

JAGJAGUWAR

ONEIDA

RATED O

DISC 1 (SIDES A & B):
Brownout In Lagos
What's Up, Jackal?
10:30 at the Oasis
Story of O
The Human Factor

DISC 2 (SIDES C & D):
The River
I Will Haunt You
The Life You Preferred
Ghost in the Room
Saturday
It Was a Wall
Luxury Travel

DISC 3 (SIDES E & F):
O
End of Time
Folk Wisdom

CATALOG #: JAG145
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Welcome to *Rated O*, the triple album and second installment of **Oneida**'s much-anticipated "Thank Your Parents" triptych of releases. In August of 2008 Oneida released the first installment, *Preteen Weaponry*, and now, *Rated O*, the centerpiece of the "Thank Your Parents trilogy", has been bestowed upon us.

Why a triple album and a triptych of releases? Fat Bobby explains:

You know, you deserve more than the typical Oneida glib/enigmatic muttering—so let me weigh in just a sec on "Thank Your Parents", *Rated O*, etc. It's like all over Part One of the trilogy, *Preteen Weaponry*, especially as you come toward the end, there's this tension with organic vs synthetic shit—we're PLAYING that music, but it can feel kind of uncomfortable (ha ha, we saw a review that compared it to Goldie!) when you don't exactly know what's what—there's a reason we've got ORGANic and SYNThetic shit going on on the stage, right? So envision the end of *Preteen*, that rippling, deep robot vibe that's just Kid playing, and a little organ drone, but how certain are you...and then Brownout drops, and you're deep in electro-land...except we're fucking PLAYING the music on *Rated O*, you know? Hell yeah we "use the studio as an instrument" (ugh, gagging on Kevin Shields-ish cliché there), but it's not like we're looping or sampling—we created that music, from dust and wind and sweat. Yeah, we dubbed out the three full takes that MC put on Brownout, just throwing a few choice moments on (in case you care, his name is Dad-Ali Ziai and he lives in Santa Cruz), and going for broke on the whole crazed 12" B-side vibe, but that's OUR MUSIC. You know I love hip-hop and other constructed/collaged music, but that's not what the "Thank Your Parents" world is—this is straight up Prince, Lee Perry, Beatles shit. It's not like it's all live in studio, some of it's built in layers and takes, some of it's dubbed and dropped and filtered and massaged, but it's Oneida walking the dog around the block, and if motherfuckers can't take what's on the other side of their block, they should never have left the house.

As the label representatives, perhaps the sub-sub librarians of all things Oneida, let us step in and clarify what an excited and excitable Bobby Matador is trying to say above. Oneida has delivered a monster named *Rated O* which happens to be the crowning achievement of their storied creative lives. By producing this colossus they have also created the necessity of its destruction—which within the confines of this tremendous accomplishment—they do so handily and with utter fluency. Perhaps *Rated O* represents the encyclopedic representation of ONEIDA MUSIC, ONEIDA CREATIVITY and ONEIDA INSATIABILITY. As the leviathan rises from the murky depths to endow the idle watch with illusion, disillusionment and mortal terror—thus Oneida leaves a hieroglyphic spume upon the glassy surface of what is KNOWN and UNKNOWN. The music contained within the covers of *Rated O* must be seen as a gifted wilderness that when traversed will grant the traveler both a fractured mirror and a demolished and worried pathway deeper into the abyss. This album is an attempt to contain the entirety of Oneida and thus it points the way to infinite rebirth and boundless creativity. It is a finite map and the suggestion of unknown worlds. We finally have in our hands the album that Oneida has often gestured towards. Ladies and gentlemen, this is one of the greatest triple albums ever recorded.

For the recording of *Rated O* the band expanded to five members, adding longtime brahs Shahin Motia and Barry London to the regular lineup. Motia has been performing with Oneida for several years; London is the sound engineer who has recorded the last several Oneida albums and is chief brah at the Ocropolis (Oneida's Brooklyn recording studio).

Long live the O!

