

Voyager

Welcome to the MagellanMusic Newsletter #96 Winter 2006 – Christmas edition

Every year at this time all of us prepare for the upcoming holidays, and with so many family and friends it's a great idea to have fun things to pass around (*besides joints with the most kick-ass weed you've ever smoked in your life*) such as **MagellanMusic** CD's. (*You knew that was coming didn't ya!?*) So with that in mind, take note that **MagellanMusic** discs at CD Baby will be reduced to \$10.99 each, and included with each a 10% discount if you buy more than one of any title. "**Yesterday's Children**" is our most recent release, a nice stocking stuffer if you like a wide selection of styles! Visit the site at www.cdbaby.com/all/magellanmusic and you can read the bio's of each **MagellanMusic** CD, plus listen to snippets of every track. (*We will not reveal where you can find the most kick-ass weed you've ever smoked in your life*)

Another idea is **MagellanMusic** collectibles at www.cafepress.com/magellanmusic. No, we don't offer quantities of the most kick-ass weed you've ever smoked in your life, but there are items from T-shirts to stickers to buttons to clocks to shoulder bags to greeting cards - all kinds of interesting gifts to choose from. Unexpected holiday treats like these will always make it more fun!...

As for **MagellanMusic** news, the most surprising announcement is the possibility of a new tea called "Peyotea". While on a recent mission to find peace within his inner-self (also to film a documentary on the sex habits of Tarantula's called "Wrap Your Legs Around Me Baby"), **Vladimir Zsoerbin** awoke one morning lost in the wilds of southern Texas face down chewing ravenously on a strange cactus. After removing several pricks from his face (not radical war-mongering Rightwing extremist pricks), **Vlad** realized he was experiencing a most wonderful excursion into the surreality of non-reality. Except for one problem – the cacti tasted worse than fresh cat poop (we will save the story of **Vlad** ingesting fresh cat poop for another time). With his enterprising mind, he found a way to make good tea, thus the name 'Peyotea'. **Vlad** eloquently described to us the wonderful, soul-moving, mind-blowing experience; he said, "It'll blow your sh*t away, man!" Release and availability dates of Peyotea will be announced soon!

NEWSFLASH:

BUSH ADMINISTRATION SUES SANTA CLAUS

November 1, 2006 8:31 a.m.

WASHINGTON, DC – The Attorney General announced today that they are taking action to prevent Santa Claus from 'coming to town' this year. The complaint seeks an immediate injunction against the beloved Christmas icon, asking the court to effectively ban his traditional practice of traveling the entire world for package delivery without Federal supervision. A spokesperson for the White House quoted President Bush as saying, "We will not allow a terroristic Christmas."

The injunction also calls for Homeland Security officials to supervise thorough package examination before they are loaded aboard his sleigh, to conduct a thorough background investigation of every elf employee, and to maintain permanent presence in the North Pole for security purposes.

The suit, filed in the Federal District Court of Washington, asks a federal judge to "hereby order Mr. Claus to increase all repetitive list-checking activity, certify package contents as submitted, without amendment, alteration, deletion, or other unnecessary modification, and continued Security presence for terrorist prevention."

"There are no standards for deciding who receives what gifts, who is naughty, and who is nice, which is arbitrary and capricious on Santa's part. The dangers of terrorism are too high. Checking, checking, and re-checking over and over again MUST be our priority in order to maintain safety to all citizens", said Attorney General Alberto Gonzales.

Gonzales further claimed that unnamed GOP observers witnessed elves 'wrapping gifts' in a suspicious manner, suggesting that a terrorist could easily place explosives or destructive materials in Santa's sleigh. The unidentified elves were immediately taken into custody and placed in permanent detainment at a secret location until investigation is complete and a secret Tribunal court can be conducted. Gonzales commented, "We will find out if they're naughty or nice."

