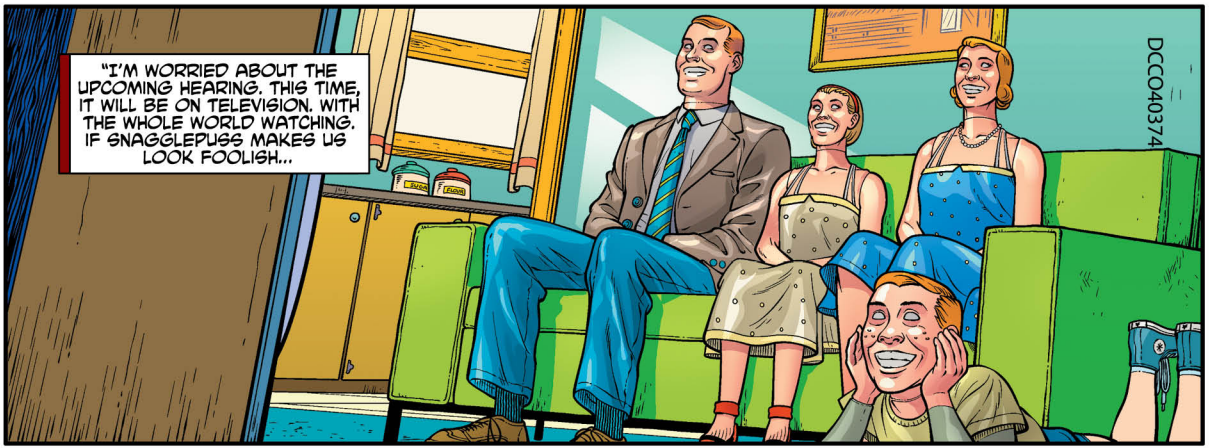
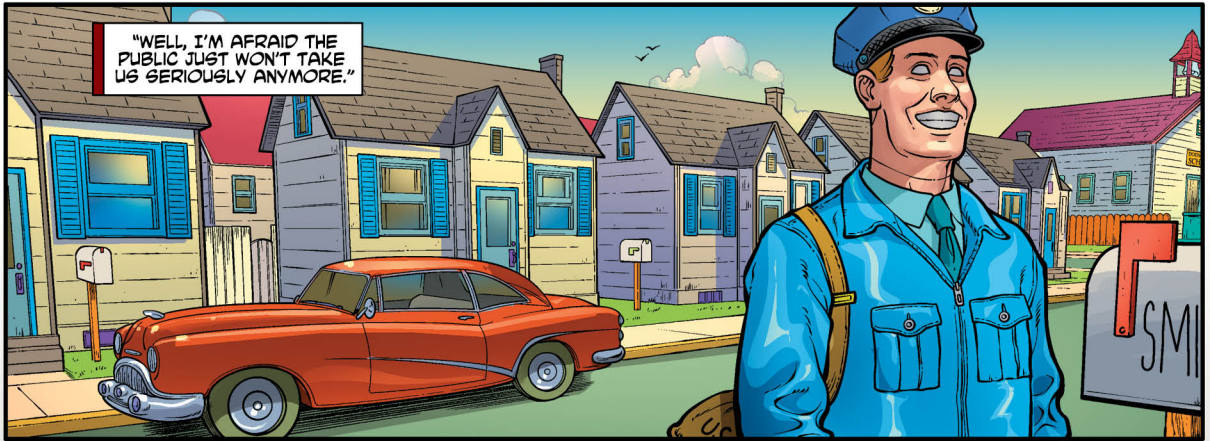


"I'M WORRIED ABOUT THE UPCOMING HEARING. THIS TIME, IT WILL BE ON TELEVISION, WITH THE WHOLE WORLD WATCHING. IF SNAGGLEPUSS MAKES US LOOK FOOLISH..."



"WELL, I'M AFRAID THE PUBLIC JUST WON'T TAKE US SERIOUSLY ANYMORE."



