



Big Takeover #43 was printed at the end of 1998. The reviews below were all written for this issue, but not all appeared in it, and some were shortened because of space constraints...

backseat driver

son of the city

(lucky x)

It always amazes me how some bands have all the right heroes but miss the mark so badly. The Backseat Drivers claim the NY Dolls, Thunders, and Ramones among their influences, but if that's true, why do so many of their songs sound like bad heavy metal? This CD starts with some pleasant sounding punk guitar chords, but once the vocals start, it's rapidly downhill. A mediocre cover of a great **CRAZYHEAD** song doesn't make things any better. (198 Harding Ave., Clifton, NJ 07011)

basement brats

"shining down" 7"

(sneakers)

"it's all right" 7"

(rapid pulse)

"take care" 7"

(screaming apple)

Last issue of BTO reviewed their two great CDs, and now here's a clutch of new singles. "Shining Down" features original singer **OLE OLSEN**, but the other two are from after he was booted from the group. Olsen's great singing makes this first

single a delight, but this band plays this early Ramones styled punk pop so well that even with a merely adequate singer like **EGIL PINAS** stepping up to the mike the Brats still are a lot of fun. "It's All Right" has blistering rough production and is a typical sub 2 minute Brat-blast that just screams. "Take Care" is slower than the others but still bristles with an edgy energy. The bonus is that on all three of these the flips could also be A sides. Can't say enough about this band. (Sneakers, Almgrensv. 9A, 1621 Gressvik, Norway / Rapid Pulse, PO Box 5075, Milford, Ct. 06460 / Screaming Apple, Dustemichstr 14, 50939 Kohn, Germany)

basement brats

"I hate it" 7"

(sneakers)

"one night bitch" 7"

(no tomorrow)

It's not right, I'll tell you. Everytime I find a new favorite band, it seems like either they decide to get Eno to produce them or they split up. Norway's Basement Brats have chosen the latter route to termination, and leave these two terrific singles as the final evidence that they existed. The basic concept here is Ramones/Devil Dogs styled punk rock, but it's the execution that matters so much...these guys just have a wonderful flare for teenaged hormone overdosed lyrics and 3 chord monster riffing. It's hard to put into words what it is that separated these guys from the pack, but you'll understand when you hear it. (Almgrensv. 9A, 1621 Gressvik, Norway and PO Box 1134, 12080 Castellon, Spain)

the bo-weevils

get on down

(rubber)

The Bo-Weevils have been putting out records in their low-key fashion for over ten years now, and have little in the way of critical praise to show for it. Grossly unfair, because they play this brand of 60s garage-psych better than 95% of the contenders out there. The singer has a full-throated early Lime Spiders Mick Blood kind of growl and the songs are well written and memorable. Their best songs build on repetitive chord progressions and rely on subtlety more than brute strength. This CD is retrospective of their career and a great starting place if you've missed them up to now. (PO Box 32, Hawksburn 3142, Australia)

budd

naf ovit

(shock)

I've had abow da naf ovit, too, if you mean this sub metal grunge thing (sorry Jack...). This outfit is from Brisbane, a city that gave Australia a lot of its

great rock figures including the Saints and members of Died Pretty and the Hoodoo Gurus. But I guess everyone coughs up a loogy now and then...this lot are nothing if not headbanger metal with a very slight 90s twist. And if Steve Albini and Thurston Moore like 'em as much as the press sheet says, well, it just proves that there's no accounting for taste. (PO Box 22098, SF, CA 94122)

clowns for progress

progress

(last beat)

On this their second CD, these New Yorkers repeat and improve on the kind of easy to like melodic punk that they featured in their 1995 debut. The Clowns have a knack for really tasty guitar hooks and feature a razor sharp production style. They can play rockers or ballads with equal punch. That's the good news. The bad news is that their vocal style is pretty generic...all well in tune and everything, but fairly lacking in attitude, and I can't help feeling that if this was 12 years earlier this band might be playing arena style hard rock with equal consumer-friendly competence. (2819 Commerce St., Dallas, TX 75226)

consumed

breakfast at papa's

(fat)

OKAY! Now this is what a punk rock record should be! The debut by this British band will jolt you into the realization that not every good punk hook has already been used (18 times, no less). Consumed mine a claim that most bands seem to find very played out and with apparent ease find nuggets lying all over. Intelligent lyrics, impassioned vocals, and full on hardcore tempos with sharp as nails playing make it feel like the six songs on this CDEP end all too soon. (POB 193690, SF, CA 94119)

died pretty

using my gills as a roadmap

(citadel)

