

Tropical Times



The Key NorthWest Parrot Heads Newsletter - March 2004

Hey There Parrot Heads!

Here's what's happening!

The "License to Chill Tour 2004" Tour is getting underway and here are the first official tour dates, tickets went on sale prior these shows on February 28:

Thursday, April 22 Tampa, FL - St. Pete Times Forum
Saturday, April 24 Charlotte, NC - Coliseum
Tuesday, April 27 Raleigh, NC - RBC Center
Thursday, April 29 Columbia, SC - Colonial Center
Saturday, May 1 Ft Lauderdale, FL - Office Depot Center

Unofficially, here are some other unconfirmed dates. The tickets for these shows are rumored to go on sale on March 20:

Thursday, May 20 - Minneapolis, MN
Tuesday, June 29 - Camden, NJ
Saturday, July 3 - Bristol, VA (Nissan Pavilion)
Thursday, July 8 - Indy, IN
Saturday, July 10 - Alpine, WI
Thursday, August 26 - Chicago, IL
Saturday, August 28 - Chicago, IL
Thursday, Sept 2 - Mansfield, MA
Saturday, Sept 4 - Mansfield, MA

But before the tour gets underway, Jimmy will be appearing in a benefit concert at Breakers in Palm Beach on April 16th. This concert is to benefit the Academy of the Palm Beaches, the Palm Beach Day School and the Alzheimer's Foundation. Tickets are \$750.00, and are available from Debbie at 561-832-8815.

Here's an article about the tour:

Jimmy Buffett begins plotting spring tour

by Jon Zahlaway

February 24, 2004 02:13 PM - Jimmy Buffett's fans, known as Parrotheads, can bust out their Hawaiian shirts; their favorite singer-songwriter is gearing up for his latest U.S. road trip. Buffett has scheduled five shows so far, beginning with an April 22 stop in Tampa, FL, and followed by dates in Charlotte and Raleigh, NC; Columbia, SC; and Ft. Lauderdale. Details appear in the itinerary below.

Tickets for all five stops hit the box office on Saturday (2/28), according to Buffett's website. More shows are expected.

Prior to launching the tour, Buffett is expected to issue a new album titled "Licensed to Chill"; a specific release-date has not been announced. The album's title track, a duet featuring Buffett and country singer Kenny Chesney, is available on a CD-ROM included with Sports Illustrated's latest annual swimsuit issue.

Buffett's duet with Chesney follows his pairing with country singer Alan Jackson on the Grammy-nominated track "It's Five O'Clock Somewhere," which appears on Jackson's "Greatest Hits 2."

Last month, Buffett issued recordings of his 2003 shows in Boston and Cincinnati. A "Live in Hawaii" CD set will follow, according to Mailboat Records' website.

The Buffett DVD "MiniMatinee 1" was released in November. It features six performances from his 2002 tour, including a duet with Jackson of "It's Five O'Clock Somewhere."

Speaking of books, Jimmy's new novel, *A Salties Piece of Land*, has a first printing of 650,000 copies. The novel features Tully Mars, the character Buffett introduced in *Tales From Margaritaville*. It is due out in May from Little, Brown. Stay tuned phor that!

On a musical note, Jimmy's new album "License to Chill" is scheduled to come out in late March or early April. We'll keep you posted on that as we get the word.

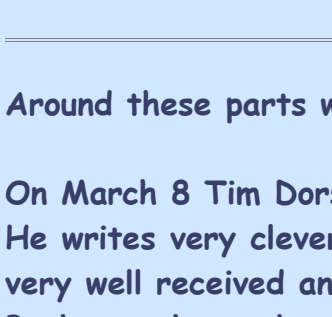
The track, "License to Chill," is featured in a CD-ROM bound inside Sports Illustrated's 2004 swimsuit issue. The CD-ROM also includes a teaser for the song's music video. Buffett co-wrote "License to Chill" with Nashville songwriters Mac McAnally and Al Anderson. Kenny Chesney recently updated Buffett's 1974 hit, "Come Monday," for the five-song CD, *Kenny Chesney Uncovered*. The uncovered disc is available only at Target stores as a bonus with the purchase of Chesney's new album, *When the Sun Goes Down*.

