

Bassholes, "Out in the Treetops" 7 song 2X7 inch

More lo-fi swamp-blues-garage from this two-man crew. It's sad that so many other outfits have praise lavished on them while (not all of them worthy of said attention) while these folks continue to operate in relative obscurity, but you know that all say about pioneers and scalps. Worth checking out. -*Shredding Paper*

Bassholes "Out in the Treetops" 2X7"

Firstly, I'm no historian or anything, but there should be a statue of Don Howland in some Americana museum somewhere, because the guy is a national treasure. Howland continues to follow his uncompromising and unique vision of roots-punk-blues with this monster double seven inch package. This shit is as good as anything on the masterpiece "When My Blue Moon Turns Red Again", just without John Wahl throwing his two cents in. It's just Bim and Don whipping out seven tracks of sweat, blood, and love, including the cemetery groove of "Ode to Charo", stopping to borrow a song from The Who, enlisting some extra guitars to deliver a mind-blowing cover of "Raw Power" that proves that someone can actually cover that song without sounding asinine, and finishing with the sucker-punch combination of the sparse "Stack O Lee" and the punked out blast of "St. Matthew". This is an extremely welcome release in this time of faux two-piece blues authentics and a reminder that there are few, if any, who can do it this well and real. Plus, this bitch includes a 12 track CD-R aptly titled "The Forgotten Bassholes", a raw live recording that will make you recall the noise that two possessed men can create, and pray real hard that they stop in your town this summer. I just saw this package go for upwards of \$20 on eBay, so get moving. And to make things even better, rumor has it the Bassholes' seventh full-length is being recorded this summer. Six new Bassholes tracks = you're a dumbass if you're not already out the door to get this. On birdshit colored vinyl. -*Rich Kroneiss, Blank Generation*

I thought the Bassholes, one of the first two-man bands (started in 1991), had broken up (their last release was in 1998) but I guess they've just been dormant for five years. The eight songs on these two 7"s are all over the map. There's a Velvet Underground/Sonic Youth thing on some songs, punk-esque-psychedelia on others, and an odd cover of "Raw Power" with two additional guitars. Undeniably weird, undeniably Bassholes. -*Larry Kay, Carbon 14*

Due to the group's title, I expected this band to suck, but they don't. In fact, they're damn good. The title track is a power-trash number with enough pizzazz to remind listeners of revolutionary '70s heroes (i.e. Johnny Thunders). Plus they manage to throw in The Who and The Stooges. -*Sonia Pereira, Punk Planet*

I know this is supposed to be a two-man Blues punk unit, but it sounds like the full Velvet Underground pretending to be the Stooges at a Halloween party at Warhol's. -*Roctober*

I must be living in an alternate universe. Bands I don't quite understand as being garage have vaulted to the top of the charts. Real ball busters as varied as The Jewws, The Dirtbombs, The Stupor Stars, The Pinkz, The Bassholes, and anything Tim Kerr's been involved with in the last fifteen odd years, continue largely unabated, ignored by the national press. One day soon, when the majors' mine shaft is overpopulated and they all die in their orgy from self-congratulatory asphyxiation, I'm putting a couple of donuts and some Vicodin up as a bet that the Bassholes will continue to sweat, scream and writhe. These seven songs cover the gamut from Iggy and the Stooges to Jow Division. They retain the cyst and shambles approach to good, old-fashioned low budget creep rock'n'roll that's way more in tune with Screamin' Jay Hawkins than some fussy, pouty dude in too-tight pants worrying about how fat his wallet is getting. -*Todd Taylor, Razorcake*

