so they rein themselves into
songs and mess that way.
They're good songs, too. 'I
Thought . . .' is a monument to
amazed betrayal while 'Used
Up' harnesses the kind of
negative power that God
Machine hit at their very
occasional heights. Or should
that be depths? Whatever, 8
Storey Window are star-gazing
and they can see for miles.

BELLY: Gepetto EP (4AD)

The second Belly EP and their
anatomy is still one heaven of a
mystery. The title track is a
sunny romp about gawd
knows what. It's pop, folks, but
not as we know it. "*So he's lyin'
on top again/Just like Gepetto
. . .*" What would Pinocchio
have to say about that? Well
wicked and bright.

Gram's obviously the man
right now because here's
another cover of 'Hot Burrito
#2'. This one's straighter than
Dinosaur's, more faithfully
bitter and pained with Tanya
Patsy inClined. 'Sexy S' is
vertigo on a carnival wheel
with Sonic Youth on the
headphones. 'Sweet Ride' is
surfing with Syd Barrett. See?
Told you. Belly are a gorgeous
enigma. They have brain and
heart and imagination and

they're off the life support
after the Muses' separation
operation. Alive and
enlightening.

DELICIOUS MONSTER: Power Missy (*Flute*)

No-one could deny the lungs
on the girl, but DM's 'Dull Dull
Dull' was suspiciously bereft of
dimension, as if the band were
just stylishly filling the indie
hair shirt. This is another tangle
of impulses altogether. You'll
spend the first couple of hours
with 'Power Missy' trying to
work out whether it's a tease
or a threat and then, just when
you decide you really can't
decide whether they're **all**
Polly Harvey bolshie or Sundays
pliant, it may dawn on you that
'PM' is, in fact, f——ing scary,
like playing S&M games with a
dangerous schizophrenic. Even
when she's begging, there's a
sinister obsession to her naked
desire.

Sadly, the rest of the EP still
sounds like The Sugarcubes on
a day off. Strange how they can
be so strange and then, quite
suddenly, so normal.

BANG BANG MACHINE: Evil Circus EP (*Parallel*)