

SCHREIBERS ON THE

● “Get into those Kitchens and rattle those pots and pans!” Yep, forsaking the toilets of Blighty for the, erm, toilets of Noo Yawk (*Noo Yawk’s legendary CBGB’s actually—Ed*), KITCHENS OF DISTINCTION are now busy shifting, erm, kitchen units across the pond faster than a microwave can dry a poodle. Cooking up a story: ANDREW COLLINS. AGA candid: MARTYN GOODACRE

adds drummer Dan. “Unless that was Zsa Zsa Gabor . . .”

And on top of that, it turns out that the Americans really *dig* The Kitchens.

“They love us!” exclaims guitar wiz Julian.

“They’re like an extra family now,” Patrick says, not without a playful glint in his eye. “We’ve been taken under somebody’s wing.”

“We’re not used to it. Normally, people treat us like scum in England.”

Steven, Katz’s head waiter and full-time ‘character’, serves up three mammoth egg mayonnaise sandwiches with a comic sneer on his face. “Vegetarians? Every Deli owner’s dream! Hitler was a vegetarian!”

He sets down the Kitchens’ salami-free, chicken-free, beef-free, pastrami-free, rib-free order, with a characteristic “Enjoy!” and then sits down with them at their table and lights up a cigarette. Only in New York. Here every waiter’s a stand-up (sit down) comedian, one in five people you meet is a serial killer, joggers have an attitude, and a bunch of pinko liberal vegetarians from England can play the legendary CBGB’s club and get treated like gods.

“In England people want to *fit things in*,” starts Dan, in the first of many essays on *Why America Is Fantastic And Britain Is Shit*. “In America, people are more concerned with the music.”

Patrick takes up the thread. “Like, we were concerned about the bands we were supporting out here (*The Trash Can Sinatras and The Charlatans*)—we thought, will we fit into their audience? But apparently American audiences just go and watch ‘the bands’, and if it’s ‘Alternative Contemporary’



Kitchen sync (l to r): Patrick, Dan and Julian

Kitchens Of Distinction are currently seated in

Katz’s famous delicatessen in New York and, before them, taped proudly to a napkin dispenser, is an understated, handwritten sign that says: FOR YOUR INFORMATION, YOU ARE SITTING AT THE WHEN HARRY MET SALLY TABLE. ENJOY.

No shit. This is the very downtown deli in which actress Meg Ryan turned *When Harry Met Sally* from just another romantic comedy into *That Movie With The Faked Orgasm Scene In It*.

And this is just the latest episode in Kitchens Of Distinctions’ star trek across America. They’ve rubbed shoulders with Spinal Tap on the West Coast, they’ve ‘schmoozed’ with David Cassidy, Brinsley Forde and Huey Lewis at a San Francisco garden party, they’ve been driven around the Hollywood Hills in a convertible by an A&M rep who then let them stare at his Moray eels, smashed, for two hours. They even saw Judy Garland’s fence.

“And Zsa Zsa Gabor’s dog!”