

# JIMMY FALLON

comedian  
actor

When it comes to great food, the funnyman and New York native declares there's no place like home. When he's not food-processing things in his kitchen, he makes time for projects like his upcoming film *The Year of Getting to Know Us*.



SELF-PORTRAIT/ At the table or in the kitchen, Jimmy Fallon keeps things casual.

**Where and what was your most memorable meal?**

I was in Dublin golfing and, weirdly enough, Mario Batali was there. We went shopping, and I bought a pot from the Mario Batali section in the store. I felt embarrassed buying it in front of him, but we needed a grill pan. In Mario's hotel room, we cooked crazy, awesome rack of lamb and pasta with homemade sauce.

**Of all the places you've been, where is the best food?**

In New York City, every other block has something unbelievably delicious. It's so diverse and great.

**Are there things you eat that you know you shouldn't?**

Philly cheesesteaks are delicious. There's a great place by my house in New York called Carl's Steaks. You just know it's bad for you—you have to go in disguise when you buy it and then sneak out—but it's so good, you can't help it.

**What are people surprised to find in your kitchen?**

I have all the tools needed to cook food. I think my friends wonder, "Do you food-process things? Do you actually use this mixer?" But I have it all. My mom and grandmother loved to cook, so I really got into it through them.

**Do you have a comfort food?**

I love pizza. There are so many good pizzerias in New York, you can't really go wrong. I like brick oven right now, but I'll always love the classic ones with the thick crust. I usually go with pepperoni.

**What food always reminds you of home?**

Cheesecake. My mom seriously makes it for me all the time. If I tell her I like something, she'll make it every single day—breakfast, lunch, and dinner. I only said that I liked it once—in the fifth grade!

**What foods won't be found in your kitchen?**

I stay away from mayonnaise. It goes all the way back to when I was a kid. I must have thought it was cool to stick my head between the metal bars on our back-porch banister. I couldn't get my head out, so my grandfather suggested rubbing mayonnaise all over my head to lube it up so that they could slide it out. It's 90 degrees, my head is covered with mayonnaise, and I'm crying hysterically. My head finally just slipped out. I'll never enjoy a tuna fish sandwich like everyone else.

~INTERVIEW BY BEKAH WRIGHT