President Bush cited the potential for terrorism, blasting Santa Claus' operations as "...irresponsible procedures that can endanger our entire nation." Bush also commented, "Security at the Santa Clause compound is awful, really bad. It needs serious improvement. All isn't merry and bright", said Bush.

Meanwhile, Vice President Dick Cheney, issued a direct plea to St. Nick himself. "Mr. Claus, I call on you to do the honorable thing, and start checking your list, checking it twice, at all costs find out who's naughty or nice. The children of our country have had enough terrorism. They demand closure now. And if you don't comply, I'll take you hunting," Cheney said.

The Rev. Jesse Jackson was quick to respond to this latest development with plans to lead his protesters from Florida to the North Pole via dogsled. The "Million Man Mush" is

scheduled to leave Friday. "We need red suits and sleighs, not law suits and delays," Jackson said.

Chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, General Richard Meyers, said yesterday, "The President will continue with proper legal channels against Claus, but if he does not comply with Court ruling he will be declared an enemy of the state. Our military forces will be on red alert and we will respond immediately if necessary. Claus will also be considered an illegal alien and not allowed entry into our country unless he speaks Spanish. If he attempts to fly into our airspace he will be ordered to leave immediately or he will be shot down by fighter aircraft. We will be patrolling that area for the entire month of December in military manner. We will NOT allow terrorism to interfere with our hallowed, loving traditions of Christmas."

Santa Claus could not be reached for comment, but a spokes-elf said he was "...deeply disturbed by news of the pending legal action against him."

"He's extremely upset. Santa has retired to his personal chambers and is not speaking to anyone, not even Mrs. Claus," said the spokes-elf.

A weary nation can relate.

In other news, a recent attempted interview with **Derek Story** became a bit strange when we asked him to share with us his plans for Christmas. Before he walked out (while holding his crotch, turning his head to the left, then coughing) he answered:

"I am now going to eat 2.47 crickets. Then I'll pick up the phone and call no one. Then I'll stand on my head. I take that back - YOU stand on my head. Then I'll pledge allegiance to the United Hates of America, Inc. I just went out and told the tree not to bark so much. I just told my shoes to keep their tongues to themselves but they didn't listen. They didn't listen either. I tried to change my shirt but it said, 'I don't want to change'. I picked my ears with my car keys but they wouldn't start. The other day I wrote my Congressmen a letter - 'L'. Last Thursday I asked my neighbor if it was the day after Wednesday; she answered, 'Not on Uranus'. I'm going home now. I'll call you in a few moments to let you know where I don't live."

(Take this following test answering 'yes' or 'no'. If you answer 5 yes's, or less, you are fairly normal. If 6 -10, then it's a good time to smoke a joint of the most kick-ass weed you've ever smoked in your life. If 11-20, we strongly suggest psychoanalysis. If 21-30, suicide is an excellent option for Society's best interest. If 31-40, you'll have a job with the Bush Administration in no time!)

Christmas Psychology Test

1. Did you spend the first 12 years of life thinking your nicknames were 'son of a bitch', 'bastard' and 'sh*thead' especially at Christmas?
2. Did you spend the first 12 years of life thinking your Maw's nicknames were 'bitch', 'slut' and 'whore' especially at Christmas?
3. Were you sad to learn that your 8th grade graduation certificate was a crayon drawing on construction paper?
4. Do you actually recall the 8th grade?
5. Were you happy to get a bag of M&M's for Christmas when your Maw gave Dad #3 a set of handmade curtains for his really cool 1976 Chevy pick-up truck?
6. Were you happy to get an Almond Joy last year when your Maw gave Dad #5 a complete set of Porter Waggoner 8-track tapes?
7. When you pulled Santa's beard off at Sear's did you understand it when he called you a "...dirty, lousy, nasty, filthy, slimy, creepy little bastard!"?
8. When your Dad #4 was drinking 'Krissmas Kool-Aid', did you believe him when he told you there was a 'genie' in the bottle named "Jack Daniels"?
9. How did you feel about meeting 50 'uncles' that always visited your Mom while Dad #6 was at work?
10. Did it bother you when your Dad #4 always left Santa a 6-pack of Bud and a bag of pretzels by the tree?
11. Did you understand why Grandma always put 'Ammo' first on her Christmas list?
12. Did it mean anything when Grandpa told you his two best friends, Smith & Wesson, were "...going to teach Santy a lesson..." if he didn't bring the Remington .30-.06 he wanted?
13. Did you think it was nice when Grandma gave Dad #7 a bright red rag called a 'gas cap' for Christmas?
14. Were you bothered when Dad #6 bought you batteries for Christmas, but couldn't afford the portable radio that went with it?

