

# THE ANTI-POLARIS GUITAR

bi

T.S. Law

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## THE GARDEN

Here then is the wild garden, the Eastern allusion  
of jungle weeds, rampant, riotous, our own delusion  
raging in us, the last complete illusion.

25.7.55

Better so than that we desire  
cultivation, better so than we aspire  
to culture as a purifying fire,

a culture by atomic murder, no less, cultivation  
of the genes by mutation  
in the best organised manner of the ultimate negation.

Now look at that wild weed, the village haverer,  
given to long monologues with the hedges, swithering  
between the audience of a hawthorn or a bank of heather:

his parliament of bees in the hedgerows or in the bonnet  
are equally important to him; scorn it  
if we will, he knows his dependence on it

even as we know we can know no indifference  
to the established sanity of the idiotic utterances  
of our politicians. We are all of us sufferance,  
all haverers, all of us of a nation,  
all of us one with the poor fool in the ultimate negation.

## BAN POLARIS, HALLELUJA

*(Tune: Battle Hymn of the Republic)*

Noo Dunoon is doon the watter but it's up the creek anaa, 3.3.61  
it hasnae got a paddle, it can sook whyle Yankees blaw;  
ay, they'll sook the dollars fae them till they're yellin for thur maw:  
send the Yankees hame.

*Ban Polaris hallelujah!*  
*Ban Polaris hallelujah!*  
*Ban Polaris hallelujah!*  
*And send the Yankees hame!*

We're sorry for the Yankees, they've an awfie lot tae thole,  
they're aither haufwy roon the ben or haufwy up he pole,  
whyle they dither on the Dulles brink an dae the rock-an-roll:  
Send the Yankees hame.

*Ban Polaris etc*

Thon Quislin is a name for traitor kent the wurld aroon,  
it's Scotland's shame tae gie a name for onie traitor toon;  
they hae sunk thur pryde in the Firth o Clyde at a place they caa Dunoon:  
send the Yankees hame.

*Ban Polaris etc*

Whan Dunoon folk breathe atomic dust an drink the strontium waste,  
they'll hae clever deils for bairnies, dooble-heidit, dooble-faced,  
lyke the fish that soom the Holy Loch, the furst three-leggit race:  
send the Yankees hame.

*Ban Polaris etc*

Yince Scotland had a wheen o folk that libertie cood lead,  
but noo they'll naither wurk nor waant, it's dollars for thur greed;  
they'd sell thur sowls, an freedom tae, afore they'd graft for breid:  
send the Yankees hame.

*Ban Polaris etc*

Hell mend Dunoon an roonaboot, hell mend them seik or hail  
that gie the Yanks thur better thanks an toadie roon thur tail;  
hell mend atomic submarines whaurever they may sail:  
send the Yarkees hame.

*Ban Polaris hallelujah!*  
*Ban Polaris hallelujah!*  
*Ban Polaris hallelujah!*  
*And send the Yankees hame!*

## AULD FOLKS, YOUNG FOLKS

*(Tune: Darkies' Sunday School)*

Auld Folks, young folks, sing along wi me,                   19.5.61  
Mussolini dangled fae a lamp-post, no a tree;  
byde a wee, ma bonnie lass, I'll tell ye verie soon,  
ay, I'll tell ye whye the Yankees brocht Polaris tae Dunoon.

Some wuid sell the hippens aff the hurdies o a waen,  
Millport has a wheen o folk lik thaem, I'll say again;  
they tried tae let the Yankees hae the golfin aa the day  
for radioactive dollars – it was daylight robbie.

Ald folks, young folks, here's anither sang,  
Castro was a Cuban man, an Kennedy was wrang;  
wait until I tell ye and I'll tell ye verie soon,  
ay, I'll tell ye whye the Yankees brocht Polaris tae Dunoon.

Some wuid cheat thur grannies for a daud o chowein gum  
some wuid sell ye ice-cream whyle they stuff ye up the lum,  
lik the fascist an the nazi in the days o Adolf Hit,  
an the mess they mak is messier for thur waant o sense an wit.

Auld folks, young folks, listen, girls an boys,  
ye tell them by thur silence an ye tell them by thur noise;  
haud yer wheesht or gie it purr, I'll tell ye verie soon,  
ay, I'll tell ye whye the Yankees brocht Polaris tae Dunoon.

It 's freedom that we sing about, it's freedom, weel ye ken,  
they'd lyke tae sell ye neck an crop, wee chookie-burdie hen;  
Thur luv o Gode the Faither is a lot o luv, ye know,  
but they'd atomise thur mithers for the luv o Yankee dough.

Auld folks, young folks, here's a sang for you,  
Eichmann was a nazi but he got the old one-two;  
and if I haenae telt ye whye the Yanks are in Dunoon,  
then stick aroon, ma laddie O, ye'll hear it verie soon.