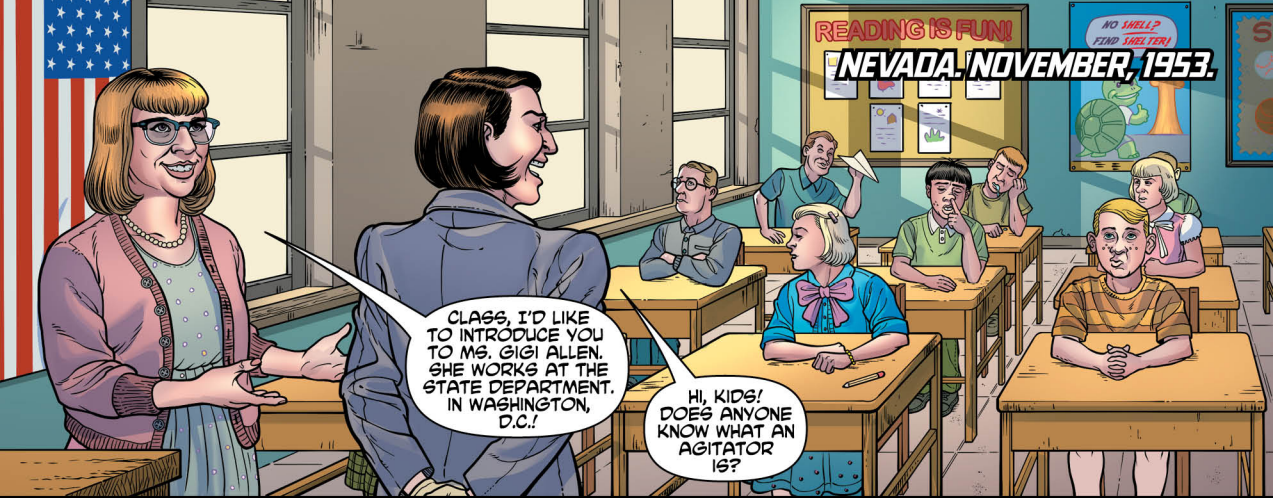
"I AGREE. WE SHOULD JUST CUT HIM LOOSE."

"NO! HE'S ONE OF THE MOST RESPECTED VOICES IN SHOW BUSINESS! GET HIM TO CRACK AND THE WHOLE DAM WILL CRUMBLE..."



"...HE'LL PLAY BALL. WE JUST NEED SOME LEVERAGE ON HIM. I'LL TAKE CARE OF EVERYTHING WHEN I GET BACK FROM NEVADA."

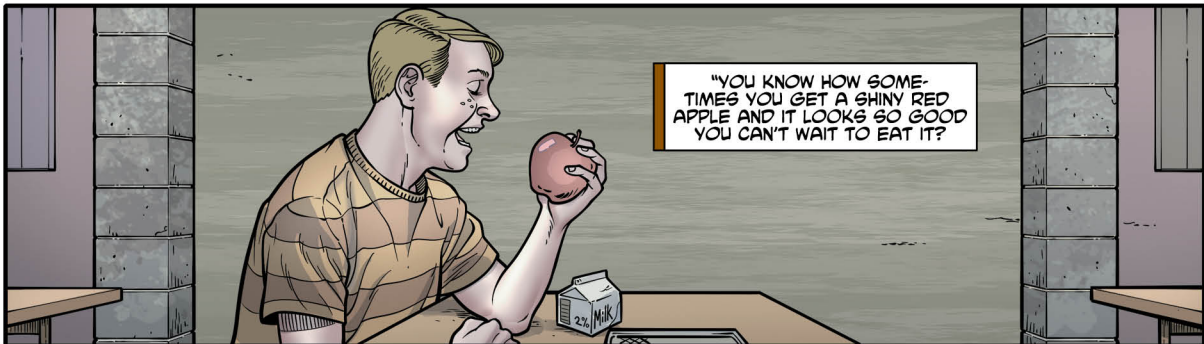




CLASS, I'D LIKE TO INTRODUCE YOU TO MS. GIGI ALLEN. SHE WORKS AT THE STATE DEPARTMENT. IN WASHINGTON, D.C.!

HI, KIDS! DOES ANYONE KNOW WHAT AN AGITATOR IS?

READING IS FUN!
NEVADA! NOVEMBER, 1953.
NO LABEL? FIND LABEL!



