

Fuck Buttons

Street Horrnsing (ATP)

"A deep, rumbling power-throb – the kind that induces nosebleeds and/or rushes of ecstatic bodily euphoria... the natural nest-bed out of which other tendrils of exploration grow and unfurl: gnarled, feedback-shriek vocals; echo-reverb screams and yelps; and the clickety-clack insectoid rim-shot percussion of Animal Collective." (Daniel Spicer, *Plan B* #30)

Ringo: I listened to it the other day cycling up and down a hill in the South Downs in a storm with mottled grey skies breaking over my head. It was perfect.

Kick: Conjunction of landscape. Except, 'cause it's not so much about regular beats, it feels more... undulating.

Louis: A mix of laptop, effects, and other assorted bits and pieces – a kid's toy mic.

Noise people don't trust them because they're nice-looking young men in fashionable clothes. And the impression they're mainstreaming noise for other nice-looking, fashionable young people.

Lauren: They make something pretty abrasive sound and look like a freakin' rainbow.

Louis: I think what they're aiming for is the kind of transcendence you might get from dance music/narcotics, but using a different set of tools... euphoria with a noise palette.

Everett: *Plan B* likes its fuzz, don't it? *Plan B* digs the distortion, the saturation, the commiseration with the inadequacy of recording technique.

Kick: It's very muscular, isn't it?

Lauren: The only gig I've ever been to where I've been seriously worried about my hearing after was a Fuck Buttons show. Afterwards, me and my friends turned to each other and it was like watching a silent film.