

THE FALLOUT BUNKER 'GOOD' AND 'BAD' LIST

Here in the Bunker, we've been looking at what's cool for the Fallout crew. Here's a taster of what's currently floating our boat:

World Cup 06 Pannini Sticker Book
Ice Blue (the colour)
Cycling
Tiger Force
Miss Nicaragua
Hi Tec Squash Shoes
Miami Vice
Rumble Strips
Eight Legs
Green King IPA
Oxygen Chambers

Jerk Chicken
Richmond from the IT Crowd
Joe Cole
The Impressionists (the painters not Alistair McGowan)
Hawaii
Planet of the Apes (original)

Not so cool:

Owen Hargreaves (why?)
Devilna McCall
Privatised Water Companies (the bastards - fix those bloody leaks)
The Official England Song

Ageing pop stars who've done nothing for years acting like showbiz vampires by leaping on the next up and coming hip young gunslinger for a bit of reflect-ed hipdom only to destroy any credibility the young hipster might have enjoyed. No names mentioned.

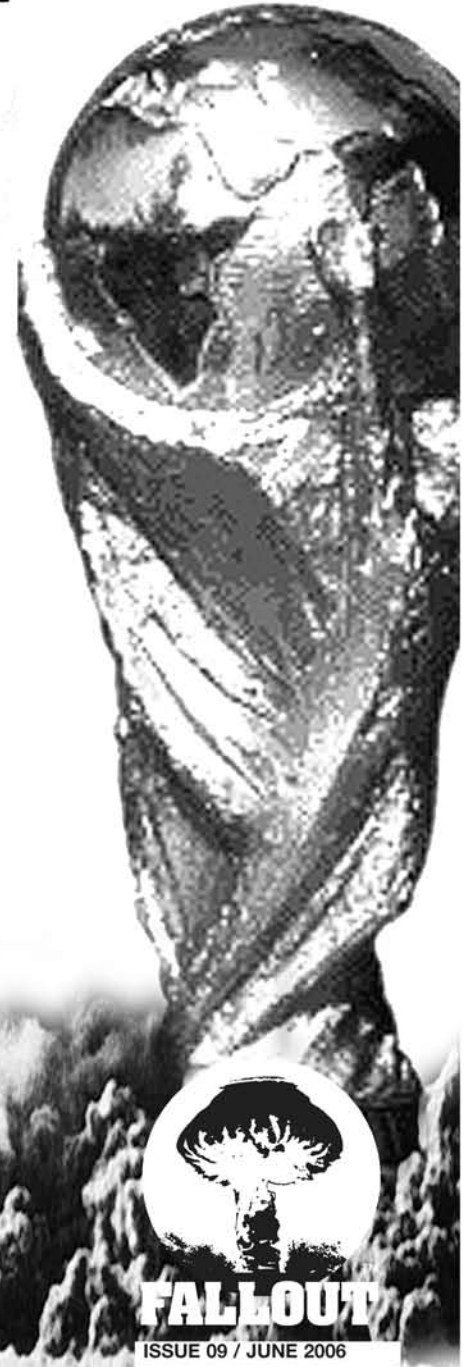
FALLOUT 'TOPS' FOOTBALL SONGS:

BACK HOME - ENGLAND 1970 SQUAD. Mooro. Our Kid and Banksey in DJ's, dickie bows and frill front shirts.
WORLD IN MOTION - NEW ORDER 1990
CICCIOLINA - POP WILL EAT ITSELF 1990
THE LION - YOSSOU N'DOUR 1990 - Used by the BBC to choreograph the Cameroonians.
THE GOOD, THE BAD AND BOBBY ROBSON - SKANK THING 1990, Little known frantic baggy classic.
ENGLAND'S IRIE - BLACK GRAPE Euro 96 - Shaun Ryder and Joe Strummer unite!
THREE LIONS - SKINNER AND BADDIEL Euro 96 - Of the moment classic with Lightning Seeds fella.
VINDALOO - FAT LES 1998 - We're gonna score one more than you. Genius.
JERUSALEM - FAT LES Euro 2000 - Patriotic and painfully overlooked.

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EXAMPLE

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FALLOUT

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ECHOES FROM

This year's Crawl was marked by a good showing by Fallout, and there were many highlights as we shuffled back and forth past the Goth boutiques and weed peddlers attempting to see as much as possible.

