

Creole String Beans

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Stringbeans
By Jeff Hannusch



When I moved here in the late 1970s from a country with a maple leaf on its flag, there were bands like the Creole String Beans all over the New Orleans area. On any given Saturday night, you could walk by an Uptown corner bar and hear a band play a creditable version of "Mathilda," visit Da Parish and hear a note-for-note rendition of "All These Things" or drive out to Fat City and catch a creditable medley of Irma Thomas covers performed for a packed dance floor of middle-aged couples. Don't get me started about Fourth Street on the West Bank—that was like stepping into a rock and roll time machine.

I've long championed Louisiana as the birthplace of blue-eyed R&B, and the String Beans now walk in the foot steps of the Nobels, the Jokers, Bobby Cure, Eddie Powers and Harvey Jesus. Led by photog/rocker/coonass Rick Olivier, the band is comprised of musicians with long, local and impressive pedigrees. Song selection is interesting and entertaining, with a predictably strong local favor—"Groove Me," "Barefootin'," "Mathilda," "Morgus the Magnificent"—you get the picture. The energy dial is on 10 from beginning to end, but the best way to experience these guys is live, with a durable dance partner and several adult beverages. Still, this is a decent enough CD just to listen to, and it's good to know some folks still give a damn about the music that made this city great.

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