

# Book 2

Jared Polin







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22 Years of Music  
Photography

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Photography**

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I decided to do a very 2024 thing. Ask AI for help writing a paragraph explaining why I created audio commentary for every photo in the book. What it came back with was so on point, that I had to use it.

Here's the prompt I gave Claude.ai.  
"I am looking to write a paragraph for my Photography book that explains why I created audio commentary for every photo in the book. People always want to know more about an image. Please add a line directing people to scan the QR Code or head on over to [FroKnowsPhoto.com/book2](https://FroKnowsPhoto.com/book2) to access the audiobook and other content."

The Results  
"Photography captures a moment, but behind every image lies a deeper story waiting to be told. By including audio commentary with each photograph in this book, I invite you into the complete narrative—sharing the subtle details that might otherwise go unnoticed, revealing the emotional resonance that moved me to press the shutter, and offering insights into the technical choices that shaped each composition.

Just as a docent enriches your museum experience by sharing the context behind artworks, these audio narratives transform each photograph from a silent moment into a rich, multi-sensory experience. They bridge the gap between what the eye perceives and what the heart understands.

To access the audio commentary and exclusive bonus content that brings these images to life, simply scan the QR code or visit [FroKnowsPhoto.com/book2](https://FroKnowsPhoto.com/book2)."

I couldn't have said it better myself...



# Foreword Robert Costa



Robert Costa with John Mayer at 2004 Pennsbury High School prom.

People often say they have big dreams. Jared Polin, however, has always seen them.

For over two decades, I've been honored to witness the development of one of the great photographers of our time. I've seen him grow from being a skinny kid with big dreams to being a skilled (and still skinny) craftsman.

On every project, he brings the same fiery, independent spirit I first saw long ago as he roamed grungy concert venues in Philadelphia. It's a sort of magic, this genuine curiosity about people and the world. He doesn't just take assignments. Instead, he takes opportunities to see dreams unfold before him, be they musical or political, and capture them.

This book is a compendium of his excellence and with Jared, it's always the work that tells the true story. While he has become a high-profile character with his 'fro and wit at shoots, at his core he is the man behind the lens, helping all of us better see our world by seeing it from his perspective.

Paging through this collection, it's stunning to see the breadth of his work. So many topics, shows, issues, and people. The running thread is that Jared seems to have been everywhere. Backstage here, backstage there. In the dressing rooms, the waiting rooms, the loading docks, on the stages.

Jared has been there because people trust him. They trust him to see them for who they really are, beyond the headlines and the album covers. If he's there, there is an immediate sense of trust that he's there for you, not him.

I know because he shot a seminal moment in my own life: the 2004 Pennsbury High School prom, where John Mayer surprised my class with a short acoustic set. Looking back at those images today, it's so evident that Jared caught both the innocence and electricity of that special night.

For Jared, it was one of many such nights in that period. He'd often only be allowed to shoot three songs at the beginning of a concert, crouching beneath the stage, and make the most of it. There is urgency in these photographs that brings you right back to these shows, many of them taking place in a time before social media took over. Before we all became amateur photographers with our phones, Jared was the one in the pit trying to get as many photos as possible before being ushered out.

When you see these images, you might think, "This is unlike anything I've seen before." Well, you'd be right. Jared always went left when others went right. When people were told to not go backstage, he'd find a way to go there. When he was told "no access," he found a way in.

All access, all heart, all dreams.

Robert Costa is a journalist and author based in Washington, D.C. He currently serves as the chief election and campaign correspondent for CBS News. Previously, he was a longtime reporter at *The Washington Post*, moderator and managing editor of "Washington Week" on PBS, and a political analyst for NBC News and MSNBC. He also co-wrote *Peril* (2021) with Bob Woodward, which was a # 1 *New York Times* bestseller.



The first section of the book is dedicated to my early work in concert photography. Professional digital cameras were available in the early 2000's, but there was no way I could afford one. That's why many of the following images you're about to see were shot on film. Some are good, some are not so good, but we all had to start somewhere.

Before we jump into my early work, I want to give you some background into how I got into concert photography. From my early days of shooting, through high school and college, my focus was sports photography. All I wanted to do was shoot sports. I had a season credential to shoot every Flyers home game, and I was even able to shoot some Phillies and Sixers games.

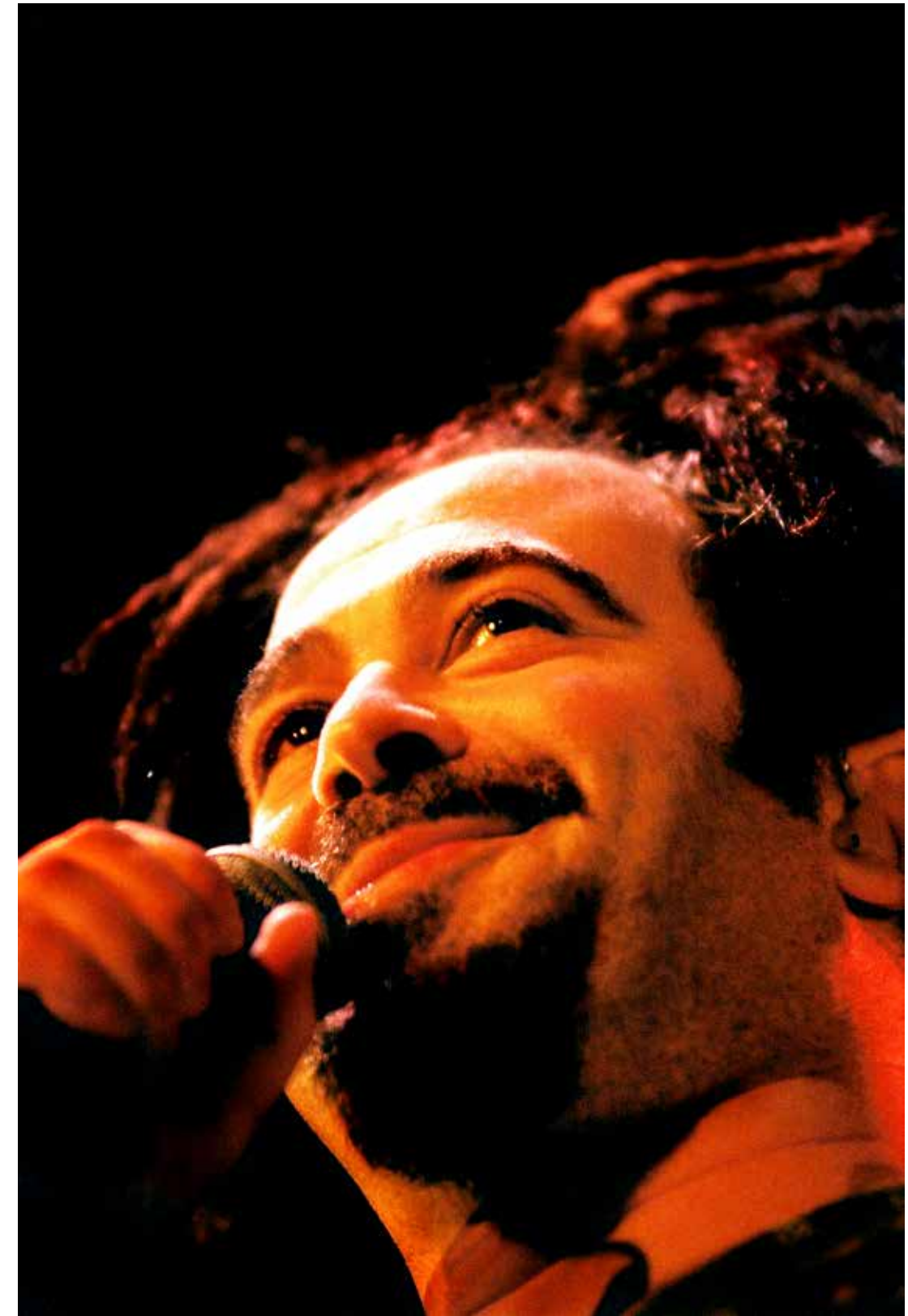
But in 2000, while still in college, *Almost Famous* was released. And before I left the theater, my direction in photography had been shifted. I no longer cared about shooting that next Flyers game. All I wanted to do was tour with a band...and so the journey began.



**The First Show: October 12, 2002, Counting Crows, Liacouras Center, Philadelphia PA.** This first show was a memorable show for so many reasons. One, it was my first time in the pit. Two, it was the first time I encountered the “3-song rule.” And three, I had no idea what I was doing.

The good news? I got one photo I liked. The bad news? I shot something like 8 rolls of film to get it. Remember when I mentioned the 3-song rule? For those that don't know what that is, you get to shoot the first three songs and then you're out. I had always thought a photo pass would get you access to shoot the entire show, boy was I wrong. But as fate would have it, the first song they played was Mrs Potter's Lullaby, which so happens to be almost 8 minutes long! It turns out, on this particular night, three songs was plenty.

Here's a little secret: the Counting Crows were not the first band I shot. That distinction goes to their opener that night, the Graham Colton Band, as seen on page 11.





There's a reason these images of the Graham Colton Band are smaller, they just aren't very good, but they are important to my journey. We all have to start somewhere, and my concert photography journey started that night.

Something funny happened after Graham's set. I walked backstage without being stopped, approached their dressing room door, and knocked. Graham answered, and I told him who I was and that I wanted to leave that night to go on the road with them. Did I know what I was doing, no, but as my parents taught me, what's the worst they can say? No. But what if they say yes. This time around, Graham let me know the van was full, but I should stay in touch. And any time they made a stop near Philly, a photo pass with my name was always waiting.





**The Early Work:** Starting in 2002, if there was a show coming through Philly, I requested a photo pass. You see, back in the early 2000's, there weren't a billion music blogs or people with cameras taking up space in the pit. You needed some sort of affiliation and I used a local community college newspaper as mine. *Nevermind* that I didn't actually go to that community college. Later, when I was freelancing for *Rolling Stone Magazine*, passes were easier to come by, but I'll get to that shortly. For now, enjoy some of my early concert photos.

