

BY CORAL REEFER GREG "FINGERS" TAYLOR

The vestiges of another summer on the road with Jimmy Buffett lay all around me. From a vantage point in the middle of my living room, I was trying to figure out just how in the hell I managed to accumulate this much junk in the space of three months. Furthermore, where was I going to put it?

My once-new luggage set, now battered beyond recognition by the airlines and irate hotel bellhops, spewed forth a bizarre cornucopia of souvenir t-shirts, crumpled sport jackets, broken cassettes, wadded-up hotel receipts, and unmatched aerobic shoes. I was surrounded by islands of dirty laundry, a fleet of promotional baseball caps, and the usual squadron of blown-out harmonicas. Such was my plunder from the Tour of '86.

Surveying this disturbing (and decidedly unromantic) scene, I was forced to ask, "What does it all mean?" After all the bright lights and hoopla of 52 cities stateside and 3 Hawaiian islands, surely this pile of "road rubble" should inspire me more than it did. My mind drew a blank, however: the tour was only a blur.

As I rummaged through yet another bag, I discovered a memento from Waikiki—an ashtry adorned with a naked island girl and a palm tree. The inscription across her proud posterior read, "Watch Your Butt." Indeed. Searching for significance, I stared at this piece of lowbrow tourist memorabilia as if it were Aladdin's Lamp itself. Strangely enough, within minutes bits and pieces of the summer gone began to reveal themselves, and I began to remember ...

Like the night our plane didn't get off the ground on its first try in Denver. The pilots yelled, "Wind sheer!", threw on the brakes, and we shuddered to a halt. After a few anxious moments, we backed up and tried again. We made it on the second try, though none of us were too eager to be airborne at that point. Wayne Jackson, half of the Memphis Horns, declared a "wind cheer" party and opened a fifth of Absolut.

By the time we landed in Dallas, our brass section was still flying high, so I offered to show them the local night life. At 5:00 a.m. this morning I reeled them out of a 1965 Cadillac convertible (which they had acquired at some point that evening as their official "limo") and put them to bed. Rumor has it they're still talking about us down on Greenville Avenue.

In Park City, Utah, bassist George "Meatball" Porter (so nicknamed for his fondness for backstage deli-tray meatball sandwiches) stormed the stage at the hotel bar for an impromptu jam with a local country duo. Inspired, Vince Melamed and I joined in, and the music carried on until well past closing time. We were all offered jobs for the summer, but declined in favor of continuing the tour with Jimmy.

The once-notorious "Club Orcos" (after-show parties) were again typified by mild-mannered pizza grazings and food fests for the band: guests who dropped by looking for action usually left early. Party animal Frank B. (Jimmy's look-alike cousin) was seen at a few gettogethers, notably after the show in Denver, where he conferred with steel pan man Robert Greenidge until the wee hours on the finer points of reggae music.

of reggae music. Drummer Matt Betton was dubbed "Wild Thing" after his performance at a party in Richmond, Virginia, during which he revealed the contents of a mysterious box he carried everywhere all tour. (Editor's Note — Don't ask us. We've been sworn to secrecy.) All this and more continued, back page



The infamous "Fingers" Taylor



THE CHANGES IN LATITUDE CATALOG

I think about Paris when I'm high on red wine: I wish I could jump on a plane. And so many nights I just dream of the ocean. God, I wish I was sailin' again.

Oh, yesterdays are over my shoulder, so I can't look back for too long. There's just too much to see waiting in front of me, and I know that I just can't go

wrong ...

go insane.

... These changes in latitudes, changes in attitudes; nothing remains quite the same. Through all of the islands and all of the highlands, if we couldn't laugh we would all

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continued

was captured for posterity by Jimmy's new Sony mini-cam, our latest road toy. We're still waiting for the edited version — how 'bout it, Jim?

Parties thrown by rival "Oreos," notably "Club (Andrew) Love" and "Club Roberto" (Greenidge) where the host always greeted you in a red sports jacket — were often lively affairs, sometimes featuring entertainment by yours truly, giving blues harmonica renditions of such old-time favorites as "Buffalo Gals" and other traditional pieces. The illfated "Club 1999," which opened in competition to "Oreo," never really got off the ground due to management problems.

CBS newsman Ed Bradley made his annual appearance on stage in New York to play the tambourine, as did actors John Candy and Harry Dean Stanton in Los Angeles. Perhaps our most famous visiting luminary, who joined us early and stayed to the bitter end, was none other than Godzilla. Ever reminding us of his star status ("Tve done six major motion pictures!!"), "Mr." Godzilla proved to be quite a singer in his own right. Leaving us after the last show in Hawaii, he said something about heading on to Tokyo for some "major partying."

Former Coral Reefers Jay Spell (piano) and Tim Krekel (guitar) jammed with us in Nashville. Krekel, incidentally, will be temporarily rejoining the Reefers in November, while guitarist Josh Leo remains in Nashville to concentrate on recording projects. It was also great to see ex-Reeferettes M.L. Benoit and Debra McColl onstage in California.

Some of the band just couldn't get enough of Hawaii, so at tour's end about half of us accompanied Jimmy to Long Beach, California, for former Eagle Don Henley's "Get Tough on Toxic Waste" benefit. Also helping out there were Joni Mitchell, Neil Young, Stevie Nicks, and Warren Zevon. Rita Coolidge and J.D. Souther joined our set as

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background vocalists as well, along with Danny Kortchmar on guitar.

The crowds this summer were bigger and wilder than ever. In Cuyahoga Falls, Ohio, we set another attendance record as 21,700 Parrot Heads cheered us on. In fact, we made Billboard magazine's Top Ten Gross list several times this summer. The new songs from the "Floridays" LP went over well, along wth the roster of JB's "greatest hits." Our biggest problem, after 15 years and as many albums, is deciding which songs to include in the show! Thanks to everybody for making it all possible, especially our hardworking road crew. (Our condolences to the crew for the severe trouncing they received in the annual band-versus-crew volleyball tournament. Better luck next time, guys!)

That about wraps it up for another year. At least, that's all I'm willing to reveal at this point. By the time you read this, I will have finished unpacking — just in time to re-pack for this month's "World Tour of Florida." As Jimmy sings in African Friend, we're still "ready just to do it again."

The COCONUT TELEGRAPH The MARGARITAVILLE STORE

"Another summer with Jimmy Buffett"

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COMING NEXT MONTH: ON THE WATER WITH J.B.