

## Q&amp;A

**DIARY OF A MAD WHITE WOMAN**

Insult comic Lisa Lampanelli will rip you a new one

By Joel Keller

**HELL HATH NO FURY** Like Lisa Lampanelli heckled

**Lisa Lampanelli** may regularly offend blacks, Latinos, Asians, and just about every other ethnic group in America, but deep down, we're pretty sure the bitter, racist bitch has a heart of gold. The self-styled **insult comic** has been honing her craft since 1990, when, after stints at *Rolling Stone* and *Spy*, she left a journalism career behind to do stand-up full-time. Since 2002, she has become the go-to girl for roast organizers, bludgeoning comics and celebrities alike for the Friars Club, Comedy Central, and Howard Stern's satellite radio show. "I tried to TiVo *T.J. Hooker*," she once told William Shatner, "but my TiVo suggested that I punch myself in the cunt." Lampanelli's barbs on the *Stern* show can be especially sharp: She praised Artie Lange for his ability to entertain millions "while they take a shit," and informed another *Stern* writer that "Cory Lidle's plane was more on target" than his jokes.

The single white 45-year-old is currently on tour to support the DVD and CD releases of her latest Comedy Central special, *Dirty Girl*. We caught up with her during a recent snowstorm to discuss the perils of dating, touring, and using the N-word.

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**LISA LAMPANELLI:** You know, you catch me at a bad time, because it's like, the worst. I try to just muzzle through and be so tough, but everything is always getting in my way. So I'm sitting here going, "God, the one time I have something scheduled, and I can't even get out of my fucking house." I guess it's just ridiculous, because I'm not supposed to be like that, I'm not supposed to be that fucking chick. But that's probably why people come to see my show, because I've got all those sides to my personality, and that's what they see.

**The last time we talked, you were exhausted in the middle of your tour. Where have you been since?**

I went to Iowa and Nebraska, and there were lots of frickin' white people there, man. It's like we had the *occasional* black guy. We had a legitimate African black guy, which is always fun in the audience because it gets a few jokes about how they have clicks in their name. And you know, flies on their face and stuff. So all the classy humor came out in Iowa.

**When you go out on stage, do you actually look for the black guy in the audience?**

I don't look, but Wendel, my fag opening act, he'll do his 20 minutes or whatever, and he'll look around and go, "Okay, there's a black guy over there, a Hispanic over there." We light it so we can see the first 10 rows or so. And if he sometimes sees nothing, I'm like, screw it. I'll just say, "Any blacks?" and figure it out. If there's not, oh well. I guess we could say the N-word more.

**So if you don't see anybody, say, Hispanic or black, does your act change?**

No. I'm doing far less insults now and far more material. But it's all hinged on race anyway. I don't need anyone there that desperately. I used to have to go, "Hey, white guy, you have to be black tonight. All you have to do is grow a longer dick and quit your job." So I'd have a way to work it. But now I don't really even have to do that too much.

**On *Dirty Girl*, you tell a story about needing the services of a fluffer before you appeared on *The Howard Stern Show*. I didn't think there was such a thing as fluffers for females.**

Yeah, I think so. They get you in a good mood and make you perform better. I remember once making out with a really hot guy before a show in Long Island years ago. Boy, that was the funniest set. And I think it had something to do with making out with the dude. I also remember having an enormous fight with a guy, like one of those screaming fights, right before I ran onstage, and I was funnier than anything that night. So as long as there's a guy to either make out with me or fight with me, I think I'm okay.