

CALIFORNIA DREAMING

ColdType



THE ROCK 'N' ROLL WORLD OF **HENRY DILTZ**

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In the world of rock 'n' roll photographers, there are none as extraordinary as Henry Diltz. A founding member of the Modern Folk Quartet, Diltz is as much at home as a musician on tour as he is as a visual historian of the last four decades of popular music. The rapport he has developed with his musician friends enables him to capture the candid shots that convey a rare feeling of trust and intimacy with his subjects. For more than 40 years, his work has graced hundreds of album covers and has been featured in books, magazines and newspapers. His unique artistic style has produced powerful photographic essays of Woodstock, the Monterey Pop Festival, The Doors, Crosby, Stills, Nash & Young, Jimi Hendrix and scores of other legendary artists. Diltz continues his distinguished career, generating new and vibrant photographs that inspire the rock 'n' roll fan in each of us.

Henry Diltz's new book, "**California Dreaming**" – from which these photographs are taken – will be published this fall by Genesis Publications: <http://www.genesis-publications.com/news/index.html#dreaming>

For more information on Henry Diltz Photography, visit his web site: www.morrisonhotelgallery.com

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WRITING WORTH READING FROM AROUND THE WORLD
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KEITH RICHARDS & RONNIE WOOD: I had been tour photographer for the Eagles; Crosby, Stills, Nash & Young; Dan Fogelberg; America; The Monkees; Bad Company, and others, but this was 1979 and I was on tour with The New Barbarians. It was Ron Wood's solo album tour, and Keith Richards was in the band. It was like a Stones tour without Mick: less rules. Travel took place on a 737 but for the last concert in San Diego buses were used from L.A. except for Keith and Ron, who were to fly down in a small private jet. There was one extra seat and the road manager (my old friend Richard Fernandez, from the Eagles tours) put me in it.



