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CULT COLLECTIBLES

JIMMY LYNCH/Nig*er Please!: In this trigger happy, retweeting world, we took the liberty of putting an asterisk in the actual title of this 1977 comedy reissue simply because we don't want out of context tweets making us look like something we aren't. You know what it says. Anyway, it actually is kind of scary that in 1977, a gut bucket chitlin circuit comic can get laughs with a story about a black man getting lynched for being with a white woman. Embracing a full range of supper club showmanship, this sidekick of Dolomite is getting some halo effect love these days in light of a new appreciation of Dolomite. Billing himself as a nasty, funky tramp, Lynch isn't afraid of aiming low, going blue and coming up with the laugh in the end. Like a Richard Pryor from the po' side of town, Lynch knows how to cut to the chase and cut to the quick quickly for some wild, raucous humor that whitey probably never knew existed and black folk of a certain age will laugh at nostalgically. It's comedy and it's a history lesson at the same time.

CHRIS SPECTOR, Editor and Publisher

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