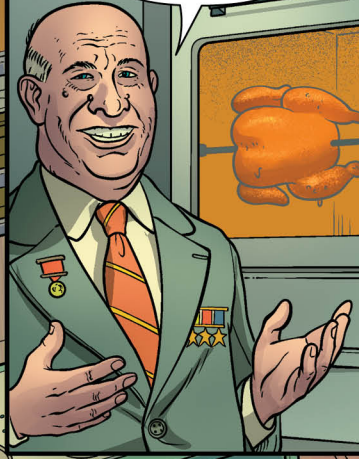


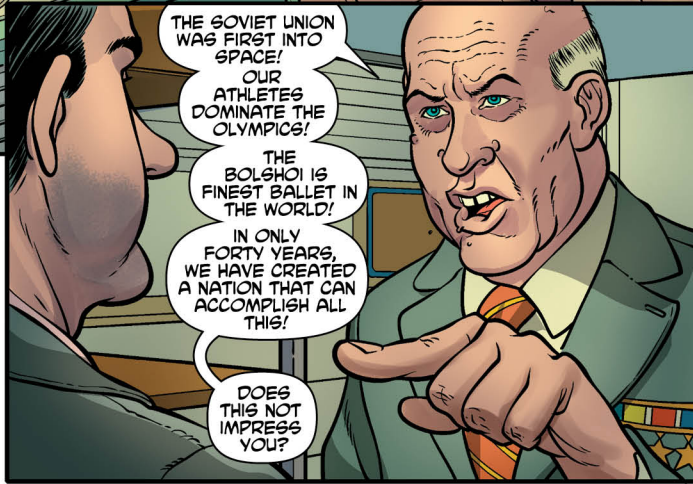
MOSCOW TRADE FAIR, 1959.



BEHOLD, MR. NIXON, THE CHICKEN OF TOMORROW! SURELY THE FUTURE BELONGS TO SOVIET UNION!



EVERY WORLD'S FAIR HAS A "KITCHEN OF THE FUTURE." I'M NOT IMPRESSED, NICKY.



THE SOVIET UNION WAS FIRST INTO SPACE!

OUR ATHLETES DOMINATE THE OLYMPICS!

THE BOLSHOI IS FINEST BALLET IN THE WORLD!

IN ONLY FORTY YEARS, WE HAVE CREATED A NATION THAT CAN ACCOMPLISH ALL THIS!

DOES THIS NOT IMPRESS YOU?



OH, COMMUNISM'S FINE AT IMPROVING THINGS THAT ALREADY EXIST. ANY PLANNING COMMITTEE CAN PICK OUT THE BEST BALLERINA OR BUILD A BIGGER ROCKET. BUT IT DOESN'T CREATE ANYTHING NEW.

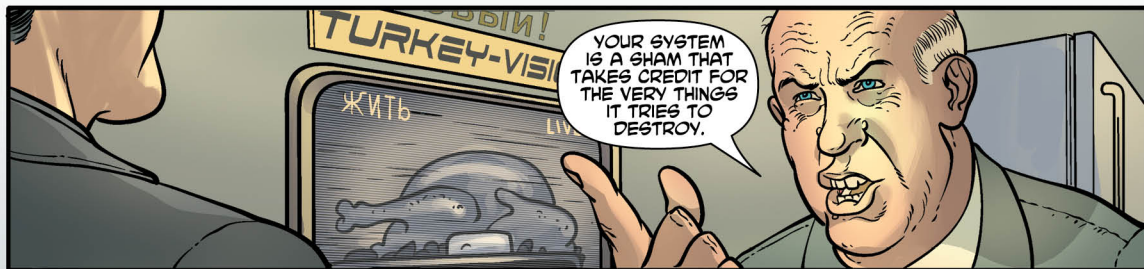
WE HAVE ALL THESE TECHNOLOGICAL WONDERS IN THE UNITED STATES. BUT WHAT SETS US APART IS OUR CREATIVITY. OUR CULTURE.



"IN EVERY NATION, PEOPLE LINE UP FOR AMERICAN PLAYS AND MOVIES."



"JAZZ, BLUES, ROCK AND ROLL. AMERICAN MUSIC IS THE MUSIC OF THE WORLD."



YOUR SYSTEM IS A SHAM THAT TAKES CREDIT FOR THE VERY THINGS IT TRIES TO DESTROY.



