

# Merry Christmas

1992 has been a dramatic year for not only Jimmy Buffett, but also for the "flock" as he's come to call his fans, the infamous Parrot Heads. Jimmy's Pandora Talent Box was thrown open releasing not ills but thrills: the opening of Margaritaville Records in Nashville, the soon-to-be-platinum Box Set release *Boats, Beaches, Bars & Ballads*, SRO crowds during the Recession Recess Tour, and the #1 slot on the New York Times Best Seller list with **Where Is Joe Merchant?**

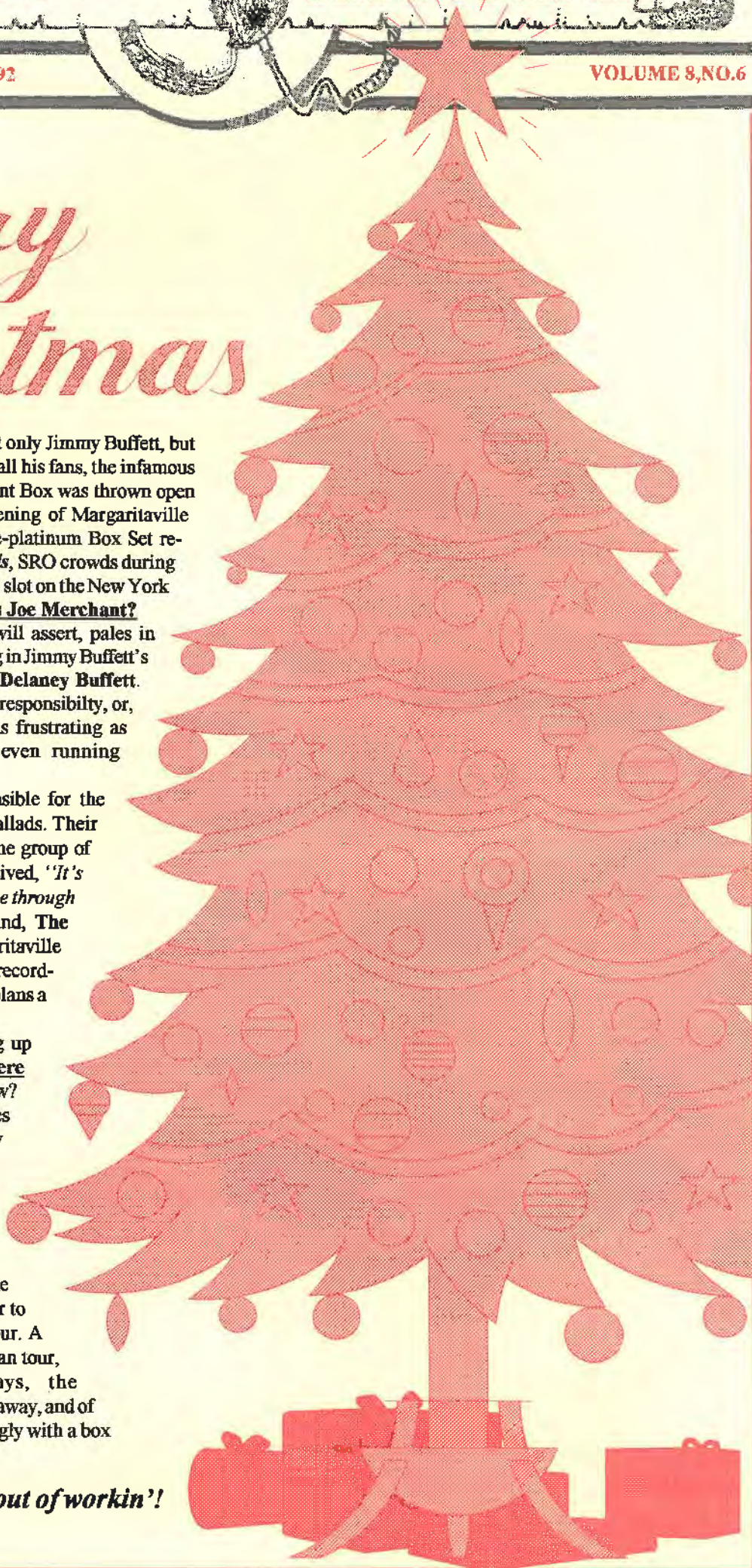
All this however, as any parent will assert, pales in comparison to the major event occurring in Jimmy Buffett's life; the birth of his daughter Sarah Delaney Buffett. Nothing is as miraculous, laden with responsibility, or, as those same parents will assert, as frustrating as raising a child. No Jimmy, not even running Margaritaville.

