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SEPTEMBER 2002

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AUTOS

America is home of the brave and land of the internal combustion engine, right? Protected by the guaranteed right to life, liberty, and plentiful gasoline? There are plenty of chamois chauvinists out there who believe in their bones that the two-lane blacktops and interstate cloverleaves of the U.S. of A. are the native turf and only rightful stomping ground of the automobile. But some cars—many models, actually—are forbidden to Americans no matter how red-blooded. To add insolence to injury, snitty beret-wearing Europeans can happily tootle away in these minis.

The roads of Europe are generally much smellier than those in America, diesel being much more prevalent there. But there are a few models goose-stepping down the autobahn or zipping around the London ring road that would provoke envy, not sneers, on the part of American car connoisseurs. "We're all for keeping the terrorists out and getting the fun cars in," says Tom Cahalane of Sun International, one of the longest-established importers to the States of high-end exotics. Sun International specializes in modifying the Lotus Elise, a gorgeous mid-engine screamer, for street driving in the United States. Lotus Cars USA will gladly sell an Elise Sport 190 to all comers, but pesky government regulations require that it be kept garaged or driven only on

SOUNDS

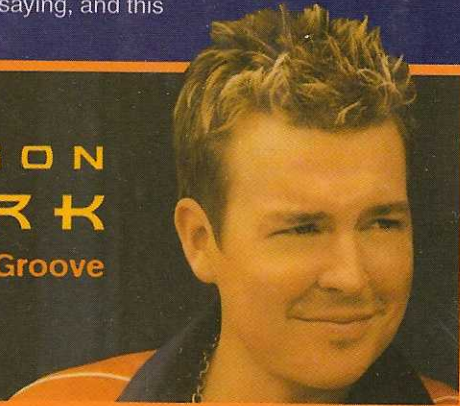
On his first album, *Workin' on a Groove* (Capitol), Nashville rookie Jameson Clark plays party music, pure and simple. And if that means cheating more than a little bit toward rock 'n' roll, or even—you can hear the gasps now from the old coots on Music Row—a bit toward urban and dance music, then so be it.

Clark's either too young, too cool, or too busy boot-scootin' to care about categories. His voice and phrasing make him sound like he's Gary Allan's younger brother (and that's a high compliment), and he's backed by a well-produced band of Nashville cat-session players like steel ace Russ Pahl. It's music to throw on just when the keg arrives.

"I'm Gonna Burn for This," a paean to the joys of screwing another man's woman and the album's showcase, indicates that Clark isn't much interested in playing to the soccer moms that are country radio's main audience these days. He slows down for a ballad just once, on "One More Night," and then he steps it up into an anthem. Clark co-wrote all the songs, perhaps intent on proving something on his freshman effort, but maybe for the next go-round he'll investigate Nashville's overstuffed song banks.

It's always risible when shit-kickers try to get funky. What are you going to do with a country singer who tries to fit into a song called "You Da Man"? But you get the idea that Clark would offer no apologies, that it's just part of the mix he grew up with. "Whatever works," he seems to be saying, and this album does.—G.R.

JAMESON CLARK *Workin' On A Groove*



a racetrack; the Elise's 1.8-liter Rover engine is unable to meet U.S. emissions standards no

matter how it is configured. Sun International replaces it with a Honda engine lifted from an Acura Integra Type R. A small step down in power, but a giant leap for the rights of the American car enthusiast.—

G.R.O. +



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