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Preteen Weaponry

By Scott Gordon August 12, 2008

"PRETEEN WEAPONRY PART 1" BY ONEIDA



A particular keyboard sound used to menace a lot of Oneida songs, pulsing and overheating like a hail of casino marquees. It becomes more of a beacon in the gloom of *Preteen Weaponry*'s first track, as the trio spreads its might around, letting some of it linger and steam in the background, some of it drift to the front, and much of it wander the spaces between. The foreground often gets crowded on this incessantly experimental group's records, so this continuous 39-minute piece, mostly instrumental and divided up into three tracks, comes as something of a relief.

Oneida's feedback and static roar in the distance through much of "Preteen Weaponry Part 1," then congeal into gobs that burp and rumble forth throughout "Part 2." Kid Millions' drumming moves the record along as much as any other element, tumbling ominously through the beginning, slowing down at the center, and kicking the finale to a bright conclusion full of glitches and clicks. As the atonal flurries build up, Oneida keeps prodding them all into suspense and shading, a fine compliment to the somber guitar and key melodies that plod through "Part 1." More than ever, it's clear that Oneida's vision goes beyond mere walls or pools of sound. On *Preteen Weaponry*, it patiently carves its own landscape and brews up the weather to go with it.



the village **VOICE**

Another Exhilarating Headphone Trip with Oneida

By David Bevan

Tuesday, August 12th 2008 at 2:10pm

Oneida have never really struck a chord with those who prefer easy listening. For just over a decade, the Brooklyn power trio has consistently ridden in the name of new aural understanding, sating the fussy appetites of both critics and citizens of Weird City, but rarely high-beaming their psychedelic, Krauterific brain light in ways more readably devoured by the kids. Just as challenging (as only they would have it), *Preteen Weaponry* will only confound those who like their indie rock served straight up and medium-well; the three-song, 30-minute, almost entirely instrumental outing expands on the band's clear love for welding together guitar-driven acid wanderings and controlled percussive chaos. The jams have grown meatier as the band's scope, and ambition, have widened: *Weaponry* is the first installment in a long-planned three-disc odyssey called *Thank Your Parents*.

Because this is the trilogy's first-born, it's afforded the short-lived luxury (*Rated O* is due in February) of standing alone, outside the framework of what might be an envelope-torching, listening-instructions-included experiment akin to the disaster that was the Flaming Lips' *Zaireeka* (no one owns four stereos). But for now, *Weaponry* is essential: a particularly overwhelming headphones album not unlike some of Boredoms' more hypnotic work. Like that band, Oneida seem to have expertly tapped into a well full of sludgy mantras and mighty drumming, with all three tracks here inextricably wed to one another in pulse. But beyond just sound, they've begun toying with bigger ideas on recorded music as journey, as experience. Completely improvised and recorded separately—as well as in a "different state of mind"—from its forthcoming brothers and sisters, *Weaponry* flirts with the band's familiar studio atmospherics (Death Star hum, prehistoric wailing, synth onslaughts), but also captures the raw, rhythmic canyon-making and riff taxidermy that informs the live shows Oneida fans swear by. Releasing that perfunctory live album would've been way too easy.



Juli Werner

Guess which one is named Fat Bobby.

Details:

Oneida
Preteen Weaponry
Jagjaguwar

UNDER THE RADAR



Oneida:
Preteen Weaponry
(Jagjaguwar)

Preteen Weaponry follows a pair of albums featuring Oneida's most divergent, otherworldly work yet. 2005's *The Wedding* and 2006's *Happy New Year* added strains of acoustic British folk, '60s American psych, vocal harmonies, and a new dynamic restraint to the band's usual relentless Krautrock pummeling, proving once again that Oneida makes music for itself, without regard for the tight-jeaned factions bursting Brooklyn's seams.

This time around they've left the acoustic instruments aside for the most part, and have managed to get closer than ever to capturing the textbook face-melting that is an Oneida live performance. This nearly instrumental album features three parts, each over ten minutes in length, meant to be listened to all at once, in order.