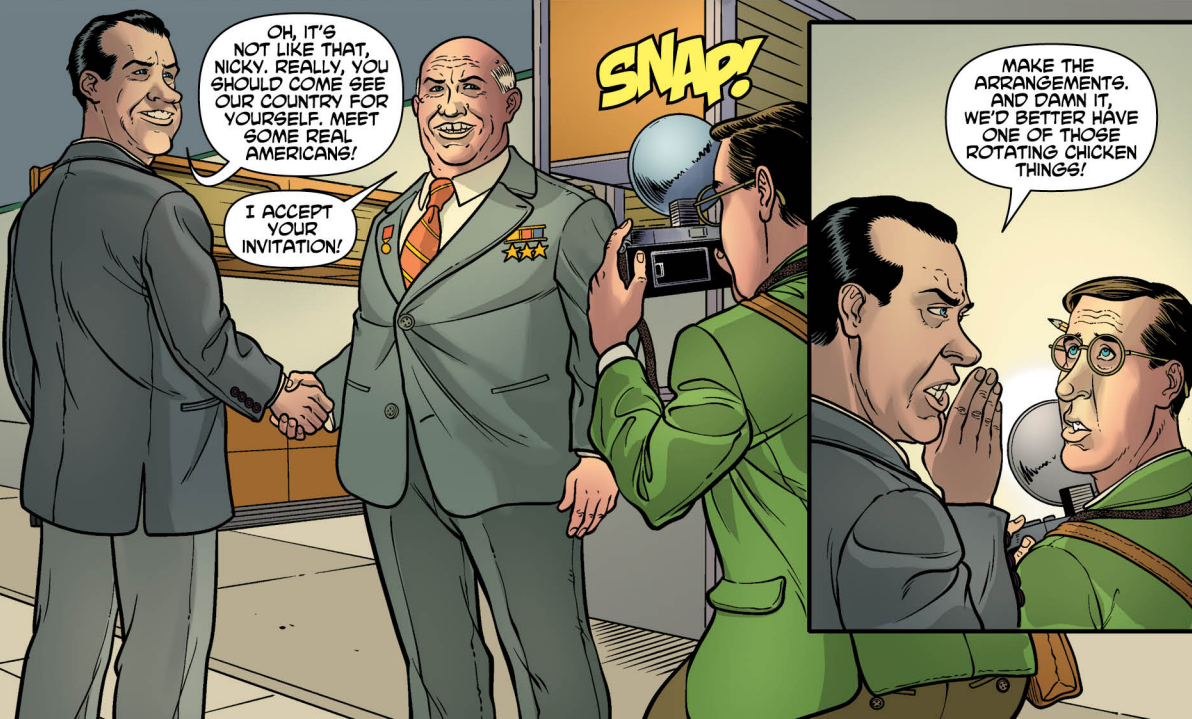
"YOU WORSHIP THE MUSIC OF PEOPLE WHO CAN'T EVEN DRINK FROM THE SAME FOUNTAIN AS YOU."



"YOU CELEBRATE THE ACHIEVEMENTS OF WRITERS, EVEN AS YOU BLACKLIST THEM..."



CAPITALISM DOESN'T MAKE YOU CREATIVE, IT JUST MAKES YOU BETTER AT COMMODYFING YOUR VICTIMS.



OH, IT'S NOT LIKE THAT, NICKY. REALLY, YOU SHOULD COME SEE OUR COUNTRY FOR YOURSELF. MEET SOME REAL AMERICANS!

I ACCEPT YOUR INVITATION!

MAKE THE ARRANGEMENTS. AND DAMN IT, WE'D BETTER HAVE ONE OF THOSE ROTATING CHICKEN THINGS!



WHO ARE YOU?



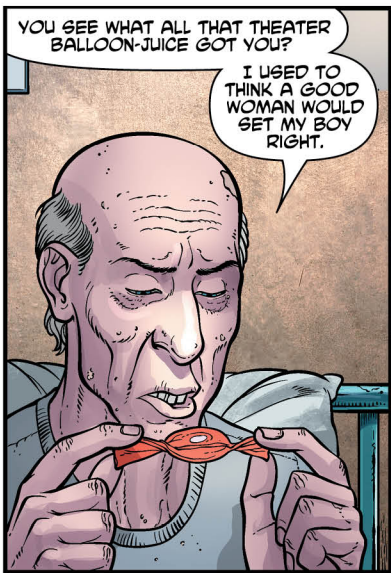
SNAGGLEPUSS. REMEMBER? I'M... I USED TO BE A PLAYWRIGHT.

OH YEAH. RIGHT, MR. LION. DIDN'T YOU USED TO HAVE A WIFE? WHAT DID YOU DO WITH HER?



