

# “Walstock”

“We are star-dust we are golden and we’ve got to get back to Lloyds Park in the Garden”

By Alan Miles [\[email\]](#), Jan 2014

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When the North East Polytechnic was based in Walthamstow, a large department of it was given to the department of art. Therefore Walthamstow had quite a large population of art students. In the 70s many great bands played in the main college hall. The college bar was the nucleus of the reigning sub-culture of later day hippies. I enjoyed the regular bands that played there, but as I have previously written the band I enjoyed most, was the resident band called Biffo. They later on called themselves CO Jones, an R n B band.

One evening, and to the strains of *“Back Street Girl”*, by Curved Air that was playing on the jukebox, Eric arrived in the bar. I was sitting in the bar talking to a couple of chics about Jimi Hendrix.

*“Hi Man”* I said to Eric, *“Hi Man”* he replied. I said *“do you dig Hawkwind”*, Eric replied *“Sure they’re really trippy”*. Then I said *“they’re at this scene in about two weeks”*. *“Far out”* said Eric. I said *“If you go, are you gonna drop acid in that scene, man do you dig”*. Eric said *“yeah man if I’m turned on”*. Eric then said to me *“do you want a beer?”* I said *“Sure thing can you get me a Newcastle Brown man”* Eric got me a beer and then he had to split.

I returned to talk to the couple at the table, and then on the jukebox came Jimi Hendrix doing *“Purple Haze”*. I said to the chics *“sad about Jimi goin”* one of the chics Ann, said *“Well man he is forming a super band in the astral-world with Brian Jones and Janis Joplin”*.

Ann was a pretty young art student who was about to move to Bath a trendier place, with her guy. Then she said to me, *“do you believe that Jonesey was topped?”* I said *“I don’t know”*. She continued *“a lot of people believe they saw Keith Richards jump out of the bushes at Cotchford Farm and push Brian into the swimming pool, and he drowned”*. I laughed and replied *“Yeah but Jonesey could swim babe”*, Ann was a little angry and replied *“He was out of it; Keith put a load of smack in his drink”*.

Her friend Kathy entered the debate, and continued *"I really believe that he went for a quiet swim, went under the water and drowned, that's all"*.

I concluded this drunken debate *"Well man I believe he is not gone, I believe he faked his death somehow, and anyway he has been seen in Hyde Park, dressed like a tramp and feeding the ducks"*.

There was silence.