Mailboat Records is planning to release live albums phrom the last two shows of the Tiki Time Tour in Honolulu and Maui. Stay tuned phor more details and dates...

Jimmy's sister's new restaurant, Lulu's recently opened at a new location under the bridge at 200 East 25th Ave. Gulf Shores, Alabama. 36542 Tel: 251-967-LULU. The original location was next to where Jimmy and his dad used to go fishing when he was a kid. The lease ran out there so they built a brand new facility, on the Intracoastal waterway off of the Gulf coast. You can check out the place online at: <http://www.lulubuffett.com/index.htm>

On a completely different subject, Jimmy has been getting some press on his boat, the Margaritavitch. Here's an excerpt from the article in this month's *Power and Motoryacht* magazine:

Rybovich 42 Express Walkaround — By Capt. Bill Pike — March 2004



Back to Margaritaville - A Pirate Builds His Ship

An avid fly fisherman and nookie-idea of cranny cruiser, singer-songwriter Jimmy Buffett told me he was looking for a new boat to "get lost" on, and he had a definite idea of what the boat had to accomplish. Buffett, who likes to flats fish from kayaks, wanted a vessel that could get into shallow water (Margaritaviches have a 29" draft) so he could launch his two kayaks, which are stowed up top. "I love the kayak for fishing and exercise," he says, adding, "I had a 33-foot L&H walkaround, and it was an all-around boat, not some macho fishing machine with wasted space forward."

On the L&H, he'd stuff the kayaks up the side decks, but the tradeoff was losing his walkaround room. Buffett had heard that Rybovich was looking into building an express boat, and being a fan of Rybovich's craftsmanship and styling, he asked the builder to construct a boat like his beloved L&H. "I was looking for something for me. I call it a Bafama boat," he adds. From there, the idea germinated into a semiproducton 42-footer, with Buffett buying the first one. The proud owner says the walkaround is great because it's the "maximum use of minimum space."

But it isn't just kayak racks that personalize this boat for Buffett. He's quite proud of the below-decks look and layout. The inviting and relaxing bamboo-decked interior comes courtesy of his lifelong love affair with the tiki bar. "I'm a bamboo freak, a tiki bar guy," Buffett says enthusiastically, adding that "A lot of boats are dark [below decks], and most feel constricted and claustrophobic. I wanted a lighter interior, which helps give the appearance of more space." The interior cabinetry is done using Koa, a Hawaiian wood Buffett chose after employing it for a custom guitar project.

Even though he's an avid fisherman, this angler releases a majority of fish he catches (except the ones for lunch), so he eliminated the standard cockpit fishbox and opted for a big gas grill. "I've scalded my fingers trying to attach barbecues. I wanted a [built-in] gas grill," he says, noting that there's a gas cooktop below decks, too. "You can't regulate heat with an electric cooktop," Buffett adds authoritatively.

Although he took delivery some weeks back, there are a few more pieces of this boat's puzzle Buffett plans to add before she's finished. "I think we're going to put a flat-screen TV in the V-berth and add an underwater camera and light system. With a camera feed to the flat-screen, it's like having an aquarium behind your boat," he concludes. "Cool," I thought. I just hope his fishy friends don't show up behind the boat around lunchtime, or they could go from the silver screen to that big gas grill. —Capt. Patrick Sciacca

While examining Jimmy Buffett's Margaritavitch I was constrained to view many items he apparently uses day to day. So in the same totally frivolous spirit that prompted Rolling Stone to publish a story on Bob Dylan's garage back in the day, I submit the following:

The author of "Cheeseburger in Paradise" actually cooks his cheeseburgers on a custom, gas-fired Galleymate grill from Australia. It's a solid stainless steel lollipopalooza, too. Moreover, from the carbon buildup I observed, I'd say the guy's still into seriously parading burgers, with Heinz ketchup, French's mustard, and Hellmann's mayo, all of which I spotted in the galley Sub-Zero.

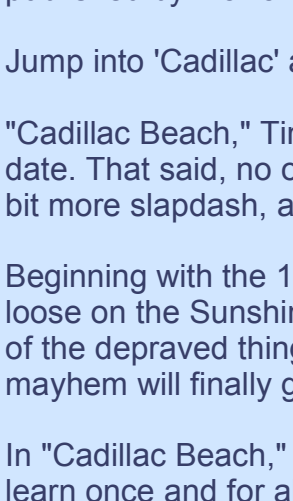
The stereo system? Believe it or not, "Nothing that fancy," according to Rybovich Spencer president Jim Bronstien. A Pioneer CDX-P680 off-the-shelfer with four Polyplanar speakers topside and two below decks is what I noted during our test. And no CDs anywhere. Not even one of Alan Jackson's.