Part 1 blows a fierce hawkwind over a blistering repetitive keyboard phrase while the bass and guitar determinedly pluck a half-time Floydian melody. Part 2 is a plodding, pulsating mother brain of a drone, featuring the only vocals on the album (a brief appearance 6 minutes in). Part 3 is the most "studio" of the tracks, a motorik workout with Kid Millions—surely the world's most preeminent endurance drummer—pounding out a repetitive beat that's mangled and manipulated more and more as the song progresses.

Next up in Oneida's second decade? A triple album. Apparently this is the first in their "Thank Your Parents" triptych of albums, which will, as they put it, "lay bare the band's colossal vision of a new age in music." Oh brother. My fellow psychedelic warlords, a golf clap, please. (www.enemyhogs.com)

8/10

By J. Pace

WASHINGTON
CityPaper

If the Beatles' "Tomorrow Never Knows" is the Of Mice and Men of psych-rock songs—a concise and to-the-point classic—then Oneida's *Preteen Weaponry* is head music's War and Peace. On its new album, Oneida piles on the krautrock noodling, synth wobbles, and ponderous medieval melodies as if its members were getting paid by the amount of disk space their composition was taking up. The result is a single song that clocks in at a nerve-frazzling 39 minutes. But the Brooklyn-based band puts all of that invested time to good use. "Preteen Weaponry" evolves into a rich and textured epic jam that draws inspiration from across the weirdo-music timeline. The album sounds like a microcosm of the psych fan's lifespan—listening to it is like watching an entire family of stoners grow up, get married, slowly drift apart, and die. - Aaron Leitko

The Philadelphia Inquirer

Oneida
Preteen Weaponry
(Jagjaguwar
Brah ***)

Eight albums in, the iconoclastic Brooklyn trio Oneida checks in with the first part of a planned triptych, the second being *Rated O*, scheduled for release early next year. The 39-minute song "Preteen Weaponry" appears here in three parts and was recorded in one day, although the band reportedly developed it for several years. It's a largely instrumental and partly improvised psych sprawl that's equally garage and cosmic. Such headiness is nicely anchored by expansive drumming, and the Kraut-rock-inspired mechanics are knotty but reveal glints of folky melody toward the end of the song's first part. The second is more swirling and surreal, complete with trippy singing, and the third at once more driving and diffuse, something no ordinary band could ever hope to pull off.

- Doug Wallen

Distilling the essence of Oneida is a difficult task. Add to that an interview with no proper questions (or answers, for that matter), and it's near impossible. Oneida are notorious for, among other things, their in-between-song banter and the bullshit they like to spew during interviews. Hence, this article may not so much impart "information" about Oneida as much as it captures the "vibes" that Oneida gives off.

Preteen Weaponry (CD/LP, Jagjaguwar, 2008), a three movement improv jam, is the first in the Brooklyn band's "Thank Your Parents" triptych of albums (*Rated O*, a three-LP set slated for a 2009 release, is the second, and one can only guess that Oneida's current penchant for powers of three will lead the third release in the series to be a nine LP "O" shaped box set). The record illuminates Oneida's longtime penchant for the *loooong* live jams. And true to their mischievous ways, The O demanded that their label, Jagjaguwar, release it as a "single."

The band – drummer/vocalist Kid Millions, guitarist/vocalist Hanoi Jane, keyboardist/vocalist Bobby Matador, and guitarist Showtime – has been performing versions of *Preteen* recently, though when *Skyscraper* caught up with them for Mexican food at Castro's in Clinton Hill, Brooklyn, they were getting ready for the second show of a two-night stint

performing their phenomenal 2005 album *The Wedding* at legendary Manhattan venue The Kitchen, complete with string quartet and light show by the Mighty Robot. It was the band's first-ever complete live performance of that album. The quartet also had their minds set on their upcoming summer tour of Italy.

Showtime: I can't think about the Italy trip until after we eat.

How was the show last night?

Hanoi Jane: It was cool.

