



**TINA'S SECRET
SURVIVOR TAPES**



**DARK KNIGHT
HEATH LEDGER**

596 • May 18, 2001

Entertainment

WEEKLY

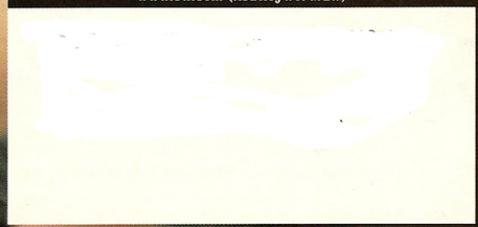


DAVE MATTHEWS BAND
Is the Summer's Hottest Ticket.

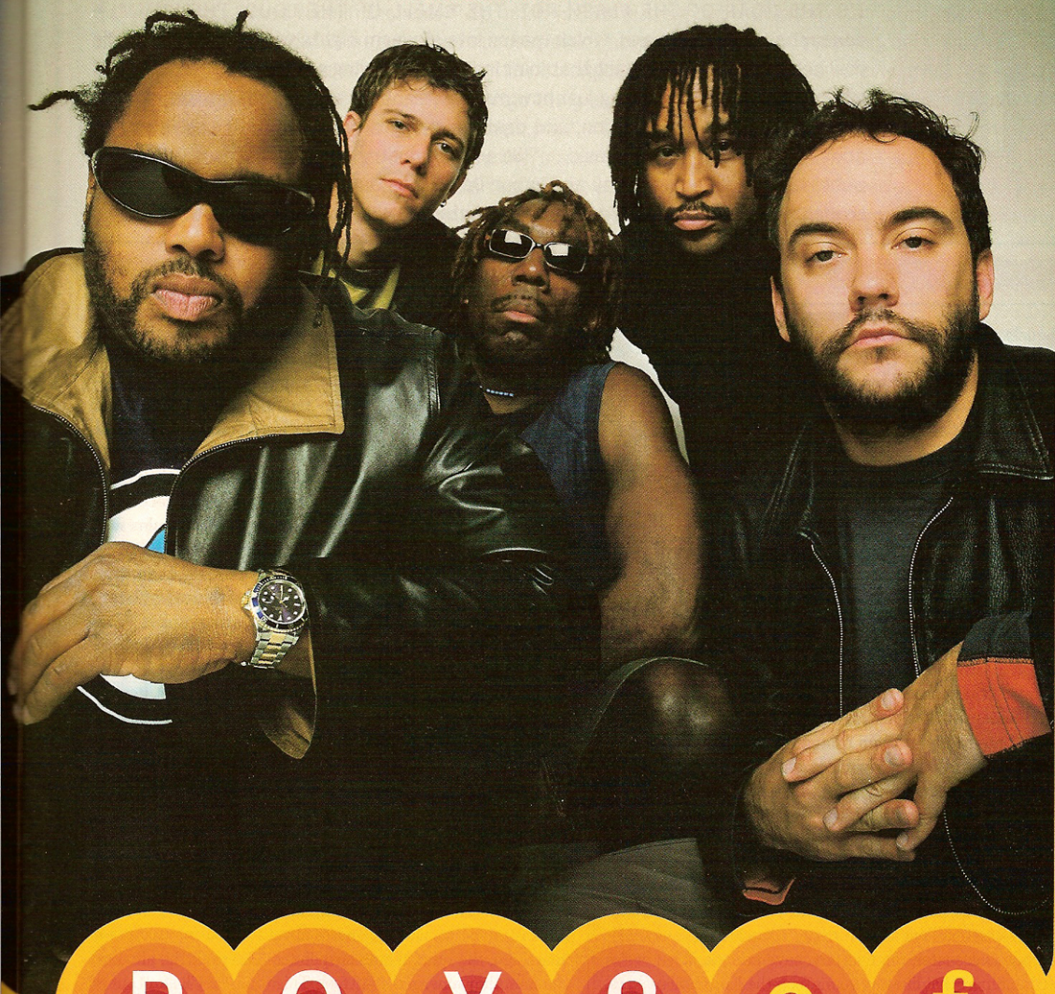
SUMMER MUSIC PREVIEW

PLUS! 'N Sync, MTV's TRL Tour,
New CDs, and a Calendar of The
Season's Big Events

www.ew.com (AOL Keyword:EW)



PHOTOGRAPH BY PLATON



LEROI MOORE • STEFAN LESSARD • BOYD TINSLEY • CARTER BEAUFORD • DAVE MATTHEWS (LEFT TO RIGHT)

B O Y S O f
S U M M E R

IF THE LAZY, HAZY DAYS MEAN HOT TIMES FOR THE MUSIC BIZ, THEN STADIUM-FILLERS 'N SYNC AND DAVE MATTHEWS BAND ARE FANNING THE FIRE. • BY CHRIS WILLMAN