And finally, fishing rods. The ones I found bracketed in the saloon (over the inlaid dinette table) were exclusively of the saltwater fly-fishing variety, from Orvis and G. Loomis. The reels I have no info on—the darn things were encased in canvas covers and impossible to examine without overstepping the bounds of propriety. —B.P.

Here's a link to the rest of the article: <http://www.powerandmotoryacht.com/boattests/0304rybovich/index.html>

Around these parts we have a phew phunctions going on this month:

On March 8 Tim Dorsey is in town. He's a writer from Tampa, Florida that, like Carl Hiaasen, is a phormer reporter. He writes very cleverly and with great humor about wild characters in the phine state of Florida. His books have been very well received and include references to Parrotheads, among many other things. Tim will be at the Powell's Bookstore located at 8725 SW Cascade Blvd., Beaverton on March 8 at 7:00 p.m., reading from and signing his latest book, *Cadillac Beach*. Here's an article from *Sunday's Oregonian* about Tim, FYI:



Florida's easy rider Tim Dorsey loves good times and writes good-time books

02/29/04 JOE KURMASKIE

Road trip, anyone? Open the vintage car doors of any Tim Dorsey novel and you've bought a ticket on a magical history tour of Florida.

Behind the literary wheel sits your tour guide, a lively gent named Serge Storm, Dorsey's self-proclaimed alter ego. Yes, he's killed people, but that doesn't make him a bad man, exactly. In his estimation, they all had it coming.

To what extent you agree with Serge's choices over six novels speaks volumes about your situational ethics, political leanings and sense of frontier justice. (Make no mistake, Florida is still a frontier.)

But don't ponder it for too long. Dorsey's tales come with child-proof locks and move at speeds so far above the posted limit that he's no time to figure anything out on the fly. Ease back, watch for stray bullets, and enjoy the ride until it comes to a complete stop. At least there's a wet bar on board for proper page-turning lubrication.

A historic preservation buff and former Florida newspaper reporter, Dorsey needed outlets for the mayhem he'd observed on the job and the cultural landmarks being bulldozed in the name of progress.

"What I started writing as a total (bad guy) serial killer character not long for the pages of any book has grown into an unlikely anthero set on a nostalgic exploration of every endangered cultural nook and cranny of the Sunshine State," Dorsey said.

Think of tourist attractions featured on glossy postcards from 1957. Rat Pack hangouts, glitzy beachfront hotels, dog tracks and tropical-themed lounges. Like an aging performer long after the big dance number is over, Dorsey's Florida is a telling study of the beauty of decay wrapped in a hard, candy-coated, crime-caper shell.

"I moved here when I was 1. As a de facto native I wanted to make some sense of it," Dorsey said. "The lack of identity many residents feel in this state has a basis. If a building is 50 years old around here, that makes it ancient. I try to be accurate. . . in my research because since I've written about some of these places they've disappeared, literally. If nothing else, I don't want us becoming historical orphans."

But if he's trying to give his readers roots with the architecture and cultural landscape, many of Dorsey's characters have more in common with helium-based life-forms, tethered to nothing more than their greed and artifice. These are unbalanced folks with little idea what comes next. Not an easy lot to keep from careening into cartoon territory across the page. Over the course of six books, Dorsey's plotting has grown more focused. Serge ha become more sympathetic, and the helium life-forms have located something of a proper orbit.

"I'm having more fun with Serge now than at any point in the series," Dorsey said. "I was worried that readers would find him self-indulgent. But by giving him reasons for his actions he's been transformed, most notably in the latest book into a gentler sort of serial killer."

Of course, Bonnie had Clyde; Butch had Sundance; and Serge has his sidekick, Lenny the stoner.

"Lenny keeps things moving in his own lackadaisical way," Dorsey said.