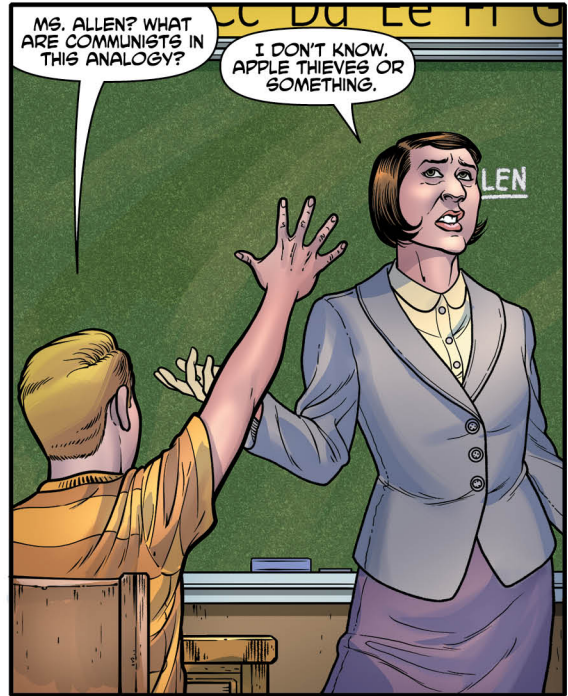
YOU KNOW HOW SOMETIMES YOU GET A SHINY RED APPLE AND IT LOOKS SO GOOD YOU CAN'T WAIT TO EAT IT?



WELL, AN AGITATOR IS LIKE FINDING A HALF-EATEN WORM INSIDE YOUR APPLE.



AMERICA IS THE WORLD'S SHINY RED APPLE. MY JOB IS TO PROTECT THE APPLE FROM AGITATORS. AND COMMUNISTS.

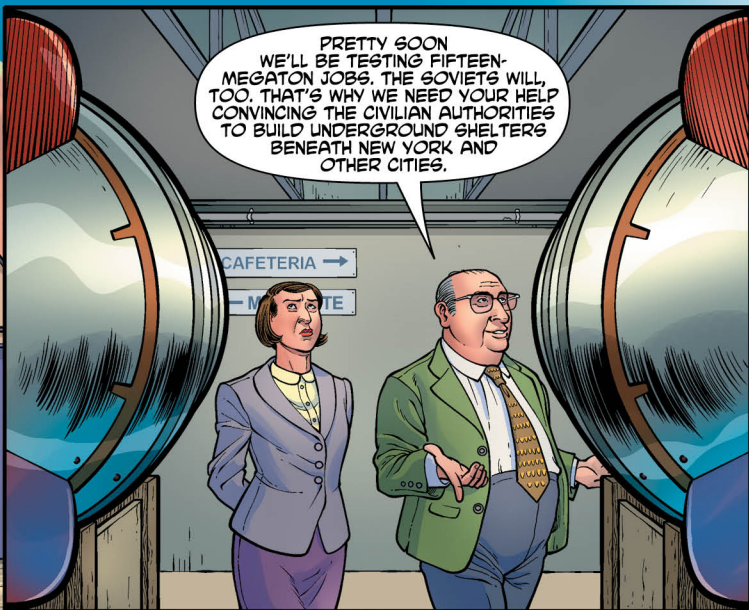


MS. ALLEN? WHAT ARE COMMUNISTS IN THIS ANALOGY?

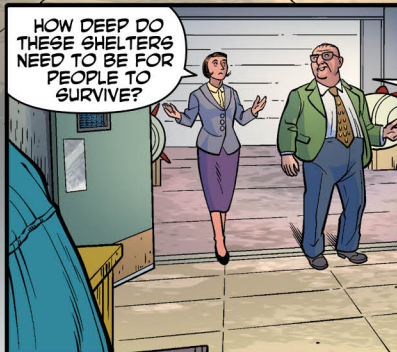
I DON'T KNOW. APPLE THIEVES OR SOMETHING.



WELCOME TO NEVADA, MS. ALLEN. I WAS ABOUT TO HAVE LUNCH IF YOU'D CARE TO JOIN ME.

