

Catch O' the Day

The First and Only Newspaper Devoted Entirely to Carp 18 (it's a band!)

December, 1996

Special Dark Christmas Issue!

Volume = $\frac{4}{3} \pi r^3$

Carp 18 Finally Finish CD!

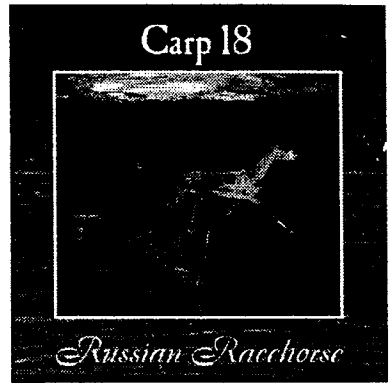
Rough Fish News

In the time it took the **Beatles** to form, record a dozen or so masterpieces, split up, pursue solo careers and hawk frozen vegetarian entrees, **Carp 18** has managed to finish their first CD, entitled *Russian Racehorse*.

Of course, while the above statement is a timeline exaggeration, it only proves that bands love to compare any of their efforts or situations to the Beatles. "You know, John was only 27 when he finished *St. Pepper's* and I'm 37 so I'm not that far behind him, and we just got some ink in the *City Pages* so maybe.....", or "The Beatles weren't exactly great musicians you know, if I spent that much time in a studio with **George Martin** I mean...hey!" or "I finally figured out the riff to *Day Tripper*...it's not that hard!" or "If I had access to the kind of drugs they did, I'm sure I could've come up with something at least as good as *Blue Jay Way* or *Flying*." And of course the classic, "I just finished listening to the *White Album* and am awaiting further instruction...page me."

Ok, this Beatles thing is going nowhere man, so let's get to the details: All effort was made to stick to the 45 minute format that was a standard for years until **The Cure** realized you could fit over 70 minutes on a disc and started filling their works with even more dreary, sniveling rot than usual. (Damn, I keep forgetting to be subtle!). So the tracks in order are: 1. *The Best of Nothing* 2. *Her Own Weather* 3. *Half a Million* 4. *Blue Highway* 5. *Every Lie* 6. *Me & My Computer* 7. *Time to Change* 8. *Encyclopedia Brown* 9. *Yellow Dye #5* 10. *Man on a Mission* 11. *I Luv Luv* 12. *Hauswarming Party* and then the unlisted track, recorded at **Stand Up Franks**, *Unlisted Number*.

The artwork and CD master left for Quebec on 12/5 and should be back shrinkwrapped, stickered & in living color by 12/16. (I always thought that *Jacket Made in Canada* thing was some kind of inside joke). The final product (musicians earn the right to say *product* after they buy their first UPC number), will be distributed by **Oar Fin Records** and will be available in actual stores.



Carp 18 to Play the Entry Friday, December 20th

Rough Fish Booking

Thanks to **Brian Swanson** of **Hello!** **Booking** for getting us on this good bill along with old friends the **Sycamores** and the **Billy's**. **Son Volt** appears in the Main Room. To get on the guest list call the usual suspects or email carp18@aol.com

Bill Clinton Wins Election Again

Disassociated Press

Yeah, really. This time **Bob Dole** took the silver and **Ross Perot** took the bronze once again.

Apparently there were no conspiracies from the Republicans to foil any Perot weddings this time, but inside sources at DFL Headquarters admitted they had plans to kidnap Perot and get Medieval on his ass.

Household Hints

by Helen Wielec



The holiday season is upon us and as you know, can not only drain us of our warm & fuzzy synergism but it can also be a drain on the pocketbook. How many times have you found yourself unable to redecorate the living room because of the cash you shelled out for Hubby's **Wild Turkey Holiday Gift Set** (which by the way, is a lovely package that includes a bottle of special edition premium bourbon in an attractive coonskin cap basket and includes a 357 magnum with a box of shells, and, last but not least, the permit he's had his eyes on for so long but was unable to acquire on his own).

Whatever Hubby's expensive desires or habits are, I thought it would be helpful to share some cost-saving household hints & gift ideas:

