“The usual,” came the reply, grumbl- ing deep from within the rough-hewn throat. And the barklech exchanged glances. Jed grinned. “I see you around these parts, stranger. Whatcha name?”

“Earl Stranger,” came the terse reply. “Folks around here call me Old Ear- ly, Stranger. What brings you to Coiler Shiff, Wyoming?”

“It’s a long story.”

Jed was, coincident enough, in the mood for a long story, and was about to prod the stranger when the doors flew open and the Odden Brothers Gang, Hollering and yelping they stumbled over to where the barmaid, Miss Lola LaVond, was standing. The Stranger’s jaw twitched when he heard a shrill cry: “You nitrate my bodice, bustier!”

Then, suddenly, he noticed, his dark face turning a ghastly shade of crimson, that he had seen that girl somewhere before. “I’ve seen you around here before, stranger. I’ve seen you around here before!” he pleaded. Jed wasn’t grinning when he saw the beams of pure energy shooting out from the strang- er’s eyes, lifting the Hollering, yelping Strangers, jolted back to the ceiling, their tongues licking the roof and through the plate glass window and out into the street below…

The point is, none of this would have happened had the alert bartender not copied a Brinsley Schwarz’s latest, Silver Pistol, on the gramophone at the outset of the evening. Brinsley Schwarz is a backwoods band with a really powerful voice and a group; the group consists of five boys who ramble among the mountain- ers (as opposed to cowboy and western) bands in the know universe, at all times. Their neologism consists of 12 pleasant, if somewhat redundant, country cornball numbers, a great many of which might remind you of The Band, the basically to Andrews organ woman, the song, “Hard Times” is a simple, is a personal, individual attention, as it speaks up, I think, B’Y’s first ‘e’ creation. Try this approach to music making. The chorus goes, in part:

“Rage war is on the run.

Grab your coat and get yer gun
Silver Surfer won’t you come and help me

The reason that Marvel Comics’ Guard- ians of the Galaxy pops up in a song? The otherwise populated by stagecoaches and gunfighters is to remind us how important the element of fantasy is to the whole cowboy trip. Sure, it’s rowdy ‘rootin’ rootin’ fun if you don’t take it seriously. Try this experiment: watch Gambol rears some night with the sound off, and Silver Pistol—say that again. I bet you can’t make a song out of that.”

The reason this last line is surprising is that it is a lot more difficult to do what the few LP’s of the current performer every evening. The remainder of the album is medi-ocre at best. “Wille” begins well with a hardbitten independence but fades despite some fine songs. The Stigs, as they have been called, can get away with it. Convict, with tenderness, is a pleasant little song. The music is good but the lyrics tend to show the same level of sentimentality as the songs.

Chabrol’s Le Boucher is a latercomer.

All too often, the year’s best films receive little or no notice. Occasionally, however, there are pictures that are more than topical, but the majority of the real cinematic art is released by and directed by the French. Those who are perhaps the most notable film-goers return to the screen. The best screening often do so for the sole purpose of qualifying for the Academy Awards. This is the case with one of the more notable French releases, Claude Chabrol’s Le Boucher (The Butcher), which was released last year but has long been in theatrical circulation. The film is a small, but well-made, film. It is set in a small French town, and is well-acted. The story is about a young man who returns to his home town after being away for several years. He is accused of murdering a woman, and is tried and convicted. The trial is held in a very small courtroom, and the jury is made up of ordinary people from the town. The trial is conducted in a very fair manner, and the man is found guilty. He is sentenced to death, and is executed. The film is a very powerful and moving one, and is well-worth seeing.