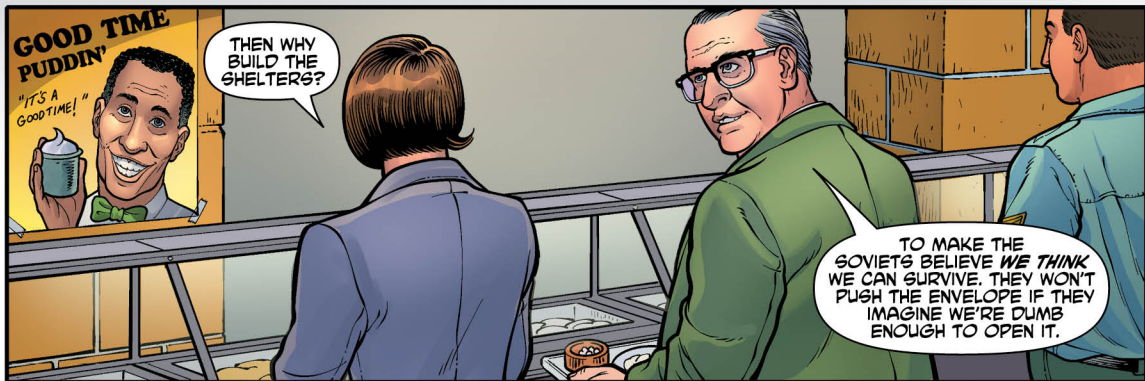
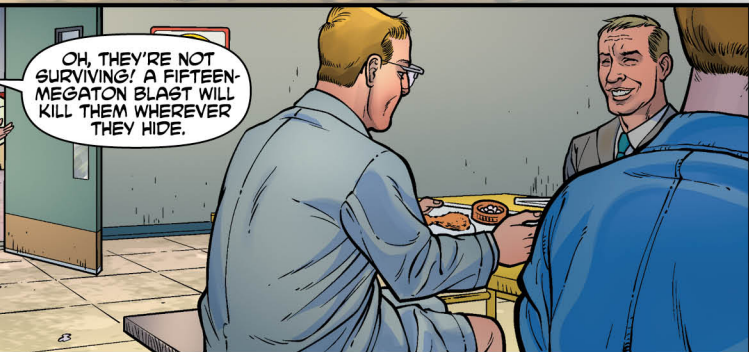


PRETTY SOON WE'LL BE TESTING FIFTEEN-MEGATON JOBS. THE SOVIETS WILL, TOO. THAT'S WHY WE NEED YOUR HELP CONVINCING THE CIVILIAN AUTHORITIES TO BUILD UNDERGROUND SHELTERS BENEATH NEW YORK AND OTHER CITIES.



HOW DEEP DO THESE SHELTERS NEED TO BE FOR PEOPLE TO SURVIVE?

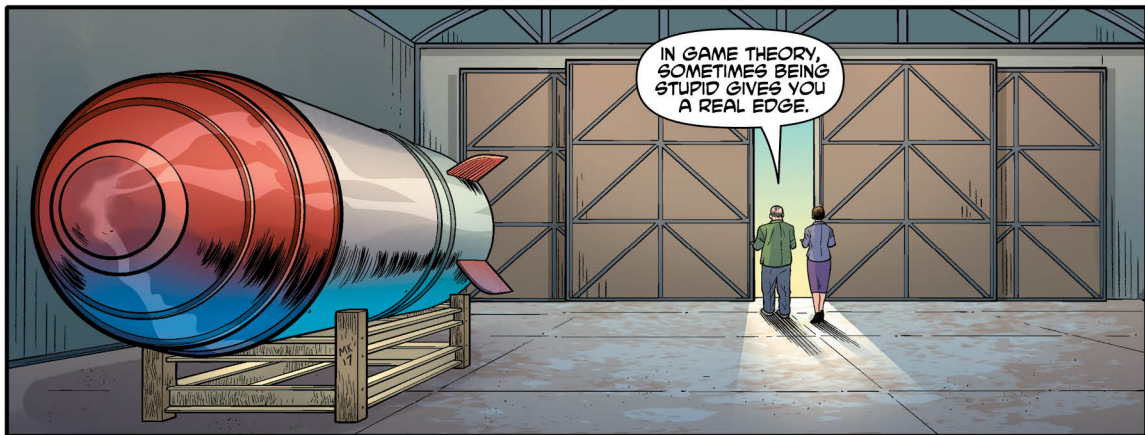
OH, THEY'RE NOT SURVIVING! A FIFTEEN-MEGATON BLAST WILL KILL THEM WHEREVER THEY HIDE.



GOOD TIME PUDDIN' "IT'S A GOOD TIME!"

THEN WHY BUILD THE SHELTERS?

TO MAKE THE SOVIETS BELIEVE *WE THINK* WE CAN SURVIVE. THEY WON'T PUSH THE ENVELOPE IF THEY IMAGINE WE'RE DUMB ENOUGH TO OPEN IT.

