

ONLY ROOM FOR ONE

The world thirsts for fearless new leadership. Yes, we've finally got President Obama and Adam Lambert to look up to, but we need someone with fiery wits and a tongue to match—someone who will take the status quo, smack it around and bend it over her knee. May I introduce the awe-inspiring "queen of mean," Lisa Lampanelli. Look forward to seeing her latest standup on Friday, June 12th at Spreckels Theatre and Saturday, June 13th at the Long Beach Convention Center. Having already seen her insult comedy in action on HBO, I couldn't help but sit there with my mouth hanging open thinking, "Woah, she went there!"

SWEATIN' THE DIRTY DETAILS WITH

by david vera

LISA LAMPANELLI

Lisa Lampanelli: Listen, you had your mouth open for a whole different reason. You freakin' faggots...unless you have something in your ass or your mouth, you ain't happy! After you swallowed, you watched me and you were still in awe!

RAGE: Nice. How long did it take you to find that edge of yours?

LL: I have been doing this for 17 years and, you know what goddamn it, my feet are starting to hurt! I found my voice, as it were, about seven years in. You can't really start off the bat saying, "Hey nigger!" You've got to warm up to where you're loveable to do that.

RAGE: It sounds like you're having a blast doing comedy.

LL: Seriously, I'm so in love with this guy right now. But before that, I was only 100 percent myself when I was doing comedy. Now I'm myself in the sack!

RAGE: So you have a new mister, it seems?

LL: Oh (swoon), he's so f@&%in' cute! He's the one. We went onto Howard Stern on Monday and announced that we were a couple. He's seriously the kindest person I've ever met in my life. And luckily, he has a perfect penis! It's f@&%ing perfect, dude! You know how you homosexuals enjoy the penis? Well, this thing is the Brad Pitt of penises. I should put a little velvet curtain

and a rope in front of it and show it off to people! It is so pretty! He has the most beautiful heart. And thank god that I'm not codependent anymore... or else I'd be calling him right now and asking, "Who are you f@&%ing?"

RAGE: Nice! What else can you tell us about him?

LL: ...Big...balls! I was horrified! I didn't want to just say, "Oh my god, you have huge f@&%ing balls, dude." But the next day he made a joke about them, and I said, "Oh thank god, you KNOW you have enormous nuts!" It looks like the airbag went off in his cock. Howard Stern named him Jimmy Bigballs and so now he's very happy. And he's white! Can you believe that? I bagged a whitey! I was like, "Okay, he is not the right color, but I love him."

RAGE: Will he be accompanying you on your tours and appearances?

LL: Well, he does work... which is weird because I'm used to dating black guys. He doesn't really tour with me.

RAGE: What are some things that you look forward to every time you're about to go onstage?

LL: Well, I used to look forward to banging a black guy afterward. But now that I can't do that, what I look forward to is calling people names! Because really, they come to the show and this is what they want. They don't come for observational s#!t about cotton balls and Q-tips, they come to be called



names. And the blacks enjoy the n-word! They eat it up! So basically, I give the people what they want. Isn't that nice of me?

RAGE: Where did you grow up?

LL: Connecticut! Can't you tell 'cause I'm claaaassy?

RAGE: Were you as quick and witty as a kid?

LL: Oh yes, but you know, the beatings from my mother kind of staved it off until I was 30. So I was like, "You know what? Let me use this to my advantage, kind of be humorous in a stealthy sort of way in high school." Oh and by the way, who's funnier than me? No one! Who was voted class clown? Not me, Michelle Sweeney! What the f@&%? She brings nothing to the table, okay? I bring it to the table, I set the table and I eat it! Michelle Sweeney... I hope she's dead!

RAGE: I understand you worked as a writer for *Rolling Stone* interviewing celebrities.

LL: Let me tell you something about these journalists, I got sick of earning 12 grand a year! Aren't you sick of it yet? Do fag papers pay more than regulars?

RAGE: ...They're supposed to pay you?

LL: Well, they aren't just supposed to pipe you at the end of the day. (Laughter)

RAGE: Tell me about your fellow comic icon Don Rickles.

LL: I love him, that dirty heap. But isn't it time, Don? Get in the f@&%ing coffin! You're a dirty old Jew; you've been doing this for 84 years. Please give somebody else a chance so I can be the only insult comic in America, Don Jew Rickles. See, he really likes me and I like him. He sent me a nice little note because I did a tribute to him on the TV Land Awards. I'm going to have it framed and then sell it.

RAGE: I admire your equal-opportunity offender policy. Is there any demographic or topic that you have yet to talk about?

LL: If you leave somebody out, that means you're scared of them. If I left out the blacks, it would show that I held them in some sort of suspect way. But the topics are very easy. I always talk about everything—the AIDS, the cancer, the lupus, the Rihanna—I don't care, they're all fair game.

RAGE: A couple of my associates are curious about what you think of Kathy Griffin.

LL: I love Kathy Griffin! That's my grrrrr!! I love that red-headed whore, despite her looking like Carrot Top. I love her because she can take a joke. She heard my jokes about her and she didn't get mad at me. I also like that she's not scared of celebrities. She s#!ts on them, she names names, she's brave. I also love the fact that she dares to wear hair extensions like mine. Real tits, fake hair—that's the way to go. If I ever paid to see one female comic, it would be her.

RAGE: You've worked a lot with Howard Stern. What have you learned about publicly-recognized personalities since getting to know him?

LL: It's a crap shoot. With Howard Stern, he is probably the nicest of all guys that I've talked to in a long time. He goes to the shrink four times a week, he just really works on himself. His act has changed a lot because he's become a really self-aware guy. And I've noticed he's become a lot kinder without losing his edge. So it's not always exactly what it seems. You'd think he'd be kind of a dick, but he's

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totally not! Warmest person I've ever met.

RAGE: Tell me about your upcoming book, *Chocolate, Please: My Adventures in Food, Fat and Freaks*.

LL: Oh my god, this is a problem. It's called *Chocolate, Please*—which is about the blacks. I read it back and it really reads like a litany of all the black guys that I hooked up with. The problem is, now that I'm onto whitey, we might have to change the title to *Two Scoops of Vanilla with a Cherry on Top!*

RAGE: How far back into your life does the content reach?

LL: I go all the way back to childhood. The first part is what I'm known for, which is the roasts, the black guys, *The Tonight Show*, the Howard Stern stuff. Then part two is how I got this way—growing up Catholic, Italian parents... Then the rest is my codependency, my food addiction and really funny stories about going to rehab for food and men. It's available September 15th but you can preorder now. Preorder the audio book and hear these lovely looping tones reading to you.

RAGE: For those who are thinking about doing standup, what can you offer in terms of advice—or warnings?

LL: Quit now, you're not funny. I'm really funny. It's called a gift. But you're going to end up, at best, a writer for Craig Ferguson. You're not going to end up a star like me or Kathy or George Lopez. Don't start! Don't persist! If it's not workin', get the f@&% out!

For tickets to Lisa's San Diego performance, visit spreckels.net or call 619.234.8397. For her Long Beach show, visit longbeachcc.com or call 562.436.3636 for tickets.