▶▶ acts don't like to tour in the snow." So much for EW putting out that big Winter Tour Preview issue. For now we can choose between a tireless succession of boys—and bulls—of summer. Bongiovanni picks U2, Aerosmith, and Madonna to draw some of the strongest business at the arena level, even if the Material Girl's ducats do top out at \$250. "The strange thing is, those will be the first tickets sold," he marvels. "If you're hot, the public may grumble, but they'll pay." • And who's hottest of all? It'd have to be the only two acts brave enough to commandeer the nation's stadiums on away-game days this summer: 'N Sync and Dave Matthews Band, two seemingly polar opposites united by a common workhorse attitude and limitless reserves of uncommon likability. EW caught up with both acts on the eve of their summer swings. Batter up!

DAVE MATTHEWS BAND

▶▶ DAVE MATTHEWS has been spotted.

Three days before hitting the road in earnest for what could be the biggest-grossing tour of the year, he ambles through the suburban Seattle neighborhood he increasingly calls home, buys mocha at the local stand, strolls past the pot-smoking kids in the park, and pulls up a bench—unrecognized. Finally, a young man determinedly approaches. This is a dude who has to have kicked the Hacky Sack to "Tripping Billies" a hundred times if he's done it once. "This is gonna sound like a strange request."

"Sure," says Matthews, no stranger to those.

"We live just a few houses down from the park, and my wife and I just bought this couch, and she wants to help me load it into the house, but she's four and a half months pregnant..."

"Oh, let's go!" Matthews says, arising with a bolt. His own wife, Ashley, is also due in September, so he's a sucker for a fellow dad-to-be. Soon he's at this stranger's house, shuffling sofas, shooting the breeze about belly sizes and guitars. Forty-five minutes pass and the expectant couple (who've even been to a Matthews concert, a discreet inquiry will later reveal) still have no clue that their chatty, bearded Samaritan is, in fact, the reigning king of rock. Or what's left of it.

Last year Dave Matthews Band had one of the highest-grossing tours in America, bringing in \$68 million, and prognosticators expect a repeat performance this year. In February, the group's *Everyday* album debuted with 730,000 copies



THE RITES OF STRING The low-key Dave Matthews Band started off on a high note with a benefit concert in hometown Charlottesville, Va.

sold, a first-week SoundScan tally that hasn't been bested since. But King Dave, 34, is not unlike that mythical prince who's able to pass unnoticed in his own kingdom, except no disguise is necessary. Costume changes being up there with choreography in the group's pantheon of priorities, the short-sleeved DKNY shirt and deep-pocketed chinos this *Everyday* Everyman sports today are the same basic uniform he'll wear when the hardcore

DMB worshipers gather for the band's tour launch in Raleigh, N.C., in 72 hours.

Back home at the modest rented cottage he shares with his 27-year-old med-student wife, Seattle's richest furniture mover would just as soon talk babies as baritone guitars. He's set aside his well-known lyrical preoccupation with mortality to start banging out some diminished-chord lullabies on his trusty acoustic. "I can't wait to have babies! Nothing else seems important," he says—not even the band's imminent 53-city tour, a mix of major-league ballparks and multiple nights in amphitheaters. Radiohead's *Kid A* sits atop their stereo, serendipitous in this preppers state of affairs. Yesterday, Ashley had a sonogram, and the doc broke some good news by handing her a picture captioned "Twin A" and "Twin B."

The group has gotten together to rehearse the new album's songs and just did a warm-up benefit in its hometown, Charlottesville, Va., where Matthews and his wife have their other home, a more secluded mill house. After a decade of near-constant touring, the older songs didn't require rehearsal. ▼

TOUR DATES

San Francisco 5/18-19
Los Angeles 5/22
Las Vegas 5/26-27
Detroit 6/3-4

Atlanta 6/6
Washington, D.C. 6/9
East Rutherford, N.J. 6/11-13
Foxboro, Mass. 6/16-17

Buffalo 6/20
Camden, N.J. 6/22-24
Chicago 7/6-7
Boulder, Colo. 7/11

Dallas 7/15
Selma, Tex. 7/17
Sunrise, Fla. 7/20
West Palm Beach, Fla. 7/21

Tampa 7/23
Antioch, Tenn. 7/25
Virginia Beach, Va. 7/27
Saratoga Springs, NY 7/29-30

Hershey, Pa. 8/1
Hartford, Conn. 8/3-4
Kanata, Ont. 8/7
Montreal 8/8

Toronto 8/10
George, Wash. 8/24-26
Salt Lake City 8/28

▶▶ “Those are sort of second nature,” he allows, “but they also receive a great deal of new life when we inject new songs into the set. The old songs suddenly go ‘Ooh!’ and they start butting for position.” He promises he’ll get less fetus-centric and more competitive on the road. “We definitely want to go out and kick the s--- out of the other team, even though the other team doesn’t really exist. I guess the other team would be all our fears.”