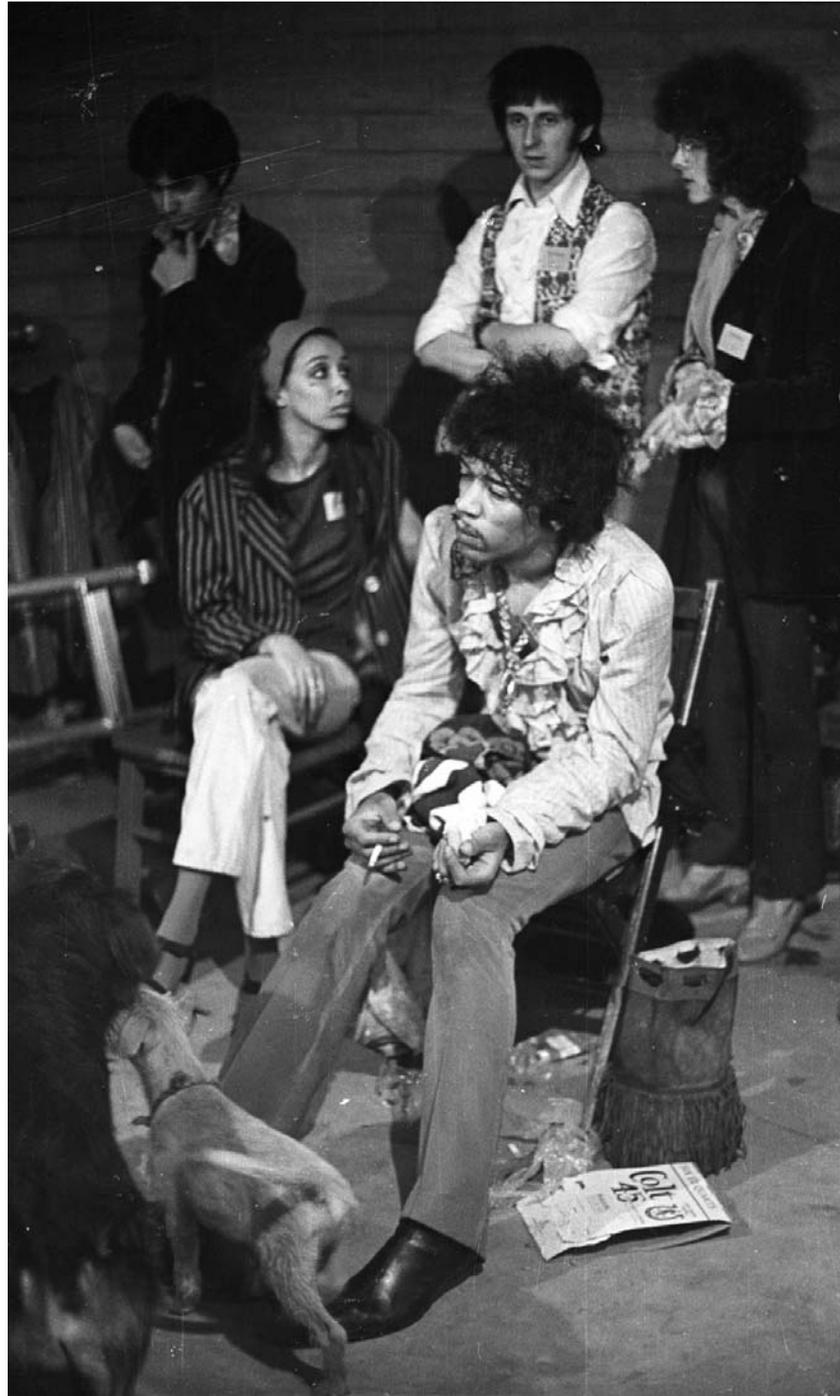
THE DOORS: The band members didn't have any ideas for their 1969 album cover but the keyboard player had seen a hotel window on a recent trip downtown that said "Morrison Hotel." Problem solved. But on the day we went to take the picture at the transient hotel the man behind the counter said no. We walked back outside, and looking through the window I saw him leave the counter and get into the elevator. I said, "Quick, run back in there." We took one roll of film and that was it.



THE DOORS: After taking the cover photo for "Morrison Hotel," Jim Morrison said, "Let's get a drink." It was late in the afternoon, so we drove a few blocks to Skid Row to look for a bar. There were only bars and pawn shops – how to pick one? Suddenly we all spotted it: Hard Rock Café. A picture of the bar was used on the back of their album. Several weeks later they received a call from England, "Would you mind if we used that name? We're starting a café in London." The Doors said, "Fine, go ahead." And that was the start of the Hard Rock Café empire.



JIMI HENDRIX: Several weeks before the Woodstock Festival in August, 1969, I was hired by the producer, Michael Lang, at the suggestion of my old friend Chip Monck, to document the building of the stage and all the setting-up activity. This segued into the concert itself where I had an all-access pass to the stage, and slept in my station wagon behind it.



JIMI HENDRIX:

I was the official photographer of the Monterey Pop Festival, which meant that all my photos went to John Philips, which meant that I never saw most of them again. This one remains: Jimi Hendrix backstage. Is it before or after the performance? I don't know. John Entwistle and Noel Redding are standing behind him. Did the dogs get the fried chicken bones? I don't know.