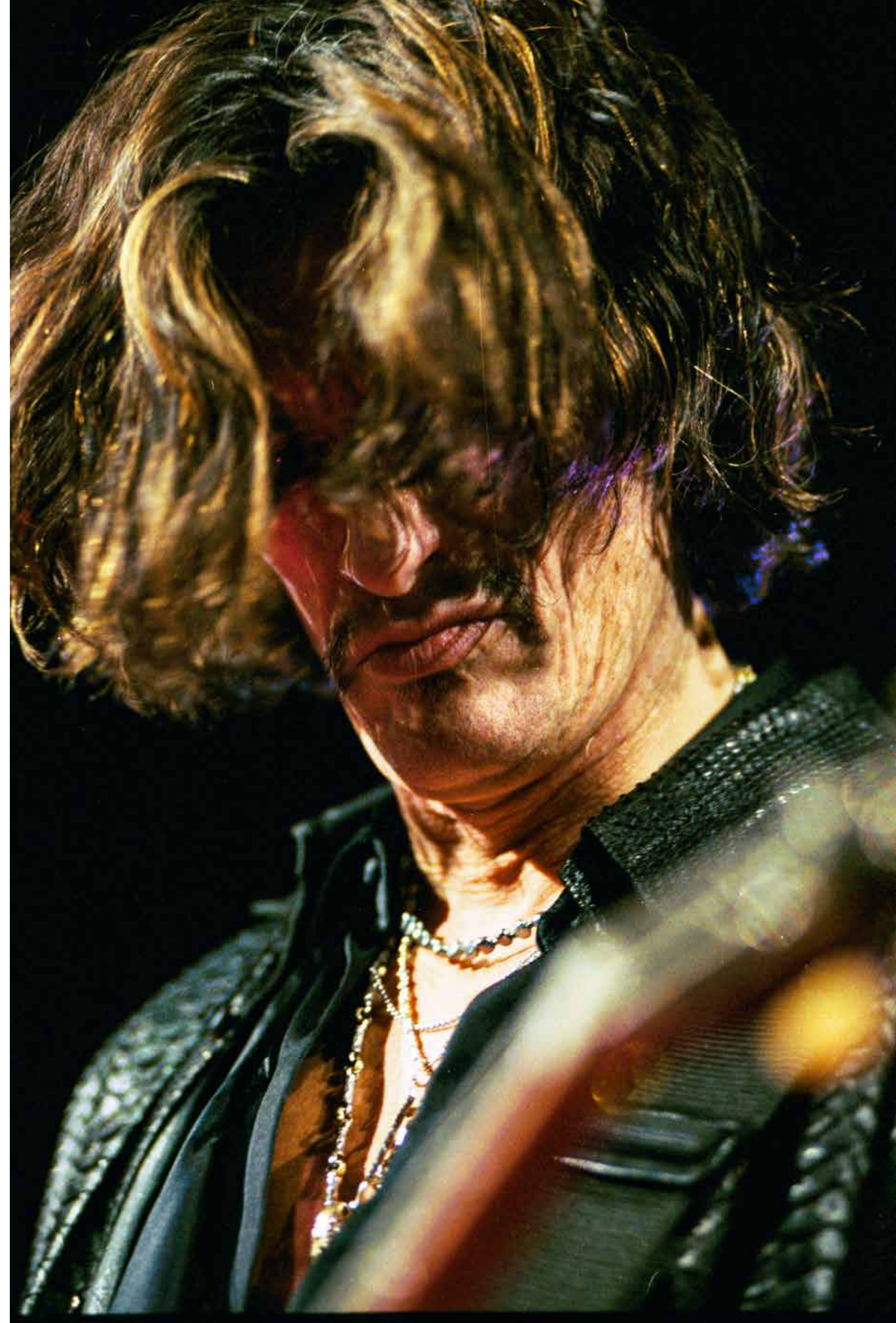




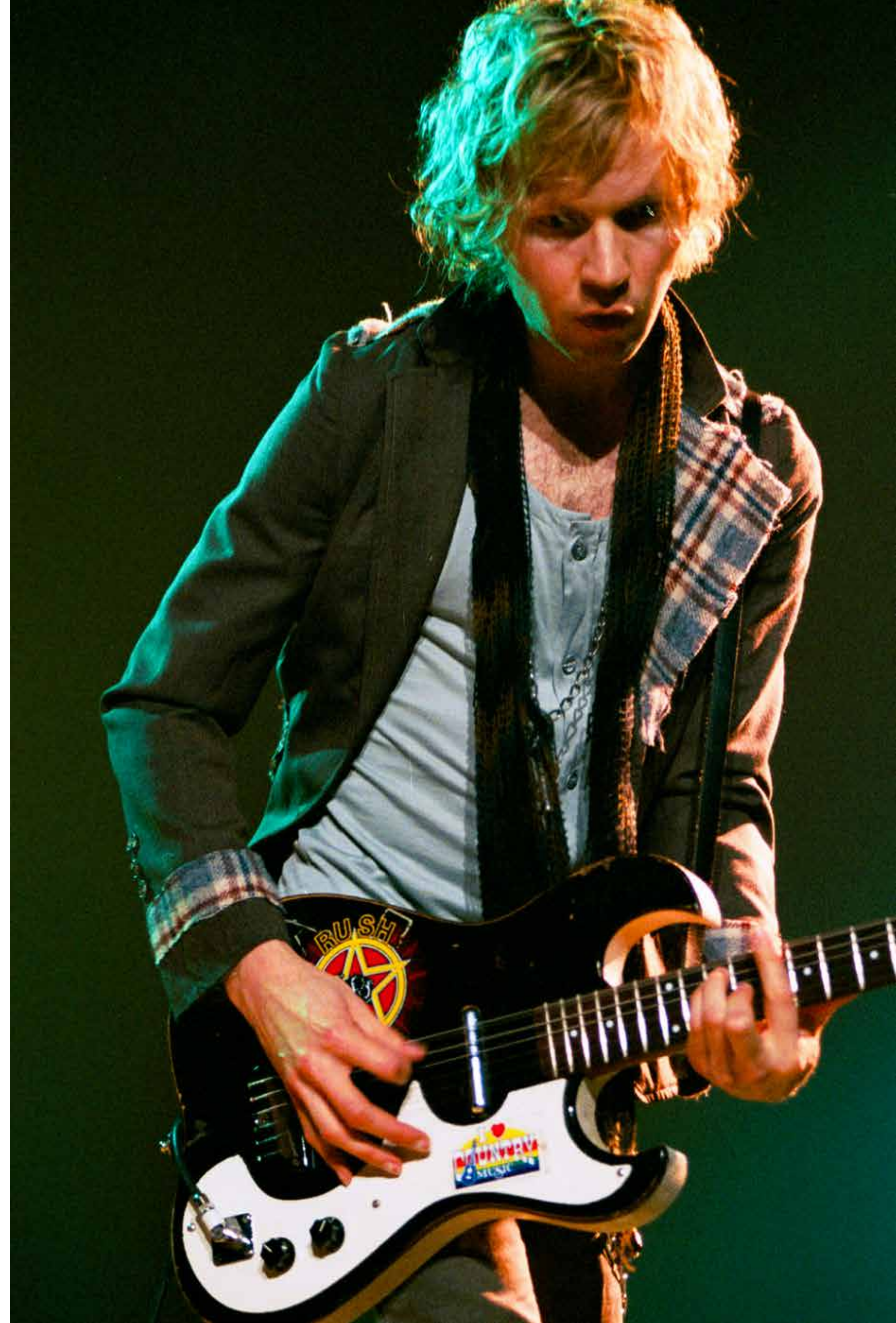














## Rolling Stone Magazine: “I’ll call you if I need you.”

In sports photography, the ultimate goal was to get your photos in *Sports Illustrated*. In the music world, it was *Rolling Stone* or bust. So how would I find my way into *Rolling Stone*? Well, that started at Barnes and Noble in the magazine section. Back in the early 2000’s it was much easier to drive to the book store to find the information I was looking for, then attempt to look it up online, or whatever online consisted of in 2000. I was searching for a few things: the photo editor’s name, and the magazine’s phone number. I found both.

Now I can’t remember if I used the house phone or a cell phone, but that’s not important. What matters is that I dialed up *Rolling Stone* and asked for the photo editor...I don’t recall if I got her on the first try or not, but at some point we connected. I told her who I was, where I am, what I shoot and that I would like to shoot for *Rolling Stone*. “I’ll call you if I need you!” she replied. After I hung up, I realized I never gave her my information. I’d been blown off by *Rolling Stone*, but I didn’t give up. Nope, I kept shooting as many shows that came to town. About 6 months later I picked up the phone, called *Rolling Stone*, asked for the Photo Editor...again...and this time I was met with a cheery hello....IT WAS A NEW PHOTO EDITOR! She asked me to email over some photos and said if something was coming through Philly that she needed coverage on, she’d let me know.

Months later, my AOL chimed- You’ve got mail!- and I saw an email from the photo editor. Norah Jones was coming to play in Philly, and I was tasked with photographing the show. I had an assignment- my first assignment with *Rolling Stone*.

The venue was the Mann Center in Philadelphia, and it’s not the most photographer-friendly venue, as I would come to find out. Most venues have a pit area between the stage and the fans, not at the Mann Center. I was forced to stand at a distance many rows back, off to the left-hand side, with a view of Norah’s back. Not ideal for making a good first impression.

So how did I end up getting the shot? Prior to the show, I was tasked with interviewing and taking headshots of a few fans. I spoke with one of the fans about the difficult position I was put in to get the shot. He let me

know he had an amazing seat, and if I wanted to shoot in it for a song, he would let me.

The show starts, I’m getting nothing from my position. The fan from earlier came over, handed me his ticket and I sit in his seat and start shooting. After a minute or two, I head back out the row where I was met by the media handler who says, “you know you’re not supposed to be there.” All I know, is I needed to get the shot, and I got the shot.

But wait, there’s more. A few days before the show, I’d asked the editor if it would be possible to get a backstage pass to get some candid images after the show. She told me it wouldn’t be possible. Fast forward to after the show, I dialed up the tour manager. I was given their number just in case I ran into an issue with my pass. I figured: I’ve got nothing to lose, lets call him up. He answered. I told him it’s Jared from *Rolling Stone* and I would like to know if I can come back stage to capture candid images of Norah. What he said next shocked me: “I’ll send you a pass up, and you can come down and ask her.” Back stage is downstairs at the Mann center. So I was taken downstairs into a room with a lot of people and the tour manager brings Norah over. I introduced myself and said I’d love to capture some candid images, to which she said “I really don’t like photos”....and I followed up with, “all I need is a few, you wont even know I’m here.” She agreed and we ended up in a small room off to the side where Gillian Welch, the opening act, and a few others were hanging out. There they went on to jam and sing some folk songs. I fired off a little less then one full roll before thanking Norah and letting her know I was done. I recall her saying something about being done already, and I reminded her I said I would be quick. I grabbed my bag and found my way to the back stage exit. I remember feeling accomplished as I walked past the idling tour buses on the way to my car.

After having the negatives processed, scanned and if I recall correctly, mailing a CD of images to my editor, she called. She said, “how did you get back stage?” My answer was simple: I asked. She was blown away I was able to get the access, since she wasn’t able to get it approved initially. It always comes back to: “what’s the worst they can say?” Always try.





**Questlove Phrenology** My editor at *Rolling Stone* called with a new assignment. “Head over to The Roots’ studio where they’re having a party to launch the start of their new album recording.” I don’t recall what time they told me the party would start, but I remember knocking on the door and being told by the guy who answered, ‘you’re early!’ I can only imagine what he thought when he saw some mid 20’s white kid with a clean shaven face, slicked back hair with a ton of gel, khakis, white sweater and a camera bag. But he let me in and told me to have a seat.

The assignment was simple: hang out in the studio and just shoot. I had no idea what to expect on this one. When I walked in, there was another photographer taking some studio portraits with a Polaroid film back that gave you not only a photo, but a negative as well. It was pretty cool.

I ran into Questlove who took me on a tour of his record collection. He showed me his system for organization, and even pulled some records out. We took a few photos with him standing on a stool which didn’t turn out too well. The next thing I know is he’s climbing up the ladder, I’m snapping away, popping off the flash that I didn’t really know how to use. Eventually I turned the flash off and worked with the light in the room. I got what I think is a pretty classic shot. You need to remember this was the film days, you had no idea what you were getting. You had to wait days to find out if you succeeded or failed.

*“I had two choices, strippers or weed.”*

The studio was filled with the who’s who of the Philly Rap music scene, along with plenty of people just hanging around. The Roots were hosting a party for the beginning of recording what would become their album Phrenology. There was the jam room where Quest had his kit set up, and artists like Jill Scott and Living Color joined in. Outside that room was another room that had a subway car spray painted on the wall, along with the cityscape. There were catering boxes stacked high and then there were stripper poles. Then, there was the control room, where the Roots’ lead singer Black Thought was hanging out.

Outside of the jam room, I had two choices: I could be in the stripper room or the weed room. I ended up in the weed room unknowingly getting higher than a kite. Black Thought and his crew kept rolling and smoking, rolling and smoking, and rolling and smoking.

I remember sitting in the corner of the control room in a literal fog of weed smoke when the other photographers I mentioned earlier came over to talk to me. They asked if I could spare a roll or two of film, and I must have looked like I was in a daze, but I did hand them a roll or two of Fuji 800.

On my drive home somewhere around 3 in the morning, I recall driving down I-95 and coming to the realization I was high. My sweater smelled like weed and I said out loud while laughing to myself, “If I get pulled over, I’m going to be in trouble.” Fortunately, I made it home.







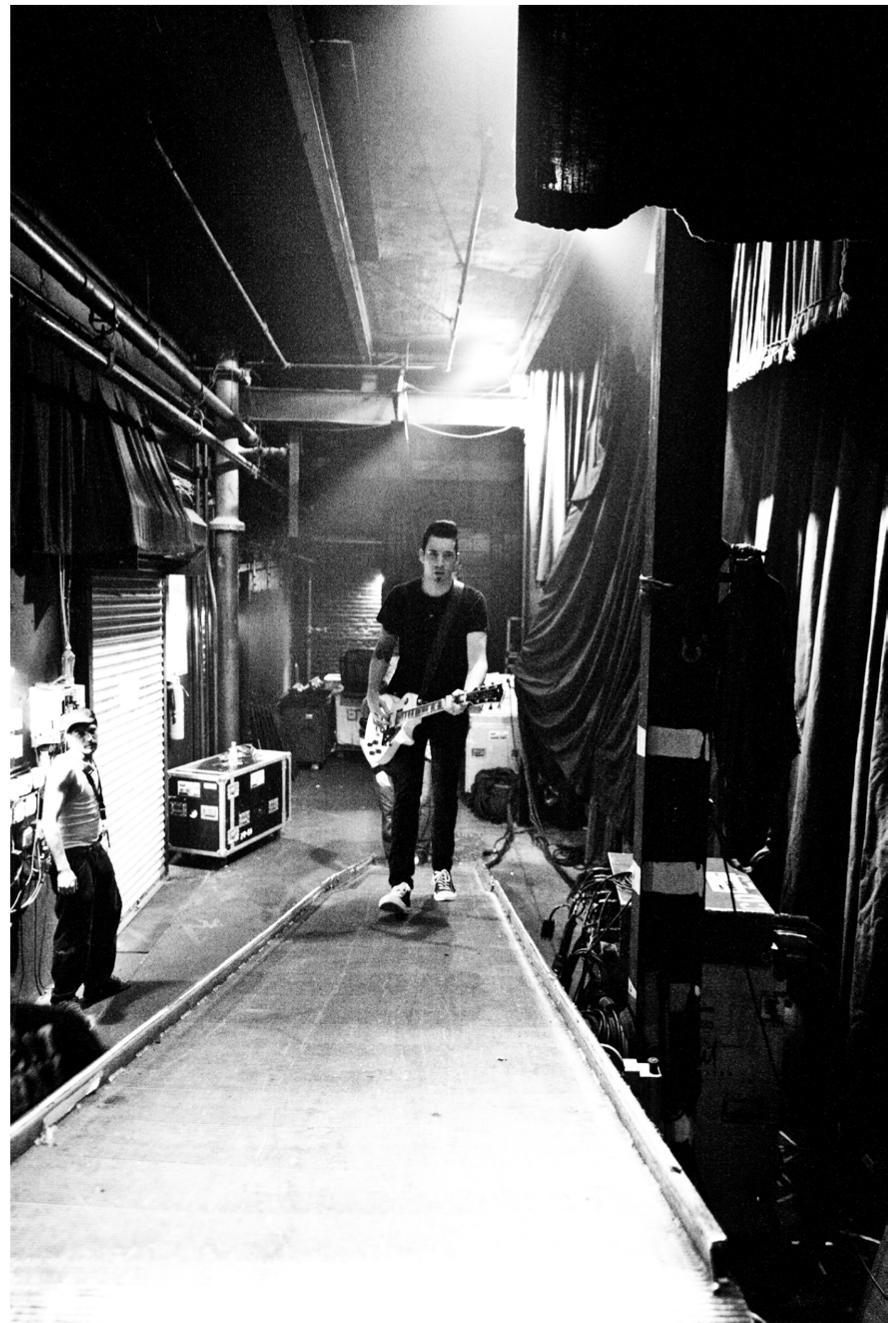






















**“Kanye West and some guy I've never heard of!”** I found out that Kanye was going to be performing at a private show at the Electric Factory in Philadelphia. There was no one to call for a pass to get access, so I did what any sane person would do. I packed my bags, grabbed my studio strobe, and took a chance. I showed up four hours early to the venue, parked my car, and walked around the back to try and talk to someone. I should also mention it was pouring the whole time I was outside, but I did have an umbrella.

What I was hoping to accomplish by standing in the back was simple: I needed to somehow get to the tour manager, because they hold the keys to the artist. Since I spent a lot of time shooting at the Electric Factory, I was a familiar face to their security. This gave me an in to ask them if they ran into the tour manager, could they grab them for me. Three hours later, the tour manger came out to talk and I explained I was freelancing for *Rolling Stone*, and I'd like to take a few studio portraits with Kanye, it won't take long. He said, “You can have two minutes. Set up in here.”

I drop my bags, pull out my light stand, umbrella, and strobe and start taking test shots. I knew I only had two minutes when he arrived, so I better get it right. The next thing I know, a double-collared shirt, Louis Vuitton backpack-wearing Kanye West steps into the room and he asks, “Can my boy \_\_\_\_\_ be in the photos?” Shit, who the hell is this random guy? I don't want him in my photos, but I wasn't about to say no to Kanye and blow the entire shoot. I fired off 12 photos in exactly 74 seconds and they were gone. The shoot was over.

The next day I called someone at Kanye's label to ask who the hell is this guy in the photos. The answer: “Some guy named Johnny Legend.” Never heard of him.











## The Evolution of the Self Portrait



**The Year was 2005** That kid with a shaved head wearing a *Fuzz Magazine* shirt with a sport coat standing in front of a bright green wall is me. I was always in search of a look that was memorable...and the Fro didn't start growing for another two and a half years.





**My Birthday, January 21, 2007.** Walt from Silvertide was looking for some new photos and I had an idea that I wanted to try and capture. We took a ride to my friend Greg's studio where we set up the scene. The idea was to capture Walt jumping off a stack of amps, capture myself taking "the photo" and tell a story around the image.

I had to shoot the image while being in the image. I held a camera as a prop, and in my right hand I held a wireless remote that triggered the camera I'd set up off to the side. This fired the strobes, which froze Walt in midair for all time.

Take a look around the image on the next page, items are intentionally placed. Everything from the laptop on the right-hand side, to the edge of the strobe poking into the frame, to my Jack Daniels neon sign, *Fuzz Magazine* sticker on a box and even the writing on the white board. Everything was intentionally placed.

The bird shirt I'm wearing is the same shirt my dad wore to my parent's engagement party in 1976. Scan the QR code to see a photo of my dad in the shirt.









**November 28, 2007.** 10 Months after the last self portrait, I was back at Greg's studio. This time, I was fresh off of six weeks on the road with Perry Farrell. At the time I was thinking back on the prior self portrait and how I liked the hidden gems placed throughout the frame. This time around, I took that to the extreme.