Dorsey steers a reckless line between violent joy riding and a not-so-quiet reflection of the darker sides of human nature. In that respect, Dorsey has something in common with another Florida author he's often referenced to — Carl Hiaasen.

"People ask me if I get tired of hearing that comparison. Are you kidding? I'm flattered and humbled and hope to do the preservation of 'Old Florida' that Carl has done for the state's embattled ecosystems," Dorsey said.

When it comes to getting his message out, Dorsey hits the back roads with the regularity of a long-haul trucker and the fervor of a tent-revival preacher.

"Like Serge, I put more miles on my car than any writer with a permanent address, only I don't kill people along the way," Dorsey said. "By conservative estimates, I've racked up the mileage equivalent of circling the Earth half a dozen times. And there's no rhyme or reason for why I do this. I'm addicted to the road, I guess. At least I do it in style. These are old-school road trips with all the trappings."

Dorsey motors about in a big marshmallow of a car, packed to the gills.

"It's like driving around in my living room. You see me coming down the road and you might picture 'The Grapes of Wrath,'" he said. "To give you an idea of how over-the-top these author tours have become, I even have a time control for my car stereo."

The method behind Dorsey's madness is connecting with his readers and making preservation notes for future novels.

"I want to continue being a participatory historian for Florida within the framework of satire and humor," Dorsey said. "If I did a totally serious book I would disappoint my fans, but I can still address serious themes, give readers hope underneath the hypocrisy."

And to those who think he's too hard on Florida and its residents, Dorsey is quick to point out that they have it all wrong.

"I love Florida. That's what I'm really expressing in my books," he said. "They say, 'A bloodbath is a rhapsody?' I say, 'Depends on the lighting.'"

Dorsey reads from "Cadillac Beach" at 7 p.m. Monday, March 8, at Powell's Books in Beaverton, 8725 S.W. Cascade Ave.

And here's a review of "Cadillac Beach", Tim's latest book:

CADILLAC BEACH by Tim Dorsey

published by Morrow, \$24.95, 352 pages

Jump into 'Cadillac' and buckle up for a wild ride

"Cadillac Beach," Tim Dorsey's sixth comic crime caper set once again to the glitz and grime of Florida, is his most lucid, taut effort to date. That said, no one should look for a seamless tale pulled tighter than a drill sergeant's bedsheets. It's not Dorsey's style. He's a bit more slappdash, a lead-footed storyteller who floors it when his readers are barely inside the vehicle.

Beginning with the 1999 release of "Florida Roadkill," Dorsey set the frenetic, unbalanced and impulse-control-free Serge Storm loose on the Sunshine State. It has been an inspired crime spree: a mix of history lessons, vigilante justice and laugh-out-loud studies of the depraved things people do for money and power. Those who have hung on through four more installments of Serge-led mayhem will finally get their big payoff.

In "Cadillac Beach," Dorsey idles the motor long enough to give his antihero a complete and unexpectedly tender back story. We learn once and for all how Serge became the violent, driven, deluded, personable genius at the center of his lifelong storm.

Serge's latest obsession 40 years earlier. Dorsey based this mystery around the facts of the largest gem heist in U.S. history. As the story ricochets from present-day Miami to south Florida in 1964, the scams and schemes fall apart in colorful action sequences set against a backdrop of historical pop culture moments: The Beatles playing the Ed Sullivan show from the Delaunay Hotel, Cassius Clay pummeling Sonny Liston, and the filming of "Goldfinger" at the Fontainebleau.

The way these historic postcards are wrapped back into the present and linked to Serge's quest is original. It more than makes up for the disorientation one feels in places. Readers who crave linear story lines, though, may find "Cadillac Beach" infuriating. But Dorsey should be read for the same reasons that the film "It's a Mad, Mad, Mad, Mad World" deserves multiple viewings — it's a rollicking good time with a tender little ketchup.

Also, our good buddy Jerry Gontang will be in town on March 13th at Bleachers Grill Pub. We will be joined by our Parrot Head buddies phrom the Parrot Heads of Puget Sound phor the aphair, so we'll be sure to have a phine time!