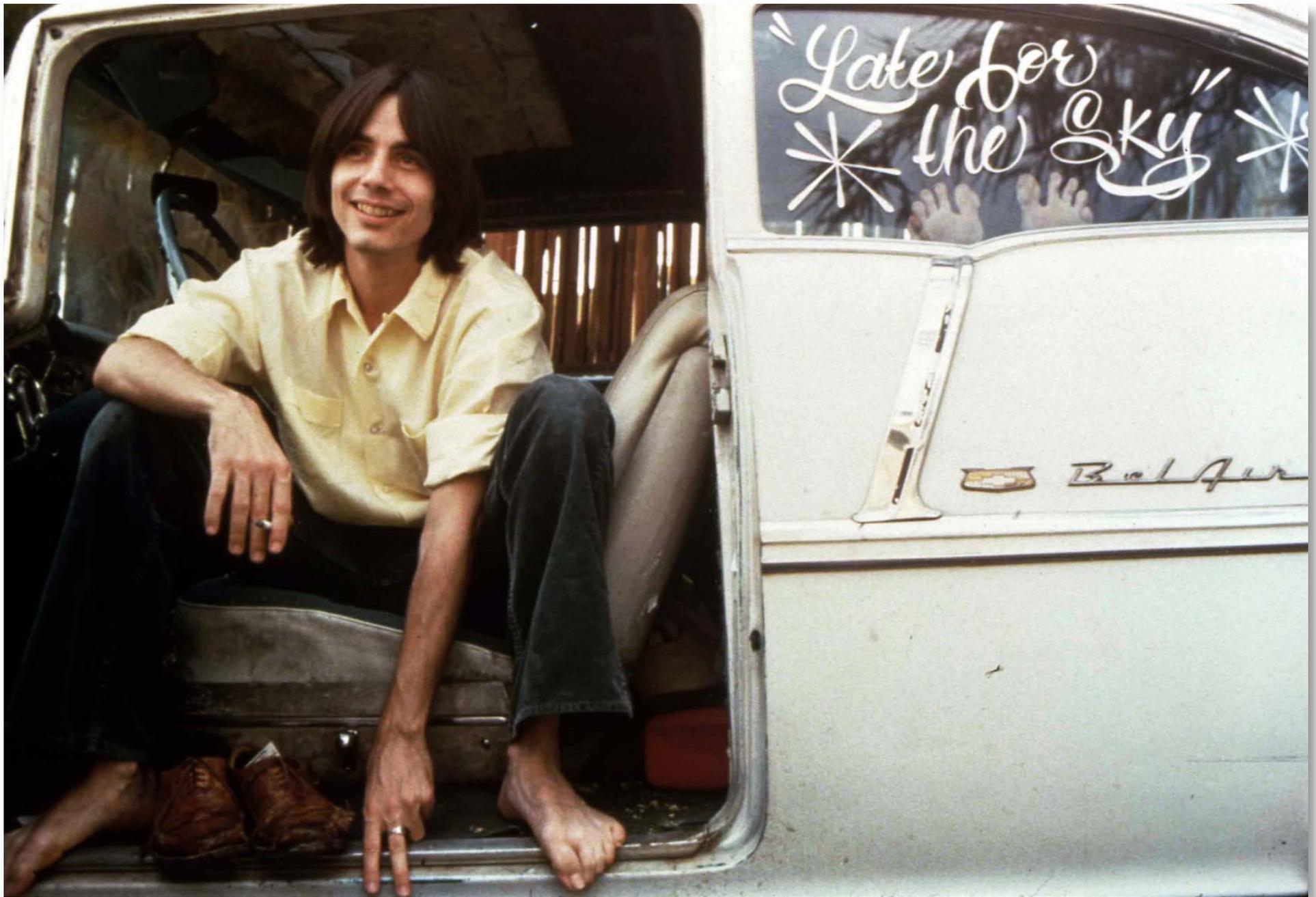
TOM WAITS: My friend Stephen Peeples was going to Francis Ford Coppola's Zoetrope film studio to interview Tom Waits, who was there working on music for the film "One From The Heart." I knew Tom, so I went along to say hello. He was in a tiny office with a grand piano and papers strewn about the floor. During the interview I moved about, snapping quietly from different angles. This one with the piano in the foreground is my favorite from the day.



LINDA RONSTADT was a good friend from my early days as a musician. This is a picture of a lovely lady in front of her house in Santa Monica, and had no assignment attached to it.



