



## Fuck Buttons & Alexander Tucker Nice n Sleazy 13/02/08

>> Robin Perkins

**T**onight was organised by the All Tomorrows Parties record label, the name better known for its eclectic holiday camp based music extravaganzas. It turns out there roster is equally eclectic, as proven by tonight's performances. Though being equally billed, Alexander Tucker took to the stage

first, a wise move on someone's part. Appearing like an East Anglian cowboy, Tucker, originally from Kent, is a one-man band, his kick drum, cymbal and harmonica replaced by a myriad of pedals, wires and strings. Tucker switches between acoustic guitar, electric Mandolin and Cello. The man is a modern day troubadour.

Tucker's set was 'an entrancing swathe of droning folk, beginning with a simple melody and slowly layering parts on top, his feet methodically tapping pedals, switching instruments and finally adding his soft drifting vocals to the mix

With barely a break, Tucker drove through his set, and despite a few

apologies for tapping the wrong pedal at the wrong time, it was a deep, trance inducing drone of folk balladry and thick textures.

Second on the bill were Bristol duo Fuck Buttons. They say don't judge a book by it's cover, but when

## Power screams into a children's microphone to a disturbing effect

a band is called Fuck Buttons, be wary. Fuck Buttons used to be abrasive, intentionally noisy and difficult to comprehend. However, their

current incarnation is a remoulding of industrial noise and distortion with a sense of melody and rhythm. They are still abrasive and intentionally noisy but there is something mysteriously appealing about their sound. Fuck Buttons are like industrial disco, their rhythmic assaults of distorted keyboards, glimpses of melody, drilling repetition and screeching vocals do not constitute noise music lost in it's own feedback, desperately carving out songs from frequency changes.

Tonight, Andrew Hung and Benjamin Power stand opposite each other, thinking on the same wavelength and rocking back and forth like some kind of musical see saw. Between them is a table filled with cheap keyboards, boxes of noise creation, and children's toys. Power screams into a children's microphone to a disturbing effect and leaves his desk only to rap out a rhythm on the one lone floor tom drum, adding another layer to the thick buzzes and industrial scarring, even a gameboy is cracked out at one point. Opener, Sweet Love for Planet Earth, which begins with a pristine piano melody and erupts into powerful distorted delay and screeching hardcore vocals was explosive and songs like Bright Tomorrow prove that distortion can be surprisingly uplifting. It is slightly comforting to know that Fuck Buttons used to be louder and meaner. An eclectic night indeed proving the UK is still a hotbed of exciting experimental music and ATP are at the forefront of this.