When a band has been around for about 15 years and released stacks of albums, it starts getting to be pretty hard to surprise anyone with a new release. But judging from one e-mail group I belong to, this CD shook up a lot of Died Pretty fans. It's the least accessible thing they've ever done...very moody and repetitive. But to my ears this is a fresh new approach and it works very well. New-ish drummer Simon Cox has found his niche very nicely, and in fact the tribal rhythms he drives are one of the real strengths of this release. Brett Myers' is pushing is guitar to make all kinds of new sounds; at times sweetly melodic, at times noisy

beyond belief. A fine effort. (PO Box 316, Darlinghurst, NSW 2010 Australia)

dm3

rippled soul

(citadel)

In a note that accompanied this CD, DM3's **DOM MARIANI** hinted that this might be the last release ever from his great power pop band. If so, it's a terrible loss, since this Aussie group could always be counted on to deliver a set of memorable tunes that were at once hard hitting and lush, and full of the kind of innocent boy/girl topics that seemed to make so much sense in the music scene of 1964 but haven't felt right often since then. Each DM3 CD seems to have at least one track so relentlessly catchy that it seems like the achievement of a lifetime, and "Quicksand" fills that bill on this one. The rocking "Dial 04 Josephine" ain't no slouch, either. Say it ain't so, Dom! (PO Box 316, Darlinghurst, Australia 2010)

dr. feelgood

stupidity (reissue)

25 years of dr. feelgood

(grand)

Singer **LEE BRILLIEUX'S** untimely death a few years ago hasn't stopped the release of Feelgood's CDs. The boxed set release on Grand reviewed last issue is a wonderful collection, so it's a little hard to see where the need is for the two CD *25 Years Of* set. It's especially distressing to hear the band continuing on for the last few tracks with **PETER GAGE'S** Bachman Turner Overdrive style lead vocals...there's not one founding member in the lineup, so how is this worthy of the Dr. Feelgood name? The *Stupidity* reissue is a much greater pleasure...that a time existed when this, their third lp and a live one at that, could take their high energy barroom R&B to #1 in the British charts is amazing. If you ever saw **WILKO JOHNSON** racing around stage while chopping at his guitar, this one is bound to bring a smile from those memories. (107A High Street, Canvey Island, Essex SS8 7RF UK)

dropkick murphys

do or die

(hellcat)

I first heard this band in a local record shop, and it was one of the few times in years I've been impressed enough by something new to ask the manager what was being played. This Boston band plays blistering 80s style punk rock with huge anthemic tunes...sonically these guys are definitely the goods. The guitar attack is out-and-out stunning, and the songs are hard as nails but loaded with hooks. The singer bellows in a drunken yobbo style that, while lacking charm,

doesn't fit badly. I kind of wish there wasn't a lyric sheet, though, because these guys look a little too positively on the whole skinhead thing for my tastes. (2798 Sunset Blvd., Los Angeles, CA 90026)

the early hours

evolution

(rocket)

Yet another in Perth's seemingly endless supply of wonderful power pop bands, the Early Hours make their mark by laying down 12 snappy, 60s garage pop oriented tracks, only one of which outlasts the 3 minute mark. This unimposing little disc is loaded with catchy hooks, strong but jangling Rickenbacker and Vox guitar and a kind of tired vocal style that lends a distinctive feel to everything. If the Early Hours used retro-trash production, they could sound like Thee Headcoats, but this is a band that's unwilling to let a 60s influence become an obsession. This band lives for today. (PO Box 863, Mirrabooka, WA 6061 Australia)

electric frankenstein

i.e.s. stitches

"we are the roadcrew"/"i.d." 7"

(devil doll)

These two bands are well matched if nothing else. Both play noisy punk rock that slots in with bands like the New Bomb Turks and Humpers. As with other releases by these groups, the songs tend to lack much of anything memorable either in the way of hooks or lyric content and serve primarily as a means to blow off energy, which they do quite admirably. "Roadcrew" is a Motorhead song, which should be most of what you need to know. (PO Box 30727, Long Beach, CA 90853)

even

"ten to forty-six" CDEP

"in stereo" CDEP

(rubber)

