

Tape Man and The
Tape Men
Born to Die
Cassette tape
Design by Dylan Herkes
Stink Magnetic
2005

Voodoo Savage and His
Savages / The Mysterious
Tape Man
A3 photocopied posters
Design by Dylan Herkes
2003



Tape Man explodes

In a murderous bandaged bedroom claustrophobia of ghostly pre-recorded harmonica slow breathing ominous bass rumbles and scattered guitar percussion Tapeman explodes in cavernous fuzzed out wall of sound, a shimmering scissoring fire spewing riff crashes in suggesting affinity for similarly deranged energy of The Misfits or goths like Death SS, a towering robotic slam carrying all before it in a violent dark twisting unpredictable fluid hissing and buzzing and furious up-tempo crescendo of guitar abrasion that becomes stuttering tapping gasps of melodic shapes and disjointed intervals of face-pounding electrifying slabs of sublime metal noise alive and ravenous enough to pull you into its punishing aggressive territory, gravelly death metal riffing providing a sense of reprieve before



plunging again into scratchy distortion and glowering percussion loops that evoke Godflesh or the slow stripped-down crescendo of Endless Vertex, elegant touches of psychedelia seethe with a spirit of anger and invention, an imperious metal guitar riff weaving in calligraphic precision circles at glacial tempo as voices screech in the background then whips into a fiery maniacal thrash of proto metal carnage before jolting into a frantic breakneck drive headlong into a brick wall extreme then dissolving in a fritzed miasma of crackling static, tender and explosive, kaleidoscopic, slow vistas of metallic sheen building into the freeform harsh yelling knuckle down Zappa-fied experimental thrasher that surges hard, playing, speed pace forward, with writhing octopus like haphazardly spasming guitar nuanced between almost AC/DC Hells Bells riff and a down tuned droning groove of shifting ambient foreboding, the anxiety building riff drag collapses back into a fog of swooshes, bleeps and buzzes then a sliding cello effect with enveloping undercurrents of feedback with something of a Ukrainian black metal vibe to it, both abstract and lucid like a night spent drifting through vaguely-connected nightmares, from searchlight flashes across cold dark gloom to a scorching post black rumble of stark brutality, echo burst of sampled speech which turns to laughter and what sounds like a Rick Springfield cover Jessie's Girl over loaded with grim intensity and twisted beyond recognition into noise, more akin to Napalm Death than Deicide or Obituary, then shifting again into the best full-out hell-metal I've heard since the last Cattle Decapitation album, melodies levitating somewhere above accented by periodic outbursts of wild banshee howls and the swirling riff becoming a powerful prideful battle ready epic atmospheric mesmerising waltz propelled beneath crying tremoloed blasts of seagulls in the air a salty mist of some northern sea the long ships plowed into battle grim warriors piling into shield-wall in flames and a tarry black sludginess of breathless gut wrenching funereal awe as a woven carpet of death notes laid in a celestial background of blackened skies lead the ferocity of sound along a moonlit trail through valleys and snow-bound peaks of aural beauty as avalanches of rhythmic violence give way to still silence and sounds of spring water and the pinging of birds as the world stops then launches again in the swirling maelstrom of punishing high velocity destruction of a code red shredding solo, one moment a storm of unhinged ricocheting speed metal the next pulled down into a nameless dark sludge of crushing blackened disorientation shadowed by heavy abysmal smoke clouds of floating austere menace merging with a doomsoaked feedback of electrical waves that never dies even as he is buried in the sound.



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