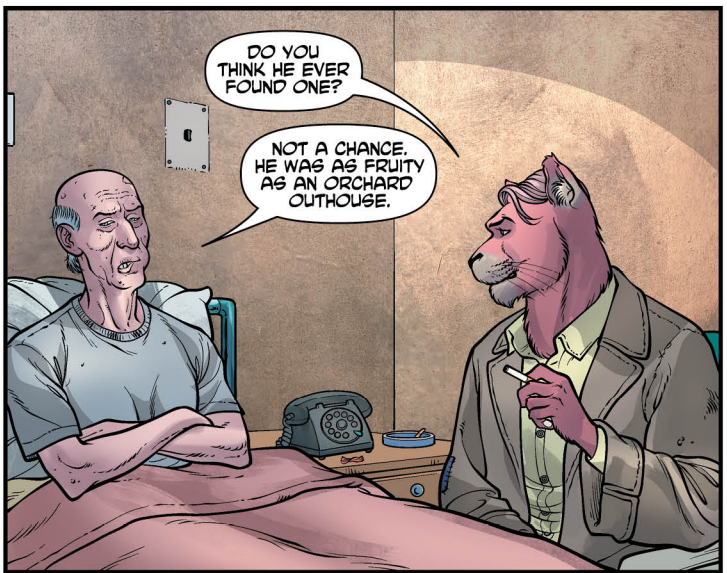
WE DIVORCED. FIVE YEARS AGO.

WELL, SEND HER MY CONGRATULATIONS.



YOU SEE WHAT ALL THAT THEATER BALLOON-JUICE GOT YOU?

I USED TO THINK A GOOD WOMAN WOULD SET MY BOY RIGHT.

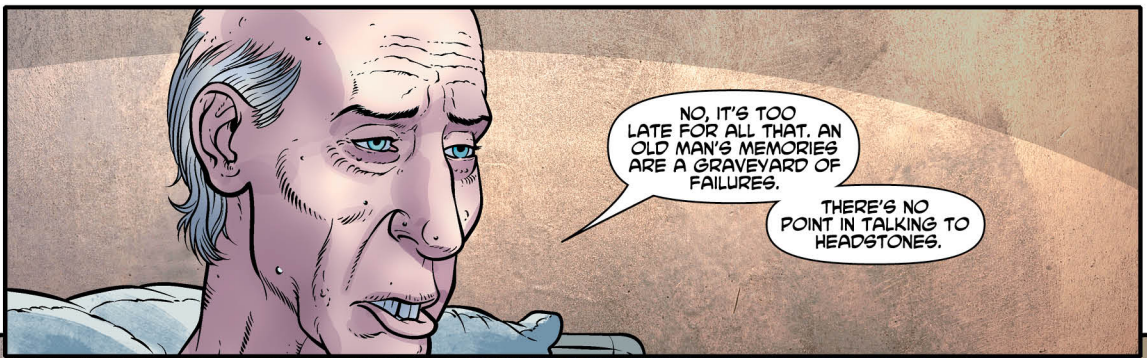


DO YOU THINK HE EVER FOUND ONE?

NOT A CHANCE. HE WAS AS FRUITY AS AN ORCHARD OUTHOUSE.