Their lp **LESS IS MORE** was a bit of a masterpiece, so I figured this Aussie band needed further investigation. And neither of these EPs disappoints. Though only a three piece, they manage a full bodied rocking sound that complements their *Rubber Soul* influenced power pop just fine, and they've got an ability to rattle off one insanely memorable hook after another that's just uncanny. The Oasis backlash probably will make these guys go unnoticed, and that'll be a shame because other than a portfolio of tax free municipal bonds, there's not a thing Oasis has that Even lacks. (PO Box 32, Hawksburn, Victoria 3142 Australia)

far apart

"hazel" 7"

(crank!)

Sweden's Far Apart combine sad and wistful vocals (that's the good part) with grunting instrumental backing (the bad part) on this three track single. The lyrics of all these cuts display a neurotic lack of self value so deep it's a wonder the band ever got out of bed in the morning, let alone made a record. If pity could be the basis for a positive review this would get five stars, but unfortunately, it doesn't work that way. (1223 Wilshire Blvd. #823, Santa Monica, CA 90403)

the fools

in heat

(self released)

Not counting releases by the Celibate Rifles and New Christs, this unassuming little disc is the finest new slab of Detroit styled punk I've heard in about ten years, Asteroid B-612, Hoss, and Bored notwithstanding. Musically this band could provide backing for Rob Younger any day of the week...the Fools play with the same kind of intensity. The tired but tough sounding vocals suit lines like "Nothing from nothing, yeah, that's the usual cut" just right. The only faults are a bit too much reverence for their idols and just average lyrics, but when the music connects like this, it sure is easy to forgive. (PO Box 339, Merewether, NSW 2291 Australia)

fur

the bettyshakes

(fellaheen)

Not being one to like all girl bands just because they kicked the guys out, and also not being one to like grunge infected music, I'm somewhat mystified at the attraction the debut by Australia's **FUR** has for me. Maybe it's the fact that a lot of the songs drop the piledriver and bring in some great pop tunes...like on "High Side", which has this great jangly guitar bit and a wonderfully vulnerable vocal performance. Appearing on the heels of the pulverizing "The Shutdown", it feels not unlike being run over by a cement truck and waking to find a young Sophia Loren nursing you back to health. This disc is loaded with a batch of superbly clever and inventive songs. And Rob Younger production never hurts! (PO Box 22098, SF, CA 94122)

greenhouse ac

in technicolor

(tug)

This is the fourth album by one of my favorite Finnish bands, who along with fellow Rovaniemi townsmen Jalla Jalla probably share the title of the world's northernmost rock group (the AC in their

name stands for Arctic Circle). Singer **JUSSI NYKANEN** has an instantly memorable voice with a deep, throaty pitch that lends drama and tension to the chaotic din of the pack of Tasmanian devils that have apparently been released in the studio to back him. At times on the last two lps they've gone a little far into the Sub Pop grunge thing, but here as on their 1990 debut they stick to energetic, rocking tracks and the result rivals some of the best Detroit punk around. (Erlangerstr 17, 90765 Furth, Germany)

the humpers

euphoria, confusion, anger and remorse

(epitaph)

Several years back I bought the first Humpers CD at a local indie shop and upon seeing their name the girl behind the counter mumbled something about how she felt like she should go wash her hands. Probably true. At any rate, the Humpers have honed their Lazy Cowgirls via Electric Frankenstein sound mightily over the years (could the CD title be related to the Cowgirls' "Frustration, Tragedy and Lies"?). The band today writes really strong tunes, and they play great, but their singer still lets them down with vocal stylings that you usually only hear in the bleachers at a Red Sox-Yankees game. Still, I rate these guys in the upper 15% of US punk bands. (2798 Sunset Blvd., Los Angeles, CA. 90026)

insanity wave

do the worm

(spinart)

Spain is a happening place for power pop these days...there are several indie labels specializing in it and tons of bands, some of which are as good as any other country can boast. Insanity Wave have the luck of getting a US deal, and with some deserving, too. There's some tasty songs with good melodies, solid vocals and hard hitting guitar here, but there doesn't seem to be anything that has that unforgettable hook that the best power pop has to have. When this is playing it sounds pretty enjoyable, but when it's over it's quickly out of mind. (PO Box 1798, New York City, NY 10156-1798)

greg kihn

kihnspicuous taste – the best of greg kihn 1975-86

(recall 2cd)