BASSHOLES *Out In The Treetops (Dead Canary; double 45)*

What connects The Misunderstood and Bassholes? John Peel managed the psych legends and would very much enjoy this trash/blues/lo-fi shite! That's it! That's as far as it goes! So don't be expecting any heavenly crafted psych, as this guitar/drum duo (a trendy and bad American invention) certainly won't provide it. In the press-kit they claim that they are 'never at a loss to soil the garage rock purists formulas' with pride, and I can safely say guys that anyone who likes '60s garage - if that's what you call 'purist' - won't wanna listen to this. And soiled the formula they have... why mess with it when it worked in the first place? This isn't music. It's depressing trash, and who wants that when there's plenty of good music out there... still I'm sure the NME will lap this up. -*Jon 'Mojo' Mills, Shindig Magazine*

Bassholes

Out In The Treetops 2 x 7"

And another long-awaited record! I sure have missed the Bassholes. Don Howland is truly one of the living garagerock-legends, up there with Mick Collins, Jon Spencer etc. So it's nice to know the bands' still doin' fine! Here you get 7 songs: Ode To Charo is a creepy instrumental with some cool organ, Out In The Treetops, Tattoo and St. Matthew are all

trademark twisted rockers by Mr. Don Howland. Life Goes On sounds probably closest to what the band's ever been to Velvet Underground and The Bassholes' take on the Stooges' Raw Power is totally fuzzed-out and crazy. Good to have these guys back! -Artemi, *Savage Magazine*

Bassholes

Out in the Treetops

One could call donuts the "missing centers" to describe them by what they are lacking. So the garage and blues guitars/drums duo Bassholes is named after the typical rock combo instrument it lacks. Bassholes reaches back to the primitive blues duo combination used by such artists as Lightning Hopkins in the personnel arrangement. Bassholes take us back to the juke joint days with their take on "Stack O Lee" on this set of two 33 RPM 7" records. The group spans the distance between Hopkins' generation and today's electric alt-blues powerhouses, like Jon Spencer Blues Explosion. This recording set also resonates with the early days of '60s power blues rock and Bassholes shows their affinity for that style with clamorous covers of "Tattoo" (The Who) and "Raw Power" (The Stooges). Two additional musicians flesh out the punk-styled rendition of "Raw Power" out. (4) -Tom Schulte, *Caustic Truths*

Bassholes are the brainchild of Gibson Brothers alumn Don Howland. It's a two piece with Howland on guitar and vocals and Bim Thomas on drums. I find a kindred spirit in Howland. He's a schoolteacher with a couple of kids who rocks out when he can. Sounds like me, except I can't play, only listen and write about rock n' roll. Dead Canary Records just released the "Out In The Treetops" 2x7". It's the Bassholes slanted take on American roots music with a large dose of punk rock thrown in. This is their twentieth release. "Ode To Charo" is an instrumental with a bouncy little organ. I suppose it's a tribute to everybody's favorite "Love Boat" guest star. The title track "Out In The Treetops" is blistering rocker where Howland switches between monotone singing and full-out scream. Damn, Bim Thomas is a great drummer. The press release said the Bassholes stole some Joy Division song and renamed it "Life Goes On." Hell, I don't know anything about Joy Division but this song a slow moody one. Sounds like it could be a Joy division Song. "Tattoo" is a Who cover. The 'Holes strip it to it's essences and rock out. On the Stooges' "Raw Power" it's all smashing cymbals, fuzz and energy. The guitar solo will rip your damn head off. "Stack O Lee" is country blues song retelling the traditional story of Stagger Lee. It's acoustic guitar, maracas and Howland's unusual voice. I do like it. The last song is "St. Matthew" is another blues song rev'd up and played a punk rock speed and intensity. "Out In The Treetops" is another cool rootsy rock n' roll record by the Bassholes. Get it while you can. -Cyclops Zine

Bassholes • *Out In The Treetops* • Double 7"

This is some seriously raw garage rock – exactly how it should be. There's loads of feedback and the band members are undoubtedly drenched in sweat. There is plenty of punk influence that gives it a punch, rock and roll feel. Plus, you get two slabs of vinyl for a total of seven tracks. -Chris Maxwell, *Impact Press*

