

## COCONUT COMEBACKS

*In which we set aside any resemblance to journalistic quality, objectivity and other more esoteric attributes so often associated, albeit incorrectly, to this little rag we like to call The Coconut Telegraph, and simply answer the queries of pondering parrot heads.*

Linda Worthman of White Plains, N.Y., writes, "Was that really Ed Bradley (of 60 Minutes) in the rhythm section?"

Well, once again steel drum aficionado Robert Greenidge has been mistaken for Ed Bradley. "It happens all of the time," says Robert. "I get great seats at the Knicks games, but other than that, it's no great shakes." Just kidding Linda, yes that really was 60 Minutes correspondent Ed Bradley making an appearance at JB's Jones Beach concert. Ed is no stranger to stage performances having appeared with JB on stage several times in the past and has every intention of continuing to do so. P.S.: Which CBS newsmen contacted JB recently regarding ear piercing etiquette?

"Is it true that Jimmy Buffett used to open shows for Frank Zappa?" Mark, Boulder, CO.

Right.

## GODZILLA VS TIMBERWOLF

A family reunion took place in Cincinnati recently thanks in part to Jimmy Buffett. Godzilla (of motion picture and late night TV fame) had this past year been touring with Jimmy and the Coral Reefers. His travels had taken him from Hawaii to Australia; however, the Far East and the messy real estate problems he was embroiled in there was consciously avoided. Godzilla had led a schizophrenic lifestyle this past year; party animal on the road, and the missing husband back home. He knew returning to Cincinnati would be difficult. Godzilllette, the woman he left behind would be there.

And she was. Her cries were lost in the din of the crowd. Desperately she raised her makeshift sign, "Give Me Back My Husband, Jimmy Buffett!" Godzilla was visibly moved. Jimmy also saw the sign, and knew what had to be done. It was a heart warming scene as Jimmy spoke with Godzilla for the last time; both were caught up in the emotion of the moment. Jimmy gently "assisted" Godzilla off stage into the open arms of Mrs. Godzilla. His time on the road was over, his life was now complete. He had toured with the Coral Reefers and won.

## NASHVILLE NOTES

Excerpts from Robert K. Oermanns' review of Jimmys' Starwood Amphitheatre concert in Nashville. This review appeared in The Tennessean.

"It was hard to tell who was having more fun last night, the people in the audience or the people on stage. Up on stage it was like 'old home week' . . . many of Jimmys' old bandmembers still live in Nashville and he staged a reunion with many former pals while in town for the show. During most of his Nashville sojourn, Buffett was a starving songwriter sleeping on people's couches and playing at the old Exit /In. He left 14 years ago, but has frequently returned to record and do business. The new Buffett show is structured a little like a 'revue' . . . There are few concert experiences as downright fun as being in the midst of the Parrot Head brotherhood. Buffett hasn't had a major hit since 'Margaritaville' ten years ago: If his audiences routinely respond the way they did last night, that indicates there's something wrong with the contemporary radio and record business."



PHOTOS BY VALERIE SMITH





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## MISS MARSHALL CHAPMAN

It was our last day off before the first-half end of the tour and I was asking myself the usual day off question, "What to do?" What to do is never a problem in cities like Chicago, New York, or New Orleans, but Milwaukee, Wisconsin? I was feeling skeptical, but the minute we disembarked at the Milwaukee airport I could feel there was some thing in the air. Quite literally the weather was there, clear postcard skies, warm sunshine, cool breezes blowing from the north; the kind of air you wish you could drink.

The next thing I know, I'm being whisked off in a car with JB, Mr. Utley, and Vince Melamed to Milwaukee County Stadium. So we don't make it to our seats until the bottom of the second inning with the Brewers already ahead 8-0, who cares? I mean with

weather like that, with seats so good I became concerned about the home plate umpire's dandruff problem, and with JB himself serving up the cold beer and best ballpark dog I ever tasted, I mean to hell with the score. We'd already won.

So much for the afternoon. That evening I found myself sipping boat drinks at Giovanni's, the best Italian restaurant we'd encountered on the road. From there we moved on to the Summerfest, a music festival taking place on the shores of Lake Michigan.



PHOTO BY MARSHALL CHAPMAN

The Temptations were just kicking into their show. I ain't too proud to beg, but I didn't have to. The promoter spotted JB and... we're standing in the wings just off stage right. There they were. The Temptations, not ten feet away. The only thing between us and them was a 300 lb. bodyguard named "Dragon". I don't know whether to thank God or the devil that I was carrying my camera that night. Anyway, I managed to take some snapshots with "Dragon" trying to pull me back off-stage by my hair. Yes, Jimmy Buffett was asked onstage by the leader of the Temptations where he commenced to get down and dance with the very best. Ah, Jimmy, the way you do the things you do.



# The COCONUT TELEGRAPH

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"BUFFETT BRINGS GOOD TIMES"  
"CROWD IS PART OF SHOW WITH CORAL REEFERS"

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