Greg Kihn was one of those journeymen rock and roll performers who always seems to be on the verge of having what it takes, but never...quite...does. He had a brief period of chart success in the early 80s with the well known single "The Breakup Song", but his real peak was the minor 1978 classic *Next Of Kihn*, where for one lp

it all came together for him. Sadly, this record was not well matched to the partisan tastes of those days, and it went unnoticed. Even more sadly, on the two full CDs of this retrospective, its compilers could only find room for two tracks from that lp...the haunting "Remember" and the more lighthearted "Sorry". Two more *Next Of* cuts are represented by grossly inferior live versions. Most of Kihn's other albums suffered from production that's just too polite. Kihn's catalog isn't strong enough to require a 33 song summary, and if you're still there by the time he murders **THE ONLY ONES** signature "Another Girl Another Planet", you will have demonstrated an exceptional tolerance for the merely adequate.

knieval

something good must come CDEP steep hill climb CD

(treadmill)

More Australians, but Knieval aren't your prototypical blast of Birdman laced Detroit metal. They play a sort of relaxed style of melodic pop that rocks along in a very laid back kind of way and exhibits a nice touch with songs that lay back in the verses and then blossom into bold choruses with lush harmony vocals. The title track of the CDEP, which is the first track on both of these discs, is an especially good piece of neurotic pop. (5217 Clear Spring Dr., Minneapolis, MN 55345 USA)

the kwyet kings

been where? done what?

(screaming apple)

You probably haven't heard of **ARNE THELIN**, but you should, since along with **MORTEN HENRIKSEN** he has been the most important figure in a Norwegian rock and roll scene that has been getting very interesting lately. In the mid 80s, Thelin and Henriksen started Norway's best band ever in the **COSMIC DROPOUTS**, a group that could go head to head with Sweden's Nomads. Thelin ran Norway's best indie label, That's Entertainment, fronted another excellent garage band in Lust-o-rama, then headed **THE BITTERSWEETS** and made the fabulous pop-punk CD *Lesson One* with them. This is his third album with the Kwyet Kings, who debuted with the more garagey *Firebeat* lp, but now are making some superb power pop with jangly guitars and a rocking, hard-hitting production wallop. Thelin writes songs loaded with tasty hooks and his bandmates add lots of nifty guitar flourishes that provide a real spark. Given that Arne is now working in Thailand and records and plays only when he comes home for vacations, the quality of this is just that much more amazing. (Dustemichstr. 14, 50939 Koln, Germany)

new race
the first and the last
(total energy)

After the demise of **RADIO BIRDMAN** in 1978, lead singer **ROB YOUNGER** fronted a band called **THE OTHER SIDE**, and guitarist **DENIZ TEK** led his own group, the **VISITORS**. Given a couple of years for some wounds to heal and a chance to play with ex-**STOOGES** **RON ASHETON** and **MC5** **DENNIS THOMPSON**, Tek, Younger, and Birdman bassist **WARWICK GILBERT** united for an Aussie tour under the band name New Race (taken from the Birdman anthem). This live lp was originally released (in different form) in 1982. It's at times a patchy affair...the best tracks are the two Visitors' songs, "Haunted Road" and "Sad TV", with the Birdman chestnut "Cryin' Sun" close behind. By themselves these are worth the price of admission. Asheton's solos are excessive and pointless on a lot of other tracks, and sadly a mixup and some carelessness resulted in a tape of the Radio Birdman studio take of the classic "Descent Into The Maelstrom" getting substituted for a previously unreleased New Race version of the song intended as a bonus track. The new cover art is horribly mismatched, too, especially considering how carefully the participants regarded imagery during their heydays. Problems notwithstanding, this still rates as a classic and crucial Australian lp, and if you can't find it in its original form, this reissue will do. (POB 7112, Burbank, CA 91510)

possum dixon
new sheets

(interscope)
It's been 3 years since their terrific *Star Maps* CD came out, and I'd pretty much figured these guys for dead. But here they are again, and worth the wait. Possum Dixon make some of the more clever rock music of the 90s...most of their songs are really several songs together, with satisfying changes from slinky soft verses to overpowering rocking choruses. The vocals seem always on the verge of cracking or going out of pitch (but never do), and the resulting sense of vulnerability contrasts neatly with the brashly confident instrumental backing. And with each song seemingly bringing a brand new set of ideas to the party, this is a CD that wears well over a lot of listenings. Good to have 'em back.