The goal was to capture a self-portrait of me surrounded by the artists I've captured. I also wanted to place meaningful items throughout the frame. You can find many of the images from this photo spread throughout the book. Take a look at the bottom-right of the image next to the laptop. That's the 15-inch MacBook Pro I bought prior to going on the road with Perry. In the DVD slot is the movie, *Almost Famous*. The movie that change my direction from shooting sports, to wanting to work with bands. There's my passport with boarding passes, it was before digital ones and an original 2007 iPhone near the DVD drive. You've got do not disturb signs, photo passes, concert tickets, and my Canon "clubbing" wallet that Allen from Allen's Camera gave me. I spy the car keys to my mint green Nissan Altima, a memory card case, glasses, business cards, headphones with the wire plugged into the computer, a wanker t-shirt, camera gear, and so much more. You can stare at this image forever and continue to find little easter eggs. Many of the images in this book, including the two prior self-portraits, can be found in this one image.

One of the most meaningful things in this image is near the top, right below the photo with the orange background. It's a camera bag that my mom secretly saved up for. She paid it off little by little at Mid City Camera, until one day I walked into the store and they handed me this beautiful brand new camera bag. At first I thought they were just giving it to me because they liked me. The truth is my mom bought it for me. What an amazing and thoughtful gift, my first real camera bag. Though I don't use the bag any more, I will never part with it.

As I sit here writing this, so many memories are being unlocked. Memories that have been suppressed for a very long time. While I was on tour with Perry Farrell in 2007, my mom wasn't feeling well. No one knew why. Three weeks after this image was taken, we found out why, she had cancer. And almost to the day this photo was taken, a year later she was gone.





**September 26, 2012.** My first apartment was a 2,600 square foot loft in Philadelphia with high ceilings, wood floors, and a kitchen on a stage. In the 1940's, the loft had been a Polish club, and the stage had remained all these years later- along with the fresco paintings of nude women surrounded by clouds.

The loft was my home, but it also doubled as my YouTube studio and gallery. I had a portfolio of my photographs enlarged and hung throughout the space. Taking inspiration from the prior two self-portraits, I set out to create an image that once again put me amongst my photographic subjects.

Each item in the photograph was included because it had meaning to me at the time. The bundt pan on the sofa sticks out to me because it was my grandmother's pan, and I liked baking devil's food cake. The hockey skates, stick, and puck, on the right-hand side are sitting by synthetic ice panels. I would set up all of the panels and was able to skate and play hockey in the loft. Take a look at the purple cable running through the middle of the image and ending at my laptop. I was able to control the Nikon D4 via an Ethernet cable plugged into the camera that was clamped to the top of the bedroom wall. I also used the same camera to film a time-lapse of the setup.

The photograph is full of hidden gems. There's the N64 with Golden Eye plugged in. The neon Jack Daniels sign that I got at a Silvertide event. There's the prior two self-portraits, my podcasting poker table, Fuji instax prints, cameras and bags, I Shoot RAW shirts, funky sofas and of course all my favorite images.

It's a photographic time capsule.







## Silvertide

I was always on a search for a band to latch on to. I thought in my mind, if I find a band that gets big, that would somehow translate into me getting big by association. In the early 2000's there weren't a lot of bands coming out of Philly. But then there was Silvertide, a ragtag group of Philly boys, partying their way around the world with their brand of rock.

I remember the first time I saw Silvertide perform live. It was December 2nd, 2004. All I could think of is, "who is this crazy guy running around the stage like a chicken with his head cut off?" I didn't know how I was supposed to get a sharp image if the guy never stops moving.

I don't recall the first time I met Walt Lafty, the lead singer of Silvertide. What I do remember from the early days is how welcoming he was of me into his world. I didn't have much going for me quite yet as a photographer, but I did have a nice start to a portfolio that showed I belonged. It's a good thing I had some good work and was local, because I certainly didn't look the part. Maybe that's why Walt ended up liking me...or maybe it's because I was local.

One of the first opportunities Walt gave me to photograph behind the scenes was when he and the band were heading into Studio 4 for a recording session. I remember being super nervous as I'd never shot in a recording studio and I didn't want to mess up. This was just the beginning of a decade plus of working together. Whether it was at home, on the road, in a hotel, studio, car, van, or just a random night hanging out, I was there to capture it.

At the beginning of this section I talked about looking to latch on to someone else's success to find my own. I know now that was the wrong mentality to have. I don't want to be successful on the back of someone else. I want to be successful on my own terms, doing it my way.

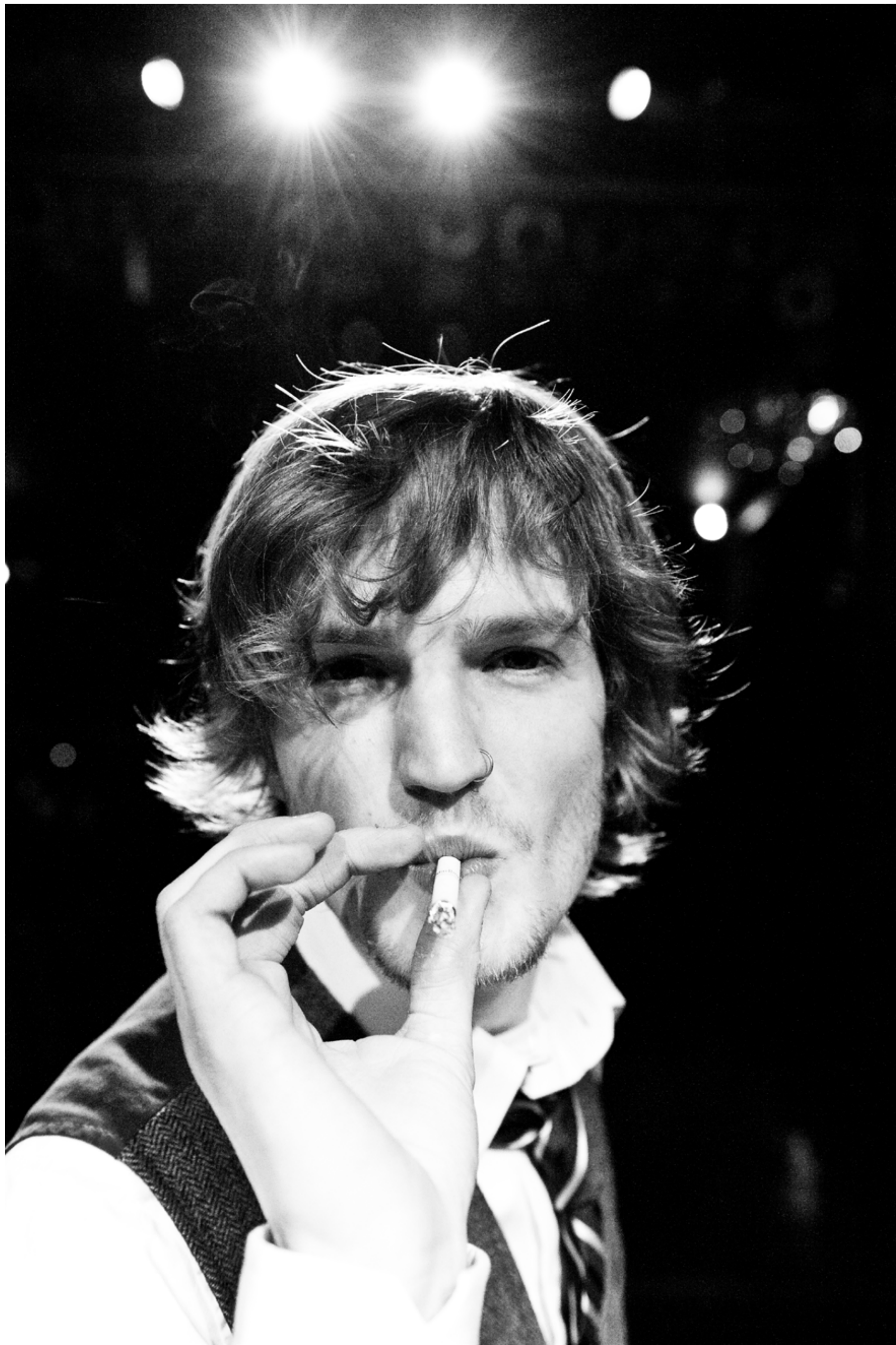
Silvertide never blew up like we all hoped. But I am thankful I was given the access to hone my skills backstage, on stage, and off stage. Without that access, I'm not sure where the road would have taken me.





STATION GENERAL WARNING  
Smoking Causes Lung Cancer  
Heart Disease, Emphysema  
May Complicate Pregnancy



































## Walt Lafty Lead Singer of Silvertide

When I first met Jared I wasn't sure what to think. He was simultaneously outgoing and introverted. Still, we got along easily enough, which led to a relaxed relationship where Jared began to frequently hang around before, during, and after Silvertide performances. He joined us in the dressing rooms, for meals on South Street in Philly, after shows at various bars, and eventually, at my place in Philly.

Back then, Jared seemed to seamlessly document all aspects of life. He became the shadow I always expected to see and I relied on him a great deal. He'd find ways around every area of every venue, like Peter Parker burning the midnight oil as Spiderman. Jared would sometimes even find ways to capture himself within these moments. Most photographers would politely stand in the pit area and snap as many shots as they could. Not Jared. He'd simply say, "I can really get something great if you just let me go everywhere," and something told me to trust his instincts. Eventually, he stopped asking and I trusted his vision and skill to get what he needed to get. After this time period, Jared went on to photograph nearly every band or project I belonged to.

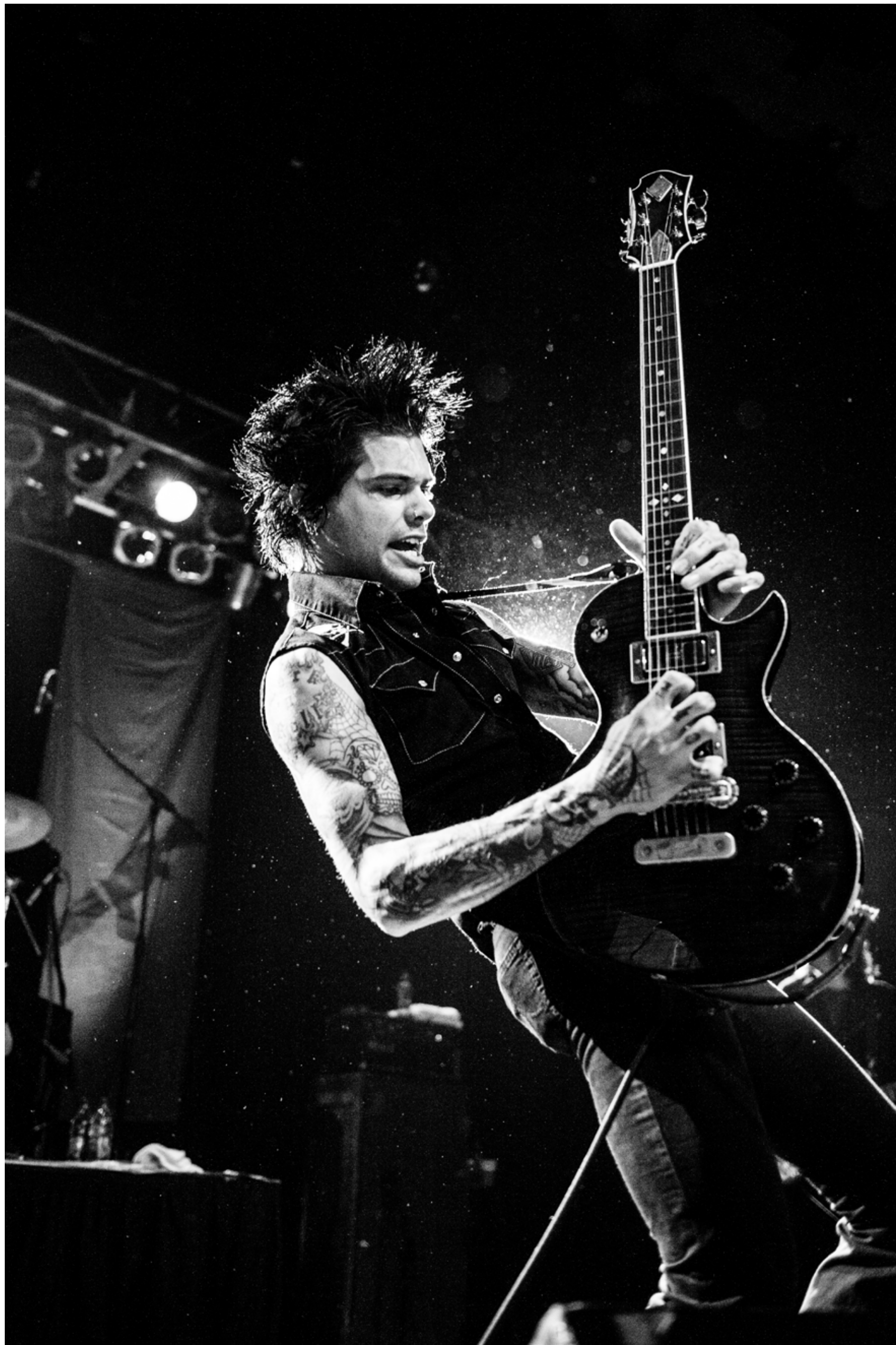
And then he took his mastery to a whole new level; he began sharing his skills and wisdom with other budding photographers. He shared his knowledge on how to capture images like the very ones in this book, which tools to use, and what steps to take from there. Jared's passion, dedication, experience, wisdom, skills, and attitude towards getting the right shot can be witnessed in every one of these photographs. Jared's talent is clear to anyone who comes across his work, and after all of the incredible Silvertide images that he captured for the band (and all of my side projects), I was honored to return a small favor when he asked me to write this introduction. Thank you, my friend, for the years of images and memories.



