

L e t t



ROLF: note pioneering use of long mac.

Portrait of a visionary genius

HAVING READ your publication on and off for some time now and witnessed the comings and goings of punk, ska and mod and all that jive, man, I was damn chuffed to read that Rolfmusic was in fashion once again. No doubt it will be ripped-off, repackaged, exploited, blah blah.

However, there must be hope that it will retain its street credibility by dint of the fact that not too many 14 year olds have beards. Not that I have anything against 14 year olds, it's just that they're preyed upon by unscrupulous record companies advertising clean shaven people like Adam Thing (why, if he's so against anything but Antmusic, does the 'Kings' single sounds like the Glitter Band?) and Sting (the less said, the . . .).

It would be sad to see a Rolf exploitation business now, after the demise of the Chicken Throttle Seven in early 1978 and more recently, the Hangliding Thoat Specialists, both dedicated Rolf bands.

For those of you who haven't yet heard, the founder member of both bands, Njarl Foambata (who once described himself to me as a bored wobbler) died recently of an Ex-Lax overdose. In fact, their one album 'CT7-Shaved Rolf' (Rolf Trade WOBL 12) showed the influence of laxative drugs such as Andrew's but very few of us knew he was on the hard stuff (or the soft stuff, as the case may be). However, this album will stand forever as a fitting tribute to one of Norway's finest saxophone players.

But, let's not dwell on the melancholy. Young Rolfers will be pleased to hear of Eric Thrang's new band 'Fissionable Mucus'. Eric, you will remember, was one of the most enthusiastic participants in a recent 'Mods v Rolfers' battle on the seafront of Ayr (a picturesque holiday resort) and distinguished himself as a truly wondrous poet at a recent 'Rolf Against Nukes' rally in Dreghorn. Eric, who hasn't yet got a deal, hopes to record a single entitled 'Rolf Me Baby'.

That's the scene up here, pretty faberooni, huh! Hope I've cleared up some points about Rolfing in Scotland. Keep on Rolfin' and stay cool, man! — Wilfred N. Mange.

YOU DID not mention in your paper that the one and only leader of La Punk Pathétique, King Rolf, has a brand new show at 10 o'clock, Sunday night on Radio 2. It's unbelievably pathetic.

Amid all the stupidity, Rolf (in his greatness) still had time to make serious observations on today's society. He analysed the social value of Malcolm's new brain wave, Bow Wow Wow, in the guise of the song 'How Much Is That Doggy In The Window', and he also sang about the ethics of tying down kangaroos.

(It has also been rumoured that the didgeridoo player on the Skids new album was in fact HRH (the Honourable Rolf Harris))

Secondly, you have overlooked other idols in La Punk Pathétique movement, namely the Waltons. What truly wonderful people they are! What terrible things they put up with! olivia (Ma Walton) had TB, Kurt was killed in Hawaii, at Pearl Harbour. (It seems the Japanese want an action replay of the last war — funny how it wasn't on the news). And then they go and end the series! To compensate for this I would like to nominate the beautiful Elizabeth Walton as dreamboat of the Week. — JOHN BOY.

ON NEW Year's Eve 1976 at the vicarage, Sand Hulton, near York, a motley crew comprising of Fred, Nick, Andy, Fat Archer, the TFC (Two Faced C***) and myself were unwittingly pioneering a craze that wouldn't get off the ground for nearly another four years. When punk was still a mystery word in the north, we danced to a Rolf Harris LP belonging to the Rev. D.F. Baker into the early hours of 1977, thus originating the most important branch of punk pathétique yet.

Unfortunately the world wasn't ready and when Rolf rock went down none too well at a party a month later the phenomenon was buried. However, we can now play our Rolf records again and ruck fervently to his classic version of 'Waltzing Matilda' without feeling the slightest bit ashamed. — HERBIE PSEPO, Flaxton, York.