First stop, an early start at the Fallout Party at the G Lounge. Apparently not early enough though as I arrived too late - thanks to the Bunker's Janitor Dave who waylaid me with a story of such crushing despair and irrelevance that even now I can't quite understand why I stayed to listen to his woes about failing to get his personal website (www.janitor-dave.co.uk) uploaded successfully - to catch Louie opening up proceedings. They were, by all accounts, their usual mix of mayhem and chaos and well received, which is only what you'd expect from a band hell-bent on acts of urban guerrillaism such as de-potting expensive plants in the forecourts of London's finest hotels.

The Fallout Party was proving popular as the queue to get in extended round the block, and the popularity was reflected in the near sardine (as in 'packed in like...') conditions inside. No wonder there was no room to move as one of the most anticipated acts on the Crawl, Fallout's Wolfmother were appearing as special guest headliners. On a cramped stage Wolfie made the most of the occasion by playing a short, dynamic set of favourites kicking off with the single 'Dimension', the video of which has been on seemingly alternate rotation with the Fratellis' 'Creepin' Up The Backstairs' (more of which later) on MTV2. Into the classics, 'Apple Tree' and 'Woman', the trio rocked up a storm sufficient enough for one hardy soul to attempt a crowd surf which only succeeded in bemusing, and amusing, singer Andrew Stockdale. With an upstairs gallery relatively empty, compared to the heaving downstairs, this inspired an impromptu announcement from one of the venue's officials. Of said announcement, only three words 'Guys', 'Upstairs!' and 'Downstairs' were coherent, the rest appeared to be a mix of broken German and guttural Klingon which only served to further bemuse (and amuse) young Andrew. This surreal moment seemed bizarrely in keeping with the general ambience and it acted as the perfect backdrop for set closer 'Mind's Eye' to climax things. Being a slow burner makes 'Minds Eye' even more perfect when the swirling keyboard lead kicks in halfway through to take you to Prog heaven. All too soon, it's over and Wolfmother withdraw to reflect and prepare for a later assault as last act on at Kerrang @ Underworld where Louie were due to kick things off.

With the Fallout Party ending on a high, it was then off to Fopp Records on Camden Lock where Fallout's pronged attack under the masterful organisation of Sergeant Scoot was about to enter phase two of operations with an instore gig featuring the Fratellis, Example and The Dillalls. As the Fratellis crew prepared and hi-fives were exchanged it was decided that some of the Fallout boys should adjourn to Sainsburys and return with beer. Carting a shopping trolley, laden with booze and lollipops, up Camden High Street may have appeared to onlookers like some madcap student's idea of a rag week stunt but it was no joke and it was only down to Scoot's previous experience as a trolley technician that we managed to negotiate the Goths and German tourists safely. With our cargo safely stowed behind the Neil McAndrew keep fit DVDs, we settled in to admire The Fratellis.

It seems to be happening big time for the Glasgow boys as, as inferred above, their video for 'Backstairs' seems to be on repeat play on MTV2 as well as picking up regular requests on XFM. Sales for 'Backstairs' have been good and had it been eligible for inclusion in the national charts would have charted as a very respectable No.37. With a good crowd flocking in - the best of the evening - The Fratellis rose to the occasion by smashing out a smart set of their well crafted and extremely likeable rock'n'roll.

CAMDEN CRAWL 06

Looking increasingly like a young Marc Bolan, Brer Jon Fratelli is developing a stage magnetism that makes him a clear focal point and his Bowie-esque/Ian Hunter style vocals acts like a Kaleidoscope that pulls together a web of influences into one taut knock-out punch of boppabou rockola. Mind you, Brer Mince - like Animal out of the Muppets - contends well for the attention of the crowd as he thumps away manically at the back. It's down to Brer Barry the bass to add that laid-back counterbalance to stop the whole thing spinning off out of control, his nonchalance is rock steady personified. Having made a splash with 'Creeping Up The Backstairs', the stage is set for Fratellis to sustain the momentum and push home their advantage, with their debut album due out around August this could be the year of Fraternal Fratelli Festivities. With their set triumphantly sealed and with backslaps aplenty, the brudders pack up, ur sticks and make their way down the road to Shuffle @ NW1 for their 9.20 slot.