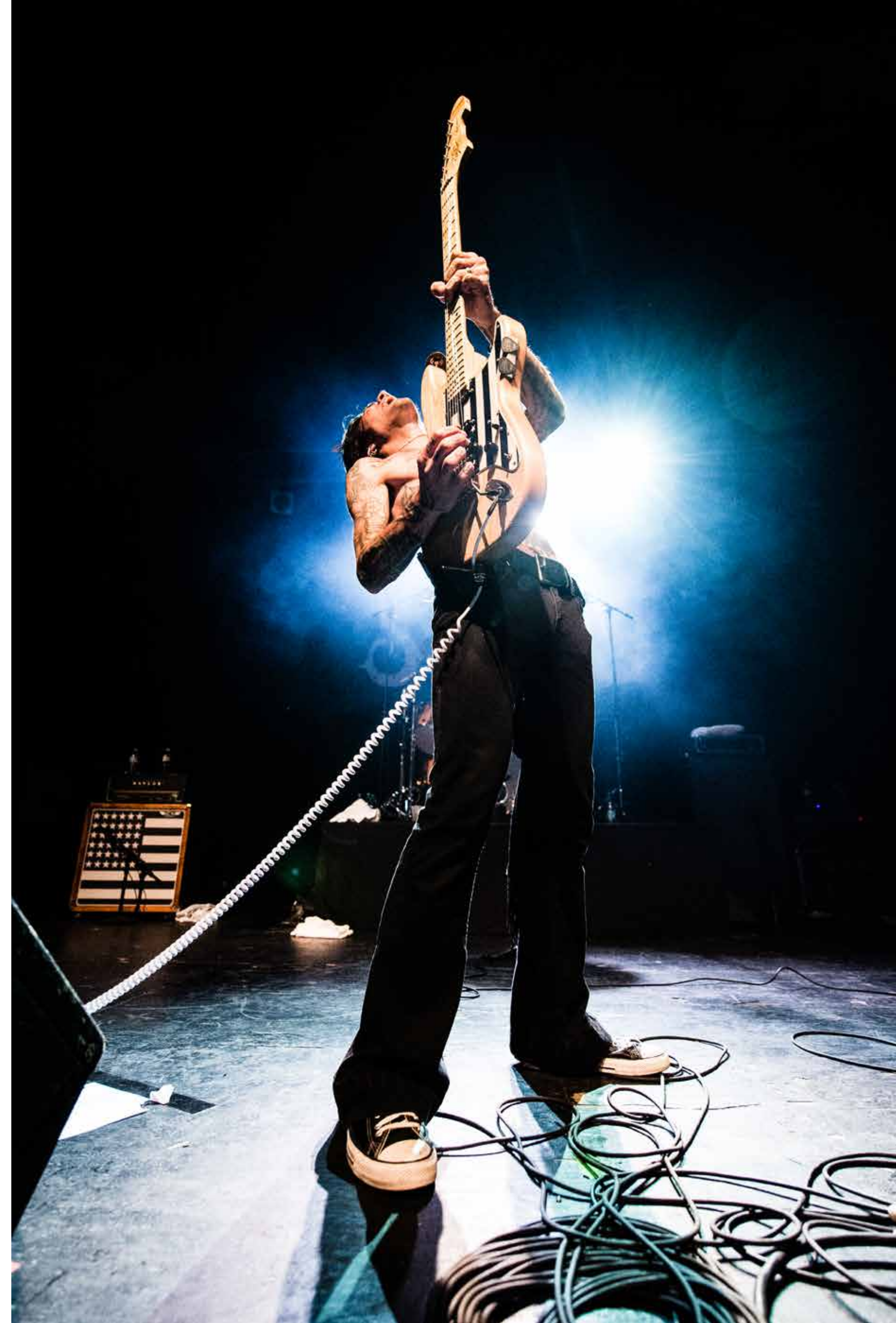


















# BAND PHOTO STORIES

I've never been the type of photographer to set up my shots. I prefer capturing candid moments as they present themselves as opposed to setting something up. But band shots are a totally different animal. They take a little bit of direction, timing, and some luck. When it all comes together, you're rewarded with a band locked in a moment for all time.

This section kicks off with Maroon 5 - a very young Maroon 5. The date was November 27th, 2002 and Maroon 5 was opening for John Mayer at the Liacouras Center in Philadelphia on Temple University's campus. Just like at the Counting Crows show, I walked backstage without being stopped. There was Maroon 5 folding their laundry and hanging out. I don't remember what I said to convinced them to let me take some photos, but whatever it was, it worked.











**JET:** Talk about a Rock and Roll band, JET personified rock and fucking roll. The first time I saw JET was by pure accident. I was in college and a friend decided to drive us through North Philly. While walking around downtown, we were stopped by a band loading into the Khyber Pass. They asked if we were coming to the show tonight. I'm not sure why we said yes, but I'm sure glad we did. In case anyone is wondering, the band that stopped us was a Philly band named LaGuardia.

The Khyber Pass was a tiny hole in the wall that saw some huge bands stopped by in the 90's. As soon as I walked in the door, I saw 4 guys dressed in black leather bomber jackets. One of them wearing an aviator hat with some of those 4 Non Blonde Goggles on top. They were all smoking and drinking. I had no idea who these guys were but they looked like fucking rock stars. Mind you, I was there to see the opening act, but decided to stick around to see who this band named JET was.

We didn't last more then a song or two of JET. It wasn't because the music was bad, it was because it WAS SO DAMN LOUD!!! I couldn't hear myself think. This unknown band from Australia was playing their FIRST EVER show in the United States. This band was used to playing huge shows back home, but here they were playing to 20-30 people. And all I could think of was leaving because it was so freaking loud.

It might sound strange that JET was playing to so few people, since they would go on to play stadiums and major festivals. The answer is simple: the iPod commercial hadn't dropped yet. Steve Jobs personally picked "Are You Gonna Be My Girl" to be the soundtrack to the now iconic first iPod commercial. After that commercial dropped, JET became one of the biggest bands in the world.

Even though I didn't stay for the show, the next day I phoned up their label, Elektra Records, to find out when they would be back and how I could photograph them. From that point on, anytime JET was near Philly, I was there with my camera.

The photo of JET on the previous page was taken on November 29, 2003, back stage in Camden, New Jersey.



Graham Colton and the Graham Colton Band sit outside a small venue called North by Northwest. I have no idea how bands made enough money to stay on the road when they were playing venues of 40 or fewer people.

But like most bands I met early on, every time they came through Philly, I made it a point to be there just in case they ended up wanting to take me on the road.











**Silvertide:** I LOVE this Photo. This was post-show in Atlantic City. At this point I was not close with the band. This was one of the first times meeting with Walt and the Band. I'm pretty sure I went through a publicist to get access, but after this day, Walt gave me his number, and everything went through him from that point on.

My favorite thing about this photo is not actually in the photo. It's a mirror selfie I took while waiting for the band (page 257). In the photo you get to see 2005 Jared, with his black dress pants, black shoes, purple dress shirt, slicked back hair, camera bag and trusty Nikon in my hands. Did I look the part? Not even close. My thought was, if I dress well, people will remember me. It's certainly an interesting look for someone trying to work with bands, but I guess it worked out in the end.

**Jyrojets NYC:** One of my all-time favorite band photos is this one of the Jyrojets. These 5 Scottish lads were on a tour of the United States in a red double-decker British bus. This tour stop took us to New York City, where they were playing the Knitting Factory.

This image yells 'classic rock and roll' to me. I love the thick grainy looking black and white, with only one of the band members actually making eye contact with the lens. It's gritty, it's dirty, it's rock and roll. With all that said, they never took off as a band, but they put on an amazing, energy-filled show.























IN GOD WE TRUST













**Waffle House** I'm sure a lot of thoughts come to mind when you hear "Waffle House". For me, Waffle House meant we'd hit the South on our long drive to Disney in the old station wagon. As a family we'd stop there at least once a trip. I would get a grilled cheese and double hash browns. So what does this have to do with my love of taking photos with bands in Waffle Houses? Not much, other than Waffle House holds a special place in my heart.

Symmetry, lines, and repeating elements can help make candid images come to life. Waffle Houses have symmetry, tons of lines with the tiles, counter, chairs, and roofline and repeating elements like the light globes, tables, and plaques on the wall. Toss a ragtag group of rockstar-looking people into the mix, make it black and white, and you have the making of a solid story-telling image.

What makes these two indoor Waffle House images so great (in my opinion), is they are shot wide, but close. When you shoot wide, you capture the environment you're in. You capture the table settings, the waffle machines, the kitchen, the ceiling tiles to the floor tiles and of course, people. It's like I'm not even there. They don't look at me, they don't worry that I'm taking photos, they just go about the business of messing around before the food is dropped at the table. On the flip side, if you shoot too wide or too far away from your subjects, it can end up looking like a snap shot. That's why when I used the fisheye lens, I went on the other side of the counter so I could lean in and fill the frame with the band.











# WAFFLE HOUSE





**Perry Farrell Tour:**  
“Hey Jared, what are you doing  
for the next six weeks?”

We started in Philly and headed south playing shows all the way to Florida. Then we hopped on a flight to the Northwest and drove up into Canada for a show before heading back down the West Coast through San Francisco, LA, and San Diego...and one more fly date to end the tour, in Dallas. But how did I end up on tour with one of the originators of Alternative Music?

I was on my way to the Theater of Living Arts in Philly to meet up with Nick Perri, formerly of Silvertide, who was on tour with Perry Farrell. Over the prior week or so, Nick and I had been talking because it looked like Perry was looking for some creative people to join them on the road to make content. Keep in mind, this was the Myspace era, and Facebook had just opened up to everyone. The term “content creator” hadn’t been coined yet. But Nick said they would be stopping in Philly and I should come down with some of my work.

Here I was driving down I-95 when the phone rings. It’s Perry. “Hey Jared, what are you doing for the next six weeks?” I said, “I don’t know Perry, touring with you?” As soon as I got to the venue, I met up with Perry on his tour bus and showed him my photo books. He said, “we can pay you \$750 a week plus \$40 a day per diem....can you leave tonight?” I hopped right back in the car, drove home, got packed, and got dropped back off right before Perry went on.

This was the start of 6 weeks on the road.

I had ALL ACCESS. I could be back stage, on stage, on the tour bus, anywhere. I had the freedom to capture anything and everything I saw. My job was to get Perry more Myspace spins. Yup, Myspace was king back in 2007 and Perry had roughly 300 spins a day on his page. I was thinking to myself, “how would one go about getting more people to a page?” The answer was simple: create and share fresh content every day. Within a week, we went from 300 spins a day to 3,000 spins a day.

For anyone who wasn’t around during those Myspace days, let me let you in on something I discovered: the play counter was not locked to unique views. Every time someone refreshed the page, the counter went up. No, I didn’t sit there every day refreshing the page until we hit 3,000. I was able to get people to come back to the page day in and day out.

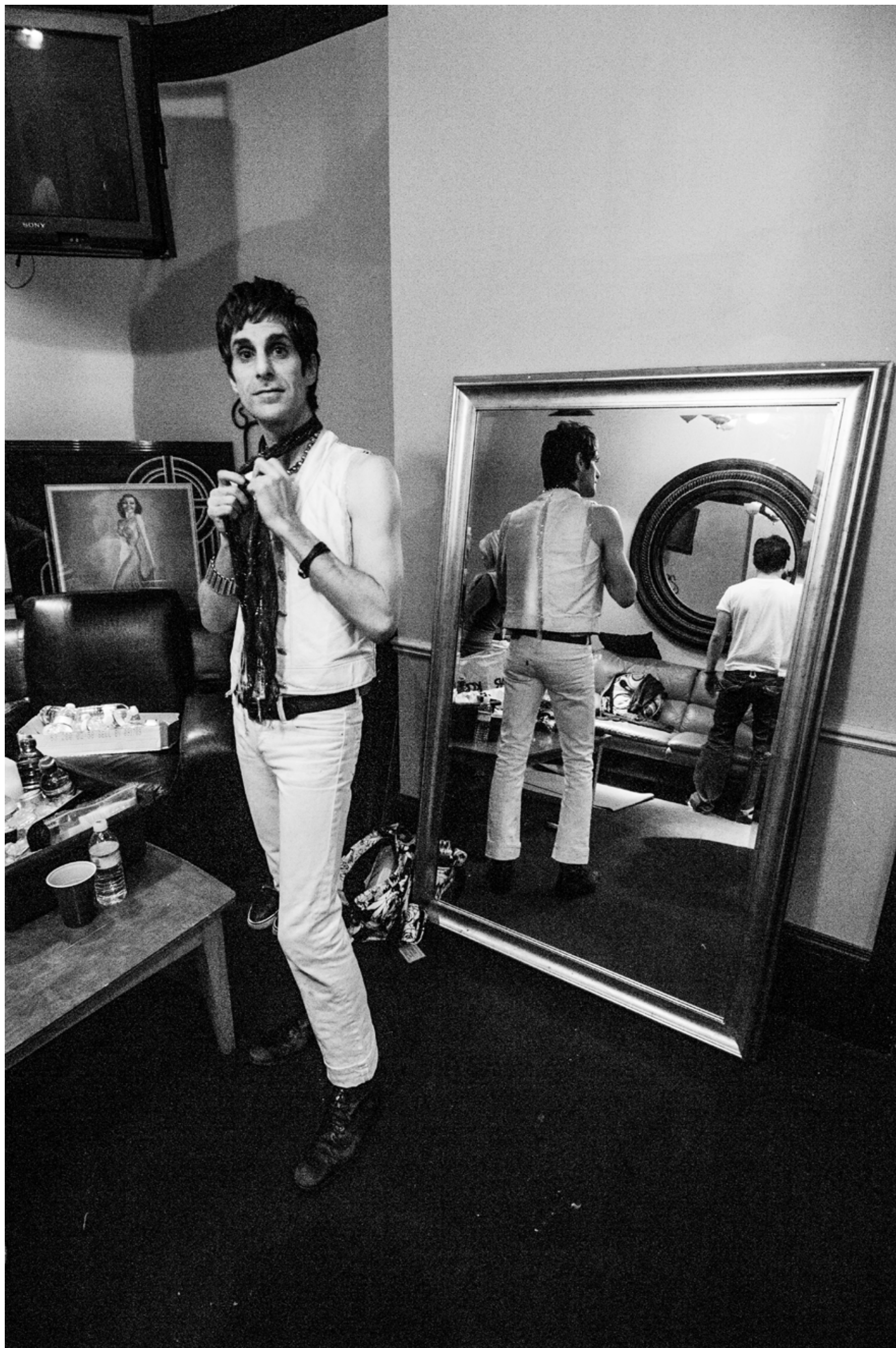










































**Perry Smoking a Joint.** I woke up, looked out the tour bus window, and all I saw were hookers and addicts. Welcome to Vancouver, British Columbia.

Is this a studio portrait or did it just happen that way? It just happened that way. This took place right outside our green room back stage. There was a flood light right outside the door where the crew and Perry were hanging out. I must have noticed the potential for a portrait because I took a bunch of images trying to find the best angle for the light. As you will see on page 152-153, most of the shots weren't keepers. They either had too much motion blur, or simply weren't good compositions. The slight smile, the head tilted up, the shadows on the face, the position of the fingers, joint, and smoke. This image could have been the cover of *Rolling Stone*. It wasn't, but it's the cover of this book.









We were in San Francisco to play a set in Bloomingdale's for a John Varvatos event. Perry was checking out different aisles of clothing and even stopping to sit like a mannequin. We came upon a Calvin Klein display with black mannequins and white underwear. Perry went back into his green room, stripped down to just his underwear, and we ran out to the display. He assumed the pose, I took 4 pictures, and he ran directly back to the green room to get dressed again.

*Rolling Stone* ended up running this image in the US as well as in Germany. It just worked. Black mannequins with white underwear, while Perry is white wearing black underwear. There is video of this happening, by the way. Scan the QR code at the bottom of this page, to check it out.

Wrapping up my first tour: My friend Walt Lafty warned me before going on tour to watch out for the “Black Hole.” As he put it, the black hole gets everyone on the road: after weeks of being out, you feel like you've left reality. All you know is rinse and repeat, the same 12 people day in and day out, a new city every 24 hours.

