

FUCK BUTTONS



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If you don't look for something, you're never going to find it, right?

OK, so occasionally you might experience disappointment searching in the wrong place, uncovering duds. But when that moment hits, the one where you look for and actually *find* something you fall in love with, it all becomes worthwhile.

Last month I went to my first ATP festival. ATP is a regular festival held in various holiday camp-type places around the country. Their Nightmare Before Christmas event was held in Butlins, Minehead and curated by Portishead, which meant a bill of hip hop, doom metal, techno and a bunch of other weird and wonderful stuff I'd never heard of that fits in somewhere between all that. What I'd read about Fuck Buttons was that they'd chosen their name because the word 'fuck' is pretty nasty and the word 'buttons' is pretty nice. And that was supposedly what they did musically – a combination of noise and melody. I also went to see them because they were pretty much the only thing on at 2:30am.

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Playing in the kind of room normally reserved for holiday camp cabaret acts, it was a surreal delight to see two young men on stage, bent over a table fiddling with bits of electronics and tiny keyboards making shuddering drones and minimal, pulsing beats. Typically, songs would start with pretty, cyclical keyboard melodies, maybe a lone, thumping bass drum and some spacey, electronic noise. This would last for minutes of blissful, hypnotic repetition before HUGE great swathes of distortion would roll along like a snowplough, clearing all before it. Somehow, this brew envelopes not just your ears but your mind and body too. Around me are nodding heads, the odd flailing arm and shaking bodies. Each face is lost in this rolling sea of sound, only capable of seeing, thinking, hearing and *feeling* the sound of Fuck Buttons.

All too often it's easy to be lazy with music, to let the marketers do the work for you. Put in a tiny bit of effort and surprises like this are just waiting to be found. Fuck Buttons' music was there irrespective of my movements. I took a punt and come up trumps. **PB**

www.myspace.com/fuckbuttons