

# Burnhamish

## 1996 Holiday Issue

### Boeing merges with Nerf

Acquisition touted by top executives as a "joining of soulmates"

Well! There you are! I've been looking all over for you. Before I forget, "Merry Christmas, Happy Hanukkah, and May You Have a Joyous Holiday Season". I hope your Kwanzaa is most excellent. Ramadan da-doo-run-run. May you make it through the winter solstice without buying yourself all the things you want for Christmas.

You'll have to excuse me, I've been working hard lately and my stream of consciousness is more like a babbling brook. I finished Christmas shopping on December 14th, would you believe it? This must be Carolyn's influence, you think to yourself. You are correct, sir. I have had an influence on her, as well- she now makes "John noises". I have this condition which causes me to utter sound effects for events which normally have none. It gives my life a cartoon-like quality. Real life just doesn't have enough cool sound effects.

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Are you working harder for less pay? I'm not, thank heavens. I have gone back to school, however. Not to learn skills for a new job, but for personal enrichment (honest). I am completing an introductory course in graphic design (what did you think I would take, creative writing?). I am learning the basic concepts of space organization and control of color values. We worked mostly with "gouache". Gouache is a French word meaning "obscenely expensive paint". I spent twice as much on supplies as I did on tuition! Such is the price of personal fulfillment, I suppose. Now I know why artists are starving. You can't eat paint (although I ate Elmer's Glue once-yuck).

Carolyn has survived another year in the broadcast media industry. There is only one person left in her department who was there

when she started, and she's on her third manager. I should never have gotten her that assault rifle for her birthday. On the other hand, we do have the local squirrel population under control.

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I'd like to tell you about our most recent trip to a new place. I really would, but I can't, because we didn't go anywhere new this year. We had many adventures in the backyard, though. The trees behind our yard were growing into the fence and pushing it over. To save the fence, I pruned the tree. Then a windstorm blew the fence down. Isn't it ironic? Don'tcha think? We also cleaned out the back corner so Carolyn could try her hand at growing vegetation. It seems that previous tenants used this spot as their private landfill. Some of the artifacts uncovered include: potato chip bags, squirtguns, plumbing, a disco record, bone fragments, and a McDLT.

I have made other improvements since we moved in, like installing a garage door opener, a sink disposer, various electrical outlets, lighting fixtures, and ripping the disgusting wallpaper out of the bathroom. I stopped short of drywalling the basement. For the improvements we will be leaving behind, the landlord offered to pay for the materials. The labor was on the house (as it were)- I consider it practice for owning a house inn the future. I am the only member of my family not to own real estate, but I have more CD's than any of them (nyah)! There is absolutely no connection.

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As we meander toward the next millennium, I often pause to think if we should refer to the year 2000 as "oh-oh" or just "ohs".



### New Kid on the Block

by Christopher Michael Curtis,  
Senior Art Director

I would like to take this opportunity to tell you what an honor it is to be named Senior Art Director for Disembodied Heads Floating In Space Publishing, reporting directly to the creative director, John Burnham. I have been a big fan of both *Burnhamish* and the *Fish Free Press* my entire life, and I jumped at the opportunity to direct art for these venerable publications.

For those who may be skeptical regarding my qualifications, my skills include: eating, sleeping, and uncontrolled bodily functions. I bring with me a highly knowledgeable support staff, who supply me with ideas, insight, breast milk, and clean diapers. Also, I think my policies regarding snacks and nap time will be most popular.

My main focus is to bring our publications to a higher level of graphic sophistication, unparalleled in the history of DHFISP. As the world inches closer to the twenty-first century, we will try like heck to keep up with the latest trends in graphic design and printing technology. Personally, I would like to see more duckies and horsies, and I think you will agree.

*Burnhamish* is produced by Bynight Flights in conjunction with the Funky Onion division of Disembodied Heads Floating In Space Publishing. The whereabouts of the *Fish Free Press* are unknown at this time. DHFISP claims responsibility for any events triggered by this publication not resulting in property damage or physical injury. All other events are caused by something else entirely or Newt Gingrich, whichever gives us better ratings during "Sweeps".

# "So, how do you like it here?"

I honestly don't know what to say when someone asks me that. So I say it's nice, I've been coming to Michigan all my life, it's like a second home, blah blah yada yada yada. I have lived in Michigan for over two years, and am already in my second town. I guess I have mixed feelings about living here in Waterford. Before I get into it, let me explain that what is popularly known as "Waterford" is actually Waterford Township. There is a town of Waterford, but it is hardly distinguishable from the township. We haven't found the city limits yet, but we are hopeful.