Margaritaville Records is responsible for the release of *Boats, Beaches, Bars, & Ballads*. Their second effort, *EVANGELINE*, by the group of the same name has been very well received, "It's a pity more music like this doesn't come through the Nashville pipeline." A new band, *The Iguana's*, has been signed to Margaritaville Records and are now in a Nashville recording studio. Why even Jimmy Buffett plans a new release on his own label.

"Jimmy Buffett has been making up stories since his first confession." **Where Is Joe Merchant?** And who is he now? Buffett's modern-day pirate story takes us on wild, colorful ride from Key West to Cuba to the islands - both mythical and real - of the Caribbean.

All in all 1992 was a pretty good year. How about 1993? Despite claims to the contrary, it appears Jimmy is planning to tour again the summer of '93. Perhaps the "I Swear to God I'm Not Touring Next Year" tour. A new album is in the works, a European tour, book signings, Broadway plays, the Margaritaville movie-that-won't-go-away, and of course standing in line at Piggly Wiggly with a box of Huggies.

*I still say it beats the hell out of workin'!*



# before TALES FROM MARGARITAVILLE

*As part of the never ending battle for truth, justice, and plagiarizing Jimmy Buffett information, I picked up the latest issue of Island Life; a Key West weekly newspaper. Fortunately for me, and for you, it included a lengthy article by former Billboard hack and Buffett buddy, Gerry Wood. So, with thanks to Gerry, let's go to Nashville, TN., over twenty years ago...*

**H**e wasn't writing mainline Nashville country music, that's for sure. His skewed perspective gave a fresh twist to any topic he tackled. And made it impossible to achieve any success at that time in Nashville. He was turned down by every record company in town, but finally Barnaby Records gave him a shot with a two-album deal.

Since some of his songs dealt with religion and politics, Jimmy wanted to title the album, "Jimmy Buffett Drives Religion and Politics into the Ground." So, what do we do for an album cover with a title like that? That's what we were contemplating aboard the *S.S. Wood* - a 10-foot aluminum rowboat - stashed with beer and rum for a little upstream voyage on the Cumberland River near my cottage. Then I rowed past a riverbank where some junk cars had been dropped to help prevent erosion - and I saw the album cover. A battered old car mostly buried by debris and river residue presented itself as the perfect representation of the title concept.

I rowed over to the bank, tied up the *S.S. Wood*, and grabbed my camera as Jimmy slid through the shattered rear window and smugly looked out as if to say, "Home, James." The photo session didn't last long, especially after I warned him, "If you feel or hear anything slithering around in there, it's probably just a water moccasin."

"Good God!"

"But don't worry," I assured the worried Buffett. "They can't bite if they're out of the water. Or is it that they can't bite if they're in the water? Is there any water in there?"

Jimmy scrambled out of the car with a speed that would have earned him a 9.8 had Car Scrambling been an Olympic event. Only his shirt snagging on a glass shard prevented him from scoring a perfect 10.

And, in true record company fashion, once we had the perfect picture to flaunt the album's theme, the rocket scientist music biz chiefs decided on a shorter title, "Down To Earth."

*PARROT HEADS ARE AN INQUISITIVE LOT. IT'S NOT ENOUGH TO SIMPLY LISTEN TO JIMMY BUFFETT MUSIC, THEY HAVE TO UNDERSTAND IT, RESEARCH IT, AND ACTUALLY LIVE IT.*

*THIS IS THE SECOND INSTALLMENT OF PARROT HEADS SEARCHING FOR THE METAPHORICAL "LOST SHAKER OF SALT." IN THE LAST ISSUE OF THE COCONUT TELEGRAPH JULIETTE BORCHER DISCOVERED DOMINO COLLEGE IN NEVIS, WEST INDIES. IN THIS ISSUE DONN FRYE AND BILL LEROY TRACE JIMMY'S STEPS TO LEADVILLE, CO. TO CELEBRATE THE THIRTEENTH ANNIVERSARY OF "THE DAY THAT JOHN WAYNE DIED."*



Silver Dollar Saloon. Leadville, CO.  
Photo: Bill LeRoy



Down To Earth (not available)



Rancho Deluxe (not available)

## INCOMMUNICADO IN COLORADO

**D**on and I have always considered ourselves consummate Jimmy Buffett fans. We have all the albums, get the Coconut Telegraph, eat cheeseburgers, sing songs, and attend at least one concert a year.

