

ATP VS PITCHFORK CAMBER SANDS PONTINS

While not as metallically-orientated as last December's Portishead-curated ATP outing at Minehead Butlins, this three-day festival, a collaboration between the All Tomorrows Parties peeps and the feted Pitchfork website, features a number of artists apt to moisten the pants of the more open-minded riff (or noise) acolyte. It's inevitably a mixed bag. **Pissed Jeans** try a little too hard to come across as scuzzy reprobates; taking a turd out of the Jesus Lizard poo-pan and smearing it all over one's youthful chops hardly constitutes revolution and despite their would-be-pervy monicker, you just *know* they'd never be up for a golden shower. And while on record **Ween** are a queasy, sleazy, psychedelic treat, the three-hour live experience is rather like trying to ingest 180 Krispy Kreme donuts while Trey Parker and Matt Stone provide a non-stop accompaniment of dick and fart jokes.

On the plus side, fuzzed-out noise disciples **Fuck Buttons** are Whitehouse for Tellytubbies, and none the worse for it, while LA's **No Age** are thrilling, offering a cataclysmic,

soul-splintering (and viciously noisy) take on Hüsker Dü's endlessly adaptable conflation of trad-pop songcraft and brain-blistering amp abuse. Down the front at **Les Savy Fav**, your correspondent ends up tasting flamboyant frontman Tim Harrington's spittle after a committed round of audience-snogging. The nightmares still haven't stopped. Whatever, the Fav are as emotionally engaged and inspiring as ever, their version of punk more colourful and moving than a paintbox tipping off a table. Similarly splashing the punk blueprint with spurts of psychedelic jism, **Meat Puppets** deliver the festival's finest hour. The world's greatest metal/country/noise/punk trio turn rock inside out tonight, their set-a brain-frying hurtle into the heart of the desert. A religious experience.

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