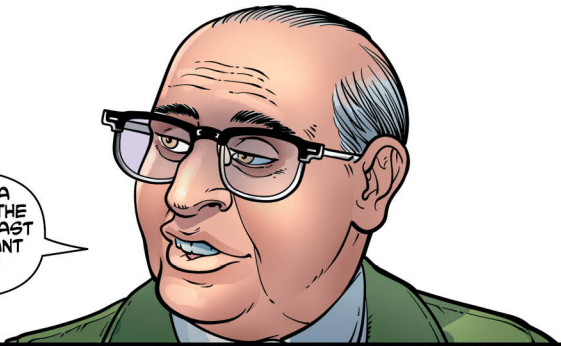


IN GAME THEORY, SOMETIMES BEING STUPID GIVES YOU A REAL EDGE.

BUT SHOULD'NT THE AMERICAN PEOPLE KNOW THE TRUTH?



OH NO! IT'S A DEMOCRACY. THE TRUTH IS THE LAST THING YOU WANT PEOPLE TO HAVE.



"AS A YOUNG MATHEMATICIAN, I WAS FASCINATED BY SET THEORY. OUR MATHEMATICAL AXIOMS AND THEOREMS AREN'T REALLY BASED ON ANY LOGICAL FOUNDATION, THEY JUST HAPPEN TO WORK.

"SET THEORY WAS SUPPOSED TO CHANGE ALL THAT. FINALLY, MATHEMATICS WAS GOING TO BE GROUNDED IN PROvable, INFALLIBLE LOGIC.

$A \cup B = \{a, b, c, 1, 2\}$
 $A^6 = \{2, 4, 6, 8, 9\}$
 $B = \{1, 2, 5, 7, 8\}$
 $(A \cup B)^c = \{2, 8, 9\}$
 $R = \{x | x \in x\}$
 $A \cup B = \{1, 2, 5, 7, 8\}$

"BUT THEN I DISCOVERED RUSSELL'S PARADOX. SAY YOU HAVE A TOWN FULL OF SHAVED MEN. BY RULE, THE WHOLE TOWN IS DIVIDED INTO TWO SETS--MEN WHO SHAVE THEMSELVES AND MEN WHO GET SHAVED BY THE TOWN BARBER."

"OKAY..."

"BUT THEN, WHICH SET DOES THE BARBER BELONG TO?"

"IF HE SHAVES HIMSELF, HE IS ALSO GETTING SHAVED BY THE BARBER. IF HE GOES TO THE TOWN BARBER, THEN HE'S ALSO SHAVING HIMSELF. HE EXISTS IN BOTH SETS AND NEITHER SET AT THE SAME TIME."

I... I HAVE SOMETHING TO TELL YOU.

$\{6, 8\}$
 $A \cup B = \{a, b, c\}$
 $\{a, b, c, 1, 2\}$
 $\{4, 6, 8, 9, 10\}$
 $(UR) A$

LIKE EVERYTHING ELSE IN LIFE, SET THEORY IS FATALLY CONTAMINATED WITH IRRATIONALITY AND PARADOX.

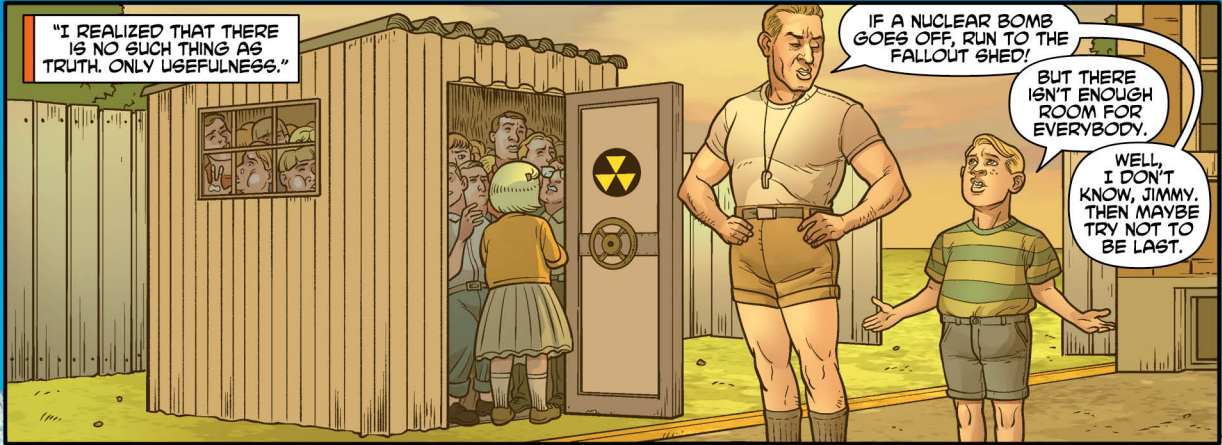
DOOM TOWN
20 miles



"WHEN THE MATHEMATICIAN GOTTLOB FREGE HEARD RUSSELL'S PARADOX, HE HAD A NERVOUS BREAKDOWN."



