

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 mavinie 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 wurd,
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,
daena 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
noo cancer growes.

3.1.72

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 slwitter 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.