Ye mynd the Nazis in the fiords o Norroway-ower-the-sea?  
The strenth-thru-joy battalion boys that murdert leebertie?  
If ye daenae ken bi this timm whye the Yanks are in Dunoon,  
then yer bum is oot the windae lyke a muckle big balloon.

## THE TRAIN FAE GOUROCK

*(Tune: What a Friend we have in Jesus)*

When they tak the train fae Glesca 22.5.61  
geigerin thru Glesca West,  
dae the Glesca folk see Yankees  
lyke the faa-oot fae a test?

I hae heard the mavin singin  
no for Mary o Argyll,  
but for strontium on the Hielans  
lyke the scoor fae Ross tae Kyle.

Whan the Yanks stravaig in Glesca,  
geigerin thru Glesca East,  
dae the Glesca folk keep Yankees  
ten yairds wuinward at the least?

Tell yer momma, tell her, sailor,  
say ye're awfie faur fae hame  
whaur the streets o Alabamie  
tell the wurld yer nation's shame.

When the Yanks stravaig in Glesca,  
geigerin thru Glesca North,  
dae the Glesca folk rin yowlin  
faur ayont the Reeveer Forth?

Drap yer bombs on Alabamie,  
drap them heavie, drap them sair,  
lyke the clanger drapt ower Cuba,  
then we'll see the place nae mair.

When the Yanks stravaig in Glesca,  
geigerin thru Glesca Sooth,  
dae the Glesca folk in hiddlins  
slaver strontium at the mooth?

Tell yer momma, tell her trulie,  
whyle the geiger coonters click,  
dae the atoms fae Polaris  
Mak the Scottish bairnies sick?

Whan the Yanks stravaig in Glesca,  
folk keep twintie yairds awaa:  
are the Yankees instant lepers  
for Gode's ain America?

Dae the green teeth o corruption  
graft an grynd wi ancient skill  
whaur the judge maks free wi freedom?  
Was it bunk at Bunker Hill?

Daes the wuin still blaw in Dallas,  
daes it blaw thru Oregon  
as it blew fae yon McCarthy?  
Daes it blaw in Washington?

That's the wuin ye blaw in Scotland  
lyke a halitosis braith,  
faain-oot lyke strontium 90  
wi the libertie o daith.

Is thare balm in Alabamie?  
Are the massas massin still?  
Are the negro sailors welcome  
on the braes o Bunker Hill?

Little Rock did little tell ye  
that ye'd foonder, that ye'd sink  
on the rocks in guid Scots singin,  
no the rocks in guid Scotch drink.

*Envoi:*

Sailor Prince, young Prince Polaris,  
daenae think we're sair on you:  
whan ye gang we'll juist forget ye –  
never that black polis crew.

Ay, ye'll gang wi aa that's foul, Prince,  
fousome submarines an gear;  
we've tae thole thae traitor polis,  
bokin whan we smell them near.

## THE ARGYLLSHIRE MAU-MAU

*(Tune: Whaa saw the 42nd)*

*Whaa saw the Argyllshire Mau-Mau?* 23.5.61  
*Whaa saw them in Dunoon?*  
*Whaa saw the Argyllshire Mau-Mau*  
*flingin thon wee lassie doon?*

Some o thaem had size twelve buits on,  
some o thaem were sixteen stane,  
some o thaem were ower six foot, man;  
nane o thaem had onie brain.

*Whaa saw etc*

Some o thaem were anti-British,  
some were anti-Scottish tae,  
some o thaem were anti-wittish;  
nane were anti-sottish, eh!

*Whaa saw etc*

Some o thaem were gy-near fatal,  
some say some were hauf-seas ower;  
some o thaem were antenatal;  
Gode Almichtie, whit a shower!

*Whaa saw etc*

Some wid lyke tae sink the boot in,  
some for law and order O,  
some for harp and some for flute, on –  
no the Scottish Border O.

*Whaa saw etc*

Some o thaem were pro-Polaris,  
some were gyan pro-pro-pro,  
some were anti-pro-tovarish:  
dacent polis badd awo.

*Whaa saw the Argyllshire Mau-Mau?*  
*Wha saw them in Dunoon?*  
*Whaa saw the Argyllshire Mau-Mau*  
*flingin thon wee lassie doon?*



## A SANG FOR THE SINGERS

*(Tune: I lo'ed ne'er a Laddie but Ane)*

Lyke a targe gin they flyte as she herp,  
gin they gie us a muckie big stoond,  
ay, we'll ging them wi cloore o a sherp,  
ay, we'll dunt them aroond wi a soond:  
gin they rattle oor ribs wi a staff,  
gin they ettle the singers maun hang,  
ay, we'll raddle thur brains wi a stave,  
ay, we'll hing them abuin wi a sang.

?5.61

## SCOTLAND'S SHAME

*(Tune: Howden Ferm)*

Tho you hae nocht avaa  
ye sing o Scots Wha Hae;  
ye're juist a muckle baa  
fou o bletherie:  
a blooter fae ahin  
is whit ye need the-day  
tae gar ye rise abuin  
the stoor upon the brae.

