

# FUCK BUTTONS [8]

CARGO, LONDON

There's no doubting that the Fuck Buttons duo were the geeks of their class back in school. Rather than illegally smoking behind the bike sheds, we're sure they were comparing the latest musical gadget or other. Tonight, a myriad of mini-keyboards (we're talking the 'tiny' ones that Trencher advocate) are spread across a table set on the floor in front of the stage. Andrew Hung and Ben Power take up their respective sides, head to head, and the clash of the titans commences. Conjuring up all sorts of weird and wonderful sounds from their assorted instrumentation, unrelenting twisted loops segue into throbbing tribal bombasts (Ben opting for a floor tom to bring a little extra oomph to the sound in a couple of cases), while at varying points Andy performs a psychotic dance while shrieking some crazy simian vocabulary. The gathered throng stand mesmerised, not sure exactly what they're witnessing tonight, but it's truly something special.

DARREN TAYLOR