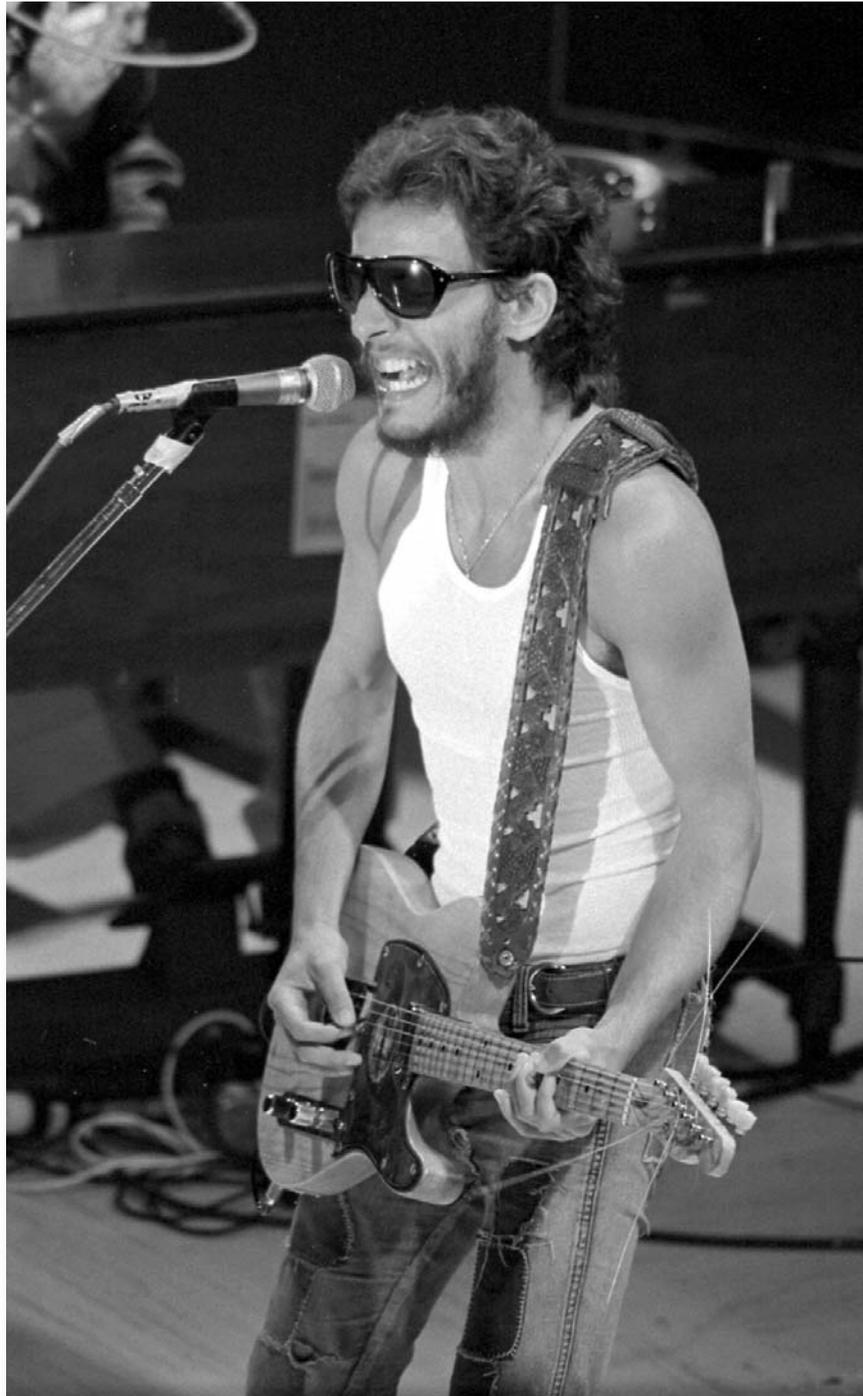
DALAI LAMA: In my slide shows I encourage my friends to shout out titles. For this one, taken at Woodstock, someone suggested “Lama lama ding-dong.”



