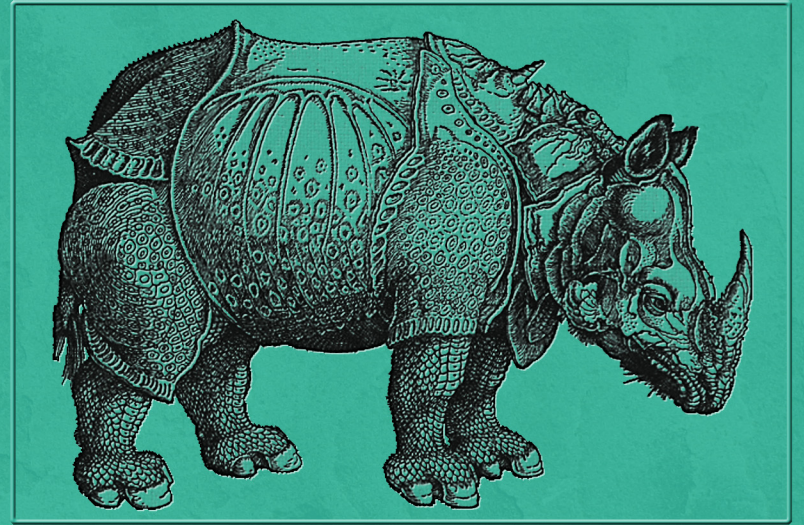




CASINO BABEL
Rhino Foreplays

CASINO BABEL

present their latest & last (sixth) release,
a (severely) limited edition tape & CD



ONE THE ARCHIVIST

How on earth did you get in?
The blinds have been shut
Since sixty-eight
Cut off my links with a fractured world
That's steering clear
From what it should've been

When the Summer Of Love evaporated
My multi-coloured houseboat sank
I dropped out of the drop-out scene
Almost everyone got intoxicated

Got a hoard of
Fillmore and Monterey posters
Still diggin' those relics
In my underground
Got mountains of albums
And books piled up high
Prime archivist of the Bay Area sound

Guess all the Deadheads have dispersed
And Janis must be 'bout forty-nine
Hope the Moby Grape didn't sell out
When the psychedelic bubble burst

TWO HANDCUFFED (To The Statue Of Liberty)

Take time - for consummation
Take time - for contemplation
Take time - find out what's my share

You say freedom is essential
To whatever lovin' couples do
Yes, I can't deny I love to
Sleep with someone I'm not married to

We're so free, at least in theory
In this cutthroat society
But it looks like we're all handcuffed
To the Statue Of Liberty

Close the black hole in my life
Where my energies, my years
My memories are swallowed up
Nevermore to reappear

See the dearth of real wisdom
Half-baked knowledge rains upon me
Choosing from a pile of rubbish
- This we label 'democracy'

THE SHE TAKES TO HER HEELS

I have never meant to get too close to her
I just wanted her to know that she is everything
I was looking for some twenty years ago

But perhaps she minds that I am twice her age
Wrinkles on my face, my hair has turned to grey
Only talk about all the good old days

I'd like to know how she feels
Each time she takes to her heels
To get out of my way, to get out of my way
And all the foolish things I say
Don't know how she feels
Don't know how she feels
Each time she takes to her heels

He feels like a leper to be avoided like the plague
Feels just discarded, and there's not much at stake

There's no reason why she should bother herself
With a hoary head. He is past his future yet
He was looking for some twenty years ago

FOR STILL PASSING BY

Still passing by after all those years
Still playing that endless game
Still shedding tears, still shedding tears
For losing you before you came
Still coldness
In your dark brown eyes
When I try to get a glance

Still the same straightforward lies
You tell. There is no chance

No way to talk to you
You're always on the run
Running away from me
Just trying to be free
Free from the chains
I've never put on you

Still full of fears when I appear
Or when I only call your name
Still ill at ease when I draw near
A timid picture in a frame

FIE SPLENDID ISOLATION

SIX HERE THEY COME AGAIN

I am the symbol
Of that beautiful town
Somewhere in the Aegean Sea
Where narrow lanes
Meander through
Ψεσ, ωηερε ναρροω λανεσ
Μεανδερ τηρουγη
A sea of houses white and blue
I'm the attraction
Of that busy place
And everybody knows my name
You'll find my portraits everywhere
Ψεσ, ψουαλλ φινδ
μψ πορτραιτς επερψωηερε
Make the people stand and stare

Here they come again
Swarming like flies
Flashing their lights
Want me to pose for their memories

Everybody's stroking and adoring me
They think I am their lucky charm
And every guide book tells my story
Ψεσ, επερψ γυιδε book
τελλσ μψ στορψ
I have my fate, my share of glory

From dawn to dusk the air is full of sound
Beautiful people strolling around
'cause everybody wants to be seen
And many a guy feels like a queen