15. Was it troubling when Grandpa said, "This ain't Christmas, issa garage sayle. I awlreddy got me a garage anaways"?
16. Was it upsetting when your Dad #8 gave you what looked like a stuffed squirrel and said, "You oughta like it - the dog didn't bury it."?
17. Did you understand it when Grandma said, "Yeah, right - let's shop at Jews R Us"?
18. Were you upset when Dad #7 gave you a big hug and told you he was going on 'vacation' for a long time because the FBI had upped the his 'reward' to \$5000?
19. Did it bother you when Grandpa said, "Once a year my ass. Mastercard reminds me every month."?
20. Was it bothersome when Santa asked your Maw, "Hey baby, wanna see my North Pole!?"
21. Was it really weird when Santa told your 13 year old sister, "Hey babe, wanna make my naughty list!?"
22. Did you understand why at Christmas Grandma has everybody stand up, cover their hearts, and sing the 'National Budget Anthem' to the tune of "Funeral March"?
23. Was it upsetting when Maw laughed at you when your letter to Santa was returned marked, "Dream on d*ckhead!"?
24. When you told Dad #10 that you'd like to have a couple of pets for Christmas, were you troubled when he gave you a pack of Camel (filters)?
25. Did you cry when Grandma gave you toy guns for Christmas but also gave you the invoice for shipping and handling?
26. When you asked for a Christmas snack did you not understand why Maw gave you Styrofoam peanuts?
27. Were you really happy to learn that Grandpa's Christmas present was 5 years probation?
28. Did your Dad #12 have a big smile when he got a 12-pack of Bud on the 12th Day of Christmas?

29. When your Maw recited the Christmas Carol did she include, "On Virgil, now Vernon, now Lester and Bernie! On Festus, on Elmer, on Roscoe and Ernie!"?
30. Was your favorite Christmas present last year the "Bubba's Super Lube" T-shirt?
31. Did you laugh when your Grandma told you birds fly south for the winter because it's too far to walk?
32. Did you laugh when Maw said, "I shore wish I could deep-fry Santy an' have me a Crispy Cringle!"?
33. When you have trouble sleeping on the night before Christmas, do you get upset when Dad #11 says, "Go jump in the fireplace and sleep like a log dipsh*t!"?
34. On Christmas Eve last year, did you laugh when you saw your drunk Granny accidentally light her nose instead of her cigarette?
35. Did you laugh when drunk Grandpa stumbled out of the closet and said, "This f*ckin' bath-<<hiccup>>-room is too small!"?
36. When you last visited Santa, could you see by looking at his beard that he had sausage & mushroom pizza for lunch?
37. Were you upset when Dad #11 gave Maw something to show her the cheapest thing in the house – a mirror?
38. Were you troubled when your Maw told you that her favorite Christmas 'arm exercise' is shoplifting?
39. Was it embarrassing when Dad #14 called you a monkey-faced sh*thole and asked you to sing "Jungle Balls"?
40. Were you happy when you asked Maw at Christmas dinner if you could have a dog this year and she said, "Nope, were havin' Turkey this time!"?