JACKSON BROWNE: As an album cover idea, we put Jackson Browne in an old '55 Chevy. He had to borrow the car from a girlfriend, whose feet can be seen in the window as she waits for us to finish.

BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN:

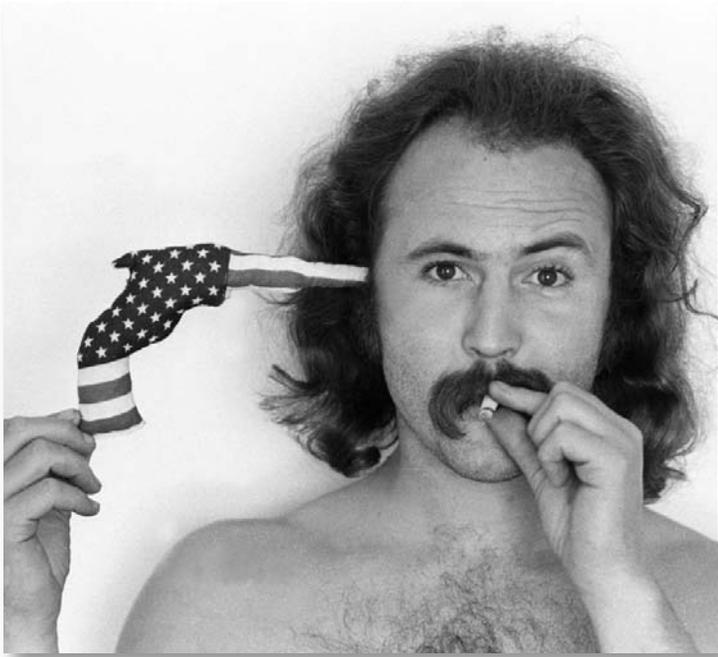
My old friend Chip Monck (erstwhile lighting and staging guru) once again asked me to join him in San Francisco in 1973. He was setting up for a Columbia Records convention. I documented all the rigging activity for several days and then got to stand in the balcony overlooking the star-studded show. I loved the pirate aspect of being uncredentialed, my presence completely unknown to the record company, but with the best spot in the house, up by the lighting board. I snapped away in secret as Bonnie & Delaney, Kris Kristofferson, Art Garfunkel, and the OJs entertained. Then out came this scruffy little guy with big sunglasses and a wife-beater undershirt and I thought, "What's this?" I didn't want to see or hear this guy. I thought I'd better take a couple frames anyway. It was Bruce Springsteen before anyone had ever heard the name. I should have taken more.



TRUMAN CAPOTE: I was sitting in my Laurel Canyon kitchen when the phone rang. It was Rolling Stone magazine. "Henry, what are you doing this afternoon? Could you fly down to Palm Springs and photograph Truman Capote? We have a story ready to go but no cover photo." Truman was very gracious. We spent an hour walking around his garden, photographing and talking. He told me of being photographed by Dick Avedon in a cornfield. When I was about to leave he said, "Wait a minute," disappeared and came out wearing a heavy coat, scarf and hat. It was 114° outside. That last photo became the Rolling Stone cover. In the two recent films about him, the actors dressed this way to publicize the film.



CROSBY, STILLS, NASH & YOUNG: Backstage at an indoor stadium concert in Minneapolis. Crosby, Stills, Nash & Young are doing a last-minute warm-up. Backstage typically means the tiled dressing room and lockers, where the sound echoes like singing in the shower. How lucky to be the guy who gets to stand there.



DAVID CROSBY was sitting on his bed in a Minneapolis hotel room on the Crosby, Stills, Nash & Young tour in '69. I happened to be sitting there too, inhaling the fumes and listening to him talk to Bob Dylan on the phone. Graham Nash opened the door and tossed David a present from a fan: a small stuffed American flag gun. In one movement he put it to his head as I raised my Nikon.