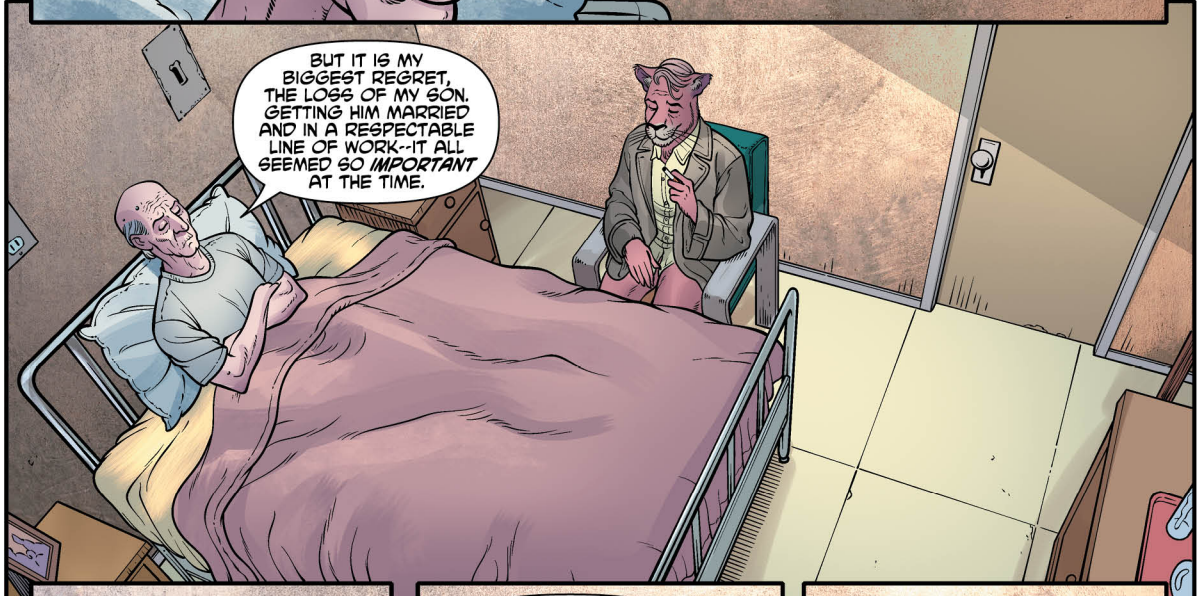


IS THERE ANYTHING YOU WOULD SAY TO HIM... IF YOU COULD?

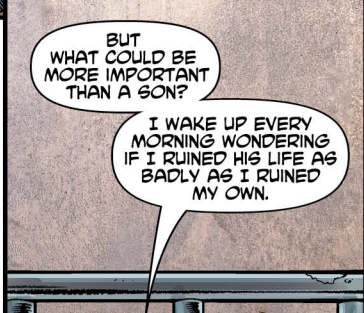


NO, IT'S TOO LATE FOR ALL THAT. AN OLD MAN'S MEMORIES ARE A GRAVEYARD OF FAILURES.

THERE'S NO POINT IN TALKING TO HEADSTONES.

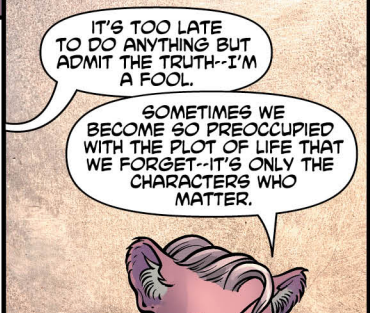


BUT IT IS MY BIGGEST REGRET, THE LOSS OF MY SON. GETTING HIM MARRIED AND IN A RESPECTABLE LINE OF WORK--IT ALL SEEMED SO IMPORTANT AT THE TIME.



BUT WHAT COULD BE MORE IMPORTANT THAN A SON?

I WAKE UP EVERY MORNING WONDERING IF I RUINED HIS LIFE AS BADLY AS I RUINED MY OWN.

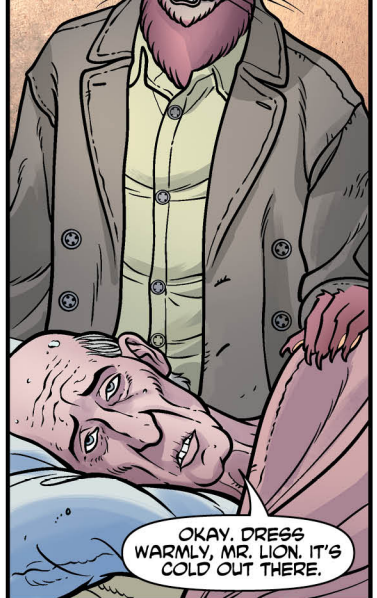


IT'S TOO LATE TO DO ANYTHING BUT ADMIT THE TRUTH--I'M A FOOL.

SOMETIMES WE BECOME SO PREOCCUPIED WITH THE PLOT OF LIFE THAT WE FORGET--IT'S ONLY THE CHARACTERS WHO MATTER.



I'M AFRAID I HAVE TO GO NOW.



OKAY. DRESS WARMLY, MR. LION. IT'S COLD OUT THERE.

EXIT STAGE LEFT
THE SNAGGLEPUSS CHRONICLES
GOING UNDERGROUND

MARK RUSSELL WRITER MIKE FEEHAN PENCILLER
SEAN PARSONS INKER
PAUL MOUNTS COLORIST DAVE SHARPE LETTERER
BEN CALDWELL COVER ARTIST
HOWARD PORTER & HIFI VARIANT COVER ARTISTS
DIEGO LOPEZ ASSISTANT EDITOR MARIE JAVINS EDITOR