By the end of the tour I knew exactly what he meant. You end up getting snappy with people, you forget what the “real world” is like because this is your world, and you can easily become an asshole. I'm not someone who does drugs or drinks, but you can certainly see how bands of the past fell deep into dark places while on tour. One of the biggest takeaways I got was unless someone on the crew asked for your help, don't offer it. Everyone has their task, their job, and if you start trying to do it, you're going to piss someone off.





◀ customer service  
◀ executive offices

polo ralph lauren



new at bloomingdales  
if it's the latest thing, of course we have it.  
Calvin Klein  
steel



“I love you” followed by a slap to the face. The slap was given to me by a Leica-wearing, scotch-drinking, legend of photography named Jim Marshall. The only problem: I didn’t know who he was. I may not have known who he was at that point, but I did, however, know some of his most famous work: Jimi Hendrix lighting his guitar on fire, Janis Joplin with a bottle of Southern Comfort on a sofa, The Beatles at Candlestick, Johnny Cash giving the camera the finger, and so many more. Jim was at the heart of music in the late 50’s, 60’s, 70’s, and beyond.

It took me time to realize why Jim repeatedly slapped me in the face while saying, “I love you.” You see, I was showing him this small 4x6 portfolio of my music work I always had in my bag. I think he saw my work as a reflection of his own. He saw my behind-the-scenes candid images, he saw my band shots. What he didn’t see was the same boring shots over and over. That’s why I think he was slapping me, because my work was very similar to what he was capturing 40+ years before.

That night Jim handed me his business card and told me to call whenever I wanted. And when he came to NYC, he would give me a call to meet up and have some drinks. Calls and drinks with Jim were unpredictable. He could be happy and jolly one second, and the next second he’s yelling “fucking cunt” as loud as possible in the middle of a packed bar. It was always a good time when Jim came to town.

After I got back from tour, Jim’s people sent me a few of his personalized and signed photo books. The work he was doing at the time, with the gear he was using was insane. His work stands the test of time. He was there for ALL of rock and roll- and I mean all of it. I am glad I was able to befriend Jim in his final years.













One thing I recall from the road is emailing with my mom and for the first time feeling like we were having meaningful conversations. What I mean by that is I kept everything surface level with her, never really opened up, never really let her in. This was the first time I can recall speaking on a different level- not as a child needing something, but two people having a real conversation. Maybe it's that I communicate and express myself better in written words as opposed to spoken. Or maybe she was opening up, and I still wasn't fully embracing it. Through the lens of time, our memories seem to shift.

I found two email exchanges with my mom from 2007. Though they may not sound like meaningful conversations, reading what she wrote to me leads to instant sobbing.

The first one is in reply to me sending her some of the photos from the road.

"hi jared, thanks for the photos. the one of perry smoking in the first frame is absolutely THE ONE, this is definitely a c.d. cover photo. keep up the great work, keep dancing to that different drummer. love you and proud of you. love mom p.s. let me know what you think of reno and las vegas."

Second Email, Me:

Subject: I finally found what I was looking for

It took a month and a half but I finally found what I was looking for, Cupcakes. I was faced with the decision of Chocolate or Vanilla, I ended up getting one of each. JP

Mom:

"hi jared, the photo at night off the pier is beautiful, especially with the moon or (silver tide, as walt explained his group's name to me) is special. it gives you a feeling of actually visualizing the moon shining off the water. also, i must say, those aren't the same mountains saw when i was in california. ha ha! i finally got to speak to my teacher friend at school - lori, she's the one who bought the poster from you. we have all been so busy, that there just was't any time to take just to have a conversation, but yesterday i did have the opportunity, and is knew if anybody would know perry ferrell, it would be lori. when i told her what you have been doing for the last five weeks, her eyes opened wide, and she said NO WAY, i said YES WAY. and of course, she knows of perry and she was at his concert in philadelphia. of course, she is a (here's the cliché) A HUGE FAN. I gave her your business card, so she could check out your web site. she is so happy for you. we just got in the mail today from cousin karen, the newspaper article of perry. haven't read it yet. but i'll talk to you later about it. have fun, keep smiling. so glad you found your cupcakes, no pun intended. you mean to tell me they don't have bakeries across the u.s.? love you lots, mom. p.s. tell perry and etty and the band, if they are this way again, brisket and potatoes here at the house."























As my six weeks on tour with Perry came to an end, one memory stands out. I had just landed back home in Philly. As the automatic doors swung open to the security area exit, there was my dad, holding a hand-written sign that said "Penny Lane."









# Matisyahu Tour Story “You’re not a music publication.”

I'll let you in on a little secret: growing up, music never played a major role in my life. I know for some people, music and lyrics are everything. They might have discovered bands from their parents or other family members, or somehow they stumbled on a song that hooked them. But not me. I just wasn't into it, or maybe I wasn't exposed to it. But not being a fan has paid dividends for me over the years.

Them: “You're not a music publication.” Me: “My followers still have ears.”

Back in 2010, Matisyahu was coming to Philly to play one of his Chanukah concerts. I decided I wanted to try and spend the day with him capturing candid moments. So I did what any good photographer would do, I went on his website, found his publicist, and wrote up a nice email. I made sure to include the basics: date, city, venue, my ask, and of course, my social stats, which back in 2010 amounted to roughly 8,000 YouTube Subscribers. I also included links to my work. Keep in mind, I had been shooting concerts since 2002 and had a really solid portfolio of work to prove I'm the real deal. The email I got pissed me off. It said that I wouldn't be getting a pass to shoot the show because I'm not a music publication. I replied back: I may not be a music publication, but my followers all have ears.

Like I said, I was pissed off. I decided to do something about it. I found Matisyahu's management's information and let them know I was denied a pass and felt their publicist made a poor decision. I once again explained I would like to spend the day capturing candid images of Matisyahu before, during and after the show. This time, the answer was different. They said yes!!! They gave me the tour manager's information and told me to meet them in front of the TLA in Philly.

By 2010, I was souring on just shooting live shows. I've been there done that, I didn't want the same live shots everyone else was getting, I

wanted something different. I had a taste of all access with Perry, and I wanted more.

The tour bus pulled up to the front of the TLA on a frigid December morning. The door swung open and the tour manager hopped off for a quick chat, before welcoming me onto the bus. There for the first time I met Matisyahu...who so happened to be brushing his teeth in the front lounge. This was the start of what turned out to be 12+ hours of us being together and capturing candid images. Matis gave me all access to capture every aspect of his day. From brushing his teeth, to getting dressed in the back lounge, to praying, eating, sound check, shopping, lighting the Chanukah candles and of course playing the show.

Not long after, Matis finished an interview in the front lounge of the bus, I asked him why he said yes to me spending the day with him. He told me his manager said I was good and the real deal. He went on to explain that people who just interviewed him were fans and I wasn't a fan. He didn't mean that in a bad way, and he was right. I was there for one reason and one reason only: to capture the photo story.

When it comes to meeting and photographing musicians, celebrities, politicians or athletes, I've never “fanned out.” When I was 12, my dad's friend Kenny Adelberger gave me some great advice. For some context, I had just met Eric Lindros outside the Flyers locker room after a game and was awestruck. Kenny looked me straight in the eye and said “you have to remember, he's a regular guy, who just so happens to have an amazing talent. Treat him like a normal person.” I took those words to heart, and from that point on, I never fanned out over anyone again.

Matis wasn't the first person to allow me in and he certainly wouldn't be the last. The advice I was given as a 12-year-old still holds true today.

