



ANNIE LEIBOVITZ

If style demands instant recognition, then Annie Leibovitz defines the word. Even the great unschooled know an Annie Leibovitz picture when they see it—the gorgeous light, the formal elegance, the wit and whimsy. But a measured look at the photographer's handsome new book, *Annie Leibovitz: Photographs 1970-1990* (HarperCollins, \$60), reveals a remarkable stylistic evolution. It begins with the black-and-white reportage of her early work for *Rolling Stone* and culminates in the ingeniously posed, even-mannered portraits she has done throughout the 1980s for *Vanity Fair*. “I was reluctant to put the pictures in chronological order,” Leibovitz says, “because I didn't want people to think it was a history book. But when I laid the work out that way, what struck me was that the photography itself came forward.” For Leibovitz, the experience of editing the book—a process that took over three solid months, required a leave of absence from *Vanity Fair*, and involved the consumption of countless midnight cheeseburgers—gave her a new perspective on her work. “That's why you do something like this,” she says. “You say, Whoa, let's see what I've been up to.” The *Rolling Stone* reportage held up especially well under that scrutiny. “I love the posed photographs,” she says, “but I see the strength in that early work. I sort of miss it.” Indeed, Leibovitz says she's now moving in that direction, shooting color in available light. “I can't go all the way back,” she acknowledges. “But I can do something that's a hybrid. I resent it when someone says I have one style. I think the book shows that I have a range.”—RUSSELL HART



Roseanne Barr and Tom Arnold, Malibu, California, 1990



Isabella Rossellini and David Lynch, New York City, 1986