Back in the old days, like 1997, there was a two-piece rock 'n' roll duo that used a simple approach to thump the listener into submission. They didn't have matching outfits or color-coded equipment, except for the uniform sweat stains. The BASSHOLES, ladies and gentlemen, did it first and continue to do it best. As if to underscore thier continuing existence, this is a double 7", one of those 90's packaging concepts that really didn't survive the decade too good. If you like raw garage rock, like, totally buy this booze-soaked urinal cake. -Ryan Wells, *Maximum Rockroll*

Lo-fi mofo Don Howland returns from the dead, and he's pissed.

Don Howland started this whole minimalistic, bruising-blues trend as a founder of the Gibson Bros. (whose membership included Jon Spencer) and subsequently in Bassholes, whose album *When My Blue Moon Turns Red Again* remains the yardstick for such shenanigans. *Out In The Treetops* marks the duo's first new material since that 1998 opus, and brings out all the stops, sounding like the Velvet's if Lou Reed were a redneck or the Stones if the were into stoner rock. -Brian O'Neil, *Alternative Press*

Grafton—Blind Horse Campaign (Dead Canary) Bassholes—Out In the Treetops (Dead Canary)

The fine folks at Dead Canary are launching their label with a pair of releases guaranteed to restore your faith in the power of loud guitars and cheap beer.

It wasn't a demure debutante ball, but Dead Canary's recent double-release show at Little Brother's (that's in Columbus, for all you non-locals) unleashed the sophomore effort from Columbus's Grafton as well as a vinyl EP from the Bassholes. A trio and a duo, respectively, Grafton and the Bassholes manage to coax more racket from their modest set-ups than Scandinavia can muster from its legions of guitar-rock throwbacks. That's right, I said it—Columbus is more rockin' than Sweden. Go ahead, revoke my Ikea credit card—see if I care.

Featuring members whose pedigrees include time served in outfits like Bob City, it should come as little surprise that Grafton specializes in riff-heavy Midwestern rock. Uh, not Midwestern like the Replacements, Midwestern like the region of the country responsible for producing many of the nation's serial killers. It's loud and it's ugly. But damn, does it rock. Imagine sludgy Seattle dirges mixed with stompin' Appalachian rawk and you're on the right path. Some Motorhead, some Sympathy for the Record Industry, some violently repressed indie-rock melodies and a whole mess of catchy riffs and Lou Poster's drill Sgt. vocals come together in Grafton's sound to offer songs that are hooky and melodic almost in spite of themselves.

Previously released as part of Grafton's Diaphragm Records 7", "Sumbitch" and "Fine, Good, Go!" turn up on the new Blind Horse Campaign LP, along with numbers like "I've Been Lookin'" and "Slowpoke" that have been highlights of the band's absurdly loud live shows of late.

The Bassholes have been a hard-hittin' swamp rock two-piece since just after the last of the dinosaurs shuffled off into the sunset. This means they've had a lot of time to get their act together. With their Dead Canary EP, *Out In the Treetops*, the Bassholes have recorded the coolest, most rockin', most delightfully spooky song I've heard since, well, since I don't know when. The title track, "Out In the Treetops," finds guitarist/yowler Don Howland settling into a laid back Iggy Pop timbre and casually tossing off lines like "In my next life I decided I am living in your house," before freaking out for a few bars of chorus wailing, then settling back into the eerily nonchalant verse groove. Damn, Iggy Pop wishes he was this cool (and don't expect to hear the sounds of the Bassholes pimping cruise ships TV ads any time soon... "Lust for Life," my ass).

And all you young garage-dwellers with your saucy haircuts and matching outfits owe the Bassholes more than you probably even realize. Forget the tired old Blues Explosion, the Bassholes rock the blues, punk. Fans of the Oblivians and '68 Comeback will love it.