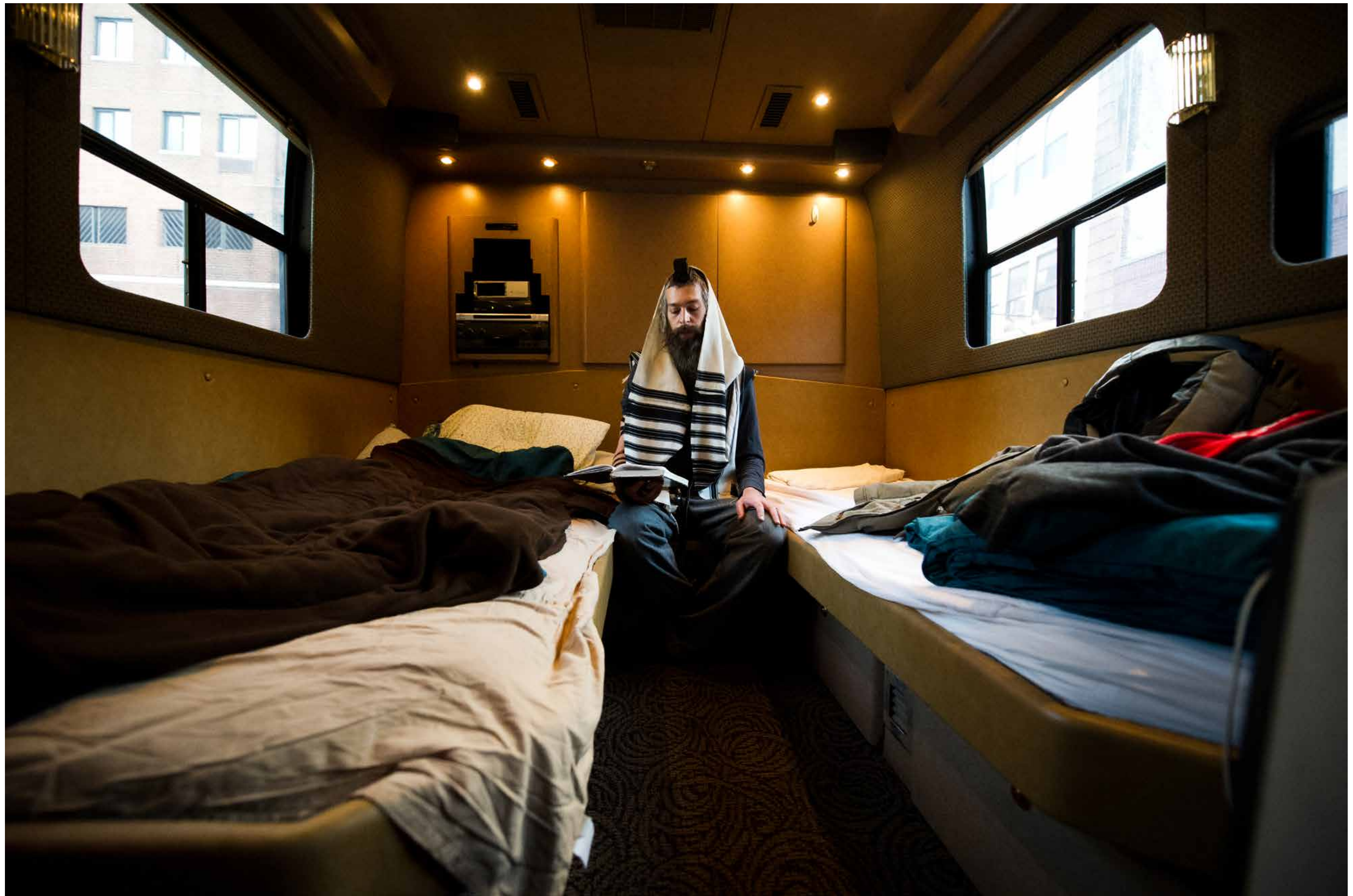




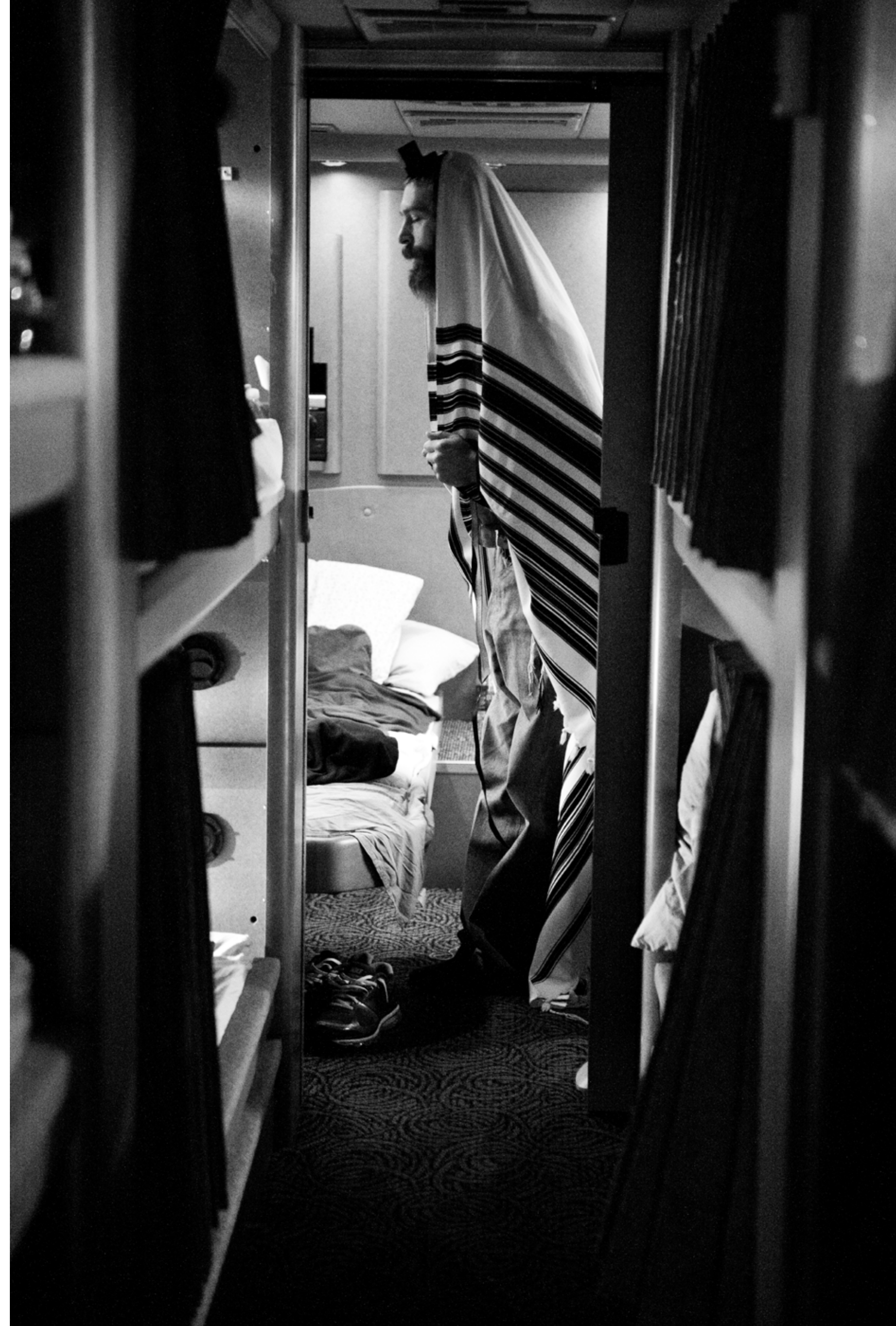
















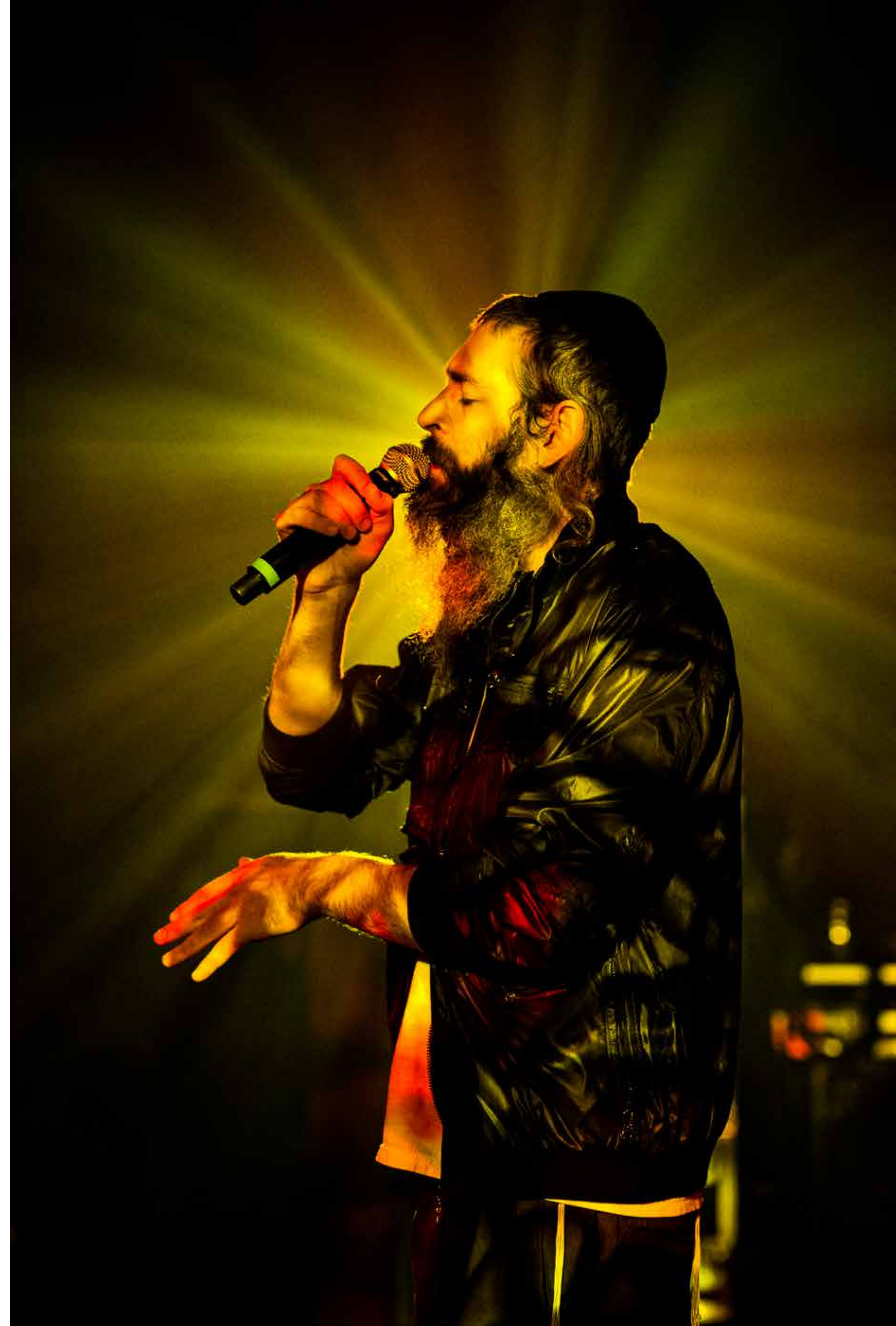




























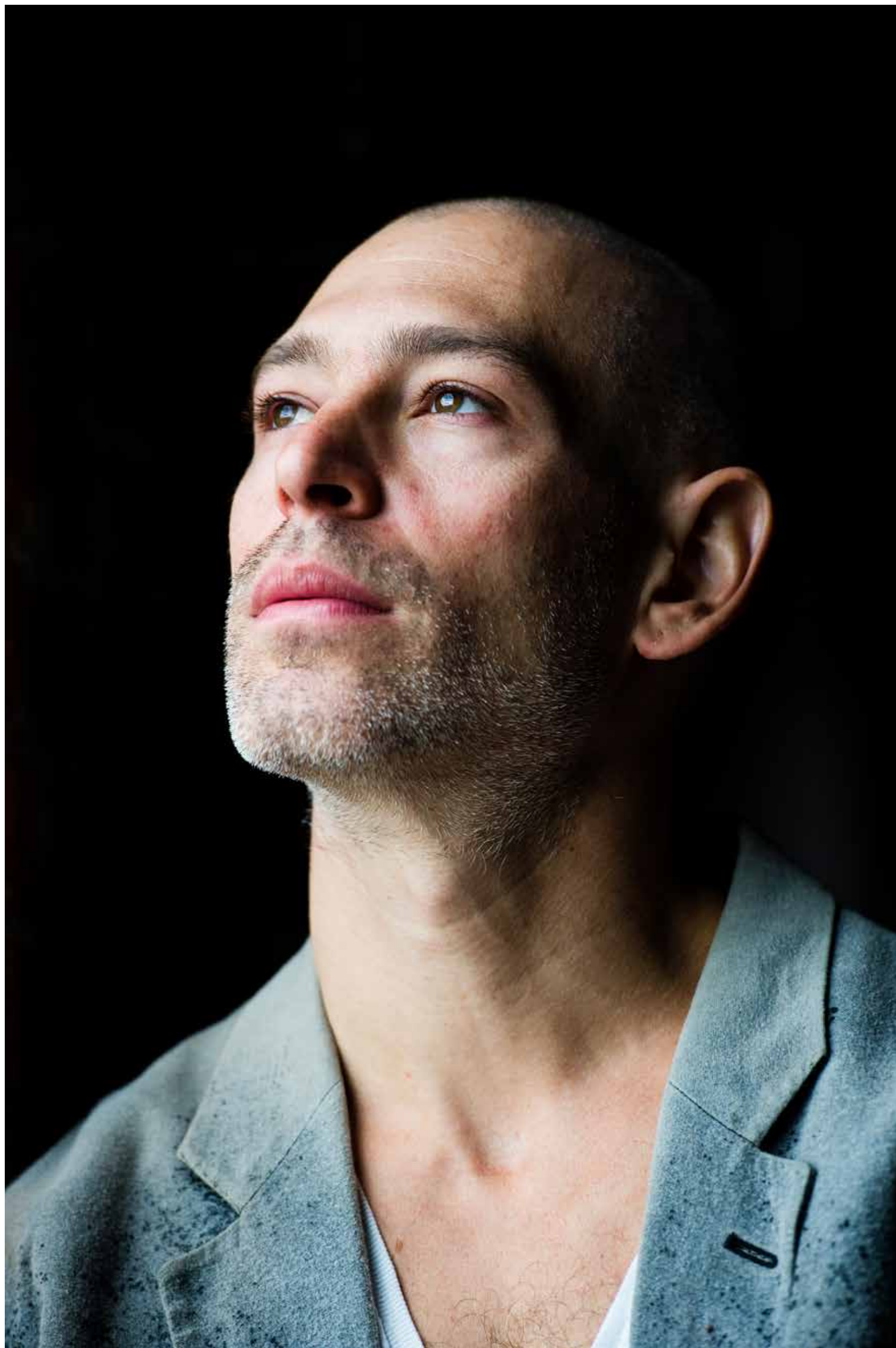






























# ALL ACCESS

When I started my journey in music photography I had very little access, or shall I say, very little approved access. What this meant is I was mostly limited to “three songs and out”. I didn’t have stage access, back stage access, artist access- nothing. I would shoot my three songs and either stand off to the side with my camera packed away or head home.

As the years went on, I got tired of just shooting three songs and leaving. I found myself not enjoying shooting live shows any more. I had a taste of what ALL ACCESS could give me with Perry Farrell, and I wanted that every time I walked in the door.

“If I don’t have all access, I’m not shooting”... is something I borrowed from Jim Marshall. His version probably included words like ‘fuck’ and ‘cunt’ and ‘cock sucker’ but the gist of it is simple. If you don’t give me all access, I’m not shooting. That means, no three songs and out bullshit. It means: stage access, pit access, dressing room access, bus access, bathroom access, you name it, I get access. That’s where images are made. And if you won’t give me that...FUCK YOU!!! Yes, Jim would tell people to fuck right off.

If all you accept is what is offered, you’ll never get what you truly want. So I started asking for ALL ACCESS or I’m not shooting. Post 2010, it didn’t hurt that I had my FroKnowsPhoto website and YouTube channel to send people to. When you start to realize I have a bigger following than the band I’m asking to shoot, no’s start to turn into yes’s. Slowly but surely, All Access became the norm, and the rest is history.





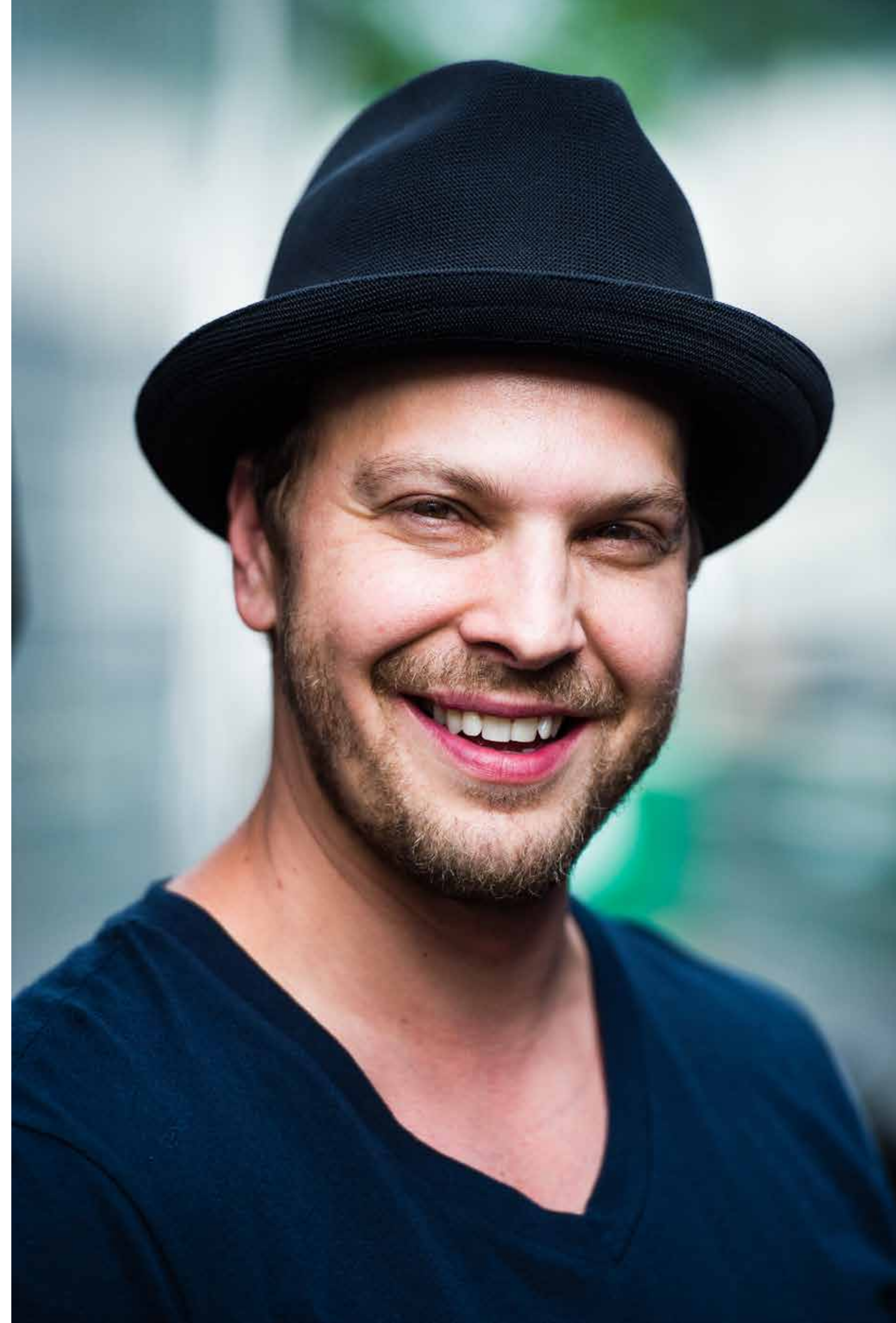






























































## MIRROR SELFIES

I'm not sure why I started taking selfies in reflections, but their evolution is fun to see.

Each one captures me as I was at that exact moment in time. From the clothes, to my hair, to different band members, day sheets, setlists and locations. Each one is a time capsule of memories.













































Nikon D2H  
Nikon 17-55mm F2.8  
1/250th F10 ISO 200  
August 3, 2005  
Richboro, Pennsylvania



Robert Costa & John Mayer  
Nikon D2H  
Nikon 20mm F2.8  
1/60th F5 ISO 400  
May 16, 2004  
Pennsbury High School Prom



Adam Duritz, Counting Crows  
Nikon F5  
Nikon 80-200mm F2.8  
Fuji Press 800 ISO Film  
October 12, 2002  
Liacouras Center  
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania



Graham Colton  
Nikon F5  
Nikon 80-200mm F2.8  
Fuji Press 800 ISO Film  
October 12, 2002  
Liacouras Center  
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania



Graham Colton Band  
Nikon F5  
Nikon 20mm F2.8  
Fuji Press 800 ISO Film  
October 12, 2002  
Liacouras Center  
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania



John Mayer  
Nikon F5  
Fuji Press 800 ISO Film  
November 27, 2002  
Liacouras Center  
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania



John Mayer  
Nikon F5  
Fuji Press 800 ISO Film  
November 27, 2002  
Liacouras Center  
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania



Bon Jovi  
Nikon F5  
Fuji Press 800 ISO Film  
March 7, 2003  
First Union Center  
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania



Mariah Carey  
Nikon F5  
Nikon 300mm F2.8  
Fuji Press 800 ISO Film  
September 10, 2003  
Tower Theater  
Upper Darby, Pennsylvania



Aerosmith  
Nikon F5  
Nikon 20mm F2.8  
December 19, 2002  
First Union Center  
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania



Joe Perry  
Aerosmith  
Nikon F5  
Nikon 80-200mm F2.8  
December 19, 2002  
First Union Center  
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania



Beck  
Nikon F5  
Nikon 80-200mm F2.8  
June 5, 2003  
Electric Factory  
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania



Norah Jones  
Nikon F5  
Nikon 300mm 2.8  
Fuji Press 800 ISO Film  
June 20, 2003  
Mann Center for Performing Arts  
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania



Norah Jones  
Nikon F5  
Nikon 20mm F2.8  
Fuji Press 800 ISO Film  
June 20, 2003  
Mann Center for Performing Arts  
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania



Questlove  
Nikon F5  
Fuji Press 800 ISO Film  
September 16, 2003  
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania



Questlove  
Nikon F5  
Fuji Press 800 ISO Film  
September 16, 2003  
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania



Franz Ferdinand  
Nikon D2H  
Nikon 17-55mm F2.8 @ 19mm  
1/125th F2.8 ISO 640  
December 2, 2004  
Tweeter Center  
Camden, New Jersey



Walt Lafty, Silvertide  
Nikon D2Xs  
Nikon 17-55mm @ 31mm  
1/200th f6.3 ISO 100  
January 21, 2007  
Chester, Pennsylvania



Graham Colton  
Nikon D2H  
Nikon 20mm F2.8  
1/250th F8 ISO 250  
April 18, 2004  
North by North West Bar  
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania



Donavon Frankenreiter  
Nikon D2H  
Nikon 20mm F2.8  
1/125th F9 ISO 200  
June 19, 2004  
North by North West Bar  
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania





Theory Of A Deadman  
Nikon D3 Nikon 14-24 F2.8 @ 24mm  
1/80th F2.8 ISO 5000  
July 18, 2008  
Electric Factory  
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania



Chris Cester "Cester" of JET  
Nikon F5  
Nikon 35-70mm F2.8  
Fuji Press 800 ISO Film  
November 29, 2003  
Tweeter Center  
Camden, New Jersey



Shinedown  
Nikon D2H  
Nikon 17-55mm f2.8 @ 48mm  
1/125th F13 ISO 200  
December 11, 2004  
Trocadero  
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania



Kanye and Some Guy  
Nikon D2H  
Nikon 20mm F2.8  
1/160th F10 ISO 200  
April 24, 2004  
Electric Factory  
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania



Walt Lafty, Silvertide  
Nikon D3  
Nikon 24-70mm 2.8 @ 24mm  
1/250th F3.5 ISO 3200  
May 18, 2008  
Susquehanna Bank Center  
Camden, New Jersey



Walt Lafty, Silvertide  
Nikon D3  
Nikon 24-70mm F2.8 70mm  
1/80th F3.5 ISO 2500  
February 23, 2008  
Theater of the Living Arts  
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania



Walt Lafty, Silvertide  
Nikon D3  
Nikon 24-70mm F2.8 @ 24mm  
1/25th F2.8 ISO 4000  
February 23, 2008  
Theater of the Living Arts  
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania



Walt Lafty, Silvertide  
Nikon D3  
Nikon 24-70mm F2.8 @ 70mm  
1/250th F3.5 ISO 3200  
February 23, 2008  
Theater of the Living Arts  
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania



Self Portrait  
Nikon D2H  
Nikon 17-55mm 2.8 @ 18mm  
1/200th F11 ISO 200  
January 4, 2005  
FUZZ Magazine Office  
Feasterville, Pennsylvania



Self Portrait  
Nikon D2Xs  
Nikon 12-24mm F4 @ 12mm  
1/6th F11 ISO 100  
January 21, 2007  
Chester, Pennsylvania



Self Portrait  
Nikon D2Xs  
Nikon 17-55 F2.8 @ 28mm  
1/200th F18 ISO 320  
November 28, 2007  
Chester, Pennsylvania



Self Portrait  
Nikon D4  
Nikon 14-24mm F2.8 @ 14mm  
1/20th F8 ISO 800  
September 26, 2012  
My 1st Loft  
Northern Liberties  
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania



Nick Perri, Silvertide  
Nikon D3  
Nikon 24-70mm F2.8 @ 35mm  
1/320th F2.8 ISO 4000  
November 26, 2009  
Theater of the Living Arts  
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania



Nick Perri, Silvertide  
Nikon D4  
Nikon 14-24mm F2.8 @ 15mm  
1/1000th F3.5 ISO 8000  
March 9, 2013  
Theater of the Living Arts  
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania



Nick Perri, Silvertide  
Nikon D4  
Nikon 14-24mm F2.8 @ 18mm  
1/1000th F3.5 ISO 8000  
March 9, 2013  
Theater of the Living Arts  
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania



Nick Perri, Silvertide  
Nikon D4  
Nikon 14-24mm F2.8 @ 17mm  
1/1000th F3.5 ISO 8000  
March 9, 2013  
Theater of the Living Arts  
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania



Walt Lafty, Silvertide  
Nikon D2H  
Nikon 17-55mm F2.8 @ 24mm  
1/20th F2.8 ISO 640  
March 28, 2006  
The Grape Street Pub  
Manayunk  
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania



Walt Lafty, Silvertide  
Nikon D3  
Nikon 24-70mm F2.8 @ 34mm  
1/640th F4 ISO 4000  
February 23, 2008  
Theater of the Living Arts  
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania



Walt Lafty, Silvertide  
Nikon D2H  
Nikon 17-55mm F2.8 @ 22mm  
1/40th F2.8 ISO 800  
May 9, 2006  
Fishtown  
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania



Walt Lafty, Silvertide  
Nikon D2H  
Nikon 17-55mm F2.8 @ 24mm  
1/45th F2.8 ISO 800  
May 9, 2006  
Fishtown  
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania



Nick Perri, Silvertide  
Nikon D2Xs  
Nikon 12-24mm F4 @ 12mm  
1/45th F5.6 ISO 320  
November 21, 2007  
Theater of the Living Arts  
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania



Maroon 5  
Nikon F5  
Fuji Press 800 ISO Film  
November 27, 2002  
Liacouras Center  
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania



JET  
Nikon F5  
Fuji Press 800 ISO Film  
November 29, 2003  
Tweeter Center  
Camden, New Jersey



Graham Colton Band  
Nikon D2H  
Nikon 20mm F2.8  
1/160th F5 ISO 400  
April 18, 2004  
North By Northwest Bar  
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania



Walt Lafty, Silvertide  
Nikon D2H  
Nikon 10.5mm F2.8  
1/45th F2.8 ISO 800  
December 20, 2005  
Studio 4  
Conshohocken, Pennsylvania



Nick Perri, Silvertide  
Nikon D2H  
Nikon 70-200mm F2.8 @ 200mm  
1/15th F2.8 ISO 800  
December 20, 2005  
Studio 4  
Conshohocken, Pennsylvania



Walt Lafty, Silvertide  
Nikon D2H  
Nikon 10.5mm F2.8  
1/20th F2.8 ISO 640  
December 20, 2005  
Studio 4  
Conshohocken, Pennsylvania



Walt Lafty, Silvertide  
Nikon D2H  
Nikon 10.5mm  
1/25th F2.8 ISO 800  
September 8, 2006  
Water Studio  
Hoboken, New Jersey



Silvertide  
Nikon D2H  
Nikon 10.5mm F2.8  
1/25th F2.8 ISO 1000  
December 14, 2005  
House of Blues  
Atlantic City, New Jersey



Jyrojets  
Nikon D2Xs  
Nikon 12-24mm F4 @ 12mm  
1/50th F4 ISO 640  
June 16, 2007  
Knitting Factory  
Brooklyn, New York



Black Eyed Peas  
Nikon D2H  
Nikon 20mm F2.8  
1/250th F7.1 ISO 250  
April 19, 2004  
Electric Factory  
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania



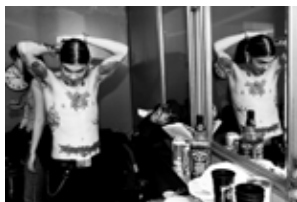
Perry Farrell  
Satellite Party  
Nikon D2Xs  
Nikon 10.5mm F2.8  
1/250th F7.1 ISO 250  
September 22, 2007  
Seattle, Washington



Walt Lafty, Silvertide  
Nikon D2H  
Nikon 17-55mm F2.8 @ 52mm  
1/25th F5.6 ISO 400  
May 15, 2006  
Trocadero Theatre  
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania



Walt Lafty, Silvertide  
Nikon D2H  
Nikon 17-55mm F2.8 @ 17mm  
1/5th F6.3 ISO 400  
May 15, 2006  
Trocadero Theatre  
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania



Nick Perri, Silvertide  
Nikon D2H  
Nikon 17-55mm F2.8 @ 23mm  
1/25th F5.6 ISO 23  
May 15, 2006  
Trocadero Theatre  
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania



Walt Lafty, Silvertide  
Nikon D2Xs  
Nikon 12-24mm F4 @ 12mm  
0.4 Seconds F4 ISO 320  
March 2, 2007  
Hammerstein Ball Room NYC  
New York, New York



Edward Sharpe and the  
Magnetic Zeros  
Nikon D3S  
Nikon 16mm F2.8  
1/250th F13 ISO 500  
July 18, 2010  
Camden, New Jersey



The Crave  
Nikon D2Xs  
Nikon 24-70mm F2.8 @ 40mm  
1/320 F3.5 ISO 500  
June 12, 2007  
Boston, Massachusetts



Mr. Wives  
Nikon D4S  
Nikon 24-70mm F2.8 @ 28mm  
1/640 F4 ISO 800  
November 4, 2015  
The Fillmore Philly  
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania



Automatic Fire  
Nikon D3  
Nikon 14-24mm F2.8 @ 24mm  
1/60th F3.5 ISO 2500  
August 12, 2009  
New York, New York





Automatic Fire  
Nikon D3  
Nikon 24-70mm F2.8 @ 32mm  
1/640th F5.6 ISO 2500  
January 25, 2009  
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania



Automatic Fire  
Nikon D3  
Nikon 24-70mm F2.8 @ 24mm  
1/200th F5.6 ISO 800  
May 27, 2009  
North East  
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania



SINAI  
Nikon D3S  
Nikon 14-24mm F2.8 @ 14mm  
1/125th F2.8 ISO 4000  
March 15, 2011  
Waffle House (on the way to  
SXSW in Austin, Texas)



Automatic Fire  
Nikon D3  
Nikon 16mm F2.8  
1/400th F4.5 ISO 640  
March 18, 2009  
Waffle House (on the way to  
SXSW in Austin, Texas)



Perry and ETTY Lau Farrell  
Nikon D2Xs  
Nikon 17-55mm F2.8 @ 17mm  
1/60th F3.5 ISO 800  
September 14, 2007  
Hartsfield-Jackson Airport  
Atlanta, Georgia



Perry and ETTY Lau Farrell  
Nikon D2Xs  
Nikon 17-55mm F2.8 @ 23mm  
1/125th F2.8 ISO 800  
September 14, 2007  
LAX  
Los Angeles, California



Taylor Hawkins, Perry and  
ETTY Lau Farrell  
Nikon D2Xs  
Nikon 17mm F2.8 @17mm  
1/80th F2.8 ISO 1000  
September 15, 2007  
L.A. Invasion Home Dept Center  
Carson, California



Perry and ETTY Lau Farrell  
Nikon D2Xs  
Nikon 17mm F2.8 @17mm  
1/200th F2.8 ISO 400  
September 15, 2007  
L.A. Invasion Home Dept Center  
Carson, California



SINAI  
Nikon D3S  
Nikon 24-70mm F2.8 @ 32mm  
1/800th F2.8 ISO 1250  
March 15, 2011  
Waffle House (on the way  
to SXSW in Austin, Texas)



Perry Farrell  
Nikon D2Xs  
Nikon 12-24mm F4 @ 12mm  
1/350th F5.6 ISO 100  
September 19, 2007  
Aspen, Colorado



Perry Farrell  
Nikon D2Xs  
Nikon 50mm F1.4  
1/60th F1.4 ISO 1250  
September 7, 2007  
Rams Head Live  
Baltimore, Maryland



Perry Farrell  
Nikon D2Xs  
Nikon 85mm F1.4  
1/125th F2.5 ISO 100  
September 19, 2007  
Aspen, Colorado



Satellite Party  
Nikon D2Xs  
Nikon 10.5mm F2.8  
1/180th F9 ISO 160  
September 22, 2007  
Lumen Field Parking Lot  
Seattle, Washington



Perry Farrell and Chris Cornell  
Nikon D2Xs  
Nikon 17-55mm F2.8 @ 17mm  
1/60th F5.3 ISO 320  
September 15, 2007  
L.A. Invasion Home Dept Center  
Carson, California



Slash, Perry Farrell, Hayley Williams,  
Duff McKagan and ETTY Lau Farrell  
Nikon D2Xs  
Nikon 17-55mm F2.8 @ 22mm  
1/60th F5.3 ISO 320  
September 15, 2007  
L.A. Invasion Home Dept Center  
Carson, California



Perry Farrell and ETTY Lau Farrell  
Nikon D2Xs  
Nikon 17-55mm F2.8 @ 55mm  
1.3 Seconds F5 ISO 320  
September 11, 2007  
Center Stage Theater  
Atlanta, Georgia



Perry Farrell  
Nikon D2Xs  
Nikon 12-24mm F4 @ 12mm  
1/20th F4 ISO 1000  
September 30, 2007  
Harlow's  
Sacramento, California



Perry Farrell  
Nikon D2Xs  
Nikon 17-55mm F2.8 @ 17mm  
1/10th F2.8 ISO 1250  
September 11, 2007  
Center Stage Theater  
Atlanta, Georgia



Perry Farrell  
Nikon D2Xs  
Nikon 17-55mm F2.8 @ 17mm  
1/20th F2.8 ISO 1250  
September 9, 2007  
The Norva  
Norfolk, Virginia



Perry Farrell  
Nikon D2Xs  
Nikon 10.5mm F2.8  
1/40th F2.8 ISO 1250  
September 9, 2007  
The Norva  
Norfolk, Virginia



Perry Farrell  
Nikon D2Xs  
Nikon 50mm F1.4  
1/640th F2 ISO 1000  
October 12, 2007  
Dallas, Texas



Perry Farrell  
Nikon D2Xs  
Nikon 12-24mm F4 @ 12mm  
1/10th F4.5 ISO 1000  
October 12, 2007  
Dallas, Texas



Matisyahu  
Nikon D3S  
Nikon 24-70mm F2.8 @ 24mm  
1/60th F2.8 ISO 4000  
December 8, 2010  
Theater of the Living Arts  
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania



Matisyahu  
Nikon D3S  
Nikon 14-24mm F2.8 @ 14mm  
1/50th F2.8 ISO 5000  
December 8, 2010  
Theater of the Living Arts  
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania



Perry Farrell  
Nikon D2Xs  
Nikon 12-24mm F4 @ 12mm  
1/15th F4 ISO 1250  
September 9, 2007  
The Norva  
Norfolk, Virginia



Perry Farrell  
Nikon D2Xs  
Nikon 10.5mm F2.8  
1/15th F2.8 ISO 1250  
October 7, 2007  
Glass House  
Pomona, California



Perry Farrell  
Nikon D2Xs  
Nikon 50mm F1.4  
1/125th F2.5 ISO 1250  
September 13, 2007  
House Of Blues  
Orlando, Florida



Perry and ETTY Lau Farrell  
Nikon D2Xs  
Nikon 10.5mm F2.8  
1/10th F2.8 ISO 1000  
September 22, 2007  
Lumen Field Parking Lot  
Seattle, Washington



