



[KING TUT'S, TUESDAY 1ST MAY]

Why is it that I seem to attract every single dodger, pimp, crack-whore, wife-beater and drug-dealer within scamming distance, no matter where I go? It's starting to worry me now; am I some kind of freak that they recognise a mile away? *'Ah, there's goes Kai. He'll be up for some pills/coke/pot/sex/stabbing!'* Er, no, no, maybe, OK, and no. Perhaps it's just Glasgow, maybe everyone gets the same treatment. I wasn't even in freak mode - French Connection t-shirt, skater trousers, wallet chain, nu-metal hair, no make-up; how much more mainstream can you get? Nevermind, maybe I should just be grateful that everyone wants to sell me their last bit of pot, their unwanted Temazepan and their teenage daughter. Ben would be. Shit, I said I wasn't gonna go on about that, didn't I? OK, forget I said that. Anyway, I'm standing at the station, waiting for my train, when I am approached by a man wearing a blue anorak. He has short hair, bad teeth and a scarred face. Read: Typical Glaswegian dodger. Run!

'A'right mate, you got a light?'

'No, sorry - I don't smoke.'

'D'ya want tae buy some pot, £20 for this bit? Y'see I dinnae smoke it ma'self, it just got it for ma brother, but he's nae turned up, and ah need tae get ma train-fare so ah can get home?'

Oh my god, here we go again. And I thought Aberdeen was bad. Glaswegians are either really friendly or (more often) complete cunts, the sort of people who'd ask you for a chip and steal your Big Mac. I mean would you be happy giving out knives and forks to these people if they came into your restaurant? Apparently, stabbings in the city dropped by 10% after the last Wimpy outlet closed down. Plastic trays just don't have the same impact, though it doesn't stop them from trying. We'll save that story for another time, though.

Question: What does AFI stand for?

Answer: Always fifty-fifty in relationships. Is it just me, or does that Destiny's Child song not really suck? Yeah, I'm an Independent Woman cos I got my own car, I don't need my man to buy it for me. The thing is, a really smart woman would take all his money and *then* leave him. That's what gullible men are for. Speaking of independence, now here's a band that hasn't sold out! No signs of **A Fire Inside** getting fat and releasing shit imitations of their best songs and trying to dress like they're still kids, like wallet-chains and bleached hair are still gonna work at 40. Though they have played as a support act for them. Kind of hard to say no when The Offspring own your record label. The thing about AFI is, they've never been cool like Blink-182 and Pennywise. But then they've never been a straight-ahead punk band, despite coming from sunny California. Their sound also includes plenty of hardcore and even some *goth* stylings. I'm not sure if goth actually counts as a type of music, it's more of an image really. As in orange pumpkin lanterns on stage. (Though the pumpkins look quite friendly actually.) As in Davey Havok's PVC trousers, white facepaint and black eyeliner. Havok, Rotten, Chaos... mad names make for mad frontmen it would seem. I kind of expect him to hide behind his hair and shout dark lyrics towards the drummer, trying to block out the fans who are screaming for a piece of him. Not so. He leaps about like a cat on a firework, darting across the stage and juggling the microphone from hand to hand. He stares at the wall of screaming girls (and guys). He lets them touch him and poses for fotos, and does the standing on the drumkit thing, as any frontman should. This we like. I am happy. Not as happy as Nicola, who is watching *'The best gig ever... even Quik would have liked it!'*

It's not just about Davey, of course. Hunter and Jade (you can tell I looked this up on the Internet can't you?) do an admirable job of keeping it together whilst holding guitars at strange angles to their bodies. Meanwhile, Adam Carson - the only original member apart from Havok - is drumming himself into a frenzy, before bouncing his sticks away whenever there's a

break. One of the few cool things that drummers are allowed to do. Ain't that right, Pete?

The old songs sound great and so do the new ones, but in more of a woah-oh kind of way. I don't have a clue what Davey's singing about, but it doesn't really matter. The assorted mixture of punkers, goths, and nu-metal kids are lapping it up like vampires in a blood bank. Who needs The Offspring anyway?

[Postscript:] No I didn't, it was never worth £20. And one other thing; apparently AFI originally stood for **A**nthems **F**or **I**nsubordinates. How cool is that?

Reviewed by Kai Sirius.