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Process Supp. #6

The MASTER ... RAY - X

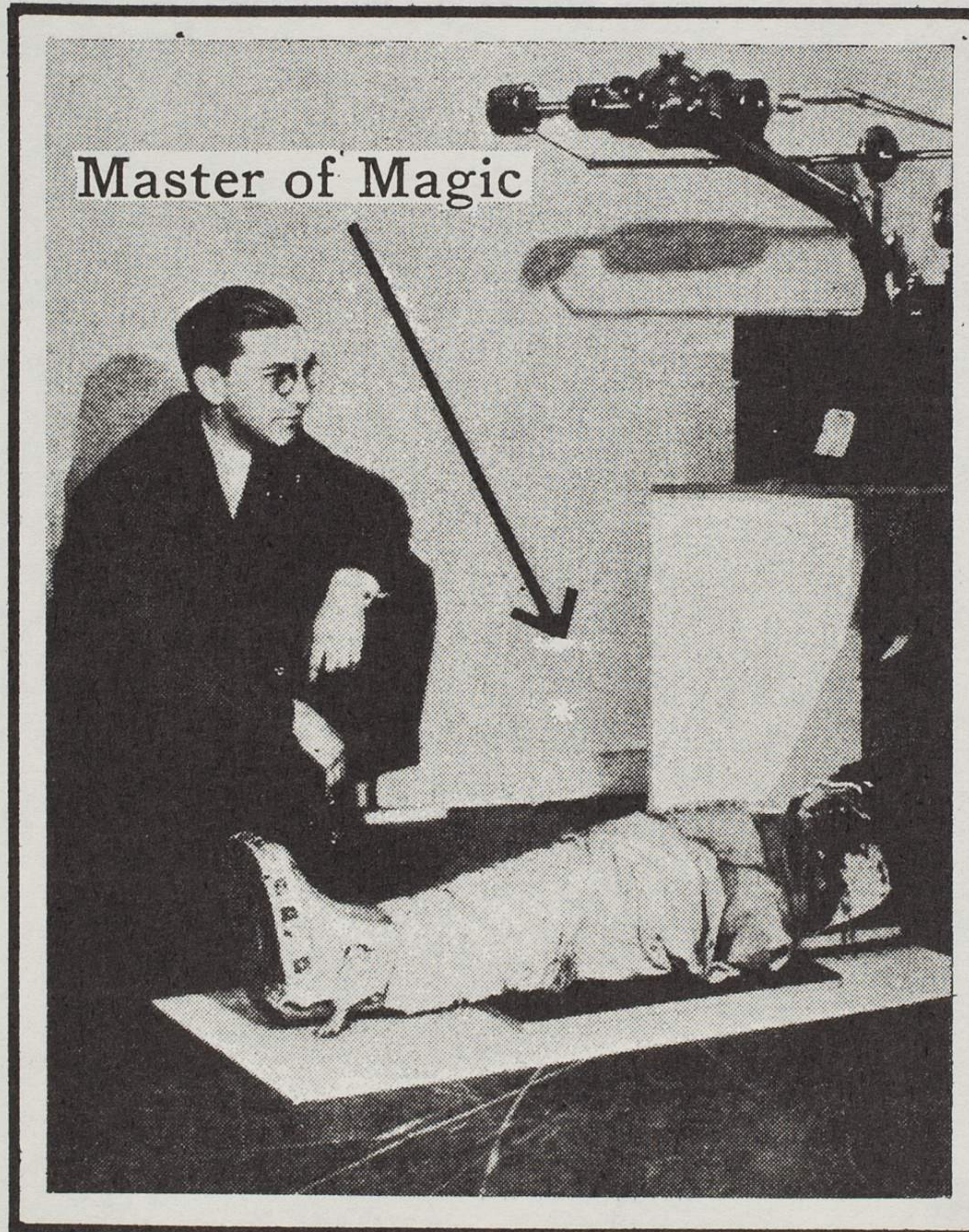
The New Master Ray-X has come to us on a bird's wing trailing cold sparkling gasses. His chosen ones have spoken to us of his power-mercy combination and looked at us hypnotically. Most of us have not been lured into the certain trap, but some unfortunates have. We must help them. We are therefore as of this issue of the Process News Supplement establishing the X-Ray-X Fund. Please contribute, generous readers. The Great Master is scoring many touchdowns with his magic offense and stomping down many would-be quarterbacks with his beefy-arm blitzes through the modern cities of the eastern coast, his awesome and terrible defense. Send dollars only please. We will entertain a promise from the local Order of Eagles that his soft body be be hung from the courthouse flagpole when he arrives at the gates of this fine city.

HIS POWER

There is no doubting his tremendous power. This is precisely why he needs an expeditious throttling, and the standard refusal of his burial rights. After all, he is an alien being, so to speak, yet he expects to rot in our American soil. We say take and put his remains in a tin can and throw it in a ditch. We have no respect for these so-called mind-burglers in Texaco City.

HIS MAGIC

First he calls a general meeting in Wuntex Park. We all sit cross-legged by the stinky dead lagoon, all afloat with popcorn puffs and soda straws. Then he gets on stage and suddenly pulls out a croaker



sack, dips his thin hand in, pulls out a handful of what he calls the New Miracle microfluf vegetative life-material and generates from it a harmless dog. The dog, imperfect in many ways made us want to choke up the D-meat sandwiches which were served by his motorized lunch-cars, pattering among us loaded with good soy food, keeping us fed and lazy, possibly drugging us, we cant be sure.

LETTERS

Dear Process:

I am writing again to say that this so called Kahoutek thing is mostly a lot of smelly grunt to say the least. All of it has been promoted by this mysterious Mr. Ray-X. We want him gassed.

Canary Jones,
Lupelo Chief

LOW GRADE MIRACLES

So what if he can produce a semi-conscious, half-formed grotesque dog out of his life-fluf, or whatever he calls it. This sort of miracle does not impress the citizens of this goon weary town. His latest trick is perhaps the silliest to date. Last Monday morning, housewives all across the U.S. went to the stove to cook and saw a jellylike substance squirting from the gas jets.