



ALL THE SAINTS: FIRE ON CORRIDOR X
[TOUCH & GO/KILLER PIMP]

By Russ Marshalek on October 30, 2008 3:15 PM | [Permalink](#) | [Comments \(0\)](#)

Noise rules on local-via-Alabama band's debut

This Ben H. Allen-produced debut hits upon a few rock touchstones *du jour*: squall, feedback, sharp edges so muddled by sonic ballast they blur, warp and peel like paint succumbing to humidity. But unlike many of their contemporaries, All the Saints' use of noise is more an exception than the rule. Only the album's brief, velvet-clad intro piece, "Shadow, Shadow," suggests the band is no more than the latest act to re-discover My Bloody Valentine's *Loveless*. But bleeding into the swirling, psychedelic stomp-and-howl of "Sheffield," the opening minute of peace and haze is nullified entirely.

The trio relocated from Alabama to Atlanta, and *Fire On Corridor X* is heavy with Southern, small-town angst (with lyrics like "empty your church for a while") and the feel of hot, sweaty summers-- particularly on the unhinged and unstoppable title track. Both it and the stormy, chanting "Regal Regalia" use noise as a means of rebellion, rather than jammy, chin-scratching flourish or a way to get into hipster girls' skinny jeans. Not that there's anything wrong with that; it's just that there are different ways to wield these tools. And with *Fire on Corridor X*, All the Saints seem less interested in renovating the house that noise built than burning the whole thing to the ground.

Listen to "Sheffield" from *Fire On Corridor X*:

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92

phenomenal

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