

A DIFFERENT DRUMMER

BACK ON TOUR, MÖTLEY CRÜE'S WILD MAN DRUMMER AND FORMER MR. PAM ANDERSON TOMMY LEE EXTOLLS THE ATTRIBUTES OF ANGELINA JOLIE, JEANNIE, AND THE LOVE OF A GOOD-FOOTED WOMAN

Just when it looked as if the ozone layer might last us another decade and the nation's hotel chains were finally getting the stains out of the carpets from Mötley Crüe's last tour, five years ago, the band's randy gents—Vince Neil, Mick Mars, Nikki Sixx, and Tommy Lee—have stocked up on Aqua Net and stopped bashing each other in the face long enough to shout at the devil again for a string of reunion concerts. How heartwarming: Two generations of female Crüe fans will finally be able to flash their breasts side by side. Fresh from releasing his memoir, *Tommyland*—really, who can resist a dude who allows his penis to write a chapter?—and a stint at the University of Nebraska for an upcoming NBC reality show, drummer Tommy Lee takes a moment to ponder the attributes of his three favorite things in life: Girls! Girls! Girls!—ANDREW GOLDMAN

ELLE: What do you look for in a woman?

TOMMY LEE: The first thing I look at is her feet. I don't care if she's Miss America; if her toes are busted, I can't go there. I have this crazy foot fetish.

ELLE: Let me guess: Something to do with your mother?

TL: I remember being little and giving my mom foot rubs. And Pamela [Anderson], my ex-wife, has beautiful toes too. The worst thing a girl could do is wear those clear stripper shoes that don't fit and have her toes hanging out. I call that hanging 10. I can't stress how bad it is.

ELLE: Have you ever been with someone and after seeing her feet called the whole thing off?

TL: Hell yeah. I try to avoid that situation by getting to the toes real quickly.

ELLE: If you were faced with the decision of having your penis or your brain shrunk to half its size, which would you choose?

TL: I'd go with the brain. We use only, what, a tenth of the brain? So screw it.

ELLE: Is there any woman in the world you would marry right now, whether you know her or not?

TL: Angelina Jolie in two seconds flat.

ELLE: You must have met her before.

TL: I haven't, but if I do, I swear to God I'm going to tackle her and lick her and hit her over the head and drag her back to my house, caveman style.

ELLE: I look forward to reading about it in *The Enquirer*. Haven't you had enough drama?

TL: I say I don't want more drama but you know, maybe I'm addicted. Maybe I need to go to Drama Anonymous meetings.

ELLE: Speaking of licking, you introduced yourself to Pamela Anderson by licking her cheek. Is this your trademark move?

TL: It wasn't something I normally did, but it just seemed right.

ELLE: Have you tried it since?

TL: Oh, absolutely.

ELLE: How's your success rate?

TL: High. It's weird, I'm like a dog. If I like somebody, I lick their face. Even guys' faces. Something's desperately wrong with me.

ELLE: Wilma Flintstone or Betty Rubble?

TL: Betty. I'm feeling brunets these days, my man. And she's a little rounder, a little yummier.

ELLE: Samantha from *Bewitched* or Jeannie?

TL: Dude, I've had the biggest crush on Jeannie my whole life! I finally met her and I said, "You have no idea what you did to

me as a teenager, in those sheer genie clothes."

ELLE: Were you tempted to go there?

TL: Whoa, I might have, just to be able to say I rocked Jeannie, but I would have to hang out with her a little and then decide.

ELLE: And get a look at her feet.

TL: Of course.

ELLE: What's the nicest thing a woman's ever done for you?

TL: I was engaged to a girl named Mayte a while back, and she threw me the coolest birthday party. She blindfolded me and walked me down to my sunken Japanese garden. She pulled the blindfold off and it was just my tight circle of friends and a sushi chef and Japanese music playing. It was the coolest thing.

ELLE: It sounds surprisingly sedate.

TL: After dinner all my maniac friends came by and we absolutely ripped shit, and then the midget strippers showed up. Oops, I hate the word *midget*; I think they prefer *little people*. I have this fascination with little people, but I think I prefer them with their clothes on.

ELLE: Here's the multiple-choice portion of the test. The number of partners you've had could fill: (a) a city bus; (b) the Viper Room; (c) Madison Square Garden; or (d) Rhode Island.

TL: Maybe (b), though the Viper Room might be a little small. But you know what, dude? I lost count a long time ago.

ELLE: At what point?

TL: Around 85.

ELLE: That's not such a shocking number.

TL: No, 1985, the year.

ELLE: Have you told your two sons about the opposite sex?

TL: Every time I say, "Hey guys, you have a girlfriend?" they're like, "Ew, Dad, that's gross." They're seven and eight, so they're not into chicks. I'm awaiting the day when they ask if their 15-year-old girlfriends can come over. That's going to be hot.

ELLE: Is there anything you wouldn't do for love?

TL: Yeah. No more tattooing of names on my body.

ELLE: How many do you have?

TL: I had [second wife] Heather [Locklear], I had Pamela, I had a girl named Bobbi, but they've all been covered up. It's just a stupid thing to do. It's like naming your pet fish when you bring him home and two days later he's a floater.

ELLE: But three names! Didn't you learn after the first two?

TL: It takes me a few times, bud. I'm not a quick learner. But I've got it now. □



Tommy Lee