

PSOUT

ORANGE JUICE, MARINE GIRLS London

The Marine Girls are three punky-looking females who simply play some of the most engaging and crafted pop music around. Tracey's gently-strummed guitar meshes perfectly with Alice's emotive voice, while Jane's solid bass holds everything together nicely. But, sadly, they find it hard in the cavernous *Lyceum* to recreate the intimacy they achieve on record.

And so onto the big boys. Tonight, Orange Juice give us some soul, finally proving that they no longer need to play out of tune, while falling and laughing behind goofy fringes and silly shorts. It's their ability to fuse their irresistible enthusiasm with the abrasive crack of their early Postcard singles that makes them such a joy. Philip Foetus on sax adds a raw edge, while Zeke's drumming is beat perfect.

Centre stage, Edwyn shines his light over the proceedings like a Belisha beacon. He no longer gushes but oozes confidence. Nevertheless, his deep quavery voice is still as odd as his pained expression and thumping limbs. He's like a mad creature, miraculously converting the flock to his new soul vision.

And, incidentally, his heavy metal theatrics bounce smiles all around the arena. A great time is had by all.

Edwyn attempts to warn the hapless hippy on page 58

Peter Martin

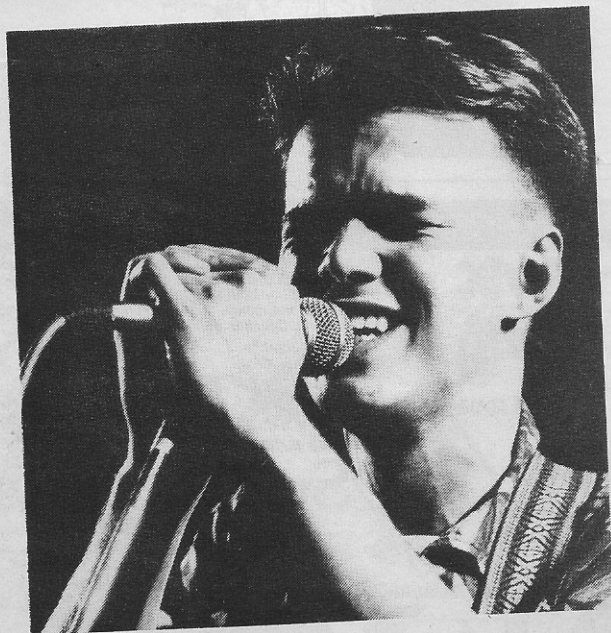


Photo: Steve Rapport

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