27.6.61

The Holy Loch may stink  
wi Scotlaud's shame tae me,  
but you can guts an drink  
Scotland's leebertie:  
ye murder wi yer teeth  
baith freedom an the free,  
an boke upon the wreath  
that murns oor historie.

Ye sing o Scotland Yet  
but never Scotland Noo;  
are you a fascist gett,  
or juist blinn-fou?  
Is leebertie a sang?  
Is freedom something new?  
Is the haill wurld wrang?  
Is freedom no for you?

Hell mend ye for enyuch  
tae gar ye roast in shame,  
or coorie in a shuch  
for hoose at hame;  
may we never thole the seed  
that murders Scotland's name;  
may Scotland never breed  
yer baaheid lyke again.

A PRAYER FAE GLESCA

Eternal Maister, thou ayebydein Lorde 28.6.61  
Skeelie in battles, skellie wi yer law,  
Kinna easie-osie, skew-wif, whan a horde,  
Instant fae hell, or fae that warst o aa,  
Mom's ain kintrie a bittock wast o hell,  
Oozes an boozes whaur the leid o Eden sang  
Scotland the Brave or some sic Heilan reel

For waant o a dacent mairch: afore I gang  
ower faur, ma Lorde, or faur ayont masel – eh,  
Remeid I ask for Scotland's sake against

Evil faa-oot an pollution. Lorde, I tell ye,  
Vow wull I, Lorde, tae be less sair fornenst  
Even Lanin, gin ye'll bless this gullie, wull ye, for Dunoon  
Richt noo? It's a lampoon, no a harpoon.

Crookit aboot the mooth as onie cur is,  
An ass wi's aars athorte the vocal chords;  
Polecat in person privie wi Polaris,  
Truth trevels twyce attoore whan cairriet wi his wurds,  
A something lyke Canaveral-by-the-sea  
in rocketrie tae blaw us aa abuin  
Nicht an morn whan Yankee nyafferrie

Removes the wurld, an leaves us nocht but wuin.

Lest ye wuid think I'm tellin onie lee,  
Ask onie bairn, the waen'll tell ye this:  
Never let bug, he'll say, it's no a flea;  
It's no whit he's no wurth, it's whit he is.  
Never let dab until ye hear the next  
Gin ye wuid ken whit maks the Captain vext.

Intae yer broth gae steer deceit an fear,  
Seikness o hert an jaundies o the spreit;

Naething that's guid, but mental middens here  
O gutsie wastrie lyke yer fousome, deep.

Waarm, wat an slairie, slaverin, slorpin greed:  
Up wi yer fire o hate lik brunstane lowein,  
Rairin wi racial rancour's ugsome weed,  
The benmaist growthe here lyke a dottle rowein  
Het-hertit as its ain fire burns tae feed  
America wi its ain cancer corp.

Faa in, faa-tae, an sluch yer faa-oot mead  
Atween yer drooth an deid – ay, slainte! Slorp!  
Remove, remove, remove yer pestilence.  
The wurld is seik o ye. Hae sense, hae sense.

\* See Appendix

## THE ROAD TAE SANDBANK PIER

(Tune: Kevin Barrie)

If ye waant tae see the Yankee 29.6.61  
whaa has bocht yer Scottish syle,  
tak a boat across fae Gourock  
even tho ye get the byle;  
thare ye'll see a pier at Sandbank,  
yin that never had a name;  
onlie Scottish folk can see it,  
for it's built wi Scotland's shame.

If ye daenae waant Polaris,  
tak a boat tae Sandbank pier,  
thare ye'll see the Yankee sailors  
wi thur herries on the beer:  
yon performin flea caad Lanin  
wi his bunnet fou o bees,  
sees the polis caw wee lassies  
doon upon thur nylon knees.

In his heliboat at Balloch,  
Whaur Loch Lomond's banks are braw,  
Whyles ye'll see yon nyaff caad Lanin  
fleein lyke a hoodie crow:  
no a crow, but lyke a vulture,  
lyke a kytehawk kynd o burd –  
Hy! Ablow thare! Look! He's faain,  
drappin lyke a muckle scud. \*

No yesterday an no the morn,  
no last nicht or the nicht afore,  
three wee witches mair lik bitches  
chappit on Auld Scotland's door:  
Greddie Jeannie on the fiddle,  
Targie Margie belts a drum,  
Herrie Merrie, she is sellin  
Scotland tae yon Yankee bum. \*\*

\*For yaisual, a 'scud' is a young burd afore it is  
flowne, that is, it is still 'bare-scud'.

\*\* In Scotland, a 'bum' is a blawhard, no a 'tramp'  
as in the U.S.A.