The remainder of the record comes and goes with some highs and lows, but nothing can trump *Treetops*. The Bassholes tear through a cover of the Stooges "Raw Power" (with a vicious guitar solo courtesy of Grafton's Poster), though the mix is so ragged that it's almost impossible to decipher. Maybe this was done on purpose, as a sort of tribute to the classic sonic mess of the Stooges, but it's hard to be sure. Sometimes bad production is just bad production (to paraphrase our old buddy Freud). Anyway, it doesn't matter, you can always just put "Out In the Treetops" on repeat (it's vinyl, so this will involve getting up and moving the needle, kids), and you'll get your money's worth.

Now, I'm not delusional, I realize that while I reckon these are two of the finest slabs of plastic to grace my speakers this year, most people will continue on through the world of pre-fab pop and faux-angst-ridden alterna-schlock without giving Grafton or the Bassholes a second thought, which is a shame. But, c'mon-- you're smarter than the average Everclear/Foo Fighters listenin' fratboys, right? Right. -Karen E. Graves, *Swizzle-Stick*

De Bassholes hebben het zo'n beetje uitgevonden: doupresentatie met gitaar en drums. En juist op het moment dat je zanger/gitarist Don Howland rijp is voor het gesticht (zie zijn zoloplaat op Birdman) komen de Bassholes terug met een deels ijzingwekkende dubbele 7-inch op het nu al illustere labeltje *Dead Canary*. Op *Out In The Treetops* staan zeven nummers uit de onderwereld, waar de opengevallen bek bad de duivel zelf voor de juiste echo zorgt. Natuurlijk klinkt Howland ook hier volkomen krankzinnig, maar nu hebben we het over gestileerde muzikale waanzin. Dit is duogaragerock waarmee knoeibroeken als the Black Keys eens flink om de oren gempt zouden moeten worden -Nanne Tepper, *OOR*

Midwest Misfits

Three Ohio-based bands that give it all they got

By Matthew Wascovich

Cleveland Free Times

The Bassholes, Grafton and This Moment in Black History - all of whom are on a July 18 bill at the Grog Shop -- are bizarre musical neighbors. The Ohio bands' music and personalities are the stuff of street freaks, and they share an affinity for nasty, discordant mutant rock so bad, it's good. Real good. If you can't take their not-much-to-live-for-other-than-rock-'n'-roll attitudes, second-hand clothes and loud instruments, then this isn't the show for you.

The Bassholes are the veterans of the bunch. Don Howland and Bim Thomas are a guitar and drum duo that kicks out crud rock. -- the kind of music that comes from the gutter. The kind of music you make when it's all you can do. Yes, the Bassholes precede the current two-piece hype by over a decade, but Thomas feels the duo's taken a more organic route.

"By homemade efforts, we have attracted our fans," he says. "From the first U.S. and European tours to most of our singles and LPs. People at any given point in time start to appreciate the band and as long as that continues to happen, I'm

confident we'll stay together and continue to represent Midwestern rock. The all-in-it-together-pick-it-up-from-the-ground vibe is cool, but we have been at this for awhile."

As if to call out pretenders, Thomas adds, "At a time when the White Stripes success has prompted some real grade-A squares to start duos -- some I like, some I don't -- one thing I've realized is that all of these hot shot duos don't invite us to play. And we've played with a lot of the more well known ones, but they don't call anymore. Why? Are they afraid of being exposed?" Howland's past is legendary. Part self-described art fag, part Appalachian blues man, he's played in eminent bands such as Great Plains and Gibson Brothers, and has already made more great records than most produce in a lifetime. Yet, Howland soldiers on, and his Bassholes work is some of the best. If anyone should be a rock star, or at least able to make a living playing rock 'n' roll, it's Howland. However, he keeps it on the level -- not buying into marketing plans and trendy bullshit, he continues to work as a teacher in an unfashionable town in North Carolina. He's currently in the midst of recording a full-length Bassholes album this summer, to be released on Columbus, Ohio's Dead Canary Records.

