

The Dresden Dolls

Yes, Virginia (Roadrunner)

It shouldn't work: *A Clockwork Orange* imagery meets Liza Minnelli's *Cabaret* via the custard pie-slinging of *Bugsy Malone* and some riotous glam rock, and the seedy backstreet clubs of Berlin. Piano runs rampant, a fiercely expressive female voice questions and cajoles and expresses fear and wonder and orgasmic delight, while the silent male thumps drums, an art unto itself. Half the time, Dresden Dolls sound like Dexter Fletcher tackling the soundtrack to Hazel O'Connor's woefully misjudged punk opera *Breaking Glass* – and the other half like wrongly forgotten romantics Band Of Holy Joy (and there's more than a muscle of Marc Almond in there too). I was singing along with every track on this, the Boston duo's second album, within seconds – it's that obvious.

And yet I know that I'll be returning to this theatre of the absurd long after hipper, more venerated bands have been consigned to the bin marked 2006. It's fucking brilliant.

Everett True