S: Yeah, it worked out. You mean the Teenage Jesus show? It was great.

You were able to go to that after *The Wedding* performance?

Kid Millions: Yeah, man. I got us all in for free. It was at the Knitting Factory. Sold out. Tickets were \$30.

HJ: Wow. You could see two performances of *The Wedding* for that.

S: I was really into that. I was so glad we were there.

HJ: That's an authentic experience there. That's great. [*Hanoi Jane breaks into the Castro's menu*] Man, I'm gonna order so many things. I'm gonna blow minds.

S: I'll have one of these. [*Holds up the whole menu*] What do you usually get?

HJ: I usually get the torta with the huevos rancheros.

So, I have really no idea what this article's gonna be like. But it's due tomorrow.

Bobby: I have a pretty good idea what it's gonna be like...

HJ: Don't short change us, get to work.

B: Use big words.

Lots of contractions.

S: They have to be big words, but only one syllable. Get to work on it.

B: Lots of extra vowels.

HJ: And remember, replace all vowels with the letter "O."

I've been trying to figure out what the title of the article's going to be.

B: I think it should be what the waitress' t-shirt says.

What's it say? I didn't see it.

B: Well, I think you're just gonna have to see it for yourself. You can't say something like that, you gotta live it. You gotta be *staring* while you're staring.

KM: You have to wake up in her bed when she's putting that shirt on, bro.

HJ: Whoa, dude. My parents are in town.

KM: So what do you got, dude?



I don't know. I was just going to talk about food.

KM: Maybe we should ask you the questions.

B: Do you want us to unwrap our homophobia and racism?

KM: Unwrap?

That'd be great, yeah. The more scandalous, the better. Big racists, Oneida.

HJ: No, that's mostly The Rapture.

B: Oh yeah, I forgot about that.

HJ: Yeah, for one of our tours, every [interview] we did we'd make a quick, fleeting reference to the insane racist tendencies of The Rapture. This was when they were really big.

HJ: Yeah, like, we're not a white power band like Pterodactyl.

S: It's like, all these black metal bands – I just can't glamorize homicidal, racist, church burning music like Pterodactyl.

B: Or Oakley Hall.

KM: Exactly.

HJ: We're more of a wall-tearing-down band rather than a xenophobic, wall-building band like Oakley Hall.

What's with the band's name?

B: Ha ha. You're awesome.

KM: So how long have you guys been in a band?

B: These are the ten burning questions for

mystery.

B: Do what we do and just be like, "I can't answer that."

Well, I don't have any questions so...

B: We'll get along wonderfully.

Actually, I was thinking of questions on the way over here.

KM: We were thinking of answers.

B: Twice. That was the answer to the first question.

Here's my question: *Preteen Weaponry*, why now?

HJ: Your question asking style is so... not German. It's like the antithesis of German. It's like, not tight... so free and open. It's non-Teutonic.

KM: Who's the pot-smoking PBS interviewer?

HJ: Charlie Rose.

B: Yeah. The racist, pot-smoking PBS interviewer Charlie Rose.

KM: [Doing a Charlie Rose impersonation] 'So yeah, *Preteen Weaponry*... Why?'

S: I saw Charlie Rose at a Bloomberg Christmas party in 1999. He was so wasted. He had, like, two escorts on each arm.

KM: What?!!

S: Yeah, like a Spitzer kind of thing. His tie was undone. They were running their hands

KM: Ha ha.

B: Does that make sense? It happened now because we're unable to go back to 1979 and drop it when it needs to be dropped.

HJ: Or in 2012, when they'll understand.

B: In fact, we should have gone back and released it as 2012 by Rush.

HJ: But I think, what I heard Steve saying is, because its three woven-together improvs, it's a release that actually represents the live improv side of what we do, which we've done forever, opening shows with improvs or having really extended improv moments – but we've never represented that side on record.

KM: But we've been doing this since pre-time.

HJ: That's right, *Preteen* from pre-time. Who talked about this? One thing that's totally incredible about this release, and there's a lot that's incredible...

