



Roman Polanski—a director whose films deal in mystery and horror but whose presence conveys vitality and sensuality—agreed to mark his return to Los Angeles by floating, eyes shut, in a pool not far from the place where his wife had been murdered five years before.

The natural sensuality that Annie sees in some of her subjects has also been the basis for an intimacy she created for a star who was noted mainly for his boyish cuteness. An ad in *Rolling Stone* attests to continued reader interest in two pictures that ran, front and centerfold, in 1972:

DAVID CASSIDY ISSUES, wanted. Fan wants to buy Rolling Stone with David Cassidy reclining on front cover. Will pay ten bucks for one in good condition . . .

It is one thing to take a photograph of a male symbol like Burt Reynolds, but Annie's assignment wasn't the typical he-man star. Cassidy had risen to his own kind of eminence as the idol of the 13-year-old bubble-gum set. How could she convince him to pose nude for *Rolling Stone*? She did some research and found out that Cassidy had begun to take his singing seriously. Also, his young audience was getting a bit shaky. With that in mind, she drove down to her home away from home, Los Angeles, and talked to him about the audience *Rolling Stone* would provide, a peer group audience, something he deserved.

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he convinced not only Cassidy but everyone around him, and on the day of the shooting she came prepared with lights and an assortment of lenses, from her 35mm to a 105mm telephoto. Her first idea for a setting was water, but his pool wasn't heated, and it was easier to start in the house. She remembered a picture of Vanessa Redgrave taken by Victor Skrebneski and asked Cassidy, "Can you put your arms, sort of, around yourself? Yeah. Like that," as she framed him with her 35mm. That was the picture she needed, so she went back to her idea of water for the other. She tried to use the bathtub, but its only virtue was that it held water. The light was too harsh and the situation had a stark quality she didn't want. If she couldn't have the pool, she'd have to settle for the grass around it, so she led Cassidy outside. "Lie down here," she instructed. He did, and continued to cooperate easily, picking up Annie's assurance as he let her photograph him both clothed and unclothed.

The pictures ran as *Rolling Stone's* first nude—as far as it went—cover and centerfold. That added to the real pleasure Annie takes from her work: "I like taking pictures of people who are famous. I'm recording images, not a reality. I want the viewer to believe in the reality of my photographs. Where it happens, when it happens, is where I am. The camera tells me who I am. It's my discipline."