NEWSFLASH:

The staff of Voyager recently received an email meant for Phreddy 'the Phlaming Phaggoid' Wheeler, apparently sent by accident. We assume it was his renown as a former member of **MagellanMusic** that encouraged it being sent to the staff of **Voyager**, so to save the time and hassle of forwarding this to Phreddy, and for his convenience, here is the email.

Dearest Mr. Izbott:

This is to inform you that your back-ordered sex toys have arrived and they will shipped immediately. The orange colored "Thunder Butt" was reduced in price to \$17.95 thanks to overstocking at the warehouse, and for a surprise gift we have included rubber coated "Dog Tongs". These and the "G-Spot Jizzm Jerker", the "Pinky Kinky Kit", the "Luscious Touch Super Gloves", the "Mia Z Harness", the "Havel Helmut Hugger", the "Deep Penetration Butt Bullet", and a 2 gallon bucket of 10W-30 Pennzoil Anal Lube is ready for shipment!

Remember that all of our products are guaranteed, so please inform us if you have any problems at any time. Have a very Merry Christmas!

Jack Hoff
Customer Service Representative
Dixon-Cox, Inc.

In other **MagellanMusic** news, we have just received word that **Vladimir Zsoerbin's** crony, **Kevvy-Wevvy**, recently attempted to participate in an updated version of the classic TV series "Star Trek". Due to film quality it is to be called "Star Drek", and it is to be called "Christmas On Uranus". **Kevvy Wevvy** tried to get the role of 'Captain Cock', but unfortunately, the production team said his 'part' was too small.

(The following article appeared in the news all over the country last year, but the staff of **Voyager** felt it appropriate to share the wonderful Christmas they experienced!)

Prison Causes New Stink in Kentucky Town

By The Associated Press

From Associated Press

December 10, 2005 5:06 AM EST

SANDY HOOK, Ky. - A new state prison that was at the heart of a political stink in Kentucky's Capitol earlier this year is now creating its own smelly situation.

Waste from the Little Sandy Correctional Complex has been causing problems with the sewer system in the northeastern Kentucky town, generating foul odors that even local residents who fought to recruit the prison are complaining about.

Local resident **AAA Marrz** (former member of **MagellanMusic**), well known for an affliction called “Defecation Fascination Syndrome”, has started a petition to change the city’s name to ‘Poopville’.

"It's awful," said Kathryn Neece, who lives next door to the Sandy Hook United Methodist Church. "It even gets in our church on some Sundays."

Residents of Sandy Hook, a town of 1,100 with chronically high unemployment, welcomed the \$92 million prison because of the 224 jobs it created. But no one expected the stench.

"It's a design problem," said Maleva Chamberlain, spokeswoman for the Kentucky Division of Water. "The sewer lines were designed too big. They were designed for the prison at full capacity, plus for additional development in the area. So what happens, because there is not enough flow, the sewage sits there and goes septic."

Local political leaders battled in Frankfort to get the prison and later to prevent a private company from operating it. In March, Gov. Ernie Fletcher announced it would be operated by the Kentucky Department of Corrections. His parting comment was, “This NOT a good Christmas present.”

In a related story, **AAA Marrz** also announced that he is going to arrange a ‘Poop-a-thon’ to help raise funds for those who suffer from the affliction known as DFS - “Defecation Fascination Syndrome”. All proceeds from **Marzz’** recent bestselling book, “Pooping Is My Life”, was reported to have raised a record \$15, and the current campaign is being sponsored by D.U.M.P. – Derriere’s Under Massive Pressure. Call 1-888-SHITBIG for more details.

NEWSFLASH:

The Oklahomoid Society Introduces “Phaggis”

Sickville, OK – October 15, 2006

Phreddie “the Plaming Phaggoid” Wheeler, the CEO, President and Chairman of the Oklahomoid Society, today announced the establishment of a new traditional Christmas dish for homoids called Phaggis. It is similar to the well known Scottish dish, Haggis. The Phaggis recipe calls for Bull Penii, Rectii and Testii mixed in a strange conCOCKtion of Mongolian Mush. It is then enhanced with Rice-a-Ronnie, Parsley, Sage, Rosemary’s Boyfriend and Thyme. It’s then wrapped in a thin covering made of Bull Scrotii. After

baking slowly for 8 hours it is served with Chucky's Cum Cheese and Dickberry/Cumquat Crème de la Chad Creme. It is to be served only once a year at the Oklahomoid Society's Christmas celebration, hoped to become an international homoid tradition.