Matisyahu  
Nikon D3S  
Nikon 14-24mm F2.8 @ 14mm  
1/60th F2.8 ISO 8000  
December 8, 2010  
Theater of the Living Arts  
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania



Matisyahu  
Nikon D3S  
Nikon 70-200mm F2.8 @ 70mm  
1/50th F2.8 ISO 10,000  
December 8, 2010  
Theater of the Living Arts  
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania



Matisyahu  
Nikon D3S  
Nikon 70-200mm F2.8 @ 70mm  
1/50th F2.8 ISO 10,000  
December 8, 2010  
Theater of the Living Arts  
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania



Matisyahu  
Nikon D3S  
Nikon 24-70mm F2.8 @ 24mm  
1/2500th F2.8 ISO 2000  
December 8, 2010  
Theater of the Living Arts  
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania



Perry and ETTY Lau Farrell  
Nikon D2Xs  
Nikon 12-24mm F4 @ 12mm  
1/40th F5 ISO 250  
September 28, 2007  
Back of the Tour Bus  
Reno, Nevada



Perry Farrell  
Nikon D2Xs  
Nikon 50mm F1.4  
1/60th F3.5 ISO 800  
September 24, 2007  
Commodore Ballroom  
Vancouver, BC



Perry Farrell  
Nikon D2Xs  
Nikon 17-55mm F2.8 @ 19mm  
1/80th F2.8 ISO 640  
October 2, 2007  
Bloomingdale's  
San Francisco, California



Jim Marshall  
Nikon D2Xs  
Nikon 85mm F1.4  
1/80th F1.6 ISO 400  
October 2, 2007  
Bloomingdale's  
San Francisco, California



Matisyahu  
Nikon D3S  
Nikon 70-200mm F2.8 @ 70mm  
1/6400th F3.2 ISO 1600  
December 8, 2010  
Theater of the Living Arts  
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania



Matisyahu  
Nikon D3S  
Nikon 14-24mm F2.8 @ 14mm  
1/10th F2.8 ISO 8000  
December 8, 2010  
Theater of the Living Arts  
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania



Matisyahu  
Nikon D3S  
Nikon 70-200mm F2.8 @ 90mm  
1/320th F3.2 ISO 8000  
December 8, 2010  
Theater of the Living Arts  
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania



Matisyahu  
Nikon D3S  
Nikon 24-70mm F2.8 @ 24mm  
1/60th F2.8 ISO 5000  
August 29, 2011  
Charleston, South Carolina





Matisyahu  
Nikon D4  
Nikon 24-70mm F2.8 @ 70mm  
1/320th F3.5 ISO 4000  
July 30, 2013  
Brooklyn, New York



Matisyahu  
Nikon D4  
Nikon 12-24mm F2.8 @ 18mm  
1/800th F4.5 ISO 320  
January 29, 2014  
Los Angeles, California



Matisyahu  
Nikon D4  
Nikon 70-200mm F2.8 @ 200mm  
1/400th F3.5 ISO 640  
January 29, 2014  
Los Angeles, California



Matisyahu  
Nikon D4  
Nikon 24-70mm F2.8 @ 24mm  
1/80th F4 ISO 1250  
January 30, 2014  
Los Angeles, California



Dave Grohl and Pat Smear  
Foo Fighters  
Nikon D4S  
Nikon 14-24mm F2.8 @ 14mm  
1/200th F4 ISO 6400  
July 13, 2015  
BB&T Pavilion  
Camden, New Jersey



C.C DeVille, Poison  
Canon EOS R3  
Canon RF 28-70mm F2 @ 28mm  
1/1600th F2 ISO 2000  
June 25, 2022  
Citizens Bank Park  
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania



Bret Michaels, Poison  
Canon EOS R3  
Canon EF 11-24mm F4 @ 11mm  
1/2500th F4 ISO 500  
June 25, 2022  
Citizens Bank Park  
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania



Stephan Moccio and  
Hudson Thames  
Sony a9  
Sony 12-24mm F4 @ 12mm  
1/100th F4.5 ISO 640  
June 2, 2018  
AIR Studios  
London, United Kingdom



Matisyahu  
Nikon D4  
Nikon 14-24mm F2.8 @ 14mm  
1/80th F3.5 ISO 500  
January 30, 2014  
Los Angeles, California



Matisyahu  
Nikon D4S  
Nikon 70-200mm F2.8 @ 200mm  
1/500th F4 ISO 1250  
August 3, 2014  
My Loft  
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania



Matisyahu  
Nikon D4  
Nikon 70-200mm F2.8 @ 200mm  
1/320th F4 ISO 800  
February 24, 2014  
FroFactory  
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania



Matisyahu  
Nikon D4  
Nikon 14-24mm F2.8 @ 14mm  
1/160th F3.5 ISO 2500  
February 24, 2014  
B'nai Abraham Chabad  
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania



James Blunt  
Nikon D5  
Nikon 14-24mm F2.8 @ 14mm  
1/640th F3.2 ISO 2000  
August 11, 2017  
Staples Center  
Los Angeles, California



Stephan Moccio  
Nikon D5  
Nikon 14-24mm F2.8 @ 15mm  
1/125th F2.8 ISO 6400  
August 10, 2017  
Santa Monica, California



Ben Folds  
Nikon D5  
Nikon 14-24mm F2.8 @ 18mm  
1/125th F4 ISO 3200  
May 6, 2016  
Fillmore Philly  
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania



Me  
Nikon D2H  
Nikon 17-55mm F2.8 @ 17mm  
1/13th F2.8 ISO 1000  
December 14, 2005  
House Of Blues  
Atlantic City, New Jersey



Matisyahu  
Nikon D4S  
Nikon 24-70mm F2.8 @ 38mm  
1/200th F3.2 ISO 3200  
December 11, 2015  
Keswick Theater  
Glenside, Pennsylvania



Matisyahu  
Nikon D5  
Nikon 105mm F1.4  
1/320th F2.5 ISO 1600  
December 27, 2016  
Theater of the Living Arts  
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania



Matisyahu  
Canon EOS R3  
Canon RF 85mm F1.2  
1/1000th F1.2 ISO 400  
March 22, 2024  
Dildo Factory  
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania



Gavin DeGraw  
Nikon D5  
Nikon 24-70mm F2.8 @ 24mm  
1/1250th F4 ISO 4000  
October 19, 2016  
Fillmore Philly  
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania



Me and Nick Perri of Silvertide  
Nikon D2H  
Nikon 50mm F1.4  
1/40th F2.2 ISO 1000  
August 30, 2008  
House Of Loud  
Montclair, New Jersey



Me  
Nikon D2Xs  
Nikon 17-55mm F2.8 @ 23mm  
1/1250th F5.6 ISO 400  
June 11, 2007  
Brit Bus Tour  
A Rest Stop Somewhere



Me and Nick Perri of Silvertide  
Nikon D2Xs  
Nikon 12-24mm F4 @ 12mm  
1/13th F4 ISO 1000  
September 30, 2007  
Harlow's  
Sacramento, California



Me  
Nikon D2Xs  
Nikon 17-55mm F2.8 @ 17mm  
1/100th F2.8 ISO 1000  
September 21, 2007  
Sunlight Supply Amphitheater  
Vancouver, Washington



Gavin DeGraw  
Nikon D4S  
Nikon 14-24mm F2.8 @ 14mm  
1/320th F3.2 ISO 2500  
August 7, 2014  
Madison Square Garden  
Opening for Billy Joel  
New York, New York



Gavin DeGraw  
Nikon D4  
Nikon 14-24mm F2.8 @ 14mm  
1/2500th F4 ISO 640  
July 24, 2013  
BB&T Pavilion  
Camden, New Jersey



Gavin DeGraw  
Nikon D4  
Nikon 70-200mm F2.8 @ 200mm  
1/3200th F3.2 ISO 800  
July 24, 2013  
BB&T Pavilion  
Camden, New Jersey



Jane's Addiction  
Sony A1  
Sony 12-24mm F2.8 GM @ 12mm  
1/80th F2.8 ISO 8000  
September 25, 2021  
MMRBQ BB&T Pavilion  
Camden, New Jersey



Me and Jordan Plosky  
Nikon D2Xs Nikon  
17-55mm F2.8 @ 17mm  
1/10th F2.8 ISO 1250  
September 11, 2007  
Center Stage Theater  
Atlanta, Georgia



Me  
Nikon D3  
Nikon 24-70mm F2.8 @ 70mm  
1/30th F2.8 ISO 4000  
December 9, 2008  
World Cafe Live  
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania



Me  
Nikon D3  
Nikon 105mm F2.8  
1/40th F2.8 ISO 3200  
August 7, 2008  
Milwaukee, Wisconsin



Me  
Nikon D3  
Nikon 70-200mm F2.8 @ 116mm  
1/125th F2.8 ISO 1600  
November 27, 2009  
The Music Box at the Borgata  
Atlantic City, New Jersey



Foo Fighters  
Nikon D4S  
Nikon 14-24mm F2.8 @ 14mm  
1/250th F3.2 ISO 5000  
July 13, 2015  
BB&T Pavilion  
Camden, New Jersey



Taylor Hawkins, Foo Fighters  
Nikon D4S  
Nikon 14-24mm F2.8 @ 19mm  
1/250 F3.2 ISO 3200  
July 13, 2015  
BB&T Pavilion  
Camden, New Jersey



Taylor Hawkins, Foo Fighters  
Nikon D4S  
Nikon 24-70mm F2.8 @ 70mm  
1/250 F3.2 ISO 3200  
July 13, 2015  
BB&T Pavilion  
Camden, New Jersey



Dave Grohl, Foo Fighters  
Nikon D4S  
Nikon 14-24mm F2.8 @ 20mm  
1/250th F3.2 ISO 5000  
July 13, 2015  
BB&T Pavilion  
Camden, New Jersey



Me and Jane's Addiction  
Sony a1  
SIGMA 35mm F1.2  
1/125th F1.2 ISO 5000  
November 25, 2021  
Susquehanna Bank Center  
Camden, New Jersey



Me and Gavin DeGraw  
Nikon D4  
Nikon 24-70mm F2.8 @ 24mm  
1/640th F3.2 ISO 4000  
July 24, 2013  
Susquehanna Bank Center  
Camden, New Jersey



Me  
Nikon D4S  
Nikon 14-24mm F2.8 @ 14mm  
1/100th F3.2 ISO 3200  
July 13, 2015  
Susquehanna Bank Center  
Camden, New Jersey



Me @ Poison  
Canon EOS R3  
Canon EF 11-24mm F4 @ 11mm  
1/250th F4 ISO 1000  
June 25, 2022  
Citizens Bank Park  
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania



# ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

**How I Met Your Mother** I want to start off by thanking my dad for rigging the sweepstakes that my mom entered for a chance to win a letter opener. This is the “how I met your mother” story. My dad was an insurance salesman and had a table setup up at an event. To entice people to come over and talk, they were giving away a letter opener to one lucky person. All you needed to do was fill your information in, drop it in the box and hope your name got picked. Well, after my mom filled in her information and dropped it in the box, my dad took her card out and put it in his pocket for safe keeping. From what I recall, my dad called and said “I’m your prize!!!” She never got the letter opener.

**A Pivotal Picture** A long time ago I started the process of scanning all the family photos. My mom was the photographer of the family and took thousands of photos of my brother and I growing up. Amongst the scans, I noticed a few family photos that didn’t include me! Why would there be pictures of mom, dad and Jason, but not me? The explanation simple: I TOOK THEM!!!



Here’s a quick critique of 5-year-old Jared’s Photo taking skills: get your lines straight, don’t cut off toes, check your composition and do a better job!!!



This next image stood out to me the most growing up. There was something about the way it was taken that was different from everything else on our walls or in our photo albums. This was a candid image. It wasn’t a basic point and shoot snap shot, it was an actual photograph, and I was drawn to it. I like to attribute this image as one of the reasons I’ve always gravitated towards capturing candid images. Little did I know, this small picture that was hanging on our wall for years held a secret.



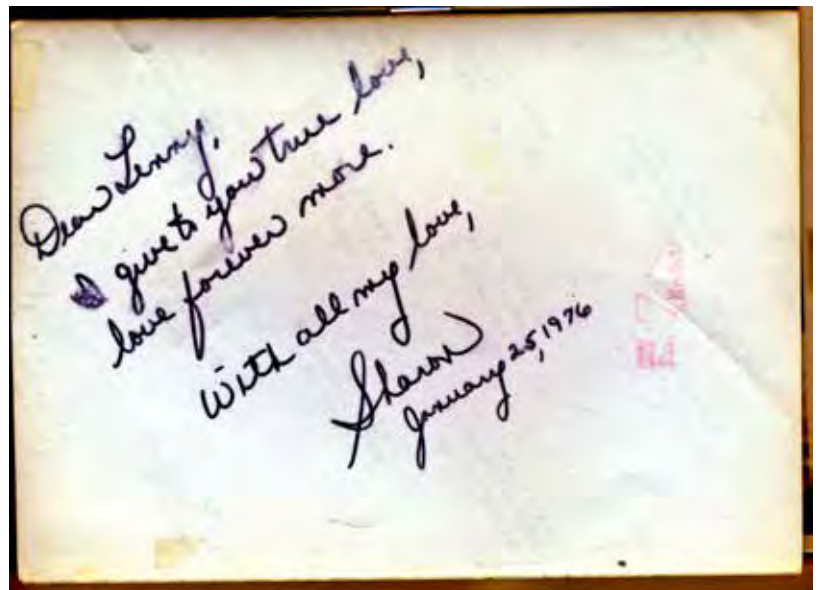
One day, after my mom had passed away. I took the photo off the wall and out of it’s frame to scan it. When I placed it face down in the scanner I noticed handwriting on the back!!! Here was a personal note my mom hand inscribed in 1976 to my dad.

That photo of my mom is forever burned in my brain. It’s a constant reminder of the difference between a snapshot and a photograph.

**Thank Yous** Thank you to all the tour managers, bands, roadies, publicists, photo editors, security people, camera labs and fans who helped me on my journey as a music photographer. Without your help, the images in this book would never have been possible.

Thank you to the guy who let me sit in his seat for a song during my first *Rolling Stone* assignment. Thanks to Jim Marshall for slapping me in the face 73 times in San Francisco one night. Thank you to Walt Laffy for not kicking me out of bed the night I had one shot of Jack and passed out (in his bed). I forever can say I slept with a Rock Star. Thank you to my friend Bob for inviting me to the Counting Crows show, which turned out to be the first concert I shot. Thank you to Matisyahu for allowing me into your life to capture candid moments on and off tour. Thank you to Perry Farrell for trusting some shaved headed kid from Philly who’s never been on tour before. And thank you, the person reading this right now. Thank you for following along on this journey and picking up this book. Without you, there probably wouldn’t be a book. But here we are, the end of my second self-published book.

Thank You, Jared Polin






Book 2  
22 Years of Music Photography  
Jared Polin


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Foreword © 2025 Robert Costa  
Text on page 80 © 2025 Walt Lafty


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 froknowsphoto.com

 YouTube.com/froknowsphoto

 @JaredPolin

 jaredpolin.com





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