In between sets, we made an attempt to catch the Maccabees at Artrocker @ Lock 17 but never quite made it and before long it was back at Fopp to catch Example. Example is a feller, more precisely, a rapper from Fulham in the mould of the Streets (who incidentally happened to be in the audience checking out his progeny) and very entertaining he is too. It takes a lot of balls to get up on-stage on your todd and engage with an audience but that is what he does very well and with witty, clever wordplay he spins out stories of everyday strife about relationships and the like. Currently the centre of attention and with a pack of labels in pursuit we hope he does the sensible thing and opts for Fallout but only time will tell on that one.

The Dillalls turn up fresh from an earlier set at Bugbear @ Dublin Castle and set up ready to impress with their poppy new wave. The Dillalls are a young all girl three piece from Switzerland who take their lead from the female icons of the New Wave such as Chrissie Hynde, Debbie Harry and later adventurers such as the Breeders. They have a crisp, fresh sound with numbers that are catchy in the extreme. Being young they are also relatively inexperienced gig-wise and that, along perhaps with being in foreign climes, they look a little self-conscious on stage. Their confidence is not helped by a crowd thinned out by competing attractions along the Camden strip so that the no-mans land between the stage and audience that was eaten up a swollen crowd for the Fratellis begins to open up to several feet. As a result, and despite a prettily much flawless performance, their shyness acts as a barrier to creating a rapport with the audience and it all feels a little less effortless than the earlier acts. In the context of the occasion, where participating bands play abbreviated showcase sets of around half-a-dozen numbers, the Dillalls thwart convention by playing pretty much a full-set. Punters, conditioned to bite size segments, find the duration out of step with the spirit of the occasion and exchange puzzled glances as the set, which contains some of the stronger material towards the back-end, begins to lose momentum. It's an easy mistake to make and one borne out of their inexperience, the lessons to learn here - pick a selective short set of crowd pleasers, keep it punchy and leave them wanting more, never outstay your welcome - are ones that I am sure they will pick up on. Despite all this, it was clear that there were punters who had expressly made the trip down Camden way from the Electric Ballroom, Koko, Underworld or wherever to check them out so the interest is there.



If the Dillalls need some help and guidance in developing stagecraft and audience bonding they should have made down to the Oh Bar to catch The Slits version 2006. For those naive (to the way of the Slits, they were pioneers from the first wave of Punk - an all girl band that paved the way for so many others after them. Their early shambolic, but totally in keeping in the spirit of the times, performances quickly developed into creating ground breaking fusion between the energy of punk and the spaciness and riddim of dub reggae. Girls loved them as role models of girl power. Boys just loved them. Remembered with much affection, it is terrific news that they choose now - albeit with a predominantly new line up - to reform and update the message that attitude and energy can be more powerful than musical proficiency. With only Ari Up (Vox) and Tessa Pollit (Bass) surviving from the original line-up, their numbers are swelled by younger and equally enthusiastic members taken from all corners of the globe. Taking the stage to a warm reception, they - and Ari in particular - proceed to give a master class in getting one with your audience. Spending as much time talking to the audience as actually playing any numbers, Ari orchestrates a thoroughly entertaining time. Their short set with classics like 'Newtown' and 'Shoplifting' from their debut album 'Cut', along with their classic cover of John Holt's 'Man Next Door' is supple-

mented with a memorable new number entitled 'Grown Ups'. With wonderfully naive but pertinent lyrics ('The world of grown ups is corrupt') shouted over a joyous punk racket complete with corrupt Ramones style 1-2-3-4's thrown in to cue us up for the pogo moments, the song loosens up into a spacey dub that has the place skankin' real time. So well received is this tune (apparently due to be released soon on their new EP) that when they are called back for an encore, they play all again and it is as much fun the second time round. The last time I saw the Slits was back in the day supporting The Clash and I was expecting a load of nostalgia heads to raising the average age of the venue seriously towards middle age (albeit hip middle age). However, it was refreshing to find a truly mixed audience of young and not so young who all appeared to dig it. Welcome back girls!

Once the Slits were off and done, there was a fleeting consideration of making an attempt to squeeze into Dirty Pretty Things at the Ballroom, or Supergrass at the Dublin Castle but time was against us and it was likely that the full house signs would have been up. With that in mind, it was time to make tracks and so, until next year, we bade our farewells and went our separate ways.

LAMACQ: WORDS FROM THE WISE

A new column by Steve Lamacq (yes, really!)