Speak of Parrot Head clubs, we have two new neighbors! The Parrotheads of the Pacific call Albany, Oregon home and their area extends phrom Albany south to Eugene and west to Newport. To the north and west we also have a new phlock in Wenatchee, Washington known as the Parrot Heads of Eastern Washington serving Washington State on the east side of the Cascade Mountains. With phour Parrot Head clubs in Oregon and Washington, we hope that Jimmy will be motivated to continue to tour here and give us plenty of chances to get together! We wish everyone all the best and hope to hook up with everyone in the near phuture.

Back on our little island later on this month, local boy Todd Snider (formerly with Margaritaville Records, Jimmy's recording company a while back) will be at the Aladdin Theater on March 19th. He has been going through a bit of a rough time lately and discusses it in this recent article:

Truth is one of singer's drugs of choice

By Dave Tianen
Posted: Feb. 17, 2004

Todd Snider is talking about his addiction to painkillers. And characteristically, he begins with a joke.

"I'm the Rush Limbaugh of folk music," he says with a kind of verbal shrug. "It's back pain. But mostly, I just love drugs, you know?"

"I've just always been real excited about drugs. This is my third time through a drug treatment center. It's been going for a long time, since I was about 18.

"This is the worst, though. I had two friends, well, one friend that died and another friend that was supposed to die. I guess I could blame it on them but, . . . There was this period of a month. . . I just woke up in a hospital about November 10, and I thought I was in jail.

"I mean, I been to jail a bunch of times, and it sort of felt more like a jail. Then the lady said, 'No. You came from a hospital. . . .' I had to be told what happened. It's kind of funny now to talk about, and it was funny. A lot of the stuff that I do is about stuff that's sort of not funny. That's why I like Randy Newman so much."

Snider is going to be at Shank Hall, but if you ask him if he's confident about going back on the road, that streak of comic honesty pops up again. "No. But I'm going to," he says. "I was never confident before. It's like my wife and I said, 'We don't need confidence. We have the truth.' I would say confidence is over-rated."

Bounced around a lot

Talking to Snider is a little like talking to a character from a Tom Robbins novel. There's a kind of loose, ramshackle vagrant comedy that just flows from him.

Although he's from the far Northwest, Snider bounced around as a kid, living at various points in Austin, Houston and Atlanta. Like many young men, he picked up a guitar in his teens and found his calling as a kind of gypsy musician. During one interlude, he lived on the floor of a girls' dorm at Rhodes College in Memphis.

"I remember I was staying on the couch of this guy who chased me out of his house with a gun. There were these three girls from Rhodes. . . These girls came over, and we were all singing, and then it came out that this guy wasn't really from England. He was supposed to be from England. He was from Birmingham, Alabama, and he was making the whole thing up, and we all realized it at the same time 'cause his mother called and he took a gun out.

"He's in prison now. I got a letter from him last year. He said, 'I'm in prison. You knew that, right?' I said, 'Well, I knew I'd hear from you, or at least hear you on the news.'" "So I ran down the street with these girls, and they said, 'That's the craziest thing we've ever been through, and I said, 'Crazy for you. I don't have a place to live. I've only been in town for a week, and that was the only guy who said I could crash.

"They said, 'Well, you can crash at the dorm.' So, I went over there and stayed for a long time. That was a good time in my life."

Keith Sykes and Chuck Berry

But what really got Snider on track was when he moved in with Keith Sykes, an occasional member of Jimmy Buffett's Coral Reefer Band and a respected Memphis singer-songwriter. "My dad was in a bar in Memphis, and he overheard somebody say where Keith Sykes lived, and I just drove there. . ." Snider says. "I said, 'Hey, man. Listen. I love your music because I'm making a living as a musician, but my favorite music is, like, Chuck Berry. I can't for the life of me figure it out. I can play you any Guy Clark song you want to hear. He said, 'Well, That's funny.' And he started to teach me." Then it seemed like a few years later when I got to ask him, "What is it that made you want to be in music?" "He said, 'I was in the music store, and I heard 'Green Onions.' It occurred to me that music didn't even have to have words.'"

Some of Snider's best tunes are slices of surreal real-life comedy like "The Ballad of the Devil's Backbone Tavern." But he can also weave a good song out of the day's headlines, as in "The Ballad of D.B. Cooper," the tale of the famous plane hijacker who parachuted over Washington state with \$20,000 in ransom money.