Like most Parrot Heads we spend a great deal of time discussing the lyrics to Jimmy's songs and his gift for sharing his life stories through his music. We sing and celebrate to the "trashy" songs and contemplate our lives to the deeper meanings of the "good" ones.

Incommunicado is a "good" one. A great song about a great hero; John Wayne, Jimmy's loss in his passing, and a town we never heard of - Leadville, CO. Why did he go into Leadville that fateful night?

We had to find out.

We spent the thirteenth anniversary of the day that John Wayne died at Monarch Pass in central Colorado - the legendary continental divide. Our journey would take us to Leadville; to try and understand why our favorite philosopher from

Mobile would choose an old Colorado mining town to grieve for his fallen hero.

Once we rolled into town and settled into the Silver Dollar Saloon for a few beers, we understood. Leadville is truly "incommunicado." A slice of Colorado history concealed from the glitzy ski towns of Aspen, Vail, Breckenridge and Copper Mountain. A place where a person can go to "find the right way home." No tourist shops, no condos, no balloon tours or bike trails, just cold longnecks at the Silver Dollar Saloon. I even got a chance to climb on stage with my guitar and do a few of Jimmy's songs live. What a night!

Thanks, Jimmy. For your songs, your stories, your tribute to John Wayne, and for Leadville...the Key West of the Rockies.

If you happen to hear a familiar song coming out of the Silver Dollar the next time you're in Leadville, that's Bill the piano player. We left him a songbook so he can practice for next year. This is going to be an annual event!

so Jimmy and I co-wrote a tale of some wierdos taking a Scenicruiser bus from Maine to Key West, down U.S. 1, picking up oddball characters en route, and coming to a crashing finale as it plunged off the Southernmost point into the southernmost seas.

I had met Buffy Sainte-Marie when she was recording in Nashville and, wonderful woman that she is, accepted her offer to put us in touch with her manager in Los Angeles. So Jimmy and I were on a westbound train, the Union Pacific's "City of Los Angeles," still polishing the screenplay. He had one copy of his Down To Earth album that he planned to give to Buffy's manager, but when we sat down to eat in the diner, a father and son sitting across from us were excited to learn that Jimmy actually had an album out. To prove it, Jimmy gave them the album. His only copy.

We arrived in L.A. two days later, met with Buffy's manager, showed him the manuscript, and described Jimmy's absent album. We left a copy of Travelin' Clean with him - and never heard from him again.

Daunted, but not defeated, we worked on a second screenplay titled "The Quitters" that generated the same amount of success.

This was not the best period of Jimmy's life. Tapes lost. No record sales. No radio airplay. It didn't help when Sheriff Buford "Walking Tall" Pusser yanked out a fistful of Buffett's hair when a drunken and stoned Jimmy was crawling atop Pusser's car in the parking lot of the King of the Road Motel. Or when his landlord didn't like the intensity of the purple paint Jimmy had used to decorate his bedroom.

A native of Mobile, Buffett also didn't like being that far away from real bodies of water. And he didn't like the Nashville winters. And the Nashville music business. So, one night while he and musician Donnie Fritts, the Alabama Leaning Man, were driving around in [Mrs.] Buffett's car, somehow the rear door became a detached part of the car. I think another car ran into it when they opened the door. Or maybe Jimmy or Donnie ran into it. Or they ran into another car which ran into the door.

(cont. page 8)



High Cumberland Jubilee (not available)

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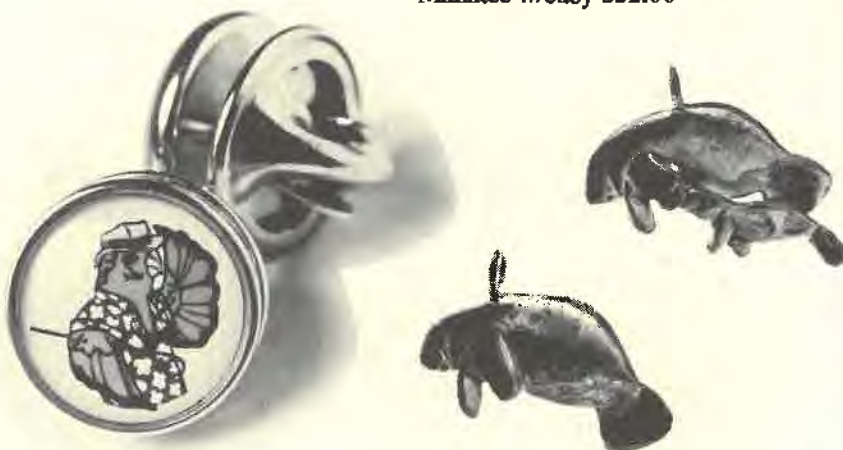


