A Place In The Shade
My fantasy has been to find that perfect laid-back town by the ocean, the kind of place where the locals are all legendary characters who spend their days mixing up margaritas, where the air is always warm, and where the sea is crystal clear - a real Margaritaville of the mind. There'd have to be a bar right on the beach complete with ceiling fans and cigarette smoke - a bar like the one in the movie To Have And Have Not. Hoagy Carmichael would play the piano while Lauren Bacall sang. Humphrey Bogart would be sitting alone at the end of the bar, just taking it all in.
I've been looking for a town like that, a real Margaritaville, for years now-maybe ever since I was a kid and my grandfather explained to me that you could trace a line on a map from our home near Mobile Bay, Alabama, across the ocean and wind up at some of the most exotic places on earth.
Later on I majored in history at the University of Southern Mississippi, and I became fascinated by the history of the Caribbean. By then my mental image of Margaritaville had grown more complex. I took elements from books like Herman Wouk's Don't Stop The Carnival, which is about a New York public relations man who buys a bar on a fictitious tropical island. Then there were movies like Donovan's Reef, and the TV series Adventures In Paradise, which really influenced me at a young age.
It all blended together like tequila, salt, and limes: Margaritaville became a combination of the romance of the ocean, the romance of history, and my impressions of a few of the places I'd been. There's a town in Mexico, for instance, called Puerto Morales; it's a real Mexican fishing village located about 20 miles south of Cancun. And then there's a place called the Rosarito Beach Hotel, 45 minutes south of San Diego, where you can get good lobster with diablo sauce and a margarita. That hotel is the closest, neatest getaway I've found.

Back when I knew it in 1971, Key West used to be a lot like Margaritaville; it was a place designed for complete escapism. Around that time I was running from a bad marriage and bad weather, and I had to get back to the ocean. The line in my Volcano album - 'I shot six holes in the freezer, I think I got cabin fever - well that's real life. I did that once: plugged my refrigerator. And then I thought, Jimmy, you better get yourself to the ocean, boy.'
Well, I lived in Key West for three years, and mostly all I did is hang out in the bars. Then I got a boat, and that opened up another whole avenue, just like it did for my grandfather. Most of the people I knew in Key West years ago aren't there anymore. But then Margaritaville is a place you have to keep looking for.

Jimmy Buffett's Margaritaville - a state of mind is now a state of being. From tropical latitudes to high stake attitudes, from the Caribbean to the Carolinas, Margaritaville has embraced the mythical world defined by the insightful lyrics of singer/songwriter Jimmy Buffett for over two decades. Climates and characters from prose and poem create an entertaining atmosphere in a variety of exciting locations, all designed to illustrate and illuminate the search for the legendary lost shaker of salt. And while we've captured the substance in our physical locations, the Margaritaville style remains, anywhere you want it to be.

Jimmy Buffett's Margaritaville will celebrate its 20th Anniversary in 2005. During the last two decades Margaritaville has become a fixture in Key West, supporting a variety of community concerns, sponsoring local sports at the youth and adult levels, and contributing money and manpower to private and public charitable organizations.

While Margaritaville receives praise for these efforts, its guiding spirits acknowledge that they're made possible only by the unwavering loyalty and support of Jimmy's fans. Their annual get together, the Meeting Of The Minds, brings more than 3,000 Parrot Heads to Key West in late October / early November. The open-minded Key West community welcomes the invasion, while local blood banks and childcare centers benefit from their charity.

It would seem that Jimmy has come back to Key West; returned in the guise of his fans - fans who have patterned their lives after the lyrics in the songs inspired by the island they now treat as a Margaritaville Mecca.
WHAT IS A PARROT HEAD?

"Regarding the lifestyles of Parrot Heads, they'll have to speak for themselves. My interpretation is that they're basically pretty normal people with a slight strain of insanity in their makeup. I've never really instructed them in anything; I've just given them the lyrics. Most are non-conformists, they have a badge of Parrot Head-ism that they wear very proudly. Out of all the causes available, Parrot Head-ism seems to be one these people can affectionately embrace." Jimmy Buffett

Timothy B. Schmidt, the 70's seminal bass playing icon is best known for his contributions to legendary country rock bands Poco and the Eagles. But it's another ground breaking, albeit obscure, contribution to rock trivia that sets Mr. Schmidt apart in our world. He is credited with coining the term that we proudly embrace, the term analogous with our chosen lifestyle, the term that sets us apart as the symbolic chosen ones - the seekers of the lost shaker of salt. In 1984 while touring with Jimmy as an honorary Coral Reefer Timothy was amazed at the unabashed enthusiasm of the fans. He commented to Jimmy that the crowd resembled costumed Dead Heads - drawing on the loyalty of Grateful Dead followers combined with the brightly festooned garb of Buffett fans. This would hence be referred to as the Parrot Head Big Bang.