## Pros

Before I start whining about where I live, let me present the positive aspects of living in Waterford. There is a surprising abundance of water (who would've thought?). Wherever you are, you live on or near a lake. Actual naturally-formed lakes, not water run-off retention ponds! If you can't afford lakefront property, you can enjoy the nearest lake for \$50 a year (as long as you do so in a counterclockwise direction). As a mountain-biker, I am fortunate to be close to some very good terrain, because there are hills here (and I don't mean former landfills or freeway embankments). I think the major difference between Chicago and Detroit in terms of outdoor recreation is that Detroit *has* outdoor recreation. After all, there's nothing to do in the city until they build the casinos.

## Cons

Say what you will about the high gasoline taxes in Chicago and Cook County, IL, but at least the roads are paved. I have driven past million-dollar homes on dirt roads in some of

the more affluent Detroit suburbs. In these areas, they are called "natural beauty roads". We have the highest per capita of dust-covered Lexuses (Lexii?) in the free world behind Saudi Arabia. The car-wash industry is second only to the automotive industry. And those roads that are paved (and I use that term loosely) are in such disrepair, the traffic helicopters are giving pothole reports.

## I'm not sures

In Waterford, you're never more than 500 feet from a liquor store.

If you live in Michigan long enough, you will eventually have a relative who works for GM, Ford, or Chrysler.

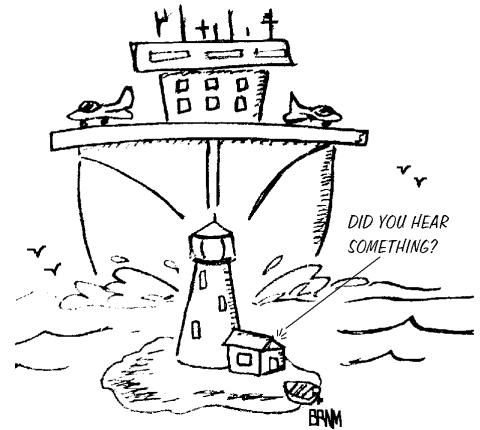
We have access to Canadian television.

Carolyn can name at least half the players on the Red Wings. I can name one of the players on the *VIPERS* for crying out loud.

Danny Bonaduce has moved here.

When you move to Michigan, you become magically clairvoyant. This means you do not have to use your turn signals because *everyone knows which way you are turning anyway*.

To be honest, I miss Chicago. Most of my family and friends are still there, and if Carolyn and I could find fitting jobs, we would move there. Will I ever be satisfied with where I live? Possibly. I just never live anywhere long enough to feel a sense of community. I am spoiled from growing up in Riverside. Maybe we will find the perfect house in the perfect neighborhood and stay right here in Waterford. We already found a good place for Tex-Mex. And we do have bowling balls.



## This Actually Happened

This is the transcript of an ACTUAL radio conversation of a US naval ship with Canadian authorities off the coast of Newfoundland in October, 1995.

Radio conversation released by the Chief of Naval Operations 10-10-95:

Americans: Please divert your course 15 degrees to the North to avoid a collision.

Canadians: Recommend you divert YOUR course 15 degrees to the South to avoid a collision.

Americans: This is the Captain of a US Navy ship. I say again, divert YOUR course.

Canadians: No. I say again, you divert YOUR course.

Americans: THIS IS THE AIRCRAFT CARRIER USS MISSOURI, WE ARE A LARGE WARSHIP OF THE US NAVY. DIVERT YOUR COURSE NOW!

Canadians: This is a lighthouse. Your call.

## Poetry Corner

### Byte Me

or

Computer?  
I Hardly Know Her!

My blood boils as I stare, shaking with silent rage  
You hum softly, uncaring, cold, lighted but lifeless

For what purpose higher am I tortured so?

My sole intent was to enjoy the tasks heretofore uneventful, as they are tedious

A richer sound, more vibrant hues, swift retrieval of perhaps limitless information compact

I Plug, but you do not Play

Do I not perform the installation deftly and without static?

Have I not resolved all conflicts of interrupts and requests?

Buzz and pop when there should be song

The arrow, where once it soared as soars a

great bird, such as an eagle or heron  
it does not point and click as in days of yore  
Should that I pull the ribbons from you and end this foul game

Can there not a solution be?

Pause to ponder- yes, a revelation revealed  
Your attempts to tell me fell upon blind eyes

I know now the folly of my efforts to master a technology beyond my being

For serial communications fell victim to meddling from without

Thus did the process become higglety-pigglety

Life springs forth, system sounds enabled  
All for the sake of a couple crossed cables.