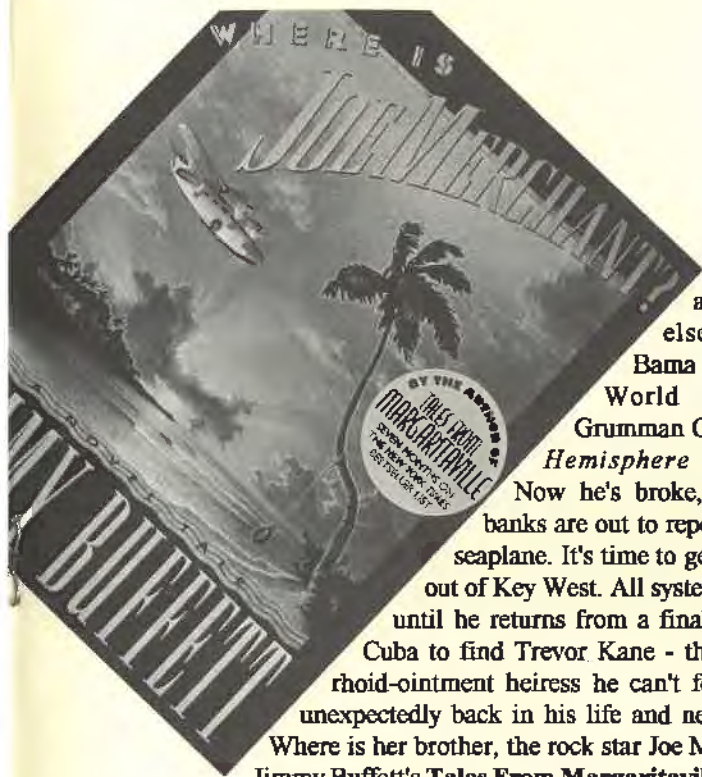
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## MANATEE PENDANT

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Manatee w/baby \$32.00





More than anything else, Frank Bama loves his World War II Grumman Goose, the *Hemisphere Dancer*. Now he's broke, and the banks are out to repossess the seaplane. It's time to get the hell out of Key West. All systems are go until he returns from a final [trip] to Cuba to find Trevor Kane - the hemorrhoid-ointment heiress he can't forget - is unexpectedly back in his life and needs help. Where is her brother, the rock star Joe Merchant? Jimmy Buffett's *Tales From Margaritaville* was on the New York Times Best Seller list for seven months. **Where is Joe Merchant?**, Jimmy's first full length novel, now holds that position. Hardback book is \$19.95

### MARGARITAVILLE LONG SLEEVE T'

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**C**ome and listen to a story  
 'bout a man named Jim,  
 A poor balladeer who was always  
 kinda slim.  
 And then one day he was  
 strummin' his guitar  
 With a lot of hard work he was  
 gonna go far.  
 Key West, that is.  
 AIA, Margaritaville.

Well the first thing you know old  
 Jim's a millionaire,  
 His guys in suits said "move away  
 from there."  
 They said Louisiana is the place  
 you oughta be  
 So he loaded up the truck and  
 moved to Big Easy.  
 New Orleans that is.  
 Mardi Gras, Margaritaville.



**MARGARITAVILLE, 1 FRENCH MARKET PLACE, NEW ORLEANS**

**New**



## **NEW ORLEANS MARGARITAVILLE**

*By Donna K. "Sunshine" Smith*

The Margaritaville Store has expanded to a new location. On August 5, 1992, Margaritaville New Orleans opened in the heart of the French Quarter. For those of you familiar with New Orleans, it's next to the historic French Market at #1 French Market Place.

Jimmy has long and strong ties to the Crescent City. Jimmy's first public performance took place in New Orleans - on Bourbon Street. Literally, on Bourbon Street. You'll recognize many of his favorite haunts mentioned in Tales From Margaritaville. It seemed like a natural second location for Margaritaville.

Jimmy keeps an apartment in New Orleans and is a perennial *unannounced* participant at the Jazz Fest. He often takes part in the annual benefit for the New Orleans Artists Against Hunger & Homelessness along with his good friends Ed Bradley, Rita Collidge and of course the Neville Brothers, and also contributes to the New Orleans Adolescent Children's Hospital.