## WHETHER WUID YE RITHER

*(Tune: Geordie Hinnie)*

*O it's whether wuid ye rither, folk,  
or rither wuid ye no,  
chowe atomic dust  
fae Russins or Yanks?  
Ay, it's rither wuid ye whether, folk,  
Ruid Guaird or G.I. Joe?  
Baith'll blaw ye aff  
the bonnie bluidie banks.*

17.10.61

Noo, we hae sung o Captain Lanin,  
Sandbank Pier an thon Dunoon;  
we hae immortalised  
the polis in thur nicht:  
but we hae never caad folk oniething  
but whan they cawed us doon,  
for ye get yer paiks  
lik py on Fryday nicht.

*O it's whether wuid ye rither, folk etc*

Gin ye fancie a fresh-air fortnicht  
whan ye're wabbit tae the waa  
lyke a collier  
fae the reekin, stoorie pits,  
daenae wachle doon the watter  
whaur the strontium faas lik snaw:  
thon's the stuff tae burn  
the tackets oot yer buits.

*O it's whether wuid ye rither, folk etc*

Here's the haill wurld yellin keys an baurley  
seeven days a week,  
yit they gie us laldie  
seeven tymes a day:  
ay, they murder folk wi faa-oot  
whyle we turn the ither cheek,  
till we're stottin  
lyke a drucken Hogmanay.

*O it's whether wuid ye rither, folk etc*

The durtie-myndit nations  
wi the 'clean' atomic bombs,  
tho they're gy big-heidit,  
haenae onie brains  
gin they think we're fair taen-on  
withe peace o daith in Kingdom Come,  
lyke a jeelie piece  
for gutsie-gabbit waens.

22.10.61

*O it's whether wuid ye rither, folk etc*

A politeecian's storie's  
gy faur-fetched lik Chinese syle,  
or lik comets back an furrit  
faur in Space;  
ay, believe me, they'll deceive ye  
in the Yankee rocket style,  
for they'll blaw ye up  
each tyme they losse the place.

*O it's whether wuid ye rither, folk,  
or rither wuid ye no,  
chowe atomic dust  
fae Russins or Yanks?  
Ay, it's rither wuid ye whether, folk,  
Ruid Guaird or G.I. Joe?  
Baith'll blaw ye aff  
the bonnie bluidie banks.*

## I LYKE AN AIPPLE

*(Tune: I like an aipple)*

I lyke an aipple and I lyke an pear  
but I hate Polaris, it shoodnae be thare. 3.1.62  
O gee, it's Yankee, it's wurse nor mankie,  
I hate Polaris, it shoodnae be thare.

They come tae Dunoon wi a big submarine,  
they poison the place wi an atom machine.  
O gee, it's Yankee, it's wurse nor mankie,  
I hate Polaris, the atom machine.

The deer in the Hielans it burns aff thur meat,  
it kills the wee lammies before they can bleat.  
o Gee, it's Yankee, it's wurse nor mankie,  
I hate Polaris, it poisons the sheep.

We sail tae Dunoon, we're awaa for the Fair  
whaur strontium 90 it floats in the air.  
O gee, it's Yankee, it's wurse nor mankie,  
I hate Polaris, it poisons the air.

It's no juist a poison in river an wynd,  
it poisons the hert and it poisons the mynd.  
O gee, it's Yankee, it's wurse nor mankie,  
I hate Polaris in hert and in mynd.

I lyke an aipple beside Sandbank Pier,  
but I hate Polaris, it shoodnae be here.  
O gee, it's Yankee, it's wurse nor mankie,  
I hate Polaris, it shoodnae be here.

*The sang abuin is a conjunck yin wrote bi  
masel an ma ingenious bairns John MacPhail Law  
and Andrew Reid Law*

## THE ROAD AN THE MYLES TAE DUNOON

(Tune: *The Road an the Myles tae Dundee*)

Whan suimmer ran barefuit athorte the West Hielans, 17.1.62  
and hykers an bykers left auld Glesca toon,  
I met a young lass on the Rest-an-be-Thankfu  
whaa speired for the road an the myles tae Dunoon.

Says I, "Ma wee hen, aa yon strontium 90  
can clert ye an dirt ye fae shooters tae shoon;  
the air in yon place turns ye green as a soorock  
whan anti-Polarisin nearhaun Dunoon."

"Haud awaa, bonnie lass, fae the Unholie Watter,  
whaur freedom lies droondit ten faddom deep doon,  
for nae folk but Yankees an traitors tae Scotland  
are bydein in radioactive Dunoon."

"Gang awaa yer ain gaet thru the glens o the Hielans,  
whaur freedom's as clear is the licht o the moon;  
an byde ye whaur freedom besyde ye gangs singin  
'Hell mend the atomical toon o Dunoon.'"

"Naw, naw," said the lass, lyke a young Jennie Geddes,  
"I'll gang tae Ardnadam an gie them a tune;  
yin stave o *The Eskimos* tells the haill kintrie  
thare's Scots folk in Glesca if no in Dunoon."