"A lot has happened since our last studio album *When My Blue Moon Turns Red Again*," Thomas says. "I believe Howland will be able to put down the usual brand of hard as nails lyrics, and I'm a better player on the tubs, so I'm anticipating our best album yet."

Formed in 1996, the guys in Grafton got together to play obnoxious, loud stripped-down rock because they loved bands like the Bassholes. Drummer Jason McKiernan was in the group Preston Furman at the time and lived in a duplex with singer and guitarist Lou Poster in a shitty neighborhood near the Ohio State campus.

"I had begun to lose interest in my band, and we were looking to piss off the pretentious bad haircut crowd we were seeing at shows," Poster says. "We thought loud, drunk, Led Zeppelin-inspired two-piece rock was the way to go."

Immediately, the group impressed, even if it lacked something in the low end department. "Bim Thomas came to most of our early shows and complained so much that we needed to 'gimme some bass, man' that Donovan Roth, who was pounding bass for Bob City at the time and working at Bernie's, the scene of most of those first experiments, offered to join up. In 1999, he did." With their three-piece in tact, Grafton set out to tour and record. They have criss-crossed the country a few times and, after this tour in support of their latest release, *Blind Horse Campaign*, and plan a third national tour this fall. When asked what motivates him and what ties his band to other Midwest bands, Poster says, "seems like there's a Midwest ethic that supports hard work in the face of adversity, a mindset that says 'this is what I've got, and if it doesn't go anywhere, it's still all I've got.' We're lifers, and we love what we do."

Poster adds, "in my case the work ethic definitely comes from my old man, who's a coal miner back in West Virginia, where I'm from. I've watched him work 50+ hours every week since I can remember and since I can't see myself in anything you'd call a 'career' path, this is where it comes out." One of the hottest new bands in Cleveland, This Moment in Black History, recently played a series of gigs opening for the Fall. They're currently developing their sound in their studio/rehearsal space called The Black Eye. Thomas, who pulls double-duty as drummer of both the Bassholes and TMIBH, illustrates the history of the band.

"The band started at a party," he says. "The band was setting up to do some Germs tunes. I eked my way on to the drums, Buddy [Akita] started play, Chris [Kulcsar] started to scream, and we really enjoyed it. We hooked up a couple days later and 'Unicorn' and '10/11' were pretty much written right then."

Version City Records will release a new Black Moment 7" in September and the band, will continue to tour. With a solid live EP already out and full-length to be recorded at Ghetto Recorder Studios in Detroit in late August by Jim Diamond (Dirtbombs), TMIBH is garnering well-deserved attention.

Thomas says their music is an attempt to "be political but not annoying." "We want to say something important," he says. "Yet say it in a sexy way." And what's more Midwest than that?

Bassholes, Grafton, This Moment in Black History, Clone Defects, DJ Lawrence Caswell
11pm, Friday, July 18
Grog Shop
2785 Euclid Heights Boulevard
216.321.5588
Tickets: \$7

Grafton - *Blind Horse Campaign*
Bassholes - *Out In The Treetops*
(Dead Canary Records)

Dead Canary Records is een nieuw platenlabeltje uit Columbus, Ohio en zet zich middels twee uitstekende releases meteen op de kaart.