BUT FOR ME, IT WAS LIBERATING. I KNEW AT THAT MOMENT THE HUMAN RACE WAS UNMOORED--FOREVER AFLOAT ON A SEA OF ASSUMPTIONS.



"I REALIZED THAT THERE IS NO SUCH THING AS TRUTH. ONLY USEFULNESS."

IF A NUCLEAR BOMB GOES OFF, RUN TO THE FALLOUT SHED!

BUT THERE ISN'T ENOUGH ROOM FOR EVERYBODY.

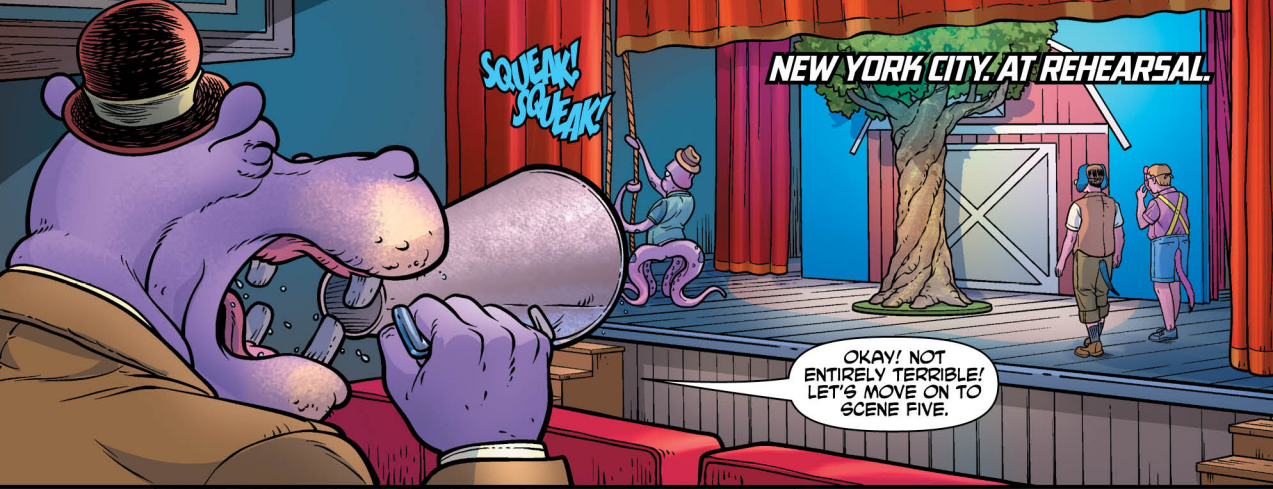
WELL, I DON'T KNOW, JIMMY. THEN MAYBE TRY NOT TO BE LAST.

EXIT STAGE LEFT: THE SNAGGLEPUSS CHRONICLES doom town



AND THAT EVERYTHING WE DO IS MERELY THEATER.

MARK RUSSELL MIKE FEEHAN SEAN PARSONS
WRITER PENCILLER INKER
PAUL MOUNTS COLORIST DAVE SHARPE LETTERER
BEN CALDWELL COVER ARTIST
MARGUERITE SAUVAGE VARIANT COVER ARTIST
DIEGO LOPEZ ASSISTANT EDITOR MARIE JAVINS EDITOR



SQUEAK!
SQUEAK!

NEW YORK CITY AT REHEARSAL.

OKAY! NOT ENTIRELY TERRIBLE!
LET'S MOVE ON TO SCENE FIVE.



HELP!
HELP ME, DEAR FRIEND.
I AM TREE-BOUND!



WHAT HAPPENED?

I WAS ACCOSTED BY RUSTICS.



THEY LAY VIOLENT HANDS ON ME
AND STOLE MY LICORICE. I SAY
THIS TO MY SHAME.

THIS DAMNED TOWN!
I SWEAR I'M GOING TO
MOVE TO NEW YORK CITY SOME-
DAY. IT'S THE ONLY PLACE
FOR BOYS LIKE US.



YOU SHOULD
COME WITH
ME.

I CAN'T.
SIGH FOR BETTER
OR FOR WORSE, MY
LIFE IS HERE.



WELL,
YOUR LIFE
IS KILLING
YOU.