"Cheeri-bye then, ma lass, fare-ye-weel an fare better 31.10.86  
than aa thae paer folk whaur the atoms birl roon;  
but nae folk thare listen, thur ignorance bliss, an,  
watch-oot for yersel wi the Yanks in Dunoon."





WI YOU AN WI ME  
(Tune: Johnnie Lad)

Come a you folk for Scotland an sing along wi me, 20.4.62  
lik Wallace stand an guaird the land the martyrt man set free

*Wi a real Hampden roar, an wi you an wi me,  
the Lion Rampant's rairin for the folk tae set him free.*

As sleekit as a blackleg, the Auld MacNeverhad  
sells Scotland oot lik Ramsay Mac, Menteith, an Bruce's dad.

*Wi a real Hampden roar etc*

MacMillan's lyke a pudgick, he's as sklidderie as a toad,  
a slymie, grymie, blimie-blymie traitor à la mode.

*Wi a real Hampden roar etc*

The Yankees send Polaris, the sign o Scotland's shame,  
MacMillan sends redundancie, an shuts doon pits at hame.

*Wi a real Hampden roar etc*

Lik promises fae London, the strontium skails an scoors,  
an rots the place lik speeches fae the Parliamentarie boors.

*Wi a real Hampden roar etc*

It's nuclear smeeek, no railway reek, will keep ye waarm as fun  
whyles Robens buys an aerieplane wi Scotland's poun-a-ton.

*Wi a real Hampden roar etc*

MacMillan's Common Market an Common Nuclear Hash  
are aa yin-waan wi fascist French an nazi German trash.

*Wi a real Hampden roar etc*

The O.A.S. tae shoot ye as the nazis burn yer baens,  
whyle atom Yanks pollute ye, ay, you an wyfe an waens.

*Wi a real Hampden roar etc*

Come aa you, ay, come aa you, the Lion Rampant's here,  
Westminster guff an Yankee bluff are juist lik Sandbank Pier.

*Wi a real Hampden roar, an wi you an wi me,  
the Lion Rampant's rairin for the folk tae set him free.*

BATISMAL HYMN FOR THE KIRK  
O NUCLEAR ANNUNCIATION

*(Tune: Come ower the Stream, Chairlie)*

*Baptise the wee bairnies in strontium 90,* 28.5.62  
*o dicht thur wee sowls wi nuclear stoor.*  
*Baptise the wee bairnies in strontium 90,*  
*o dicht thur wee sowls wi nuclear stoor.*

And o whan they're girnin  
wi bealin an burnin,  
juist keep them roon-turnin  
ten tymes tae the oor,  
an baste them wi radio-iodine readie –  
o dicht thur wee sowls wi nuclear stoor.

*Baptise etc*

An syne whan they greet, O  
hie thaem for a treat – O,  
a wee dummie teat o  
uranium ore:  
it's grand whan they're craikin wi faa-oot tae bake in –  
O dicht thur wee sowls wi nuclear stoor.

*Baptise etc*

In heeven they'll gether  
in wi ilka faither  
an hing aroon haver-  
in luve and its pooer:  
encore for the nuclear gore and its glorie –  
O dicht thur wee sowls wi nuclear stoor.

*Baptise the wee bairnies in strontium 90,*  
*o dicht thur wee sowls wi nuclear stoor.*  
*Baptise the wee bairnies in strontium 90,*  
*o dicht thur wee sowls wi nuclear stoor*

## THE WYLD FOLK FAE GLESCA

*(Tune: The Wark o the Weavers)*

O they aa met thegither there in auld Embro toon,                    25.8.62  
the cranks an the Yanks whaa thocht it was the moon;  
thare were folk fae Hameldaeme, thare were folk fae Wachleroon,  
an folk lik the wyld folk fae Glesca.

*Gin it wasnae for Glesca, whit wuid ye sing?  
Gode bless Polaris the muckle clertie thing!  
Yer writin an yet flytin wuid aa be on the bing  
gin it wasnae for the wyld folk fae Glesca.*

A Fyfer cam fae Glesca, he stuid abuin the lave  
lik a sang wyld wi freedom a banner for tae wave;  
the messans they were guessin, but he gied thaem a stave,  
ay, he gied thaem a wyld sang fae Glesca.

*Gin it wasnae for Glesca etc*

It's no faur ayont the Isle, nor yit Skye forment,  
but a Hielanman fae Springburn can rise tae sing a stent;  
anither o the Glesca chiels wi freedom no ahint,  
anither o the wyld folk fae Glesca.

*Gin it wasnae for Glesca etc*

Noo, a Glesca sang fae Paisley is never meikle wrang,  
lyke a Glesca sang fae Lanark, man, it gars ye step alang:  
o freedom lykes the singing, an freedom is a sang  
lik the singin o the wyld folk fae Glesca.

