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All The Saints



Fire on Corridor X

(Touch & Go)

www.touchandgorecords.com

Of all the neo-psychedelic groups currently waving their freak flags, Atlanta-based All the Saints are perhaps the most disciplined. While "discipline" may be something of a pejorative term in psychedelic circles, there's something to be said for a group that can harness their lysergic instincts in order to maximize the impact of their sound. And this trio does exactly that.

Yes, there's plenty of echo-chamber howl and fuzzed-out drone here - the constant comparisons to Spacemen 3 are not unwarranted - but unlike, say, the Black Angels, these guys are trafficking in a compositional concision that makes every one of the 10 tracks on this album brutally effective. Only two cuts on *Fire on Corridor X* lock into any sort of extended groove ("Ours" and "Hornett" crack the six-minute mark; almost every other cut clocks in at four or less), which means that All the Saints are packing a whole lot of heat into these numbers. "Regal Regalia" is a galloping beast of a song that finds a cyclical riff battling against crescendos of noise (not to mention a requisite name-drop of the band itself) and the title track is all teeth-gnashing sonic climax, distorted open chords banging around in a cavern of reverb.

It's fantastic to hear a new garage/psych band that's unwilling to be a nostalgia act, and All the Saints are anything but backward-looking with their blistering brand of noise rock.

Standout Tracks: "Regal Regalia," "Ours" JASON FERGUSON

