

# Walstock 4 - Something In the Hair

By Alan Miles [[email](#)] - Jan 2014

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In the last days of 'Hippydom' many of us were growing increasingly left-wing politically. There was the SWP, the IMG, the CP, the WRP, and the BNSWF who never got anywhere. I was in the poly mid-week as usual standing at the bar, and I had just finished my pint of Stella and in came Tim.

He was a white, middle-class South African and a staunch opponent of Apartheid, a died in the wall Marxist .His dad owned a diamond mine but Tim never mentioned much about it. The party that he belonged to held meetings in a dingy room at the top of the Rose n Crown. He walked to the jukebox and I called out to him "Hey Tim man", and for a bit of fun I asked him if he could put on "Paint It Black "by The Stones. He did so and then joined me at the bar.

"Thanks man that's cool" I said thanking Tim. I then struggled to get some money out of my jeans pocket; I just couldn't get my handout. "Wanna drink man" I asked. Tim replied "thanks man I'll have a gin n tonic". But alas I was still struggling to get my hand out of my pocket. Then Tim said "don't bother man I'll get them".

Then Paint It Black started up and I said "Hey, that sitar music Jonesey plays is really great man". Tim replied "It's one of The Stones" anti-racist records. The sitar reminds people of the poor, exploited masses of India". I was freaked.. "Man Paint It Black, is about the death of Brian Jones it's a psychic thing". Tim just insisted that, that was neurotic nonsense. He continued "The drums are reminders of the slaves taken from Africa in their millions".

I was becoming a little uptight and replied "Well man what's Jagger freaking about eh". As we continued our drinks Tim with his gin n tonic and me with my Stella that I had ordered. Tim said "He is the despairing cries and moans n groans of the words oppressed".

I was wound up, and I retorted "Man what trip are you on, what's your f\*c\*ing scene?" Anyway, Tim carried on "Bill Wyman the silent one symbolises those who live in fear, of the Imperialists". I bounced back with "shit man, that's shit OK, OK. What about Keith Richards then man?"Tim replied "He is the opium of the masses".

Then luckily, lovely little Rowena strolled past and waved to me and I returned it. I said to Tim, "lovely little bum she's got man" but Tim firmly retorted "she is not a sex object".

I was freaked so I said "Man that's a compliment to her". Tim suddenly stood very erect and he looked more stern than previously, and this was a weird experience and he said "We say that tomorrow will be ours and when it comes no man will ever insult a woman or laugh at a homosexual. No no no, never, never will we ever laugh at foreigners and crippled people or even fat people .Moreover, we will stamp out smoking and make it harder and harder for the working classes to afford a drink. For this is our vision".

Then Tim calmed a little, but yet in him somewhere and somehow there was the spirit of a Hitler or a Stalin, perhaps it was the shape of things to come. In the wings stood Nemesis of these days, who was waiting to avenge the socialists in the name of Mrs Thatcher.