*Gin it wasnae for Glesca etc*

And I hae sung wi freens in honour by the Holy Loch  
whaur reaction lyke a stairheld targe was rairin gyan roch;  
and I'd as lief hae sung for sense an freedom lood enyuch  
in Embro wi the wyld folk fae Glesca.

*Gin it wasnae for Glesca, whit wuid ye sing?  
Gode bless Polaris the muckle clertie thing!  
Yer writin an yet flytin wuid aa be on the bing  
gin it wasnae for the wyld folk fae Glesca.*

## PALOMARES

(Tune: Hush-a-bye-Baby-on-a-Tree-Top)

The American Bomb like a curse on our days                      3/4/5.3.66  
fell down from the sky on Palomares:  
it poisoned the soil, and the the fish of the seas,  
it poisoned the people of Palomares.  
The expert he says the dollar defrays  
the price of pollution of Palomares.  
    O Palomares, O Palomares,  
    O radioactive Palomares.

They said the plutonium dust on the face  
couldn't lodge in the lungs in Palomares.  
But they carried away half the soil to the States,  
and the last food would grow in Palomares.  
In millions of ways plutonium stays  
for thousands of years in Palomares.  
    O Palomares, O Palomares,  
    O radioactive Palomares.

Like a criminal lawyer they feel no disgrace  
when they lie to the people of Palomares  
They find all the answers but not every trace  
of the bomb that they lost in Palomares.  
To the end of their days the folk who betray us  
may they rot like our lungs in Palomares.  
    O Palomares, O Palomares,  
    O radioactive Palomares.

*Note:* It was on 17 January 1966 that four unarmed American bombs fell near Palomares on the South-east coast of Spain.

Two of the four bombs released radio active plutonium. The high explosive contents of those bombs then detonated upon impact.

A third bomb did not detonate.

The fourth bomb has been lost: its high explosive could have been detonated in mid-air.

The above information is taken from a report "By a Special Correspondent in *The Scotsman* of 28.2.66. His report goes on to state: "It has now been established that there is no threat to the health of the villagers from the plutonium clouds that passed overhead or from the plutonium particles that contaminated crops and animals and clung to the soil."

PATRICK HENRY

*The Man*

“Give me liberty or give me death”  
belongs to Patrick Henry’s name.

27.3.67

*The Polaris Submarine*

‘Give me the liberty of death’  
obliterates both name and fame.

## GRESS

The gress that yince grew baens 3.1.72  
noo cancer growes.  
The bonnie green blades, noo gane  
intil the killin spores,  
as weeds hotchin alow the mitherin hyde,  
dern awo fae aa but the nerve-en pain  
yince dernit in the gentle rain  
that can thaem hain  
until the baens growe gress,  
as you may guess.

## NUCLEAR DUCHAL

That nuclear duchal can growe arnuts in yer lugs 7.12.76  
lik buckmast in a het an droothie suimmer.  
Yird the slutter faur doon deep an dernit 11k the pugs  
left brustin on the pavement a the auld Kiltung  
alow the Caunnerrig whan black stoor yince  
grew the stanie bellowses o daith. Mak siccar  
noo, dae-doon that yin's propaganda! Blinn him,  
gif no wi science, silence, for a starter –  
an stopper! Mynd, he's a makar!

*"Duchal" is glossed for yalsual as 'an act of gormandising', but in ma ain kennin ot, it was mair lik the end-product o 'gormandising', for whyles we caad a midden a duchal.*



## FINGER ON THE BUTTON

Deep in the mind of man  
like some small warming blaze,  
the Reformation was  
the glory of our days  
that liberated thought  
among the common people  
whatever else lay dormant  
as thought beneath the steeple.

10.11.87

How it would gall those sires  
whose thought became their action,  
to see thought turning on  
itself more like reaction  
to side with the corruption  
it once eschewed the Devil's,  
becoming with belief  
abomination's evils.

Degenerate successors  
of Old Reformers are  
disgraceful witnesses  
of retrogressive war  
until in savagery  
of Christian gentleness  
they hear a minister  
a foul desire express.

He said he would be pleased  
("only too pleased" his word)  
to press the button which  
Polaris would absorb  
to send it piercing through  
God's cleaner air above,  
polluting Earth below  
explosive with God's love.

"Vicar" "in place of" God,  
as Godlike as the Son,  
was that one called MacVicar  
mankind depended on,  
expressed the doomful pleasure  
eradicating evil  
like thief to catch a thief  
or minister the Devil.

While death of Reformation  
is death of liberation  
of spiritual mankind,  
it is a sorry station  
a fellow — Christian takes:  
nuclear barbarity  
contains within itself  
death of humanity.

This is a something sore  
we cannot tolerate  
as other folk than Christian,  
for there is no debate:  
none but official Christians  
are so degenerate  
as first use nuclear arms,  
then cry, "Too late, too late!"