S: Did you say The Who talked about this?

HJ: The Who are not allowed to talk about this. It was court-ordered for them to shut up. We red-buttoned them. But yeah, they were trapped in a room with the Red Hot Chili Peppers and none of them were ever allowed to talk ever again.

B: Did any of you ever hear the last Who record that came out a few years ago? It got really good reviews.

HJ: I'm not the biggest Who dude. Their hottest moments are the best moments, and they're

ONEIDA

One Boyfriend is Never Enough

BY STEVE FIVE

Oneida: Where'd you get your name? How did you get together? How would you describe your music?

B: How do you split your time between Oneida and Trans Am?

S: What's the deal with the nicknames?

HJ: That's like a level three question.

Um. We can't really talk about that.

B: Ha. Right.

HJ: That's like a level two answer.

KM: There's a court order. We can't talk about that.

[Finally, everyone gets to see the waitress' t-shirt.]

B: There it is. That should be the title of the article. Talk about no context.

I'll name it that and it will go to print as a

through his hair.

B: And he was like, 'Put it on my credit card. No one'll ever look.'

S: Those parties were so crazy, they were in the Museum of Natural History.

HJ: You see how we stuck to the first question?

B: We're well trained. It's an art.

S: So, the first question is: Who ordered the chilaquiles?

HJ: So, *Preteen Weaponry*, why now?

Yeah. You guys have been jamming the long jams for a long time, but it has rarely been realized on record.

B: Well, *Preteen Weaponry* is kind of a different thing. I mean, the real answer to your question is because our technology is limited and we can't move around in time very well. So like, the shit happens now because we're always there,

very tiny for me. So, I'm not really keeping an open perspective.

B: I don't really like the stuff that other people seem to like, but I like their earlier stuff. I'm not like a *Who's Next* guy.

HJ: That's the one with the tower on the cover right?

B: Great cover, one of the best covers ever.

KM: In a way, it's like the perfect album cover for them at that time. They really had kind of fucked themselves over. In retrospect, I think there would have been a lot of people who would have gotten into them but they were really at a bad place.

HJ: I mean, yeah, I don't really know their albums chronologically because I know I don't like them.

B: They did *Tommy*...

KM: Which I think was a disaster.

B: Then Townshend decided to go one step

further and did this multimedia project a couple of years ago. Then that fell apart.

HJ: I would like to go on record in print as saying "Behind Blue Eyes" is a sweet song and so is "Eminence Front," so don't tell anyone that I don't like The Who.

KM: "Eminence Front" is great. Have we ever talked about what that song actually means?

B: Have we ever laid it out for people?

HJ: I don't think we have.

KM: Okay, let's start at the top: "Eminence front," what the hell does that mean?

HJ: Well, it's a put on. [laughter]

KM: But I'm saying that message is indecipherable.

HJ: It's a clear message that's indecipherable at the same time, because what is an "eminence front"?

KM: Yeah, and you're sitting there, listening to The Who, it's their last real album [It's Hard]... Well, not even, it doesn't have Keith Moon, but it's their last official album. And there's this hit on it that's called "Eminence Front." What the fuck? Bobby?

HJ: In all fairness, Jane fits in before Bobby but no one listens to Jane because Jane doesn't talk really loud. Actually its better, Bobby, that you tell your story and I jump in from the sidelines. So, you tell your story, then I'll jump in.

B: Alright... well...

HJ: Well, my story's simple: I like to play shit really, really loud. And I have this amp that's really big and loud that I wanted to take around with us, but the problem is [that] every time you try to use the speaker cabinets, it would set them on fire. So, I was trying to buy speakers that would handle this amp, and put them in this speaker cabinet. Every time I would buy speakers, even the heavy duty speakers that you buy... the common brand of speaker you buy for amp cabinets is made by this company called Eminence. They're made in the U.S. First problem, right there. If they were made in Mexico or Indonesia or Korea they would probably be sweet, but Eminence speakers are made in the U.S. They can't handle power, even if you buy the highest wattage, highest rated ones. But that's not the kind of shit that you learn when you're a little nobody fuckin' band.

