



Barinn

Half of the problem with electronic night was that there were too many electronics – that is, technical difficulties plagued nearly every set and the big beats from Barinn downstairs didn't exactly make for the year's best mash-ups with Barinn upstairs. Case in point with the obviously talented \7oi, whose *Album Leaf* meets *Squarepusher* experimental glitch-pop didn't cooperate with four-on-the-floor gobbledygook down below. It's unfortunately dull watching a gorgeous act like his, witnessing someone breathe in and out while their hands are cocked over a sound board in the nipple tweaking position for a half an hour. Another knob-tiddler, Plúseinn, roared through an ultra-short set, half of which was an excellent play on Feist's "My Moon My Man." Electro-pop crew Enkidu, fronted by Þórður Hermannsson, also only managed a tragic 20 minutes of tunes after computer malfunctions. Sadly, Hermannsson hardly utilised the arsenal of a string section, keyboards, guitars and horns backing him.

Where these other men excelled in subtlety, Jezebel retorted in a sloshy, puerile, ambisexual combo of butt-rock, gangsta rap and glam. The predominantly male fans, bedazzled in glitter, were a fine mirror to the handful of dudes on stage, all of who vied to be lead singer. Van of Two, as evidenced by the crowd, makes exceptional lounge music to talk over. American songsmith Receptors flaunted the many splendours of Nintendo Gameboy video game music, extracting arching, crunchy grooves with the wave of his wand (a stylus). The medium obviously has its limitations, but this nerd-fest also included a mind-melting version of Kraftwerk's "Hall of Mirrors." The evening's best came from Faroe Island weirdo duo The Ghost, who performed their ninth show ever to a pleasantly surprised crowd. Fey frontman Filip Mortensen is a skinny hurricane, a guy who can lick his hand and slap his own ass, sing like a lady and botch a back spin on the floor and come out all the more fabulous. Katie Hasty