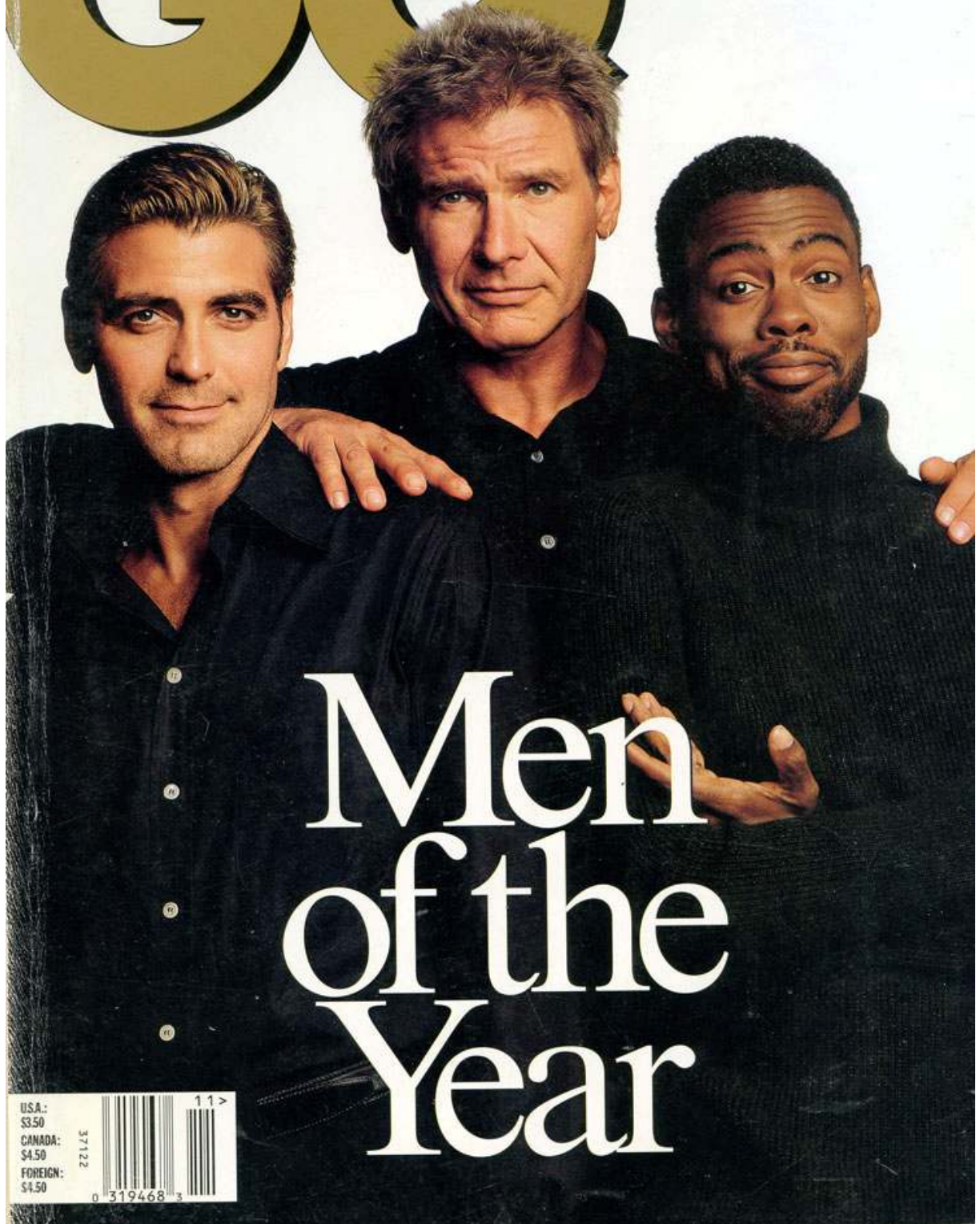


GOQ

NOVEMBER



Men of the Year

USA:
\$3.50
CANADA:
\$4.50
FOREIGN:
\$4.50



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The Perfect Form

No one has ever accused Seal of taking things casually. From his mission to make music with “no fat” to his cutting-edge fashion sense, the man wants to get things right—excruciatingly right

If we all wish hard enough, if we put our soul-loving hearts and minds together—people, if we *pray* to the gods of industry and the muse of funky power rock—maybe the new Seal album will come out this month.

Seal: Isn't he the guy who goes through producers like he goes through supermodels? Yes. Hasn't that record been delayed so many times he's earning a reputation as the Stanley Kubrick of soul? Yes. Is he perhaps holding on to his record as a sulky artiste clings to his canvas, stubbornly awaiting the last fillip of inspiration? Yes, yes, yes!

But then this is the only way Seal knows how to make records. Thoughtfully, you might say. Passionately. *Slowwwly*.

This album—for let us imagine that it exists, that its name is *Human Being* and that it will be released, as Seal promises, definitely “in the fourth quarter”—this album is what is called in record-industry speak a “follow-up album.” Any album that record companies think they can make a great deal of money off of is called a follow-up album. But this record truly has something to follow: Seal's last album, 1994's *Seal*, sold 5.5 million copies, was nominated for Grammys *two years in a row* (the gesture so very Grammy, so mercilessly redundant) and garnered Seal awards for Best Song and Best Record of the Year.

We've spoken to the Grammy people, and they've refused to consider *Seal* for a third, record-breaking year, so it appears the artist will have to produce a new disc.

Why has it taken this man nearly five years to put out a record? Why, when I visit him in August, just three months before the record is due in stores, is there not one song, not even a demo, ready?

Here's a theory: Seal is lunching. Seal is living in L.A. and lunching every day. He is lunching from two to six—Spanish hours—with women of staggering beauty. He is smoking Dominican cigars and driving a silver Ferrari. And, in between, he is listening to old Joni Mitchell records and “some of the new ambient stuff” and talking to his producer, Trevor Horn, and trying—“striving,” in his words—to make a perfect record.

When he isn't actually making that record, Seal spends a lot of time at Fred Segal, the Melrose fashion complex—more like an Italian villa than a clothing store. Fred Segal is where you hang out if you have a record contract, impeccable taste in clothing and the desire to kiss people on both cheeks. At Fred Segal, even the security guards kiss people on both cheeks. (This somehow makes you feel incredibly safe.) It may be, apart from perhaps Zsa Zsa Gabor's home, the most kiss-besotted place in Los Angeles. Which isn't to say it's not a cool place. It is—with a hip gift shop, two floors of up-to-the-moment clothes and a rather simple café, where Seal and his friends hang out.

Seal is recognized when he comes here. He is stared at by tourists, approached nervously by teens. Models call his name. (Oh, the flood of women. Too many to keep track of. A few of the latest he's dated: Tatjana Patitz, supermodel; Tyra Banks, super-premium model; Sasha, apparently just a model.)

BY JIM NELSON



DON'T CALL HIM PUFF
DADDY. POLYESTER-
AND-LINEN TUXEDO
SHIRT BY CAROL
CHRISTIAN POELL,
\$340. WOOL TUXEDO
(JACKET NOT SHOWN)
BY HELMUT LANG,
\$2,375. CIGAR BY
DAVIDOFF OF GENEVA.

**PHOTOGRAPHS
BY WALTER CHIN**