



FRED LANE AND HIS DISHEVELED MONKEYBITERS Icepick to the Moon

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FEEDING TUBE RECORDS

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FEEDING TUBE RECORDS



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DESCRIPTION

"Amazingly, here is the glorious (long-delayed) follow-up to **Fred Lane's** 1988 Shimmy Disc LP, *Car Radio Jerome*. In the wake of that surreal masterpiece, Shimmy announced an LP called *Icepick to the Moon*, but it took 31 years to wrestle this slab of bacon to the mat. And you'll be glad we did. *Icepick* takes up where Jerome left off. As inhabited by visual artist, **Tim Reed**, 'Fred Lane' (I'll drop the quote marks after this) is a lounge crooner with smoothly classic vocal chops and a taste for lyrics shaped by **Alfred Jarry's** proto-Dada writings. Fred Lane is a creature of the 'Pataphysical South, inhabiting the same pocket universe as **Bruce Hampton** and **Eugene Chadbourne**. And we guarantee his music is as deeply fried as anything you've ever heard. Or eaten. The roots of Lane have been explored in **Skizz Cyzyk's** great documentary, *Icepick to the Moon* (to which this is not a soundtrack LP), and are traceable back as far as high school in the late '60s, where Lane and the late guitarist **Davey Williams** had a weird-o cover band. A couple years later, they both ended up in the Tuscaloosa Alabama student/hippie ghetto (near the University), where some older artists – **Craig Nutt** (aka "Ron 'Pate") and a few odd others – had formed an art collective, **Raudelunas**, to do all the whacked out stuff interesting people like to do . . . This was the beginning of a long Alabama Surrealist tradition that includes **LaDonna Smith**, **Anne LeBaron**, **Wally Shoup**, and many others. Anyway, at some point, Reed brought his Fred Lane persona to the party – an accretion of totally insane lyrics and performance tropes, set to what almost sounds like swinging cocktail music until you start noticing the bizarre detailing and avant-garde highlighting. Coming at the same early '70s moment that lounge retro was functionally hip (Manhattan Transfer, Asleep at the Wheel, Capt. Matchbox, etc.) the results were a complete mindfuck . . . The music, penned by Reed with **Roger Hagerty** (aka **Dick Foote**), played by a band with **Williams** (aka **Cyd Cherise**) on guitar, is unbelievably fine. Sadly, this was Williams' last recording session, but the instrumental inventions are a wonderful extension of Jerome (which was notably more sophisticated, sonically, than earlier recordings)... " -**Bryon Coley**, 2019

TRACKLISTING

- A1. Icepick To The Moon
- A2. Fried Yellow Women
- A3. Get Outta My Gal
- A4. Twist, Leathernecks, Twist
- A5. Cinderblock Man
- B1. Call Me Wayne
- B2. Buttocks Of The Spartan Dead
- B3. Little Sinner
- B4. I'm Gonna Go To Hell (When I Die)

HIGHLIGHTS

- The glorious (long-delayed) follow-up to **Fred Lane's** 1988 Shimmy Disc LP, *Car Radio Jerome*.
- As inhabited by visual artist, **Tim Reed**, "Fred Lane" is a lounge crooner with smoothly classic vocal chops and a taste for lyrics shaped by **Alfred Jarry's** proto-Dada writings.
- Fred Lane is a creature of the 'Pataphysical South, inhabiting the same pocket universe as **Bruce Hampton** and **Eugene Chadbourne**.

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