



By **Stephanie King**

Imagine a family of garden gnomes, posed as if enjoying a picnic, in a perfect, English country garden. Toy windmills circle prettily amongst the garden hedges, and bluebirds trill sweetly in the sweet summer air. A fresh-faced postie drops a naughty seaside postcard on your welcome mat. The kettle is whistling.

And yet tucked under the cute little red hats of these gnomes are pots and pots of cold, hard cash. A body lies festering in your cellar below the welcome mat. The seaside postcard is a thinly veiled cartoon of sexual assault. The water in the kettle will give you third-degree burns and an adder flickers its lascivious tongue between the hedgerows.

Sssh! If you listen carefully, carried on the breeze of a perfect June morning are the cackles of a band of greasy music executives as they thrust their 50 quid notes down the knickers of a woman dressed as a schoolgirl. The lap-dancer is performing a particularly aggressive kind of marketing war-dance, to the plinky-plink chords of a supposedly sexy, faux-naive pop song, but the strongest chord in this serenade is the dull, minor throb of desperation, teamed with the jaded whistle of cynicism.

The song in question? Eliza Doolittle's [Skinny Genes](#), a brilliantly disturbing clash of cheery British twee and nasty exploitation.

There's a kind of beautiful irony in the moniker of Eliza Sophie Caird. A stage-school darling, it seems only apt that she takes her name from a character who spends the entirety of her life being repackaged and sold as something she is not. Her accent may trill with the light-mockney laziness of Lily Allen's Lahn-Don, but this Westminster-born granddaughter of Sylvia Young is more likely to be found flashing her cash than her thrupenny bits.

A cheeky-chappy double-bass leads into a sho-bop, dum-de-dum, plinky-plunk, rinky-dink, pass-the-bucket gag-fest of tweeness, hammered home by a wink-wink, nudge-nudge whistle standing in for any references to a bit o' the ol' how's yer father. All Eliza need do now is drop her haitches and smile for the camera, flash bang wallop and before you know it, the money's rolling in, guvnor. Nothin' like a bit of coyness from a pretty young thing with her legs out to get the silver falling, boys. Cor. Cop an' eyeful of that.

The video is every bit as calculating as the song. Gorgeous girl twirls around in a coquettish little jumpsuit and big fat trainers, making doe-eyes at the camera and flinging an oversized man's shirt around her long, lean legs while doing ultra-choreographed, "unchoreographed" dance moves. When she refers to a fight in the song, let's have her punch some woefully ineffective right hooks as she pouts to signify her sweet vulnerability matched with her youthful playfulness. *Ker-ching!*

Meanwhile, let's throw in some nice stop-frame animation to give it a vaguely arty, kooky look, and while we're at it, let's make her all miniature and doll-like so it's kind of cute and a little bit kinky. Having her warble in a tunnel will give it a slightly edgier feel, and wherever possible, let's position the camera either slightly below or above eye level so young Eliza can either bore down upon us with her wanton gaze, or peer up with an innocent look of dewy supplication. *Luu verly.*

Oh, and if the kiddie porn angle hasn't been slammed home hard enough, why not stick her in some candy pinks and baby blues, playing in a room that resembles an oversized crèche? Check out 2:43 of the video. Dirty old bastards. Good job she's older than she looks boys, else you'd be in the cells.

Oh, and we must, must, MUST get her naked, behind a washing line, playing peekaboo with yesterday's laundry. And, if all else fails, just stick the kid in a short dress. After all, it's what we've done with every other promo we've made of her so far ([seriously](#) , [it is](#)) – and it ain't dun us no 'arm.

When I listen to this song, I dream. I dream that I am on a train, and I am leaving, I am leaving. Off to a land where Eliza Doolittle and her band of perverted record-company execs do not stalk the airwaves, and where that incessant little whistle does not haunt my every waking moment.

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