

FUCK BUTTONS

NICE 'N' SLEAZY, 12 FEB

This line-up was always going to be heaven for those who enjoy an element of repetition. Glaswegian trio RememberRemember's (333) guitar and stationery drawer live sampling is mesmerising - loops interweave to create a sound somewhere between Insides and Philip Glass.

By comparison to RR's cyclically evolving sound, Alexander Tucker's (333) sampled live instrumentation makes its way in slabs and sheets. Intricate acoustic guitar loops float above thick fugs of noise and occasional breaks into thundering Earth style riffs. Tucker's pleading yowl is not dissimilar to Maynard James Keenan's and the overall effect is truly haunting.

The delicate melodies that open Fuck Buttons' (3333) set are soon swamped by wave after filthy wave

of noise that grows to tsunami size before circuit-frazzled vocals puncture the trance. Their sound is like the progeny of some unholy twitching clusterfuck between Dan Deacon, Suicide and Wolf Eyes - cracked electronics, frantic drones and pulses of warm melody all fight for your auditory nerve's electro-potential - more heavy silicon than heavy metal. The dead stop to the Buttons' set is infinitely more disorientating than the combined two hours of glorious echo, phase and delay that preceded it. Over and over and over and out. [Matt Gollock]

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