If you're reading this and you happen to be in a band, stop right there. Before you post another demo, enter another rehearsal session, or even write another song...do you know what you're doing? I don't mean, can you play your instruments? Or even can you stand on stage, bathed in the cheap orange light of a pub backroom and believe that really, you're onstage at the Brixton Academy. I mean, what's your band all about?

A few weeks ago I was hosting a discussion panel at a some music industry event on the south coast when it struck a few of us that bands - quite a few of them anyway - end up forming by mistake. They're either a bunch of mates who wanted to do something more interesting at weekends than hiring a DVD or sitting in the beer garden of their local pub; or they're odd collaborations of musicians who've bumped into each other at gigs, or auditioned through ads in the back of the music press.

The result is unpredictable (which is why pop music is such a great random force). But a little thought can help you get a long way. For starters, what do your band stand for? Or, as Laurence Bell, the man who signed Arctic Monkeys and Franz Ferdinand said "what DON'T you stand for? What DON'T you want to be like." Refining an unwritten manifesto of what you dislike can help you spot when you're going wrong (or at least it can help you win that argument with the guitarist who insists that the New Song does honestly need that 2 minute solo in the middle).

Take a look at the bands whose music you like and I bet 90 per cent of them give off a feeling of...well, something. There is a collective attitude or approach to music that makes them identifiable (be it the aforementioned big selling Monkeys, or the brilliantly majestic noise-escapes of someone like 65Days Of Static). This doesn't mean that you all have to like the same music, or speak with the same voice, but it does mean that your gang looks or sounds a little different. It possesses intrigue. It has a story that people can tell in print or sell to fans.

The truth is that most big labels are now bowing under the weight of new bands as never before. True, the Internet and sites like MySpace, have opened up the opportunities for bands to go it alone, but they're so BIG, these sites, that sometimes finding your new favourite band is like looking for a needle in a haystack.

Help your audience to find you. Don't get bogged down in individual CVs, or cheap pictures taken in your garage. Be ambitious from the start and be ruthless on yourselves. Even if you only ever want to be the best band in your town, then try and out-think the opposition with a bit of sass and style.

Obviously your songs need to be good - and your singer especially needs to command attention (according to my A&R friends, too many demos are let down by woefully average vocalists). But if you're looking for a big deal, what else lifts you above the thousands of other bands who, frankly, sound a bit like you? Because if we're going to remember you in ten years time, what are we going to remember you for?

LEADING BY EXAMPLE...

First, a bit about example, by example:

Born 20th June 1982 (same Birthday as Lionel Ritchie and Brian Wilson, watch out fellas!) at West London hospital in Hammersmith. At age 2, visited the white cliffs of Dover with parents and my pops nearly (accidentally) dropped me over the edge. Only survived due to a strong grip for a toddler. Same strong grip would later be used to hold microphones and female asses tightly. Attended All Saints Primary School in Fulham High St. Was good at Maths, Art and Poetry. Some people took the piss out of my big lips. Whos laughing now you supermarket trolley attendant fuckfaces!?

After buying Snoop Doggs 'Doggystyle' album I penned my first rap verse aged 11: "I'll slaughter your daughter and knife your wife". My mum looked worried but embraced me still. Attended ADT College, Wandsworth. More peeps took the piss out of my lips who's laughing now you drug-pushing stolen-Golf GTI-driving tossers! Wait that aint a bad lifestyle is it. Anyways. Aged 15 entered a rap battle at a house party in Shepherds Bush. Completely destroyed a useless wanker and a fight broke out. So I sprinted home. You get me. Year 2000: attended Royal Holloway University Of London, started Garage MCing to make some money. Didn't make much. Banged loadsa fit birds. Met Rusher. Thought he was a tosser. He thought I was a tosser. Despite this we made a concept album in the Film Departments audio booth. 2001: went to New York City and in an expensive restaurant shook hands with Stevie Wonder in the men's toilets. I told him he was very talented. He told me I was gonna be big. Graduated. 2003: Moved to Australia by myself for a year. Grew my hair. Met a loada idiots and learnt a lot about myself and bbqs. Learnt to surf on my last day in the country. Moved back to London, decided I wanted to be a professional rapper. Released 3 singles all by myself. Achieved desired career.

Now, some questions:

For the benefit of those poor misfortunates who have yet to have the Example experience, can you try and explain what you're about, style, experience and what you've done (achievements)?

