

The tininess and crampedness of the Kitchen Bar means that whatever Bela Emerson is doing with her cello is a mystery to all but those with the sharpest elbows. She's followed by the more easily accessible **Fuck Buttons**, whose moronic name, toy instruments and day-glo nu-rave wear belie their idiosyncratic, infectious goodliness – an invigorating synthesis of sweet, tinkling melodies, tumescent synth dirges, frenetic vocalisations and situationist drum-school action on the crowded dancefloor.