B: You told me to go first.

HJ: I did, then we'll time travel back to Jane's prescient warnings in a moment.

B: But see, you're The Who, and you don't learn that. And its like, 'Oh, Jim Marshall is building your amps,' and 'Oh, you wanna be the loudest band in the world.' So, you're in a unique position to understand the equipment needs of the 20th century rock superstar.

Sure.

B: And Townshend is throwing out this warning. When you're a motherfuckin' crazy, top-level badass rocker, you're gonna need the right equipment!

KM: It's a hidden, secret message.

HJ: It's a secret message that's right in front of you.

B: Right. He's like...

KM: It's a put on.

HJ: He's like, 'Definitely go EV, or JBL.'

KM: But he doesn't say it that way, cuz he's no fool.

B: It's because he's a poet.

HJ: Right. Eminence is buying him, like, Jeeps and stuff. Like Range Rovers. And there's no way he likes Eminence speakers, dude. The great thing about how this truth unfolded within The O is that Bobby's having this experience. And it's pretty current...

B: Right, like a few months ago...

HJ: Or years... And also, I don't really listen to The Who at all. So, I didn't have that frame of reference. But what I did have was that first five years of Oneida, trying to get my gear as loud as Bobby's gear. And not the level he's achieving now, the level he was at when we started. Bobby was my mentor in volume and I've been apprenticing under him for years, and only recently have we become equals... and I'm saying this as a celebration. Anyway, for years there, I had stepped up my amp head and I was trying to find the right amp/speaker combination. I got rid of my old cabinet and bought a new one on tour. And throughout all this, I'm blowing through 15-inch speakers.

KM: You played bass at the time.

HJ: Yeah. So, I was blowing through 15-inch speaker after 15-inch speaker, and I kept getting hooked up with Eminence speakers. I'd blow through them in, like, a month-and-a-half – they would be shredded and I would take them out, put in the extra E/V speaker I brought, screw it down, then get back home and buy

another Eminence speaker, put it back in, and then blow through it. Every time I'd go to the music store they'd be like, 'Yeah, well, we have this other speaker.' And I'd be like, 'What brand is it?' They'd say, 'Eminence'. And I'd be like, 'Okay, no.' And they'd say, 'No, the last one you had was the wrong model.' They kept saying that. So for the first five years of the band, I was having this experience. I probably was keeping it to myself. Then I found my balance, and that was not using Eminence speakers. I've been fine for five years. Then, Bobby's amp literally catches on fire a few months ago. And as he and I are quickly unscrewing the back of the cabinet, which has, like, thirty screws on it, we're unscrewing as fast as we can because it's still smoking and we need to put this fire out before it burns the practice space up. We're kind of angry and laughing and scared at the same time, and I'm like, 'Bobby, you know, there's a song about this.' And both of us at the same time say, "'Eminence Front.' It's a put on.' So, we learned together, I guess. And now the cabinet has Celestion speakers.

S: Aren't they made by Eminence?

HJ: And that's 'Why now?,' Steve. So, how many boyfriends do you have?

B: Because one is never enough.

SELECT DISCOGRAPHY

The Wedding (CD/LP, Jagjaguwar, 2005)

Each One Teach One (CD, Jagjaguwar, 2002; 2LP, Version City, 2002)

Come on Everybody Let's Rock (CD, Jagjaguwar, 2000)

Enemy Hogs (CD, Turnbuckle, 1999; CD, Jagjaguwar, 2001)

enemyhogs.com





ONEIDA *Preteen Weaponry* (Jagjaguwar/Sonic Unyon)

With this first installment in their Thank Your Parents trilogy, Oneida confirm themselves the kings of the new psychedelic movement. Combining improvisation with composition, this Brooklyn trio reference their psych forefathers while more than a fair heaping of modern noise

elements punch through the mix. *Preteen Weaponry*'s three sections avoid any hairpin turns, letting the dynamics appear organically, proving that they will absolutely liquefy people when they play this live. Until then, though, clamp on the headphones, pack the bowl and buckle up. **9/10 (Johnson Cummins)**

