



PICTURE SHOW
Buffett and guests lounge in the backyard to watch Jamaican flick *Rockers*.

Across the bay from the sleek art crowd, vodka-fueled bachelorettes, and club-thumping bass lines of South Beach, Miami, lies Belle Meade, a quaint, local-leaning neighborhood that's home to Savannah Jane Buffett, eldest daughter of Jimmy, the laid-back guitar man who made us all abandon late-'70s glitter and disco for flip-flops and frozen margaritas.

"When I tell people I live in Miami, the looks on their faces are as if I told them I live in Las Vegas," Buffett says. "And I completely understand." But when she bought her three-bedroom, canal-front house six years ago, the once-seedy nabe was undergoing a shift: James Beard Award-winning Michelle Bernstein—possibly Miami's best-known chef—had just opened Michy's nearby, and the requisite Starbucks popped up on Biscayne Boulevard. Nowadays, Buffett kayaks down the canal to locavore paradise Redlight Little River, where her friend Kris Wessel cooks up New Orleans-style ribs "even when I walk in with 10 people without a reservation." She buys furniture locally, too: one-of-a-kind refurbished finds—"I want to redo my whole house with their stuff!"—from the mother-daughters staff at Found in the nearby Wynwood Art District.

Buffett grew up traveling the globe with

her dad, shuffling among New York City, Palm Beach, Malibu, Aspen, St. Barts, and Nashville, but "Florida has always had a special place in my heart," she says. "When I was a kid, he used to take me out on the boat in Key West. We would fish and explore the mangroves and all the amazing wildlife. From a very early age I knew how to bait a hook, cast a line, and reel 'em in."

Now, at 32, Buffett says Miami finally feels like home, and it's also where she broadcasts her weekly Savannah Day Dreamin' Radio Hour SiriusXM radio show, 60 minutes of steel drum-infused pop from sunny indie artists such as Tune-Yards and Natty.

The music speaks to another infectious beachy vibe she can't shake, that of Jamaica—she celebrated her thirtieth birthday on the island with her best friends over oysters and Red Stripe—so tonight, she's invited a dozen guests over for movie night in her backyard. (She spotted an inflatable projection screen in a SkyMall catalog a few years ago and has been throwing movie nights in the backyard ever since. Last time, she screened Spike Jonze's *Where the Wild Things Are*.) Tonight's showing? The 1978 cult reggae film *Rockers*.

"This song is so dope!" Buffett squeals

as the sun sets over Belle Meade and over her friends, who are settled onto the bamboo mats, hand-embroidered Indian blankets, and lawn chairs she's set up in her sandy backyard. On-screen, Rastafarians are high-fiving, singing, and banging steel drums under a bamboo hut, and though her friends are chatting around her, Buffett is transfixed. "Whenever I spend my time in palm tree-type places, reggae seems to be the music that fits the mood best," she says, having just finished reading Timothy White's Bob Marley biography *Catch a Fire*—"it's hard to mess with Bob"—on her most recent trip to Jamaica. (She goes at least twice a year.) Her chill demeanor is obviously island-inspired, though it could be chalked up to genetics, too: Buffett air-dries her natural waves, sips beer from the bottle, and calls her close friends "dude" in such a lovable way that you can't help but

BACKYARD BITES

Savannah's salsa

Swiss chard salad

Jamaican jerk chicken

Rice and peas with fried bammy