

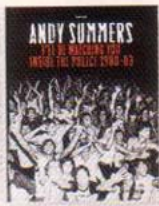
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When the Police Were Cool

As a reunion tour begins, a photo celebration of rock's tortured trio

Before Sting started dreaming of blue turtles, the Police were the most enviable musical act on the planet, a defensible assertion that's made clear in *I'll Be Watching You* (Taschen, \$400), a breezy collection of black-and-white photographs taken by band guitarist Andy Summers between 1980 and 1983 (a.k.a. *Zenyatta Mondatta* to *Synchronicity*). What sets *Watching You* apart from the usual rock-schlock pictorial is Summers's casual eye-naked groupies frolicking in hotel rooms, Sting carefully shaving in a mirror, Stewart



Copeland drowsing in a chair. It also serves as a reminder that much of the stylish punk confidence aped by today's indie-poppers started with a mismatched trio who still managed to give the world "Roxanne" and "Message in a Bottle"—and now have reunited for the summer's most unexpected tour. —RAHA NADDAF



1. Sting, Andy, and Stew in the studio. 2. Copeland reading. 3. The former Gordon Sumner riding in a car. 4. At play in the hotel pool. 5. Set list—is that a "Roxanne" closer?