And well do Christian churches  
know that they have defended  
retention of those weapons  
as though our life depended  
upon them, and not death.  
Do they not understand  
that politicians  
for death, not life, have planned?

Unlike peace, they forget  
atomic fallout is  
like space, divisible  
infinitely because  
each will have share of it  
since it is communal  
commodity, diseased  
as virus shared by all.

Fallout: implacable  
as that same Christian faith  
MacVicar shares with those  
who welcome nuclear death.  
Fallout: consistent as  
MacVicar's Christian hope  
is universal as  
Christian atomic scope.

But here is charity,  
as Christian as another  
minister, Dr. Goodheir,  
who is at once the brother  
who neighbours Christian witness  
example to the nation,  
a man outwith official  
perverse collaboration.

If, in our time, we cured  
excess of Old Reformers,  
we must not now become  
atomical deformers  
officialised like clergy  
subservient as sloth  
destroys us in an action  
atomical as wrath.

Whoever must go, mankind  
must lie forever skaitless  
as never split an atom,  
even if living faithless  
as ever the MacVicar  
would unleashed atom strife,  
like all atomic guisers  
wearing death-mask in life.

Death can be lingering  
as time spells out the dying;  
death can be suddenlike  
as time one instant flying:  
let our deaths all be private  
as timed our each day latter,  
and not times public as  
annihilated matter.

Note: This poem was made from facts published in newspapers at the time of the "anti-Polaris" movement. Unfortunately, I did not keep a particular record of the minister MacVicar nor of the Dr. Goodheir mentioned in the poem.

## APPENDIX

### THE GLESCA ESKIMOS

*(Tune: Marching through Georgia)*

*Hullo, hullo, we are the Eskimos,  
hullo, hullo, the Glesca Eskimos,  
we'll gaff that nyaff caad Lanin,  
we'll spear him whaur he blows:  
we are the Glesca Eskimos.*

It's up the Clyde cam Lanin lyke a super-duper Yank,  
but doon a damn sicht quicker whan we cowped him in the stank;  
up tae the neck in sludge an sewage fairlie stops yer swank: \*  
we are the Glesca Eskimos.

Hullo, hullo etc

It's in an oot, it's up an doon, an on an aff the piers, \*  
thare's cooncillors, collaborators, pimps an profiteers; \*  
the herries jook the polis an the polis jook the queers: \*  
we are the Glesca Eskimos.

Hullo, hullo etc

Thare's dredgers an thare'sludgie-boats tae keep the river clean, \*  
ye lift yer haun tae pou the chain - ye ken fyne whit I mean – \*  
but whye in the hell has the Holy Loch been left outside the scheme? \*  
We are the Glesca Eskimos.

Hullo, hullo etc

We've been in monie a rammie, lads, we've been in monie a taer;  
we've sortit-oot this kynd afore, we'll sorte them oniewhere;  
noo get yer harpoons readie, boys, he's comin up for air: \*  
we are the Glesca Eskimos.

*Hullo, hullo, we are the Eskimos,  
hullo, hullo, the Glesca Eskimos,  
we'll gaff that nyaff caad Lanin,  
we'll spear him whaur he blows:  
we are the Glesca Eskimos.*

*Thir lynes were "Workshop" versiouns Thurso Berwick (Morris Blythman),  
mode about 27.6.61 for an Anti-Polaris demonstratioun at the Holy Loch  
on 16/17 September 1961.*

*The oreeginal sang was made in a pub in Sauchiehaa Street in Glesca  
juist afore I gaed til a folk-sang speil bi Hamish Henderson. Gin I myn  
richt, Jeannie Robertson was thare tae, an sang as weel as ever I heard her.*

*Thare was some lassie or ither thare anaa, an she speired at Hamish whye  
naebodie was singin his The Freedom-Come-All-Ye. He was a bit baet for a  
smertlik aunsver, but that was langsyne, and as we ken noo, aabodie that kens  
ocht nooadays can fairlie gie his sang purr.*

## THE SHADOW OVER PALOMARES

*By a Special Correspondent*

A few days after four unarmed American hydrogen bombs had fallen near Palomares on the south-east coast of Spain on January 17, Mr Wright H. Langham of the U.S. Atomic Energy Commission arrived on the scene from the commission's National Laboratory at Los Alamos, New Mexico. His presence in Palomares was to prove critical.

Two of the four bombs that fell released radioactive plutonium. The conventional high explosive contents of the weapons then detonated upon impact. A third was not detonated and the fourth, whose high explosive could have been set off in mid-air, has been lost.

It has now been established that there is no threat to the health of the villagers from the plutonium clouds that passed overhead or from the plutonium particles that contaminated crops and animals and clung to the soil.

### *Psychological Effect*

The psychological "fallout" is, however, likely to linger over Palomares long after the Americans have removed all physical signs of the incident.

Much of the credit for averting a potentially dangerous medical situation belongs to Mr Langham, a world authority on radiation health protection.