My music is like some mass orgy between The Rolling Stones, The Beastie Boys and Kanye West took place and Example was the resultant bastard love child. Basically Mick Jagger to me is the ultimate frontman and I try to have my own take on Mick's ability to rock a crowd and display an unnatural amount of energy on stage. The Kanye West influence comes about due to my producer's (Rusher) liking for BIG samples in his beats and for me it's Kanye's ability to stand out in a massive Hip Hop market dominated by talk of guns, drugs, misogyny and metaphors - Example is not about rapping about how good a rapper I am. And The Beastie Boys - when they dropped they were seen as somethin' fresh and new and edgy, they did something that had never really been done before - white rappers appealing to a global market of rap, rock and pop fans alike. I haven't achieved anything yet in terms of music - I've sold my own records myself, got myself played on Radio 1 and done some high profile collabo's and remixes. That's nothin' though. I won't be happy until I've sold a million units and played main stage at Glasto. Then I'll set myself new targets.



Who made you want to get up and do what you do?

My mum and Dad are my biggest inspirations in life. And right now my life pretty much revolves around music. They have shown me the hunger to achieve your goals and dreams. Musically I am heavily influenced by Jay-Z, Prince, Michael Jackson (the early years), The Beach Boys, The Kinks, the list goes on...

What's the one thing that people should stop doing now and what should they be doing instead?

People should stop trying to get through underground train barriers when they aint got nothing on their Oyster cards! If you aint topped up your fee then stop tryna get through the fuckin gate and holdin up the queue! For fucks sake. These people need to re-charge more often - that's what they should be doin instead.

What's next? What are your plans for this year?

Release next single. Tour with a few big bands all over the country. Play gigs in Ibiza. Collaborate with more big names. Finish album. Eat Turkey.

Predictions for the World Cup?

England Semis. Brazil to win. Spain to do nothing. Holland out in the first round. Germany to make semis and shock everyone. Wayne aint gonna play at all, come on you know it! England fans will start riots and everyone will laugh at us. But you know that already. Every time someone scores from a volley the commentator will say "great technique". And Alan Hansen will start every analysis with "You talk about..."

5 Cool things at the moment, music, fashion, food, whatever:

Example: Example's forthcoming single; any trendy free clothing that Example wears; Ginger Beer, Nando's Chicken Pitta (Medium) with Pineapple and Cheese, no mayo, Peri Chips. Corn and refillable drink - won't ever go out of fashion as long as Chickens are alive

NEW YOUNG PONY CLUB

Gymkhanas in Manhattan, I suppose they must exist for those on 5th Avenue but it's questionable whether the New Young Pony Club (NYPC) trot out there on weekends. Ostensibly, NYPC walk in the same part of Fallout town as Tom Vek and Cut Copy, not quite as dark as the likes of Ladytron but definite dance fetishists for people who inhabit the twilight corners.

There's a kind of mutant disco feel to NYPC, swampy funk like 'Jerk me off', 'Ice Cream' and 'The Get Go' which sub-basses along the floor with a more airy synth lines that float above it. I suppose you could make a case for them being the anti-Scissor Sisters, but then you hear 'Hiding on the Staircase' and whilst it sticks close to the shade it does emerge into the sunlight from time to time in a jungly chorus. Then you hear them on 'Get Lucky' and after some initial distortion you could be listening to some bastard spliced mix of Television, Talking Heads and even the Strokes in part, topped off with a Karen O type at the vocal helm. Here NYPC are a spartan reflection of NYC style chic, with sparse chopping guitar and funky licks.

If you like your dance music cool and removed, machine like, dark-ish and even with a dash of Blitz Kids chic then NYPC should be well up your street.

THE PRESETS

Emerging from the same Modular stable as fellow Ozsters Wolfmother and Cut Copy, The Presets are a hark back to the days of synthesisers, albeit the more frantic harsher melodies of later era Depeche Mode rather than the weedy stuff.

Their single 'Down Down Down' calls at you from some point in the mid eighties like some spoilt brat who has managed to muscle their way to the front of the synth class and demand you listen to them rather than those poseurs, the Eurythmics. It's a confident burst of energy with high tempo and is full of sparky bits that threaten to issue nasty electric shocks if you lay down your guard.

The remix is less hurried and takes it time to build up its business case for your attention but in the space where it sounds like real drums rather than a machine, a hooky dance fantastic takes hold and this infectious monster floors you with a needle rather than a machete. I personally like the remix better, the quality of the song comes through stronger and I start to ponder on what else the Presets can offer me and the rest of the world. More please.

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