

or your dancing shoes. Didn't matter—his party always hit its mark, whether rolled out comically as "Mamou Hillbillies" or careening through "Let's Go to Lafayette" at a serious breakneck pace. Whatever group he was fronting at the time—the Cajun Trio (accordion/guitar/drums), the Cajun Trio Plus One, Harry Fontenot & the Cajun Four, Les Bon Temps de la Ville Platte—worked under the same steadfast principles: Make it simple. Make it fun. And make it cook.

By covering 26 songs in 54 minutes, Fontenot's *Cajun Collection* certifies that the crop-dusting pilot also flew accordions. Rough-and-tumblers like "Fee Fee Can't Dance" or "May You Never Be Alone" drive hard with such unrestrained wildness that band members often impulsively shout out in the heat of battle. Outside material was continually brought into the Cajun fold. Some retained their given name, but distinctively bore Acadiana's musical mark ("Ghost Riders in the Sky," "Jungle Bells"). Some were mildly rechristened and distinctively bore Acadiana's musical mark ("Cajun Limbo Rock," "Cajun Twist," "Cajun Saints Go Marching In"). Some were rewired all the way around ("Clotilla," the Oak Ridge Boys' oom-poppa-mow-mowing "Iviva"). All, however, came dressed for a fais do-do.

DENNIS ROZANSKI



**THE LEE BOYS**  
*Live on the East Coast*  
MC RECORDS

As holy, pedal-to-the-metal jam-and-shred fests go, the Lee Boys have been out there delivering some of the finest and funkiest. Part Hallelujah!; part Rock On! Theirs is the wild

mercury music originally born in Southern Pentecostal-Holiness churches of the 1930s: so-called sacred steel. But *Live on the East Coast* is an hour-long affirmation, drawn from dizzying secular shows in 2018, that high-up-the-neck, meltdown licks fused with panicky rhythms electrify well beyond the pew and pulpit. The Lee Boys, along with Robert Randolph, were part of the new wave that crossed over to rockers to jammers to general thrill seekers. The Allman Brothers Band, Derek Trucks, the Black Crowes, and the Roots can all vouch for that. But, the fired-up response from crowds at these festivals and concert halls is just as indicative a barometer.

Brothers Alvin (guitar), Derrick (vocals) and Keith Lee (vocals) band together with nephews Alvin Cordy Jr. (six-string bass) and Earl Walker (drums) as the launch pad for Chris Johnson's fire-breathing pedal-steel guitar. Blasting out of the speakers come the wah-wah-swirled "Praise You," *Testify's* 2012 title track, and the clapboard spiritual "Got to Move," all hopped-up and yanked extra tight. "Come On Help Me Lift Him Up" is one of their own original frenzies. But designed just as much to elevate body and soul is an escalated version of Bobby Bland's "Turn On Your Love Light." So, by the time Derrick yells out "lose yourself!" at the peak of "Walk With Me Lord," chances are you've already capitulated. Here's your chance to soar without wings: Because there is no better way to experience the Lee Boys than *Live*.

DENNIS ROZANSKI

**EBO TAYLOR, PAT THOMAS & UHURU YENZU**  
*Hitsville Re-Visited*  
ME BONGO

*Hitsville Re-Visited* houses four vintage African highlife grooves. The best kind, no less, where saxophones and a chirping trumpet play games of hide-and-seek with the nimble guitar, popping up here and there during breakout periods interspersed between singing. Though no matter how enchanted the action gets, indig-



enous percussion always bubbles away, never running out of light, flowing beats. The album's ultimate validation comes in the form of headliners Ebo Taylor, Pat "Golden Voice" Thomas and Uhuru Yenzu, three of the genre's ambassadors. Serious experts as well as inquisitive novices are in the best of hands here.

With those horns lighting off in bunches or in solo flare-ups, and Taylor's giddy guitar constantly running in place with jazz-like facility, the music smiles. At four minutes, the more Afro-Cuban "Wase Ahonya" is the significantly shortest ride; "Uhuru Special" leisurely parties for more than 10 minutes. Yet, with the band communally locked into the zone, every one of these jams could well have kept growing into the hot, starry Ghanaian night, extending the delight without a studio's constraints on time. Long-lost to all but the most relentless of diggers, 1982's *Hitsville Re-Visited* still fully retains all uplifting power. That's the thing about really good highlife: its compulsive danceability has no shelf life.

DENNIS ROZANSKI



**THE TEXAS HORNS**  
*Get Here Quick*  
SEVERN

After 20-plus years of ongoing altruism in recording

and gigging in the service of innumerable headliners—Jimmie Vaughan, Sue Foley, the Allman Brothers Band, Buddy Guy, W.C. Clark, Los Lobos, and on and on and on—the in-demand, go-to Texas Horns take *Get Here Quick* for themselves. For only the second time since releasing 2015's *Blues Gotta Holda Me*, the three horn masters—tenor saxophonist Mark "Kaz" Kazanoff, baritone saxophonist John Mills, trumpeter Al Gomez—command the marquee, while Ronnie Earl, Cutis Salgado, John Nemeth, Plano-born Anson Funderburgh, and a score more enter as the special guests.

The assorted mix-and-match combinations of largely Lone Star-tied singers and six-string stingers fit together quite nicely into a tightly interlocking whole, whatever the scenario. The soul grease Nemeth applies to "Love Is Gone" gets slathered by Denny Freeman, a Vaughan Brothers associate from way back in the Cobra days. Austin and Houston get their licks in, too, via Carolyn Wonderland and Jon Del Toro Richardson, respectively. Of them all, Fabulous Thunderbird Johnny Moeller figures heaviest into the rotation, tangling over the wonderfully herky-jerky "Fix Your Face" with Earl as well as Texan Gary Nicholson, and then starching many of the five instrumentals, starting with "Feelin' No Pain."

Yet for all the notable external input, *Get Here Quick* is every bit the Horns' Beyond emblazoning their names on the outside album cover rather than just on the inside, this project expands the trio's role to more than consummately huffing and puffing on all 12 tracks. Kazanoff, Mills and Gomez also wrote and arranged all 12 tracks. And in their house, guitars don't always get the coolest riffs. Reeds and valves drop the hammer mightier than any sledge. And wishes come true that every song should have a fresh, fun and dominant blast of Texas Horns.

DENNIS ROZANSKI