Hated grunge, liked Cobain

The first song of Snider's to make a splash was "Talkin' Seattle Grunge Rock Blues," which came out around the time of his 1994 debut album, "Songs for the Daily Planet." The irony of that one was that although he disliked grunge, he respected Kurt Cobain.

"He was the first punker I ever liked because I thought he loved music. My beef with punkers was that this music is, like, so far from Bob Marley, and it feels like it's based on their hatred of Pink Floyd.

"I'm just not interested in music being based on your dislike of something, which reminds me sometimes of the alt-country movement. I think if you could just let Toby Keith be Toby Keith, we'd all make better music.

"As much as Kurt was (angry), he was one of the first punkers to come along and always talk about bands he liked. . . . He was funny, but then it spanned a whole three years of guys who were mad at their dad - at age 30.

"Sure, I was mad at my dad, too. But if you're not over it by 30, I can't believe you have a job in entertainment."

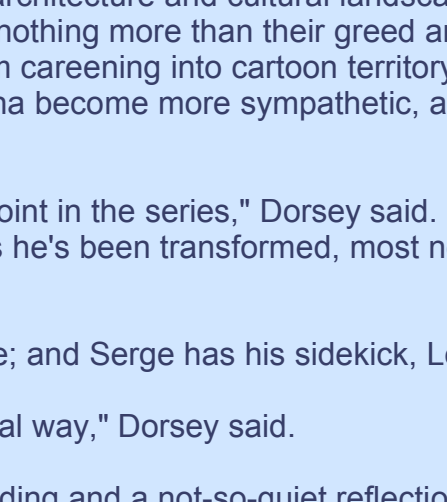
Here's a little more background on Todd:

b. 11 October 1966, Portland, Oregon, USA. Roots rock singer-songwriter/guitarist Snider is a native of Portland, Oregon. He had a rough home life growing up, which led to his running away from home as a teenager with very little money in his pocket. After drifting around, Snider settled down in Texas for a while and began penning songs as a form of therapy. It was not long before Snider began to soak up the music of renowned Texas country artists such as Joe Ely, Kris Kristofferson, Guy Clark, and especially Jerry Jeff Walker. After moving once more to Memphis (during the mid-80s), Snider was taken under the wing of another artist he admired a great deal, John Prine. He encouraged the burgeoning singer-songwriter to start taking his craft more seriously. Snider's real break came when a member of Jimmy Buffett's backing band played a Snider demo tape for Buffett. By the early 90s, Snider was signed to Buffett's record label, Margaritaville Records (a subsidiary of MCA), resulting in the releases of critically acclaimed but commercially underachieving albums such as *Songs For The Daily Planet*, *Step Right Up*, and *Viva Satellite*, all recorded with his band the Nervous Wrecks. Shortly thereafter, Snider was dropped by the record company, but landed back on his feet shortly afterwards, signing on with Prine's independent On Boy label Happy To Be Here and New Connection confirmed his talent.

We had a great phlockin last week at Beaches. We had members just back phrom Africa, chartering a catamaran in the Bahamas, partying just like Bubba does in Puerto Vallarta, the opening of Margaritaville in Las Vegas and other phun stufh.

We're looking phorward to a really phun year, with road trips, phlockings and trips all over. We always things scheduled throughout the year, and will be posting phurder details as they get phconfirmed, but we are always open to new places, activities and things, so let us know where you would like us to check out so we can put it on the club event calendar on the web page at <http://www.keynorthwest.org>. The Great Oregon Beach Clean-Up is coming up on March 27. If you are interested in helping out, email us at mailboat@keynorthwest.org and we'll get the information to you.

We hope that you are having a phine Spring and we look forward to seeing you around the island in the near phuture. We're heading into Spring these days and there are plenty of events going on. Of course on behalf of everyone with Irish heritage, we encourage strict observance of St. Patrick's Day, including the annual bash at Kell's downtown, the largest St. Patrick's Day celebration on the West Coast! Six Days! Woo Hool Erin Go Bragh! (Ireland Forever!)



Phor more inphormation on that or any of our club events, you can check out the Key NorthWest Parrot Head calendar at <http://www.keynorthwest.org>

Phins Up!

Chris and Andrea Sloan 🍌🍌

Phearless Leaders

Key NorthWest Parrot Heads

Club Email: mailboat@keynorthwest.org

Club Web Page: <http://www.keynorthwest.org>