

the arts

live music view

The Nancy Atlas Project - From Montauk to Memphis to the Milky Way

Lon S. Cohen

"Do. Do. Doooo. Do. Do. Doooo. Crazy, cosmic, Johnny. He's got Galaxy Eyes. He's got Galaxy Eyes. And all the girls get spacey from the way that they shine. Galaxy Eyes. He's got Galaxy Eyes. Eyes. Eyes. Do. Do. Doooo. Do. Do. Doooo."

Sorry, you caught me singing my new favorite song by Nancy Atlas again. Oh, I love this part...

"Move over Neptune. Move over Apollo 9. Move Over Stargate. Move over Kryptonite. Because, crazy, cosmic, Johnny. He's got Galaxy Eyes. He's got Galaxy Eyes. And all the stars are jealous of the way that they shine."

Wait. Wait. Hold on...

"Move over Elvis. Move over Frank Sinatra-a-a-a. Move Over Don Juan. Move over John Tre-Volt-A! Because, crazy, cosmic, Johnny. He's got Galaxy Eyes. He's got Galaxy Eyes. And the stars are jealous of the way that they shine."

OK. OK. I'm good now. I just have to get over the danceable, singable, funky, Americana music of The Nancy Atlas Project, comprised of a band of four merry men and the East End's own dancing queen of Country, Nancy Atlas. Our very own Helena of the Hamptons, who makes the men swoon, the women envious, and then launches a thousand hips to sashaying with her American voodoo.

Nancy Atlas has "The Voice." You know that voice. Jessica Rabbit had it. Sometimes soft and sexy, sometimes hash and scratchy. It will definitely draw you into her world, especially on tracks like "Spell On Me" and "Miscalculations." "The Voice" is hauntingly beautiful and sultry in a way that brings even the roughest, toughest cowboy to his knees. She can set out the rhythm



and harmony like a down home BBQ or a candle lit dinner for two. Nancy Atlas at the Soldier Ride concert. *Photo by Tim Lee*

Then again there is the rocking "Love is Suicide," the blues tune where Nancy teaches us that to love is to hurt like a punch in the gut. She tells you straight out that you're not the man she's looking for but she'll let you know if she gets around to you. Then again, don't hold your breath.

If that were all there was to The Nancy Atlas Project you could take 'em or leave 'em. But then she gets you snapping and rocking with jumpy jukebox pop just begging for a drop of the coin and a swinging, heel-kicking, sing-along. On "Good Day" Nancy tells us that, hey, everyday doesn't have to be magic. A good day can be today just because you find an extra couple of bucks in the back pocket of your favorite jeans. "Boots" is her travelogue of experience from "Montauk to Memphis" in her old, scuffed up cowgirl boots. Of course, my favorite radio friendly song is "Galaxy Eyes."

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Sorry about that.

They say that even cowgirls get the blues and Nancy Atlas and her band "get" the blues with classic country on "Whiskey In A Wheatfield," "Little 'Ol Me," and "Lost Highway."

Lest you think that this girl is an old softy, she proves that she has, well, y'know. "Shot My Wad," and "American Girl" both pack a mean punch. I won't even touch the first one but in "American Girl," Atlas takes a tour around the globe showing foreign men how it's done in the good ole' U.S. of A, leaving behind a string of broken hearts wanting a little more of that, shall we say, "Good Ole American Apple Pie."

All these songs come off of two of The Nancy Atlas Project's original studio albums, "Swagger" and "Matador."

Nancy's a little bit Country and the band is a little bit rock and roll. Johnny Blood lets it bleed on Electric Guitar, Brett King lords over the Bass, Richard Rosch bangs a drum and Neil Surreal makes the music shine on Keys, Harp and Accordion. Everyone gets a turn to pump it out on these tracks and they are tight as can be.

She's been compared to Lucinda Williams, Melissa Ethridge and Sheryl Crow with a direct influence of Bonnie Raitt but Nancy Atlas has her roots firmly planted and her style is so much more her own. She can drink a beer at the bar with those gals for sure. At the end of the night they tip their hats to her as well. Any woman who can mix references to Stargate, Sinatra, Kryptonite, and Travolta with galaxy eyes and then pop into a little reggae rhythm and rhyme just before bringing it all back home to an Americana groove stands all on her own.

Only Nancy Atlas dares to take her music from the outer reaches of the Milky Way down to Jamaica and then right back to the Hamptons all by way of Nashville.

On a tour bus.

Fuzzy dice hanging off the mirror.

Bobble-head Elvis on the dashboard.

Slamming shots of whiskey.

Lookin' just fine.

Check out her website at www.nancyatlas.com for upcoming shows and news, especially her next date at The Stephen Talkhouse on Friday, March 30th.

Lon S. Cohen has been a short order cook, a Generation X slacker (aka artist), a fence installer, a marketing designer and once he was the only Jewish kid working on a Christmas Tree lot. There is no order to the aforesaid list. He currently works full time but only to pay the bills for a McMansion, beautiful wife and three lovely children. What he really wants to do is write, podcast, blog and drink a really good IPA. Again, not in any order of importance. Visit him at www.lonscohen.com and contact him by email at lon@lonscohen.com.

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