Wheeler commented, "Phaggis is delectable. Guaranteed to give all Phaggoids a massive penile erectii."

In a recent chat with **Per Jensen**, after he had just finished smoking a joint of the most kick-ass weed he'd ever smoked, we happened to discuss some details of production techniques during sessions for "**Yesterday's Children**". We know that it was a difficult project, but we have been unable to answer technical questions asked by many fans. We asked **Per** to answer these intriguing questions and here was his response:

"Okay... if it's 18.6 tracks because 13.8 of them were recorded slightly partially theoretically separately overtly positively individually indelibly resoundingly minutely irrevocably absolutely and unquestionably from 17.2 peripheral possibilities (not counting the 12.47 and 2/3's of Ganga Granny's Oatmeal), then there should have been 969696.95 percent of gross national Zozbin to be delivered and split between the collaborating parties only if they're Marsupials wearing green raincoats. Then 12/16's of 0.69 wavelengths of legitimate illegitimacy is the mathematical quadrant of merciless angulational enferiments that propounds the 35.224% chance of life on Uranus, if it's incoherently established that Uranus is as Uranus does (as exemplified every day by a disgusting Uranian creature who inhabits the Oval Office). So, with the Vornal Escapist realities in mind, and with such propensity of Dementia Everimence, the ultimate question was presented - how many minutes does it take to fill the bath of minutia if 'irrelevance' is the 'Word for the Day' as asked by the host of the daytime TV show, 'What's That Smell!' Bottom line is, we didn't f**k up too bad."

'Twas the Week Before Christmas

'Twas the week before Christmas and those sly little elves,
our Congressmen labored to better themselves.
They cared not a crap what the public might think,
"Let them eat sh*t!" some said with a wink.

And putting their thumbs to the tip of their nose,
they waved as they shouted, "Anything goes!"

They scoffed at the thought that we might object
to a tax cut for the wealthy, a posh percent.
They have per diem, free travel and more,
bargain-priced Condo's and bribes (three or four!)

Paid speaking engagements, free meals on the cuff,
celebrity status -- they sure have it tough!

Yet they claim they're in touch with the man on the street,
as John Q. Public struggles to make ends meet.
If all workers decided what they were due,
they'd be getting those fat paychecks too!

But while we take cutbacks or pay-raises small,
and one out of 20 has no job at all,
our millionaire Congress decides on a budget,
like trimming Medicare and Medicaid to nudge it.

In this season of giving our Congress is taking,
we've had it with them and our backs are breaking.
With hard times, disasters, and layoffs on docket,
we bite the bullet while they fill their pockets!

Oh jobless, oh homeless, oh desperate and needy,
dare anyone say our Congress is greedy?

If in this feeling I'm not alone,
go to the polls and take up the vote.
As the road of your anger has peaked at a high,
all will soon know the question of why.
Indignant, outraged, appalled and beset
your Congressmen know now you didn't forget!

When election time came we spoke our will --
we voted you out for passing those bills.
More rapid than eagles, their ejections assured
we toasted each other and laughed at the bastards.
And as we purged executive criminals now banned,
"Merry Christmas to us, and Republicans be damned!"

And with that ladies and gentlemen, we bid adieu! We hope everyone has wonderful holidays this year and will do their best to help bring peace into our world. Always remember the unforgettable wisdom, "If your crotch itches, scratch it. But make sure it's your crotch!"

Merry Christmas to you from
all the staff of **Voyager!**

MagellanMusic



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