- 1** Why spend money on expensive wallcovering when tree bark can be found nearly anywhere and provides a whimsical look for your home?
- 2** Old hubcaps make excellent dinner plates and are dishwasher safe, or, store dirty dishes till the end of the week then have them cleaned while you're getting your car washed.
- 3** If you have a T-shirt with a remote control pocket but still find yourself getting up for a different remote, why not wear dorky pants with pockets everywhere and fill them with all your remotes. And why stop there? If you have a good extension cord just stick your stereo in your pants and you'll always be close to the music.
- 4** Window shades can be costly and a hassle to shop for. Here's an idea: attach a full paper towel holder above each window. It is inexpensive and paper towels come in a wide variety of decorative prints.
- 5** Here's a combination solution for 2 common disposal issues. Take useless, empty plastic milk cartons and fill them with used kitty litter. They'll make excellent holiday gifts as winter road survival kits that can easily be stored in the trunk and used for traction in emergency situations.
- 6** Tired of getting ripped off by trading in CD's for a fraction of your original cost? With a little bit of string and imagination you can make beautiful wind chimes from all your once favorite hits.
- 7** There is nothing more useless than an old worn sock until now.....if the heel is missing completely it will make an excellent bald eagle hand puppet. Simply insert hand into sock and flesh exposed at the heel will simulate the look of our revered national bird.
- 8** Are the kids getting restless in the late winter months? Why not build a simple carousel that can be driven by the kitchen's garbage disposal. One flick of the switch and the little ones will be screaming with joy.
- 9** Next time you are having a party, encourage your guests to bring plenty of extra food and beverages, it will save you trips to the grocery store for weeks to come.
- 10** Instead of changing a burnt out lightbulb, just go into another room to do whatever you were doing.

Daytons to Replace "Daisy Sale" with the "Dick Sale"

Local Commerce News

“All in all, we moved about \$250,000 dollars worth of merchandise to the Dick family of Roseville,” a Dayton spokesperson reported. “If we could just get them to pay for the items I think we should be sitting good by the end of the fiscal year!”

Though unconventional by any means, recent events have inspired the Dayton Hudson corporation to introduce a new sale in which you hire a “broker” to shop for you then pay later.



Members of the Dick family yucking it up at home on a stolen couch wearing stolen clothes and jewelry.

Note to production: Are you sure these are the Dicks? It looks like that shot we used of the Derus family by mistake in last month's sheep schtupin' article!

Why Christmas is My Favorite Time of Year

by Gus Grimstone

"It's beginning
to look a lot
like Christmas..."

Oh boy, everytime I hear that one it brings me back to the days sitting in that big front seat of my old man's Catalina. I'd look at him and he'd be grinning from ear to ear smoking a big Dutch Masters cigar. He'd blow a couple smoke rings and I'd watch as they turned green from the dashboard lights glowing at that magical time of day when the winter sun began dipping down early, as if weary, finally letting the dark solstice night take the lion's share of guarding the cold, winter sky.

You can take your trunk mounted CD changers and your subwoofer boxes and toss 'em out on highway 61 as far as I'm concerned, there ain't nothin' like a GM stock radio playin' those sweet Christmas tunes from Bing Crosby, Andy Williams, Nat King Cole and Doris Day. The old man would look over at me and say "Little Gus, there ain't nothin' like a big ass frickin' Detroit Pontiac in my book, if there's a

goddamn god in heaven, he's drivin' a frickin' Catalina, sure as shit!" Then he'd let out one of his hearty, rumbling laughs that turned into a deep rolling cough that sounded like when you shake a bag full of ball-bearings and cat shit. I remembered the way his head bobbed from side to side as he raised that brown paper bag to his lips taking a little taste of his homemade cough medicine: 3 parts Cutty Sark, 2 parts prescription codeine and 1 part bactine. One bump of that and he new was a man. he'd let out a high pitched scream and tromp down on the gas pedal.



"There's one right there little Gus!" he yelled with great excitement as he beared down toward a guy in a Santa suit, ringing a bell next to that hanging kettle. His style was always the same, slam down on the brakes and go into a power-slide toward the mark at a diagonal angle with as much metal-on-metal screeching as you could muster. That always seemed to unnerve the guy which just made our work easier. I'd jump out first and get behind the guy to disorient him, he wouldn't really notice when the old man came flying out of the driver's side with a gunny sack full of oranges and start wailing on the bastard, that's when I'd pull out the Grimstone

Christmas Fund
sack

and empty the contents of the kettle into it. Then while Santa was receiving his dose of Vitamin C, I'd slip back into the car with the loot and get behind the wheel and throw'er into gear, shit I could barely reach the pedals and see over that big dashboard but every year it was getting easier. Just as the car would get moving, the old man would dive in on the passenger's side coughing and laughing like a frickin' banshee. Then he'd give me a wink, all stretched out on that big front seat, panting hard, all covered with fresh orange juice, pulp and rind; he'd raise his bottle and tap the glove compartment for a toast. "Frickin' Catalina," he'd say as he'd down the rest of his medicine, curl up against the door and fall asleep.

As we high-tailed it home down side streets and alleys I'd picture Ma and Sis at home, trimming the tree with human skulls (*hell, just kidding!*) the tree that we'd usually cut down right out the neighbor's yard.

*Memories like that
make Christmas
my favorite
time of
year.*

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