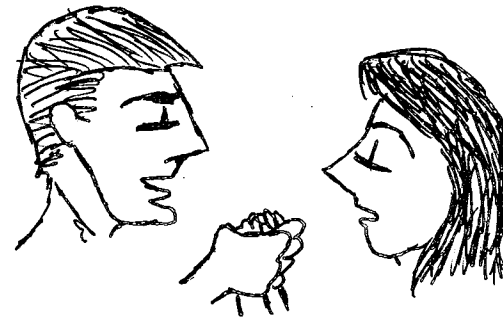
Yes- How often
I've wished
for that!

How cruel to be
a pawn of nature-
a slave of changing
emotions.



Our love will fade
and wane to no more
than a memory- someday
we'll be complete
strangers to each other

We must live
in the present-
the NOW.



Yes! We'll live
for each other--
one day at a time!

My name is
Reuben.
What's yours?



Rachel.

BAG



