

## ROCK DELUXE DECEMBER 2015 – REVIEW FROM DAVID MORDOH (& TRANSLATION)

### TRANSLATION:

"Luxury from the hood. If you listen carefully, The Bitter Spings never dissappoint. It's not the start that gets you. However, from the third track on, "The Hounslow solicitors", the album rises with an apt instrumental prowess that makes "Portrait of a Marriage" and "Our World Was Built On Promises" veer towards "Too-Rye-Ay" Dexys Midnight Runners, somewhere between celtic and french influences.

You then get to the crucial bit of the album. The melancholy on "Something Good Together" explodes into a chorus that's pure attic dust ("let's do something good together/ we're supposed to be in love) with its violin pinching the deepest of your soul. The sadness on "Cut All Fish" is recited over a murmur of greek voices from news programmes, in a severe fashion, similar to the nostalgia evoked on those Montgolfier Brothers samples. "It's Yer Birthday" is the perfect counterpoint, the enthusiastic bomb that a 50 year old man can drop these days, reflecting on the importance of living the present ("this could be your last week, last month, last year") without giving up on almost anything: "Watch out lonely ladies, here I come". There's never been a birthday song that so closely gets to its objective, chasing depression away: "try lloking at the bright side/ at least you're still alive".

What comes next is also very good, even though the summit is past behind. They deal with thorny issues with irony and delicacy on "Not Now Mummy's Jogging Dear" and they sleepily say goodbye on "Lost Contact". Also woth mentioning is "Only Sour Grapes Are Free", filled with killer verses: "the toilets are revolting but you can't beat the system". Nothing is superfluous.

Not only has Simon Rivers stood the test of time, but he has used that test to give is the best possible album he can these days. And, like everyhting he does, it's his best yet.

su violin pinzando en lo más recóndito del alma. La tristeza de "Cut All Fish" se declama sobre un murmullo de informativos griegos, severa, nostálgica como en su día los samples de The Montgolfier Brothers. "It's Yer Birthday" es el contrapunto perfecto, la bomba de entusiasmo que puede lanzar un cincuentón a estas alturas, reflexionando sobre la importancia de vivir el presente ("this could be your last week, last month, last year") sin renunciar a casi nada: "Watch out lonely ladies, here I come". Nunca ha resultado una canción de cumpleaños tan próxima en su intento –"try looking at the bright side, at least you're still alive"– de ahuyentar la depresión.

Lo que viene a continuación es también muy bueno, aunque la cima ya esté alcanzada. Desde la delicadeza tratando temas espinosos con ironía de "Not Now Mummy's Jogging Dear" hasta la fantástica despedida aletargada de "Lost Contact", pasando por una "Only Sour Grapes Are Free" repleta de frases para enmarcar –"the toilets are revolting but you can't beat the system"–, no hay ningún pasaje despreciable. Esta vez Simon Rivers no solo ha aguantado la embestida descarnada del tiempo, sino que la ha aprovechado para endosarnos el mejor álbum posible a estas alturas. Y, como todos cuando los publica, el mejor de su carrera.

**DAVID S. MORDOH**