ONEIDA PRETEEN WEAPONRY (JAGJAGUWAR)

7



Faithfully approximating the sensation of being buried alive by a plummeting payload of molten lead, doom-lords

Oneida are unlikely ever to soundtrack a screwball Brit-flick starring Mackenzie Crook. The Brooklynites' ninth studio album finds them ripping their sound down to its purest elements: no vocals, no hooks, just a wordless, ever-expanding vortex of raw noise, recalling Black Sabbath one minute, Can the next. Of the three identically titled songs, all of which thunder past the 12-minute mark, the second is the harrowing highlight. Summoning images of alien landscapes devastated by nuclear war, it manages to be both enthralling and genuinely unsettling – less a song, more an agonised, slo-mo acceleration into the abyss. Rib-tickling stuff. **Luke Lewis**
DOWNLOAD: 'Preteen Weaponry Part 2'



ONEIDA *Preteen Weaponry* Jagjaguwar JAG125

★★★



Oneida's tunes have always been purpose-built to shed their skins at the earliest opportunity, uncoiling into hypnotic jams. Finally, the New York combo's ninth album ditches song and structure for the lengthy and pulverising workouts of *Preteen Weaponry* parts one to three. Part One siphons the wheezing keyboards of Suicide, prime irritant of an earlier generation of New York noiseniks, until a tensile bass, previously lurking purposefully, pans centre to lock a spacious krautrock groove. Part Two throbs meditatively over an atomic rumble. Part Three offers a comedown, strewing skeins of shiny plastic noise over clattering percussion. *SL*



Oneida *Preteen Weaponry* jagjaguwar
Making music together for more than a decade, these avant-garde Brooklyn noise rockers present a record full of distorted build-up layered with churning guitars and atmospheric fuzz. As the first part of a psychedelic triptych entitled *Thank Your Parents*, *Preteen Weaponry* consists of three ten minute-plus tracks of experimental (and mostly instrumental) rock that might just eat you alive. CB

Oneida *Preteen Weaponry* (Jagjaguwar)

This is the first album in a proposed triptych from Oneida, referred to collectively as *Thank Your Parents*. Little more information regarding the meaning or context of this series is available, save for that title. Even less information is forthcoming on *Preteen Weaponry*, a three track, mainly-instrumental full-on midnight trance jam all recorded in one day, at different times and in different states of mind. And while we're here, who cares about meaning and context when the result is such an invigorating blast of endlessly circling repetitions? Beginning with heavily overdriven and twisted electronics, like Martin Rev in crowd-baiting mode, the album cranks up through pummeling tribal drum patterns and seismic noise shifts which sound like the earth is eating itself beneath your feet. Blasts of electrical currents explode like sparks of white light in your brain, followed by a final long and rattling comedown. Don't know what it all means, but it sounds fairly awesome, and is best listened to at housequaking volume.

Euan Andrews

in the studio: oneida

We watched: "Pulses throb in the soft hollows of beautiful women's throats, and tears unbidden springing to their eyes as they first heard the rough mixes."

We read: "Tea leaves, tarot, chicken bones. All promised stunning victory, worldwide acclaim and boundless wealth. I guess I also read some back issues of *Tape Op* piled under the studio couch, and a book called *All The Shah's Men* about the CIA coup in Iran in the early Fifties. I'm a fucking Renaissance man."

We listened to: "Epic songs that none could hear, save the O – gentle, wise voices to which our ears are specially tuned. Also, lots of Loop."

We ate: "Very, very well, as always. Don't fuck with a man's food. Radegast Biergarten is just down the street from the Ocropolis (our studio), so you can be sure there was no shortage of venison sausage and Weihenstephaner."

(Fat Bobby)

abe vigoda lindström kasai all stars grace jones deerhunter stereolab

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