

SMOKING SECTION

By Austin Scaggs

It's been a while since the last 5moking Section, so let's rewind to March 27th - that's when we set foot in the L.A. home studio of Tom Petty. On the wall was a selfportrait by Bob Dylan, which, Petty explains, was "my production fee" for Dylan's 1986 disc Knocked Out

Loaded. Petty led us into his control room, where we sat behind the console and he played us tracks from his upcoming summer album, Highway Companion, which he made solely with Heartbreaker Mike Campbell ("Mike is just ridiculous," says Petty) and fellow



Wilbury Jeff Lynne. After absorbing tunes like "Saving Grace" and the beautiful "Took a Long Time to Get Back Here," we are ready to be the first to declare Highway a classic in the ranks of Petty's Full Moon Fever and Wildflowers. Just wait till you hear him sing, "So if I come to your door, let me sleep on your floor/I'll give you all I have, and a little more." After that song, Petty leans back in his chair. "That's pretty good, huh?" he asks. "I dig it." Us, too. We'll see y'all and Petty down at Bonnaroo - and don't even try to sell us that bunk acid.

Fast-forward to the end of April, the first weekend of Jazz Fest. The Smoking Section jetted to New Orleans for a remarkable three days. We were twenty-five feet away from Bob Dylan (happy sixty-fifth!) while he delivered a badass set; we felt the spirit in the Gospel Tent, got funked up by the **Meters** and hung out with Big Easy legend Allen Toussaint, who gave us the lowdown on his to-die-for green-and-ivory Rolls-Royce, which was parked backstage. "It's a 1974-and-a-half Rolls," Toussaint said. "That car been with me since it was brand-new. It's part of the family." The festival grounds were well-packed, but without more tourist revenue the French Quarter is in trouble. If you got the means, do us all a favor: Go spend some money down there.

Then the Smoking Section hit a three-day trinity of unforgettable rock & roll parties. On May 4th, ROLLING STONE rang in its 1,000th issue with a perfect throwdown in Manhattan. There, the Strokes delivered the set of their lives and we kicked it with Marilyn Manson. The next night we saw one of the greatest rock shows ever: Pearl Jam playing rarities like "State



of Love and Trust" and "Garden" at the small club Irving Plaza. Three hours after leaving PJ's afterparty at Pop Burger, we boarded a plane to Las Vegas. Killers singer Brandon Flowers greeted us in the high-stakes poker room at the Palms hotel (where we'd just won \$2,500 on an ace-high straight)

sporting a very sexy mustache. His band was wrapping up its second album, and we got to hear nearly all of the sick new tracks, like "Bling" and "Sam's Town." If you thought the foursome couldn't top Hot Fuss, you're way wrong. Louis XIV were also there, recording backup vocals for the Killers, and that night we all raged in the Palms' new Playboy wing with our main man, producersongman-phenom Butch Walker.