MICK JAGGER

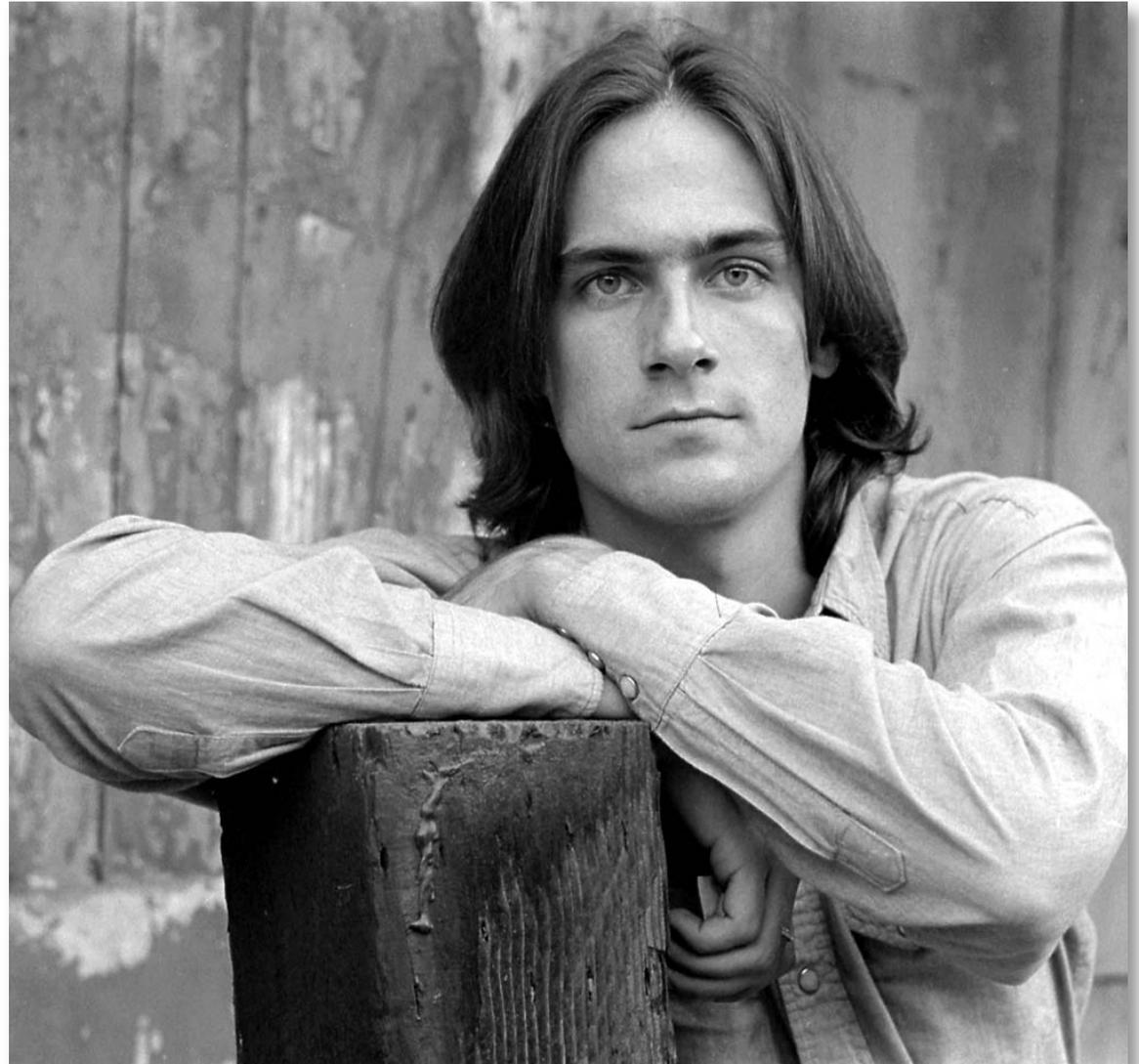
I don't remember how I got into this Rolling Stones concert in 1969 in L.A. – maybe a publisher. This was in the days before the three-song photo limit, so I got to choose my moment. I don't think I have often seen Mick Jagger smile in quite this youthful way.