Grafton bracht eerder twee singles en een lp uit, maar hun tweede is voor ons de eerste kennismaking met dit trio uit Dead Canary hometown Columbus, en wat een verrassing schotelen ze ons voor. Treuren om het verscheiden van de eveneens uit Columbus, Ohio afkomstige New Bomb Turks hoeft niet langer, Grafton vult zonder moeite de achtergelaten leegte in. Van zodra de plaat inzet met het fantastische 'I've been lookin' zijn we verkocht aan het groovy en bluesy geluid van deze gasten. Ze zetten er namelijk meteen de beuk in, en als Lou Poster zijn schuurpapieren keelgat dan nog eens opentrekt, jawadde. Wie nog regelmatig plaatjes van Mule of Laughing Hyenas onder de naald duwt, zal hier een schoon belegde boterham aan hebben. Rauw en melodisch tegelijk, meesters in het verhaspelen van de finale van elk nummer op de plaat, hier en daar wat gas terug nemend maar wel 11 nummers aan een stuk punkrockend zoals het hoort. Grafton kent dezelfde gedrevenheid als Nashville Pussy en Nine Pound Hammer, maar dan zonder de hardrockinvloeden, ze zijn een steviger versie van Bassholes of Gibson Bros en klinken als Doo Rag met echte instrumenten. Potverdorie, wat een dijk van een plaat. Het boogiegehalte kent zijn hoogtepunt als in 'The captain and big muskie' gastmuzikant Chris Burgett een piano mishandelt. 'Blind Horse Campaign' kent eigenlijk alleen maar hoogpunten, dus die gasten moeten zo snel mogelijk naar hier worden gehaald. Klasse.

Een dubbelsingle, dat was al een tijdje geleden, en van Don Howland's band The Bassholes dan nog wel. Fervent liefhebber van die kleine vinylschijfjes als ik ben, prefereer ik uiteraard deze versie boven de cd-versie die binnenkort op de markt wordt gegoooid, zeker gezien het feit dat beide formaten dezelfde zeven nummers bevatten. Don Howland is nooit ver van een opname in de psychiatrie verwijderd, zijn soloplaat 'Birdman' kan dat getuigen, maar gewoontegetrouw kan de man zijn kwelgeesten kwijt bij The Bassholes. De twintigste release van dit duo inmiddels, waardoor ze meteen kunnen worden bestempeld als zowat de grondleggers van de gitaar/drums-combinatie. The Black Keys kunnen weer naar huis, want de meester zelve is terug. Is opener 'Ode to Charo' eerder een nietig instrumentaaltje, waar live wellicht mee wordt geopend, 'Out in the treetops' behoort tot het beste wat het duo ooit op plaat heeft gezet. Howland zet een Iggy Pop neer zoals hij hoort te klinken, cool as hell en waar Iggy stekejalers op zou zijn als hij het nog zou kunnen, met een spooky tekst met lijnen als 'In my next live I decided I am living in your house', een scary movie waardig. En dat is slechts kantje één. 'Life goes on' op kant twee is een eigenzinnige versie van Joy Division's 'She's lost control', andere tekst maar muzikaal zijn er zeker raakvlakken. Ook hier straalt het optimisme er natuurlijk van af. Het derde kantje schotelt ons twee covers voor: 'Tattoo' van The Who en 'Raw Power' van The Stooges. Vooral de Stooges-cover is de moeite, en doet de chaos van het origineel alle eer aan, met medewerking van twee Grafton's komen ze tot een zeer geslaagd resultaat. 'Stack of Lee' en 'St. Matthew' sluiten het hemelse festijn af, in pure Bassholes-traditie. Alweer een klassieker toegevoegd aan hun immer uitdijende catalogus. Een must voor elke Jon Spencer, '68 Comeback en Cheater Slicks-adept. -Patrick Bruneal, *Gonzo Circus*

While the punk/blooze duo thang has become, in the wake of colorful combos like the White Stripes, Black Keys, Green JuJu's and others, the New Authenticity, the Bassholes were pulling up their overalls more than a decade ago. Guitarist/vocalist Don Howland, as accompanied by trapsman Bim Thomas, is Iggy Pop reincarnated as Skip James, or Lou Reed seeing that Blind Lemon Jefferson's grave is kept clean. This seven song CD EP (or double 7-inch) includes a no-fi-but-hotwired cover of The Stooges' "Raw Power", a skiffly reworking of ancient murder ballad "Stack O Lee" and a gruesomely suicidal blues, "Life Goes On," which improbably lifts the melody from Joy Division's "She's Lost Control" – some seriously bipolar stuff. And when the 'holes make like a strip-club Booker T & the MGs on "Ode To Charo," you can almost see the buxom goddess herself sashay across the stage like she's a guest star in a Roxy Music video. Cuchi-cuchi, y'all. -Fred Mills, *Harp*