A FEW NIGHTS LATER, AT RALEIGH’S ALTELL Pavilion at Walnut Creek, you get an idea how this whole superstar anonymity thing works: There are 17 DMB T-shirts for sale, none featuring their visages. (*Everyday* is the first of their nine releases to feature a clear portrait of the quintet on the cover and only the second to picture them at all.)

It’s not as if their anti-cult-of-celebrity ethic dampens the sectarian ardor. The front section is dotted with the towering microphones, rising 15 feet or higher, of DMB-sanctioned tapers. In the fifth row is Craig Willoughby of Los Angeles, who is attending his 91st DMB show; he has tickets for 20 more. Seated next to him is a canvas bag containing about 50 pounds’ and \$10,000 worth of serious recording gear. He’s approached by a stream of fellow DAT-heads and MP3 wanna-haves. “The music’s almost secondary to the friends now,” Willoughby admits.

“I don’t think a note we’ve ever played is not on tape somewhere,” laughs violinist Boyd Tinsley, backstage. DMB set lists are like snowflakes in their dissimilarity—among major rock acts, only Pearl Jam mix it up as much—and even overlapping numbers take on different textures from night to night, improving on long-distant recorded blueprints. “There are people who even record the sound checks from the parking lot and trade those,” says Tinsley. “I mean, you can barely hear it. It’s crazy.”

There’s been one set of tapes circulating that the Matthews Band didn’t authorize: the shelved, nearly completed album from last year that fans have dubbed “The Lillywhite Sessions,” after producer Steve Lillywhite. DMB put that collection of material aside to record the more pop-savvy *Everyday* with Glen Ballard. But a month after *Everyday*’s release, the unreleased project was leaked to untold hundreds of thousands via Napster. Band reactions to the bootlegging range from acceptance (“If people hear it, it’s cool,” says bassist Stefan Lessard) to outrage (“I feel

like we’ve been violated,” seethes otherwise unflappable drummer Carter Beauford). Matthews loathes piracy but seems relieved the so-called Lillywhite Sessions are out as a companion piece to *Everyday*: “The fact that people are fighting one against the other is great. Neither of them were insignificant experiences in my life. When we were recording that first album, there was a lot of disappointment coming from the record company and management and band. Everyone was kind of, ‘Boy, this is all pretty dark.’ It’s a very still, introspective album, sitting on the porch looking out into nothing, whereas the one we *did* put out just doesn’t stop moving. I love them both for those reasons.” Spoken like a dad: Who could favor Twin B over Twin A?

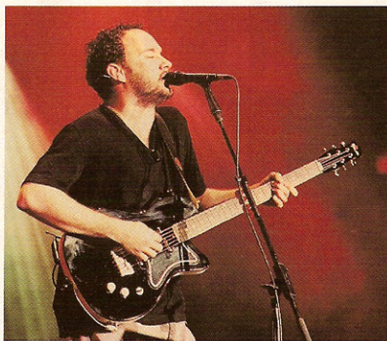
DMB’s blend of acoustic guitar, violin, and sax always eschewed any traditional rock recipes; now some fans, upset by the more traditional rock of *Everyday*, want Matthews to adhere to his previous anti-formulaic formula. His picking up the electric guitar for several compact new “pop songs” didn’t quite engender a “Dylan Goes Electric!” controversy—but close.

Not to worry. “Electric guitar is still kickin’ my ass,” he laughs. Much as he enjoyed plugging in, “an acoustic guitar in my opinion has got far more balls, and it’s a more physical thing to play, and much less subtle in some ways. The way I play the acoustic guitar is really percussive—sort of a dance.”

Just don’t use the J-word. True, LeRoi Moore’s sax solo in “#41,” Ra-

leigh’s opening number; is longer than some songs on *Everyday*. But neither do any of the live tunes fall into the Dead zone by breaking the 15-minute mark. “When LeRoi or Boyd start taking a solo and we’re back there accenting what they’re doing,” says Beauford, “the first thing people say is ‘jam band.’ Because a band takes solos, that makes them a jam band? Was Dizzy Gillespie a jam band? When Ella Fitzgerald went into her scat thing, was she a jam band? Hell, no!”

Jazz fans would probably sign off on tonight’s unpredictable two and a half hours of hits and obscurities, form and freedom, featuring six *Everyday* songs but also, in a gutsy move, four from the unreleased album. Sax, violin, and guitar provide a breeze; the rhythm section is more like a funky bog. His lullabies not yet ready for prime time, Matthews sings bittersweetly about love, loss, celebration, death, divine indifference, and, in “When the World Ends,” making whoopee through the apocalypse. Heavy lifting never felt any lighter. ■



GUIT BACK While Matthews traded acoustic for electric on *Everyday*, he’ll be both plugged and un-plugged this summer