Two decades later Dead Heads are as rare as a VW van, an historical tribute to cheap gas and pre-MP3 pirating practitioners. Parrot Heads, on the other hand, are firmly ingrained in all levels of society; young and old, rich and poor, lawn section and front row. They began to organise soon after Timothy B.'s casual comment; forming Parrot Head Clubs in their local areas. Clubs that initially seemed to be more social - in the most liberal sense of the word - soon embraced a more community minded spirit by throwing their increasingly growing weight behind a variety of charitable events.

Soon clubs from across the U.S. began to communicate, trawling the technological waters of the Internet, and wisely decided to get together. Parrot Heads in Paradise, Inc. is a not-for-profit corporation whose purpose is to assist in community and environmental concerns and provide a variety of social activities for people who are interested in the music of Jimmy Buffett and the tropical lifestyle he personifies. During the Calendar Year 2003 Local Chapters of Parrot Heads In Paradise, Inc. Contributed Over $1.6 Million and 365,068 Volunteer Hours to Various Local and National Charities.

The Parrot Head network now counts nearly 200 clubs around the U.S. plus International clubs based in Canada, Europe, the Caribbean and Australia. They meet annually to share ideas, fund raising options and opportunities, and generally have a good time.

Margaritaville is proud to welcome our fellow Parrot Heads to our island for the 13th annual Meeting Of The Minds. It's time for a self-congratulatory pat on the back. These folks work tirelessly at the local level in a variety of community efforts, giving of their time, their money, even their blood simply because they feel it's the right thing to do. Congratulations to the organizers, both national and local, the participating businesses, the historical tolerance of Key Westers, and mostly the PHans - thanks for coming.
BOOKS

Tales From Margaritaville The classic best seller with new preface by Jimmy. Paperback #9917 $14.00

A Pirate Looks At Fifty Jimmy’s narrative 50th birthday trip, served with just a hint of nostalgia. Paperback #5558 $7.99

Where Is Joe Merchant? A tribute to Buffett’s storytelling skills. Paperback. #1482 $7.99

Jolly Mon Jimmy & Savannah Jane Buffett’s best selling children’s book based on the song. Hardcover #1496 $16.00 Paperback #1494 $6.00

Trouble Dolls Our heroine enlists the help of her Guatemalan Trouble Dolls to locate her father, lost in the Everglades. Hardcover #1495 $16.00 Paperback #2827 $6.00

Things You Know By Heart Trivia Book 1001 questions from the songs of Jimmy Buffett. Paperback #5223 $10.00

The Octopus Alibi Filled with edgy characters and insights into island existence, promises to be Tom Corcoran’s most unforgettable tale of the hot, crazy tropics. Hardcover only #10571 $24.95

The Essential Book of Boat Drinks & Assorted Frozen Concoctions Hardback book contains 100’s of recipes, a history of favorites, and a reference of key ingredients. Hardcover #3425 $10.95

Quit Your Job and Move to Key West A satirical guide on how to do it by people who have made it happen. Paperback #9305 $9.95

Meet Me In Margaritaville Songbook Piano/Vocal/Chords for the 38 songs from this double live CD (see website for complete song list) #11850 $24.95

Margaritaville Cookbook Over 250 pages of recipes gleaned from Buffett lyrics-songs and stories. Paperback #6998 $16.00

2005 Mariners Book of Days Right hand page is a week of days, left hand page is a collection of nautical fact, fiction and folklore. Spiral bound Paperback #8226 $13.95

MUSIC

Live By the Bay Video 1985’s Last Mango in Paris Tour. #701 $21.95

Tales From Margaritavision A VHS compilation of Jimmy Buffett videos. #7202 $25.00

Meet Me In Margaritaville The Ultimate Collection (double live CD) #10758 $24.95

Jimmy Buffett Karaoke CD - 20 songs #10581 $24.95

Jimmy Buffett Live in Mansfield, Mass. (double live CD) #11855 $18.98

Jimmy Buffett Live in Las Vegas (double live CD) #11775 $18.98

Jimmy Buffett Live in Seattle (double live CD) #11774 $18.98

Jimmy Buffett Live in Cincinnati (double live CD) #11854 $18.98

Jimmy Buffett Live in Hawaii (double live CD) Bonus 3 song DVD included #13676 $18.98

Complete Song Lists For All CD’s Are Available At www.margaritavillestore.com
2004 SILVER MICROPHONE AWARDS

PRESS RELEASE

Jimmy Buffett’s Radio Margaritaville of Bradenton, Florida, has been named a National Winner in the Silver Microphone Awards for the year 2004. The competition, in its 20th year, is designed to select the best local and regional radio commercials, audio programs and Web sites created by advertising agencies, audio production companies and radio stations in the United States.