This is the first new studio Bassholes stuff since 1998's *When My Blue Moon Turns Red Again*. Since that time, there was the *Secret Life of Depression* live album, but that was it. Like many, I thought maybe they'd broken up. Not so, as the two-man tour de force that is the Bassholes is back. While only Don Howland's guitar and vocals and Bim Thomas' drums are credited, the sound is not as stripped-down as on previous releases. Organ and more guitar textures add shine to the opening instro "Ode To Charo," while eerily haunting violin permeates the shameless rip-off of Joy Division's "She's Lost Control" called "Life Goes On" (which also references '60s legends Love's "The Red Telephone" with its "If you want to count me, count me out" refrain). Stripped-down to their bare necessities covers of the Who's "Tattoo" and the Stooges' "Raw Power" show it is possible to breathe new life into oft-covered gems. "Stack O' Lee" will certainly find lazy journalists accusing them of trying to beat the White Stripes at their own game with Howland's higher-than-usual vocals and bluesy delivery, but keep in mind that the Bassholes have been pounding this stuff out since the early '90s. Gotta love that maracca-shakin'! The last song, "St Mathew," is an outright rocker, all fast guitar strummin' and crazy minimalist drums. This thing really cooks, I'm glad they're back! -Alan Wright, *Cosmik Debris*

This is a pretty good EP for being alone in your apartment on a Friday night, having a vodka drinking contest with yourself. Luckily, I happen to be doing that right now. Do you remember where you were on Friday, August 22nd at 11:10 pm? I

won't. Great covers of "Raw Power" and the WHO's "Tattoo", plus a version of JOY DIVISION'S "She's Lost Control" retitled and reworded. Another really consistent recording by someone I think always writes or steals great rock and roll. **Larry Loudmouth, *Horizontal Action***

These seven songs are now labeled Exhibit A in the People vs. the Bassholes, the crackbrains accused of luring a tender ballad like the Who's "Tattoo" into their van, then eviscerating it like a drunken fisherman. The unmentionable crimes perpetrated against "Raw Power" would even make Iggy Pop blanch, and the title song should be included in the expanded version of *The Texas Chainsaw Massacre* soundtrack. I ask you, members of the jury, what sentence befits unspeakable sonic crimes like these? How about house-warmer at George Bush Jr.'s second inaugural ball? --**Jud Cost, *Magnet***

the bassholes

"OUT IN THE TREETOPS" DOUBLE 7"
(DEAD CANARY)

Anyone paying attention knows the White Stripes weren't the first guitar-and-a-drum duo and the current crop of garage revivalists also owe Basshole DON HOWLAND an even greater debt given his spearheading of the GIBSON BROS., who not only created the prototype of blues-garage-punk whatever deconstruction, but also taught JON SPENCER how to play a blues scale. Anyway, the Bassholes (Howland and drumming half is BIM THOMAS) get a little grimmer and little gloomier than in the past on this double 7-inch EP, particularly on the notable first two sides, "Ode to Charo" and the title track on side one and "Life Goes On," the flipside that is a reworking of Joy Division's "She's Lost Control." The third side is something of a throwaway, with covers of THE WHO'S "Tattoo" and THE STOOGES' "Raw Power," which could have been much better if the drums were lowered in the mix (then again everyone's always complained about the mix of the original album of the same name, so go figure.), while side four shows some of the gutter bucket honkeytonkin' the band's generally known for with "Stack O Lee." Somewhat inconsistent, the EP stills shows ingenuity and some harrowing, primal sounds. --**Stephen Slaybaugh, *The Big Takeover***