

LCD Soundsystem, Deee-Lite, Goldfrapp, Depeche Mode, and others, he's logged almost as many clients as aliases (69, BFC, Innerzone Orchestra, Psyche, Tres Demented, and Paperclip People, to name a few). The schizo m.o.'s a sure sign that his techno work—which draws from disco, electro, drum'n'bass, ambient, garage, and more—is too expansive to fit under one roof. This two-disc set is an essential overview, from his raw early output as protégé of Detroit pioneer Derrick May to his microhouse-tinged remix of Junior Boys' "Like a Child" (which earned a recent Grammy nod). *J. NIIMI*

Cryptacize

Dig That Treasure ★★★

ASTHMATIC KITTY

Giddily strolling the fine line between youthful and pre-K

When not lost in naked optimism and irritatingly peppy good cheer ("Every note is an unfinished song / We're all in a cosmic sing-along" goes one sickly sweet number), Cryptacize artfully navigate the dusty corners of naïve rock, a semi-dormant genre whose line runs from the Velvet Underground through Beat Happening and the *Juno* soundtrack. This new band—prominently featuring Kill Rock Stars alum Nedelle Torrisi—never sinks into blatant oversimplicity, and the results are pleasant and intermittently exciting. *JOSH MODELL*

Crystal Castles

Crystal Castles ★★★½

LAST GANG

Eight-bit bleeps and crazed cackles transcend novelty

This Toronto duo conjure synthesizer disco from nostalgic Nintendo bliss, with Ethan Kath floating ancient video-game melodies over bewitching rhythm tracks ("Knights," "Magic Spells"). His hooky charms ease the ferocity of singer Alice Glass' panting wails and loopy, sarcastic screams. But ultimately, Glass' voice reveals an underlying warmth, making Crystal Castles' cyborglike persona unexpectedly (and uncomfortably) real. "Just because we don't feel flesh," she shouts over the digital laser attack of "Xxzcux Me," "doesn't mean we don't fear death." *MOSI REEVES*

Dead Child

Attack ★★★½

QUARTERSTICK

Is that Number of the Beast tattoo permanent or temporary?

It's tempting but ultimately wrong to view Dead Child's *Attack*—straightforward classic Brit-metal played by pedigreed American indie rockers—as a tongue-in-cheek parody. The hearts of these Louisville vets (most notably Tortoise and Slint alumnus David Pajo) seem to pump actual heshier blood. Iron Maiden and Judas Priest are the most obvious, neck-exhausting

antecedents, but bits of early Metallica and a thousand forgotten thrash bands also lurk. There's no trace of haughty indie jazz or math rock, but there are a slew of lyrics like "When the clock strikes 12, they'll steal your soul!" *JOSH MODELL*

Destroyer

Trouble in Dreams ★★★★★

MERGE

This is ground control to Major Dan: We're ready for liftoff

Though Destroyer's Dan Bejar is probably best known as a part-time New Pornographer, his self-reflexive lyrics, epic song lengths, and taste for musical melodrama suggest someone who sees himself in rather grandiose terms. On Destroyer's eighth album, Bejar lives up to his stratospheric self-regard. Gloriously guitar-spangled, word-addled glam jams "My Favorite Year" and "Rivers" rock like T. Rex via T.S. Eliot, while the meditative "Leopard of Honor" and "Introducing Angels" find a middle ground between Fellini and folk rock. Look out, Pornos—you're in danger of becoming Bejar's side project. *DAVID MARCHESE*

The Dodos

Visiter ★★★★★

FRENCHKISS

Introverts try to front like extroverts, freak out sensibly

Reasonable men strut their stuff on the engrossing second album from this San Francisco



She really wears the pants in the family.

Apocalypto

Motor City rockers rev up for imminent doom

The Dirtbombs

We Have You Surrounded ★★★★★

IN THE RED

A fixture on the Detroit scene since the mid-'80s, Mick Collins has often juggled multiple bands at once, compiling a résumé that testifies to a permanently fractured attention span. The Dirtbombs, his most visible project, underscore Collins' lack of interest in sustaining a consistent, marketable identity.

Since releasing their first album a decade ago, they have jumped from style to style, from garage rock to vintage R&B. After seeing his friends in the White Stripes attract larger audiences without losing artistic credibility, however, Collins seems more comfortable with the concept of getting paid. You can hear Dirtbombs songs in Wal-Mart and GM

ads, as well as in the film *The Diving Bell and the Butterfly*.

And *We Have You Surrounded* is a terrific, accessible hard-rock album deserving of more than cult attention. The usual Dirtbombs configuration of two drummers and two bassists is put to brilliant use, spawning aggressively funky grooves that suggest a

Their aggressive grooves suggest Motown gone punk.

Motown rhythm section gone punk, while the charismatic Collins' emphatic testimonials evoke powerful visions of a society in rapid, irrevocable decay. From "Leopardman at C&A," with lyrics by gloomy graphic novelist Alan Moore (*V for Vendetta*), to "It's Not Fun Until They See You Cry," Collins has fashioned the perfect backdrop for the end of the world. George Romero, here's the score for your next zombie flick. *JON YOUNG*



Dead Child: Their positioning at an industrial site implies a sympathy with metal's working-class roots.