

SPACE HOTEL on itunes



Review

"The most varied and contemplative music of Al Gromer Khan can be found in 'Space Hotel,' the purest distillation of forbidden visions, illusions, and dreams. This is music created with the help of the night and of some good-willed spirit in that space hotel, so unreachable and magical. In the dark, Al's sitar embroiders on a bewitched background of ethereal, impalpable synthesizers, which almost seem insignificant, but are incredibly powerful with their drones, their designs and breathings. Velvety percussion, ephemeral voices, and delicate movements by a viola da gamba fill the stage and complete the spell. There is not a single lapse, nor the slightest hesitation or gap, in the weft of sound, which flows throughout all eight tracks like a tale from the 'Thousand and One Noghts.' The German sitar performer has surely succeeded in bringing us closer than ever to the infinite, to lapping up the borders of the divine, to flying on the dreams of all men. 'Space Hotel' is, like the earlier 'Monsoon Point,' a recording not to be missed, one that confirms the state of grace of one of the most profound artists of our time." GIANLUIGI GASPARETTI, DEEP LISTENINGS MAGAZINE"

La Chanson de la Rose

Speak to me soft for my heart is so weary:
troubled I am by the world and its ways.

Hear me, dear friend, won't you take this old rose bush?
It will give you shade by the door to your garden.

When the heat is strong may it shed its scent sweetly,
borne upon a breeze to the heart of your dwelling
like the Rose O'Sharon by the Pool of Siloam
there beneath the Rock of Jarus-Salam.

See the rose enthroned amid barbed thornes and briars
Scion of a stock that's endured direst trials.

When attacked by knife or fire it aspires to grow higher
though the bloom be torn and strewn - stil fragrant defiance.

Elegante eglantine, there is no flower finer
than the shrub of love that entwines yet enlivens.

ABDUL MUMIN GUS LINDSAY, LONDON 1994

The unknown dervish

I am Al-Kahira, the comparer of nonsense and flowers.

I am grateful for my stupidity, admitted easily, yet I am concerned with specific details of style, as I sit here in rags.

By circumstance not by choice this shrub has blossomed: by choice and not by circumstance this life has been kept plain.

I made an effort and found stuff to ignore, leaving rusty strings unstruck. I neglect the spectacular and overlook the apparently important with deliberation.

I've waited aeons for the reversal of my interests: Now life has become the joke and the sweetness and hilarity of my own thoughts has turned into a point of fascination for me.

No matter what anyone tells you: I don't belong to any creed or sect, culture or race, nor to any period in history.

My only qualification is the age of my soul: I own three hillside palaces of quiet pre-dawn moon sound.

Humiliation is my clothing, as I sit, barking with the dogs. I disconnect like dusk, and most likely no one will bring flowers to my grave.

I am ardent without deed, and I am information zero, unimportant iridescent - Grand Palace of Mercy.

Till now I stayed in one place not avoiding you: now that the traditions are beginning to dissolve, I put on my winter coat and walk away. Business done.

My contemporaries have declared society to be the central item and are discussing things of importance as I'm speaking to you.

As my mother taught me to, I keep to myself a lot.

I am a lover of trees, found worthy of loneliness.

I could be the postman, the milkman, the sick person, the transvestite. It takes one to recognize one.

I am the unknown dervish.

AL GROMER KHAN © 1995

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