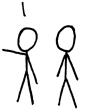
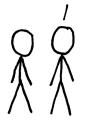
HEY, DR. NASH, I THINK THOSE GALS OVERTHERE ARE EYEING US. THIS IS LIKE YOUR NASH EQUILIBRIUM, RIGHT? ONE OF THEM IS HOT, BUT WE SHOULD EACH FLIRT WITH ONE OF HER LESS-DESIRABLE FRIENDS. OTHERWISE WE RISK COMING ON TOO STRONG TO THE HOT ONE AND JUST DRIVING THE GROUP OFF.



WELL, THAT'S NOT REALLY THE SORT OF SITUATION I WROTE ABOUT. ONCE WE'RE WITH THE UGLY ONES, THERE'S NO INCENTIVE FOR ONE OF US NOT TO TRY TO SWITCH TO THE HOT ONE. IT'S NOT A STABLE EQUILIBRIUM.



CRAP, FORGET IT. LOOKS LIKE ALL THREE ARE LEAVING WITH ONE GUY.



Maybe someday science will get over its giant collective crush on Richard Feynman. But I doubt it!

IF WE LOSE THIS
ELECTION, I'M MOVING
TO CANADA.

YOU SAY THAT
EVERY YEAR.

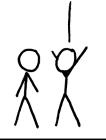
I MEAN IT
THIS TIME.

WELL, BECOMING A CITIZEN TAKES WORK. MEANWHILE, YOU HAVE NO MONEY, HALF AN ART DEGREE, AND IT'S THE START OF WINTER. YOU'LL FREEZE TO DEATH IN THE STREETS.

WHATEVER.



NO, DON'T YOU GET IT? IF YOU DIE IN CANADA, YOU DIE IN REAL LIFE!



THIS WAS A HIT WITH CANADIANS, BUT I THINK THEY JUST LIKE ANYTHING THAT MENTIONS THEM AT ALL.