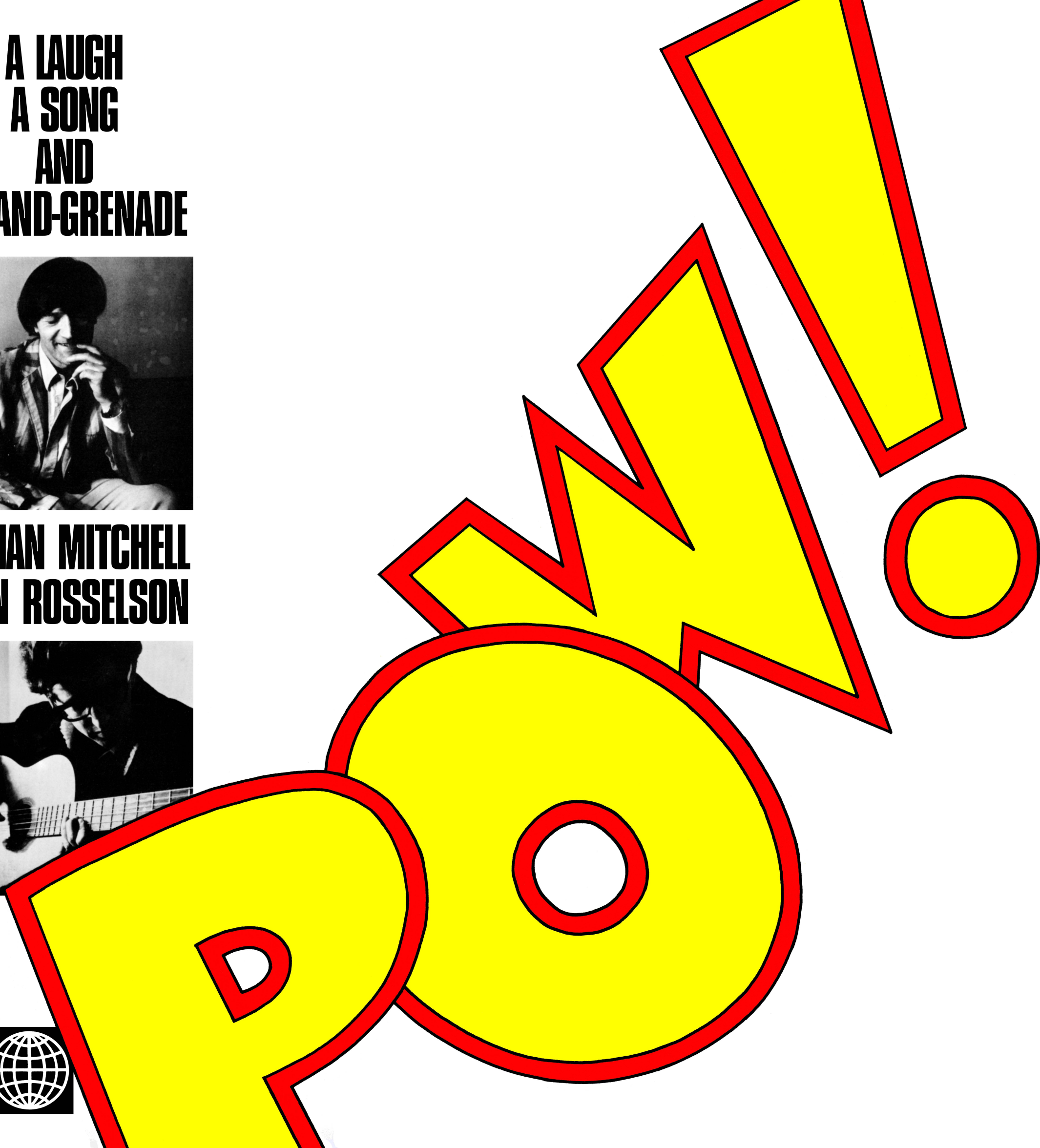


**A LAUGH  
A SONG  
AND  
A HAND-GRENADE**



**ADRIAN MITCHELL  
LEON ROSSELSON**



# ADRIAN MITCHELL LEON ROSSELSON

# TRA 171

This record is STEREO.  
It can also be played with a modern  
pick-up for perfect Mono reproduction

## A LAUGH, A SONG, & A HAND-GRENADE

### TO YOU ADRIAN MITCHELL

One: we were swaddled, ugly-beautiful and drunk on milk.  
Two: cuddled in arms always covered by laundered sleeves.  
Three: we got sand and water to exercise our imaginative  
faculties.  
Four: we were hit. Suddenly hit.