Before he arrived in Palomares, urine samples had already been taken from villagers caught in the two separate plutonium clouds generated by the high explosive blasts. These showed that the villagers were dangerously contaminated.

Mr Langham's immediate assessment, which proved to be correct, was that something had gone wrong with the first tests. What happened was that no one had asked a number of farmers, who supplied urine samples, to wash thoroughly, to change their clothes and to go into hospital for a proper examination. Microscopic particles of plutonium had therefore fallen from their clothes and given the samples artificially high radioactivity readings.

Arrangements were quickly made for proper tests on a nearby hospital. These showed that the villagers had not accumulated a dangerous amount of plutonium in their bodies.

Plutonium, which was created by man 25 years ago this month has probably been more extensively studied as a health hazard than any other radioactive element. Moreover, twice in the past nine years, experts have deliberately created in the Nevada test site incidents similar to that at Palomares.

### *Atomic Trigger*

In each test the high explosive portion of a plutonium toxic trigger was set off to see what happened to the plutonium. One finding was that the greatest hazard came from a cloud of microscopic particles generated by the high explosive blast.

Two such clouds passed over the Palomares area although, luckily, the wind patterns prevented an overlap of the clouds. Some villagers were, however, exposed. The Nevada tests also showed that a lesser danger, but still a hazard, came from plutonium particles on the ground being swept into the air by the wind. It is to prevent this that Americans and Spaniards at Palomares continue to water down contaminated areas.

Radiation from plutonium, can be stopped by a piece of paper on the skin's unbroken upper layer, but, if inhaled, the material can lodge in the lungs or bones and be highly toxic.

Plutonium's radioactive life is incredible. Its half-life (the time it takes to lose half its radioactivity) is 24,000 years. For this reason, it is unlikely that American and Spanish authorities will ever be able to erase all trace of the accident. Despite this, every attempt is being made.

### *Out of Bounds*

Acres of tomato-growing land have been marked out of bounds. The plants have been uprooted and piled up, along with tons of contaminated dirt.

The Palomares farmers, already worried about the immediate loss of their tomato crop, also wonder whether they will be able to sell tomatoes from their area in the years to come. Some have already made financial claims for their losses. One American estimate is that the total crop is worth only \$20,000 to \$30,000.

Meanwhile American and Spanish officials are still undecided on measures to get rid of the contaminated vegetables and soil.

The likeliest prospect, it now appears, is that the U.S. will go through the costly business of specially packing all the dirt and withered vines in 55-gallon drums to be properly disposed of in the U.S.

*"Los Angeles Times" and "Washington Post" News Service.*

*Mnemonic in*

A PRAYER FAE GLESCA

E ternal Maister, thou ayebydein Lorde  
S keelie inbattles, skellie wi yer law,  
K inna easie-osie, skew-wif, whan a horde,  
I nstant fae hell, or fae that warst o aa,  
M om's ain kintrie a bittock wast o hell,  
O zes an boozes whaur the leid o Eden sang  
S cotland the Brave or some sic Hielan reel

28.6.61

F or waant o a dacent mairch: afore I gang  
O wer faur, ma Lords, or faur ayont masel – eh,  
R emeid I ask for Scotland's sake against

E vil faa-oot an pollutioun. Lorde, I tell ye,  
V ow wull I, Lorde, tae be less sair fornenst  
E ven Lanin, gin ye'll bless this gullie, wull ye, for Dunoon  
R icht noo? It's a lampoon, no a harpoon.

C rookit about the mooth as onie cur is,  
A n ass wi's aars athorte the vocal chords;  
P olecat in person privie wi Polaris,  
T ruth trevels twyce attoore whan carriet wi his words,  
A something lyke Canaveral-by-the-sea  
I n rocketrie tae blaw us aa abuin  
N icht an morn whan Yankee nyafferie

R emoves the wurld, an leaves us nocht but wuin.

L est ye wuid think I'm tellin onie lee,  
A sk onie bairn, the waen'll tell ye this:  
N ever let bug, he'll say, it's no a flea;  
I t's no whit he's no wurth, it's whit he is.  
N ever let dab until ye hear the next  
G in ye wuid ken whit maks the Captain vext.

I ntae yer broth gae steer deceit an fear,  
S eikness o hert an jaundies o the spreit;

N aething that's guid, but mental middens here  
O gutsie wastrie lyke yer fousome, deep,

W aarm, wat an slairie, slaverin, slorpin greed:  
U p wi yer fire o hate lik brunstane lowein,  
R airin wi racial rancour's ugsome weed  
T he benmaist growthe here lyke a dottle rowein  
H et hertit as its ain fire burns tae feed

A merica wi its ain cancer corp.

F aa-in, faa-tae, an sluch yer faa-oot mead  
A tween yer drooth an deid – ay, slainte! Slorpl!  
R emove, remove, remove yer pestilence.  
T he wurld is seik o ye. Hae sense, hae sense.