SEEN THE WATER GLOBE

Holding a water-filled globe in my palm
Found it in the loft
Of my grandfather's farm
Exploring a strange world inside the globe
Blown up as seen through a microscope
I see a river rising from a deep blue lake
Winding 'round a snow-covered mountain
Flowing higher and higher
To the looming peak
From where it cascades into the deep
Feeding its origin instead of a fountain
A flight of cherubims and seraphims I see
Perfect creations from a gene laboratory
Their wings interwoven with golden veins

They dive into rainbows, buzz over plains
But their insect eyes seem curious to me

Holding that glass ball here in my palm
A miraculous toy filled with living thoughts
Examining the microcosm inside the globe
Blown up as seen through a microscope

I see young Alice tickling poor Moses
Beads of sweat on his brow
He is taming the sea
Exhausted and giggling he drops into a hole
While the towering waves start to rock'n'roll
But Alice escapes to the five o'clock tea

I see Kurt Cobain singing a nursery rhyme
Accompanied by Jimi who's playing a lyre
They sneaked out of life
'cause they hate to be rebels
Okay, I agree, they're not the only pebbles
On the beach. But their music's inspired

Holding the water globe here in my hand
Regarding the actors in this curious land
Those blazing figures in an odd cartoon show
Are recollections of my childhood
And my youth, you know

There's Razor Ramon, the ultimate wrestler
He battles Cyrano de Bergerac
While they keep the crowd amused
With slams and tosses
Cyrano stabs Razor with his proboscis
Now Razor has lost his belt and his luck

See a thousand servants
Forming a bucket chain
Feeding their master's shower with rain
One tumbles, starting a chain reaction
Falling like dominoes forced
By attraction of gravity
They try to keep their balance in vain

Holding that glass ball here in my palm
Waiting a while 'til everything's calm
Then shaking it wildly unleashing a blizzard
Ha ha! I feel like a mighty wizard

EIT CONSOLATION

(As a rule) I don't fall in love easily
In fact I hardly ever fall
Except for crystalline pure skin
Are you the one exception to the rule?

(As a rule) I will get confused frequently
Entangled in those phantom feelings
And the burden of free choice
Can you accept now
Can you accept now what's exceptional?

Give me a gaze, a wink, a smile
From the outside
Of my labyrinth of shame
I may find it worthwhile
Struggling through
I did not love you then - but now I do

Where I come from
Being emotional is a violation
I'll back you up, I'll break your fall
And give you consolation

NIE SOMETIMES

Sometimes self-confidence
Sometimes it's just pretence
Sometimes I know the score
Sometimes I'm not that sure

When it comes to reason with friends
I'm the only one to see through
But I'll never learn by mistakes
Even though I should know
The way things ought to be
But nothing is for real with me

Once in a while
I'm supposed to be smart
To fight it out all alone
When it comes to sorting out things
To have both feet on the ground
I make a break for it
Try to escape, I always did

Think I can lone it anyway
Know all the words to the wise
Don't mean half of what I say
Only believe in my own lies

TEN PLACEBOTEQUE REFUGEES

ELN DIGITAL JOY

I remember your early computer days
When you sat in the dark
A green gloom on your face
The landscapes of pixels
Were so coarse-grained
It took your whole fancy
To imagine the sea
The shore and the mountains
The forests and fountains
Of your monitor's flatscreened
Playground world

You talked to Ford Prefect
In the Hitchhiker's Guide
In an alphanumeric universe
You crawled through Zorc's dungeons
And slayed lots of nouns
(Standing for monsters)
With razorsharp verbs
Running a race
While exploring a maze
In your monitor's flatscreened
Playground world

You borrowed half a lifetime
From yourself
To dive into this virtual reality
With burning eyes, into a world of lies
A universe of artificial sensuality

Bloodless lips squeezed together
Frightful glares cast in fury
Cramped hand clenching a joystick
Sending megabytes of enemies to hell

Pale face, autistic mind
Borders and walls all around
Radio silence strictly ordered
No connection to the outer space

Then came the time of leisure suits
Of crocodile belts and western boots
You wore dark glasses and a golden necklace
On your suntanned chest
And your grin so sweet
Old lady-killer, collecting babes
Like a farmer harvesting sugar beets

Now has come the time of cyber space
Of chessboard lay-out and cubism maze
You put on your helmet and your data glove
And dive into a world high above
The real world, the damned world
To experience what's called the digital joy

TVE EXCERPT FROM
"NUDES ON THE BEACH"

Programmed, recorded, produced & mixed (sporadically)
between 11/93 & 3/97 at SLANDER DRONE II
(except recycled bonus track **TVE** at SLANDER DRONE I, 84)

by ROLAND ENDERS with KARL BECK & RICHARD BELLINGHAUSEN

Cover & booklet by RIB

Rhino by A.D.

Metal rhinos & photos by KARIN KÄMMERER

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CASINO BABEL

permanent core:

ROLAND	guitar, vocals, computer, synth
KARLO	bass, vocals, guitar, synth
RIB	drums, vocals

shadow cabinet:

CORNELIA KÖLLGES	vocals on SIX & EIT
F. J. KREMER	flute on EIT

RHINO FOREPLAYS

Original-Edition auf CD und Cassette 1997
Remaster von Roland 2010