THE EAGLES: After recording the cowboy-themed album “Desperado,” the band imagined themselves as gunslingers 100 years ago. We headed out to a derelict Western movie set in the Malibu Hills, with costumes and props from a movie rental house, and plenty of blank ammunition and Coronas. They spent the day shooting off all the ammo and falling dead in the dusty street. Then we recreated a scene from a vintage photo which showed a posse posing with the gang lined up like dead coyotes.



JANIS JOPLIN: Several weeks before the Woodstock Festival in 1969, festival I was hired to document the building of the stage and all the setting-up activity. This segued into the concert itself where I had an all-access pass to the stage, and slept in my station wagon behind it. Although many of my original shots have been lost along the way, this is one I have hung onto.



JAMES TAYLOR: Manager Peter Asher called me one day and asked me if I could do some publicity photos of James at his house. We started in the living room, but the music I was hearing as he finger-picked his guitar through the first roll cried out for something more organic. My friends Cyrus and Renee Faryar lived on a farm near the Cahuenga Pass, and I got us over there. We resumed in front of a small barn. As James leaned on a post in his blue work shirt, I knew I needed more than the black-and-white images I was taking. I switched to my slide show camera and the color shot I took for myself became the cover for his "Sweet Baby James" album.



BOOKER T AND THE MGS needed publicity photos. Their manager invited me up to his house to meet and photograph them. He also managed a young actress. After watching for a short while, she said, "Let me be in the pictures." There were mixed responses from the boys. Afterwards Booker T said to me, "Well, you can't use those photos. My wife will say, 'So that's what you do in L.A.?' Years later I bumped into Booker T and mentioned that day. He said, "Oh, you can use them now."



MAMMA CASS: Cass Elliott needed an album cover. Gary and I drove with her in a limo to Palm Springs. We arrived at daybreak. After an hour on the sand dunes, Cass's make-up was melting down her face, so we had to check into a motel and wait by the pool for the cooler part of the day. At the magic hour we returned to the dunes and took this picture, which I call "Cleopatra." My father brought the oud to me from an airport in Egypt, and the fruit and onions came from a nearby supermarket.



DAVID CASSIDY: While hanging out with Glenn Frey and Don Henley I would hear them comment on the UCLA cheerleaders on TV, joking about calling their manager to send a limo for them. I told this story to David Cassidy. A German magazine called to say they wanted to do a home story on David Cassidy and did he have any ideas? He said, "Tell them to send a limo for the UCLA cheerleaders." So they did. The cheerleaders arrived at David's house with a uniform for him. Afterwards, David became a good friend of the girl on the right.



LOVIN' SPOONFUL: My old Greenwich Village folk days roommate Erik Jacobsen became the Lovin' Spoonful's record producer. In 1966, my first year of photographing, he called me in L.A. "Henry, you wanna learn to be a photographer? Come out to New York for the summer and travel with the Spoonful on tour. The boys need a lot of pictures; we'll pay all your expenses, and pay you for all that gets used, and you'll learn." So I did. The Spoonful, however, did not like the concept of posing for group shots. Here's an example of their cooperation.



GEORGE HARRISON & BOB DYLAN:

I was in N.Y.C. when I heard about George Harrison's concert for Bangladesh at Madison Square Garden. My friend Chip Monck, the lighting director gave me a crew pass. I hid the equipment under the lighting control board, stayed on stage in the wings during the concert and shot the more iconic moments.