the protones
not that difficult
(rock indiana)

This is the third CD by this band of Spanish power poppers, and it's their best, too. Always a treat to hear from, this time with the help of ex-Beat (the LA group, not the UK ska outfit) frontman Paul

Collins at the production helm, the Protones have managed a consistently snappy, sharp sound with guitars that punch and shimmer, drums that crackle, and vocals that have a strong bite while maintaining a real sense of melody. This is the best kind of power pop record...energetic and snappy with boy/girl songs that tug at the heartstrings and tunes that you can't help singing along to. Really fine. (APDO 150.257, 28080 Madrid, Spain)

the records
rock'ola

(rock indiana)
These are different times we live in. That most English of power pop bands, the Records, reappears about 18 years since their last lp in the US state of Maryland, and record an album that gets released only in Spain. Strange. Anyway, this Records is really original singer **JOHN WICKS** and a batch of new friends (no sign of former partner **WILL BIRCH**). Wicks still has those falsetto vocals wired, and a few of the songs here have the same guitar crackle of the best Records hits of old. But like the old lps, this one has a few too many songs that are completely punchless, and ultimately it makes you remember why they were such a good singles band. (APDO 150.257, 28080 Madrid, Spain)

tom robinson band
rising free – the very best of trb

(emi)
While this writer would say that TRB's 1978 debut masterpiece *Power In The Darkness* is closer to a "best of" record than this one, to listen to the tracks compiled here is still a very pleasant reminder of those days when TRB were regarded by many to be every bit as important as the Clash, the Jam and Stiff Little Fingers among groups that combined lyric meaning with insanely catchy and powerful tunes. This compilation gives too much space to later single sides that don't stand up to their best, but it also features classics like "Up Against The Wall", "Don't Take No For An Answer" and "Long Hot Summer", and if you haven't heard TRB, this beats not having any of their releases by a long shot.

screeching weasel
television city dream

(fat)
It's been something like 10 years since their terrific *BoogadaBoogadaBoogada* lp, but this band still can deliver a wheelbarrow full of Descendents flavored punk songs like few others. Lyric content is perhaps best summarized by the liner note credit to the "idiots of the world who never fail to provide

subject matter"...it's classic chip-on-your-shoulder type stuff. Best of the batch might be "We Are The Generation X", where they spit back all the things that have been said about the kids of the last 15 years with a sarcastic cutting edge: "My generation is fat and weak, my generation can barely speak without whining!". But that's only one track, and this CD is positively riddled with songs like this. Really fine. (PO Box 193690, San Francisco, CA 94119-3690)

steel miners

ballin'

(get hip)

This is the second CD by Pittsburgh's Steel Miners, and it features late 70s style punk rock that has some pretty tasty guitar moments but is severely marred by the vocal work of band members whose abilities are so limited that they didn't credit anyone with (or perhaps *accuse them of would be more apt*) singing. If your tolerance for bad warbling is high, you'll find what the band is doing to be plenty enjoyable in a Humpers sort of way. A nice closing cover of **THE SAINTS** classic "Messin' With The Kid" leaves a good aftertaste. (PO Box 666, Canonsburg, PA 15317)

the summer suns

the summer suns 10"

(get hip)

Out of Perth (natch!) the Summer Suns are the power pop project of **KIM WILLIAMS**, owner of the House Of Wax Records label and shop and a guy well worth looking up if you ever hit the town. Recording output has been scattered, and this is the first US release for the group. This lineup features ex-**STEMS** and current **DM3 DOM MARIANI** on guitar, and power pop drummer *par excellance* **MARTIN MOON**. The playing has a nice crackle to it and the tunes are all solid, but Williams vocals are just too laid back and mellow for my tastes. It's worth it just to listen to the band play, though. (PO Box 666, Canonsburg, PA 15317)

swinging utters

five lessons learned

(fat)

While there's nothing here to match the intensity of the ace track "Windspitting Punk" from their last CD, the Swinging Utters still come up as solid contenders among today's crop of punk bands. The vocals sound like Social Distortion's Mike Ness circa *Mommy's Little Monster*...strong endorsement in my book...and the band plays with energy and power. Topping this foundation with the occasional surprise appearance of piano or accordion, and you've got that little extra that

pushes this band ahead. (PO Box 193690, San Francisco, CA 94119-3690)

deniz tek

equinox

(citadel)