In 1983 Jimmy served as the King of Krewe of Clones, a parade held by the Contemporary Art Museum from 1981 to 1984. This parade was held a week prior to Mardi Gras, and I'm told it was quite cleverly put together. Certain unspeakables took place which were appropriate for the time, but in this age of over-insensitivity would probably be frowned upon.

Margaritaville New Orleans comes with quite a different look from our classic Key West store. We occupy the old Hibernia Bank Building, complete with brass chandeliers and marble floor; no calendars for new customers though. Our plan is to "funk" it up a la Gypsies in the Palace, and we've started collecting parrots to hang from, perch on, or in some other way affix themselves to the chandeliers. This is where you come in. We could use help with our Parrot Head decor. Anything you may have that you feel is appropriate please send to us and we'll proudly display it here in Margaritaville New Orleans. Come see us soon.

**Margaritaville**  
**#1 French Market Pl**  
**New Orleans, LA 70116**  
**(504) 529-4177**

**Orleans!**

**D**

avid DeNoma seems to pop up when least expected, and perhaps when least desired. His appearances, however, are by and large a welcome relief from the mundane. It's this ability that has placed him in the mouth of a killer whale, a golf course with Bill Clinton, camera-lens-to-breast with a Hell's Angel "Mama", and of course backstage with Jimmy Buffett. David's photos have appeared numerous time's in the Cincinnati press and national newspapers, as well as on The Tonight Show and Saturday Night Live. And most importantly to Parrot

Heads, on the Feeding Frenzy cover and in the Handbook included in Boats, Beaches, Bars & Ballads.

David has offered several of his best photos of Jimmy to us, and we in turn offer them to you. But there's no free lunch, and no free Jimmy Buffett photo. The pictures offered are David DeNoma's original color prints. 8x11 \$15.00, 11x14 \$25.00. Please specify photo number when ordering.



Photo #1



Photo #2



Photo #3



Photo #4

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(from page 3)

Regardless, Jimmy slid the door into the back seat, drove home, parked the car out front, and headed south.

Luckily, he soon ran into Jerry Jeff Walker, then living in Coconut Grove [outside Miami], who took him to Key West, flying across those narrow bridges in his old black Packard. I had introduced Jimmy to Jerry Jeff (whom I had been trying to sign up as an ASCAP songwriter) on the campus of Southern Mississippi University where both had performed in a concert series.

Walkers majestic ballad *Mr. Bojangles* was being taken up the charts by the *Nitty Gritty Dirt Band* - and he soon became Buffett's hero. All of us ended up in New Orleans that night, and I was supposed to catch a 7 A.M. train to Memphis (where my car was parked), but Jerry Jeff, or Jimmy, or our musician friend Toad Andrews, or all of the above, were dropping funny little pills into my bottomless rum drinks as we hit Bourbon Street. Forget 7 A.M. We finally spilled into one room at the Cornstalk Fence Hotel at 5 A.M. I put my head down on a pillow to rest, and woke up sometime in the afternoon when the Memphis train was history.

So, instead of Memphis, late that afternoon I was on the train to Nashville (where my car wasn't parked), aboard the Pan American with Toad, Buffett, and Jerry Jeff who refused to board until he had two bottles of Wild Turkey with him.

In the middle of the night we jammed in the Pullman rooms, high on life and a variety of life-altering substances. The conductor nearly threw us off the train at 3 A.M. in some threateningly dark Mississippi town where we would have been the year's biggest catch for the local lawmen.

Thank God we stayed on the train, drank and smoked and sang. Jerry Jeff and Jimmy started writing a song while Toad and I, both railroad freaks, pitched out metaphors. That night *Railroad Lady* was born - and I want the world to know that the word "highballing" is all mine. *'She met a highballing loner who thought he could own her...'* Thereby demand 1/192 royalties on this song. (Later recorded by Walker, Buffett, Willie Nelson, and others.)

I could go on and on with these stories but I won't. Jimmy moved to Key West. Jerry Jeff Walker moved to Texas where he is presently presiding as King. And in 1991 when I moved fom Nashville to Key West, Jimmy moved from Key West to Nashville. I've often wondered whether there was a cause and effect answer to this town-swapping situation.

[Ed. Note: *Naaaahhhhhh*]

THE COCONUT TELEGRAPH  
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