

IN LIGHT OF RAMPANT
DISASTER AND DISEASE...



... MY ARTISTIC TALENTS DON'T
ACTUALLY CONTRIBUTE ANYTHING
IMPORTANT TO MANKIND.

WHAT'S THIS? YOU NEED A HUG?

I'M JUST SAYING, IN TOUGH TIMES,
SONG-AND-DANCE MAN
HARDLY SEEMS LIKE A
NOBLE, OR PROFITABLE,
PROFESSION.

**PROFITABLE? WHAT AN
UNCHARACTERISTIC CONCERN!**

YOU'RE NOT WORRIED ABOUT
THE ECONOMIC COLLAPSE?



NOT ME.
I KEEP MY MONEY
IN MY MATTRESS.



BESIDES,
PEOPLE ALWAYS NEED
ENTERTAINMENT.

ONLY IF THEY CAN AFFORD IT.



WHEN
MONEY
GETS TIGHT,
PEOPLE ARE
SUDDENLY
CONTENT TO BE
WITH THEIR
FAMILIES...
TO STAY HOME
AND ENTERTAIN
THEMSELVES.

NO WONDER THEY CALL IT
A DEPRESSION.

YOU'LL GET NO PITY FROM ME.
THIS IS AMERICA.
MAKING MONEY IS THE
HIGHEST ART FORM!

HAVE YOU EVER HAD A REAL JOB?

DOUBTFUL.



WELL, IF I WERE YOU,
I'D START THINKING OF WAYS TO
EXPLOIT THOSE TALENTS YOU
CLAIM TO POSSESS.



EVEN BURROUGHS HAD
TO WRITE AD COPY TO SUPPORT
HIS GAMBLING HABITS.

REALLY?
WILLIAM S.
OR
EDGAR RICE?
I DUNNO.
I MADE
THAT UP.

THE
POINT
IS...

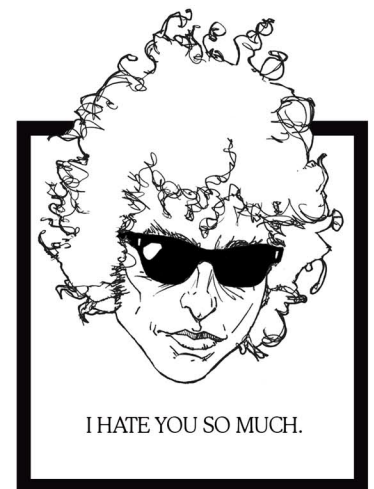


... THERE'S REAL MONEY TO BE MADE.
FIRST WE'LL CONQUER
THE GREETING CARD
MARKET...

THEN ON
TO RADIO
JINGLES...



AND EVENTUALLY TV!
I'LL KEEP MY CUT AT 10%...
UNTIL WE REALLY START
MAKING BANK...



Revo