Five: we were fed to the educational system limited.  
Six: worried by the strange creatures in our heads, we strangled  
some of them.  
Seven: we graduated in shame.  
Eight: World War Two and we hated the Germans as much as our  
secret bodies, loved the Americans as much as the  
Russians, hated killing, loved killing, depending on the  
language in the Bible in the breast pocket of the dead  
soldier, we were crazy-thirsty for Winston Superman, for  
Jesus with his infinite tommy-gun and the holy Spitfires,  
while the Jap dwarfs hacked through the undergrowth of  
our nightmares—there were pits full of people-meat—  
and the real bombs came, but they didn't hit us, my love,  
they didn't hit us exactly.  
My love, they are trying to drive us mad.

So we got to numbers eight, nine, ten, and eleven,  
Growing scales over every part of our bodies,  
Especially our eyes,  
Because scales were being worn, because scales were armour.  
And now we stand, past thirty, together, madder than ever,  
We make a few diamonds and lose them.  
We sell our crap by the ton.  
My love they are trying to drive us mad.

Make love. We must make love  
Instead of making money.  
You know about rejection? Hit. Suddenly hit.  
Want to spend my life building poems in which untamed  
People and animals walk around freely, lie down freely  
Make love freely  
In the deep loving carpets, stars circulating in the ceiling,  
Poems like honeymoon planetariums.  
But our time is burning.  
My love, they are trying to drive us mad.

Peace was all I ever wanted.  
It was too expensive.  
My love, they are trying to drive us mad.

Half the people I love are shrinking.  
My love, they are trying to drive us mad.

Half the people I love are exploding.  
My love, they are trying to drive us mad.

I am afraid of going mad.

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The poems on this record by Adrian Mitchell may not be  
reproduced in whole or in part in any medium without the prior  
consent of Jonathan Cape Limited.

### THE RULES OF THE GAME LEON ROSSELSON

"I was only doing my job". (Anybody)  
  
The rules of the game are simple,  
And all you've got to do  
Is split yourself down the middle,  
So no-one can pin anything on you.

Wait for the wound to harden,  
Seal with a nerve-proof skin,  
The rules of the game are simple,  
And you're ready to begin.

The face of the one is hidden,  
The other one wears a mask,  
Smiles when the cue is given,  
Learns the right questions to ask.

The brain records the answers  
For the parts it has to play,  
The lips are soon word perfect,  
And the eyes give nothing away.

The face is filled with pity  
And prays for his daily bread,  
While the mask stands guard by the corpses,  
To see they don't rise from the dead.

So while one of you loves and is loving,  
The other one climbs alone,  
Sells to the highest bidder,  
Poisons his way to the throne.

And while one of you loves and is loving,  
The other one strikes it rich  
And soon you'll forget to remember  
Which one of you is which.

For the one whose smile is gentle  
Is the one who carries a gun,  
Who kills in the line of duty,  
And does what has to be done.

Is the one who's always sober  
And sleeps through the other's dreams,  
Who stuffs his ears with music,  
So he can't hear the screams.

Who weeps when the innocent suffer,  
And only tortures for hire,  
Who turns his face from the horror,  
When he's given the orders to fire.

So while one of you loves and is loving,  
The other one pockets the dough.  
The rules of the game are simple,  
And that's all you've got to know.

I tell you the rules are simple,  
And no-one will pin anything on you,  
If you split yourself down the middle,  
And do what you've got to do.

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Harmony Music Limited.