An audio program created for Radio Margaritaville called Road Trip: Ernest Hemingway’s Key West was named the National Winner in the category of Tourism/Travel.

The program was written and produced by Carson Cooper.

The Silver Microphone Award competition was open to the more than 40,000 advertising agencies, production studios and radio stations in the United States. Entries in the 39 categories were judged for creativity, production quality, copywriting, talent, and overall effectiveness.

A panel of judges, representing all aspects of the broadcast and advertising industry rated each entry. Four finalists from each category entered a second round of judging to determine the National Winner in each category. The National Winners and National Finalists were among the best radio commercials, audio programs, and Web sites produced within the United States in the last year.

Dear Mr. Buffett,

My name is Lucinda King. I am a graduate student at Indiana University of Pennsylvania in the Criminology Department. Your song, Peanut Butter Conspiracy was Dr. Lee’s opening presentation for our class discussion on Rational Choice in criminal theory. Rational choice suggests that people commit crimes because they make a conscience choice to do so based on their circumstances.

Your song echoes that same philosophy. It sparked an interesting discussion with our class but left us all with the same question on our mind: did you ever pay back the mini mart?

My instructor has offered extra credit to anyone who receives a response from you in regards to our class discussion (and I always enjoy a challenge). I realize that you are extremely busy, but please respond back to me via mail or email if possible.

Thanks for your time,

Lucinda King

Dear Lucinda,

Thanks for your note. Let me just say that back in my days as the Butch Cassidy of Hattiesburg, Mississippi, I never thought I would be the subject of a criminology class. It is amusing and I am honored.

So, to answer your question, yes I did pay the mini-mart back. Several years after my struggling college days, I was out of debt and doing quite well and I found myself on a long bus ride from Tennessee to New Orleans. It was very late at night, when we passed through Hattiesburg and I had my bus driver pull off the Interstate and go through town, where I got out at the two stores I used to frequent and slipped a couple of hundred dollar bills under the door of each and then headed down the road.

I don’t know who got the money, but in the way I see things, I had made the right deposits in my karma bank. It seems to have worked out. Good luck in class and remember-math sucks.

JB
Jimmy Buffett
Buenos Aires, Argentina, 12 March '04

Cowboys and country singers seem to be spending more time at the beach. Have you noticed? Well, not being one to let a cultural phenomenon pass me by like a misguided comet, I was happy to see the migration coming my way. As you well know, I have been parked on the beach for a while and the older I get, the more attached I become to it, like some hermit crab holding onto his shell.

Picture this. It is a summer day in 1942 and a young welder/musician finishes his workday at the local shipyard on the banks of the Mobile River, where he has migrated from Montgomery. He is fastening huge steel plates together with his high voltage statically charged welding torch that will eventually become the hull of a Liberty ship that will carry supplies to the American army locked in deadly combat across the Atlantic and Pacific. It is a hot day and welding steel plates in the heat of the Alabama summer is a far cry from driving an ice cream truck, and ice cream is not the thirst quenching choice of this boy.

The whistle blows at five. He changes clothes in his truck, tosses his guitar in the front seat and races out of the parking lot with the rest of the day shift. Most of them line up to make the journey through the Bankhead Tunnel back to Mobile, but our welder hangs a right. He stops on the causeway to fill a cooler with ice and beer and buys a few pounds of boiled shrimp. In Daphne he stops at a local cafe where he plays guitar on the weekends. A lovely young waitress springs from behind the screen door and hops in the truck. The radio is turned to the local country station as they travel down U.S. 98 through Fairhope, Magnolia Springs, Foley, Bon Secour and finally to the spot where the potato fields and pecan orchards give way to white sandy beaches and clear cool waters. The place is called Gulf Shores— as it should be.

Most of this story, I just made up, because that is what writers do. But, part of it is true. Hiram Hank Williams worked at the Alabama Drydock and Shipbuilding Company from 1942 to 1944. In his own handwriting, he scribbled his occupation on his job application as “welder/musician.” I know this because I read the file after my mother discovered it when she worked at the shipyard. She thought it was something I would be interested in. She was right. As my brother-in-law, Thomas McGuane wrote in the liner notes for “A White Sport Coat and a Pink Crustacean” back in 1973, “What Jimmy Buffett knows is that our personal musical history lies at the curious hinterland where Hank Williams and Xavier Cugat meet with somewhat less animosity than the theoreticians would have us believe.” They were great words but I really didn’t know then what they meant. Now I do. I have been a country singer for a long time. So here’s to Hank and all the great cowboys and cowgirls who came down to the beach and helped me apply, study for and be granted my license to chill.
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Colorful glass bulb is 3” in diameter. Shipped in Red Satin Lined Box.
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