Former lead **RADIO BIRDMAN** guitarist/songwriter Deniz Tek hits with his fourth solo album. Like his last release, *Le Bonne Route*, this CD doesn't try to recreate the past. But despite a weird track or two, *Equinox* is played a lot straighter than that last album. Tek's lack of versatility as a vocalist is a problem here, though...on his best previous solo efforts, instrumental pyrotechnics disguised this weakness, but here it's revealed too often, especially when his wife, former **PASSENGERS** lead singer Angie Pepper, joins on vocals...it almost makes me wish that she sang all the time. (PO Box 316, Darlinghurst, NSW 2010, Australia)

this perfect day

C60

(epic)

This Swedish band has several earlier releases, but this is their first in the US. Unlike the current wave of nasty Svenske outfits like The Hellcopters, This Perfect Day play loud but infectiously cheery pop that at times rocks as hard as their leather-clad countrymen. Best of the bunch is "Young and Stupid"...a simple song that captures the process of aging from teens to 40s pretty succinctly but kicks like crazy. And to show their perspective on their major label signing, there's the rollicking "In Two Weeks You Will Be Forgotten". This CD features great lyrics and catchy rocking songs, and the flourishes of new wave-y synthesizer mixed in with strong guitar lends a freshness that's hard to dislike.

various

storming the citadel vols I&II

(divine rites)

What was originally to be a 7" tribute to the great Australian record label Citadel got a little out of hand and turned into two 10" records and 12 cover songs. As with all compilations (and especially tributes) this one is uneven, but the highs are pretty great...especially Frenchmen **THE BACKSLIDERS** blasting through the Detroit punk of the **FUN THINGS** classic "Savage", **CHALLENGER 7** finding hidden treasure in what had been a merely adequate **SCREAMING TRIBESMEN** song, a smoldering vocal by **LOUIS TILLET** on the **NEW CHRISTS** "Headin' South" and **MOTHER JONES'** superb take of the **VISITORS'** "Sad TV" being the best moments. Unlike many tributes, the bands involved here really DO love these songs, and even if it isn't all

perfect the enthusiasm shows in every groove. (17 rue St. Erhard, 67100 Strasbourg, France)

volumen cero

andromeda

(grita!)

Just introducing this band is a course in geography. The record label is in Spain but has distribution out of New York. The band members are from Peru and Chile, but they are based in Miami. They sing in Spanish, but play music that slots in nicely next to UK bands like Radiohead. They call what they're doing "space rock", and I guess I can't argue with that description. My own preferences are for fewer effects and less processing of the sound, but on its ground, this is as good as any competition. (PO Box 1216, Murray Hill Station, NYC, NY 10156)

webster

walk it like ya talk it

(tanc)

From the hometown of the Saints, this Brisbane band debuts with 6 fine power pop/rock tracks that are great for a quick buzz. Strong guitars, catchy melodies and Beatle-esque harmonies rule throughout. Their high energy take of the Paul Collins Beat classic "Walking Out On Love" fits perfectly here, if that's any clue. (65 Gloucester St., Springhill Rd. Queensland 4000, Australia)

wolfmen

urban voodoo

(hiljaiset levyt)

Fueled by Batman and Green Lantern comics, Finland's Wolfmen translate cartoon themes to a rocking backdrop that's three parts pogo punk to one part glam. The drummer has a unique ride style that immediately sets the band apart rhythmically, and while it works great on their own material it's really jarring on a lousy cover of the **EDDIE AND THE HOTRODS** masterpiece "Do Anything You Wanna Do". That lapse aside, the rest of this is a real kick and probably the best of their three CDs. (PO Box 221, 33201 Tampere, Finland)

the wonderfools

"get real" 7"

(sneakers)

These guys are big fans of Australia's Hard-Ons, and this single could almost be an outtake from that band's early days, right down to the "Girl In The Sweater" woah-oh backing vocals. The A side is frantically paced but bristling with pop hooks and a rough and raw production, while on the flip they slow down to a moderate rocking tempo. These 3 tracks are a real treat. (Almgrensv. 9A, 1621 Gressvik, Norway)