

\$2.50

# CONFLICT 51 SELL UNTIL FALL 1990

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## **FIRE IN THE KITCHEN Theory Of Everything** (Behemoth LP)

Since when is over-writing a virtue? Since this band made it such a habit, both musically and lyrically (see Conflict #50). Art rock is for geeks and losers and instrumental prowess is too boring to brag about and what is this band doing in this magazine anyway?

With a pedigree including Shox Lumania, Birdland and the Hate Dogs, New York's Fire In The Kitchen are ~~be~~ the city's best straight rock band, but they're hardly straight enough to open for the Smithereens or anything. They're also not nearly 'ugly' or self-effacing enough for anyone to believe that they can 'rock'. If you don't think snazzy-guitar-interplay is a dumb fucking cliché, well, hey, there's Dave Kendall on TV and he's asking Eleventh Dream Day about it right now. So close your eyes and imagine if Dumptruck actually got it right after their first album. Imagine if you had two guitar players who played together fluidly but still rubbed off each other the wrong way.

If Fire In The Kitchen came in at the tail end of new wave, they'd be at least as popular as, oh, say the Rumour. If they held their breath for five years, they'd be twice as big. As it stands now, however, they stick out like the sorest thumb in New York. "The Fog", "Between The Bottles" and "The Time Beats On" are the best singles you don't own and no one's released yet besides. Oh, almost forgot, Television, MX80-Sound, SLoveryly, Hate Dogs (I hope this looks nice in a press kit). (PO Box 27801, Las Vegas, NV, 89102).