### Side 1

- 1 Flower Power=Bread **r** (3:30)
- 2 Take stalk between teeth  
Pull stalk from blossom  
Throw blossom over arm towards enemy  
Lie flat and await explosion **mo** (1:45)
- 3 She was crazy, he was mad **r** (3:48)
- 4 A party political broadcast on behalf of the burial party **mp** (3:18)
- 5 Judgements **r** (3:55)
- 6 An Oxford hysteria of English poetry **mo** (4:13)

### Side 2

- 1 To whom it may concern **mo** (1:55)
- 2 Jumbo the elephant **r** (4:33)
- 3 Ode on the assassination of President Johnson **mp** (1:46)
- 4 History Lesson **r** (2:42)
- 5 Vroomph **mp** (2:35)
- 6 Palaces of gold **r** (3:00)
- 7 To you **mo** (2:58)
- 8 The rules of the game **r** (3:04)

**r** Leon Rosselson

**m** Adrian Mitchell

**o** Printed in 'Out Loud' by Adrian Mitchell, published by Cape Goliard

**p** First published in Peace News

All songs by Leon Rosselson appear in *Look Here . . .* published by  
Harmony Music

Recorded at concerts at the Universities of Bradford and Lancaster

Recorded and produced by Bill Leader

Cover photo and design: Brian Shuel

**Leon Rosselson**, singer/song writer, musician and arranger, has  
been prominent for some years in what is loosely termed the folk  
revival, as an accompanist, on guitar, banjo & accordion, as a member of  
and arranger for two folk groups, The Galliards and The 3 City 4, and  
as a solo performer, singing his own songs. In these capacities, he has  
made numerous records and countless appearances in folk clubs, on  
concert platforms and on radio and television.  
He has been politically involved for as long as he can remember and  
his first solo record was an EP of political satirical songs which  
prompted various reviewers to describe him as 'a sort of anarchist  
Noel Coward', 'The best satirical songwriter since Tom Lehrer' and  
'a British Brassens'. He subsequently contributed several songs to the  
late night TV programme 'That Was The Week That Was'.

**Adrian Mitchell** describes himself as a British socialist poet who  
travels round the country reading his own poems. Nervous but not  
scared. Believes tragedy and comedy are equally important. Two  
collections of his poems have been published, *Poems* by Jonathan  
Cape and *Out Loud* by Cape-Goliard. Cape also published his novel  
*If You See Me Comin'*. An EP of his earlier poems has also been issued  
by Transatlantic Records. He adapted Peter Weiss's *Marat/Sade* and  
Jose Triana's *The Criminals* for the Royal Shakespeare Company and  
*The Magic Flute* for Covent Garden. Wrote the libretto for Richard  
Rodney Bennett's first opera, *The Ledge* and William Russo's song-cycle  
*The Island*. Wrote the lyrics for Peter Brook's production of *US*, later  
filmed as *Tell Me Lies*. Worked as a journalist for years and in 1967 was  
appointed Granada Fellow in the Arts at Lancaster University, where he  
wrote with students a pantomime about a race war between Lancashire  
and Yorkshire called *The Hotpot Saga*. Member of the editorial board of  
*The Black Dwarf* and a columnist for *Peace News*. Brought up in  
different places and so has a funny accent which keeps changing.

**Transatlantic Records Ltd** 120 Marylebone Lane London W1

**A LAUGH, A SONG &  
A HAND-GRENADE  
ADRIAN MITCHELL &  
LEON ROSSELSON**

1. Flower Power=Bread (Rosselson)
2. Take Stalk Between Teeth/Pull Stalk  
From Blossom/Throw Blossom Over Arm  
Towards Enemy/Lie Flat And Await  
Explosion (Mitchell)



Side One

MCPS

**TRA 171**

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3. She Was Crazy, He Was Mad (Rosselson)
  4. A Party Political Broadcast On Behalf  
Of The Burial Party (Mitchell)
  5. Judgements (Rosselson)
  6. An Oxford Hysteria Of English  
Poetry (Mitchell)
- 1 Essex Music Inc.  
3, 5 Harmony Music  
2, 4, 6 Jonathan Cape



**A LAUGH, A SONG &  
A HAND-GRENADE  
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1. To Whom It May Concern (Mitchell)
2. Jumbo The Elephant (Rosselson)
3. Ode On The Assassination Of  
President Johnson (Mitchell)



Side Two

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4. History Lesson (Rosselson)
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  6. Palaces Of Gold (Rosselson)
  7. To You (Mitchell)
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