



Susheela Raman

Ghost, Ganesha, and the

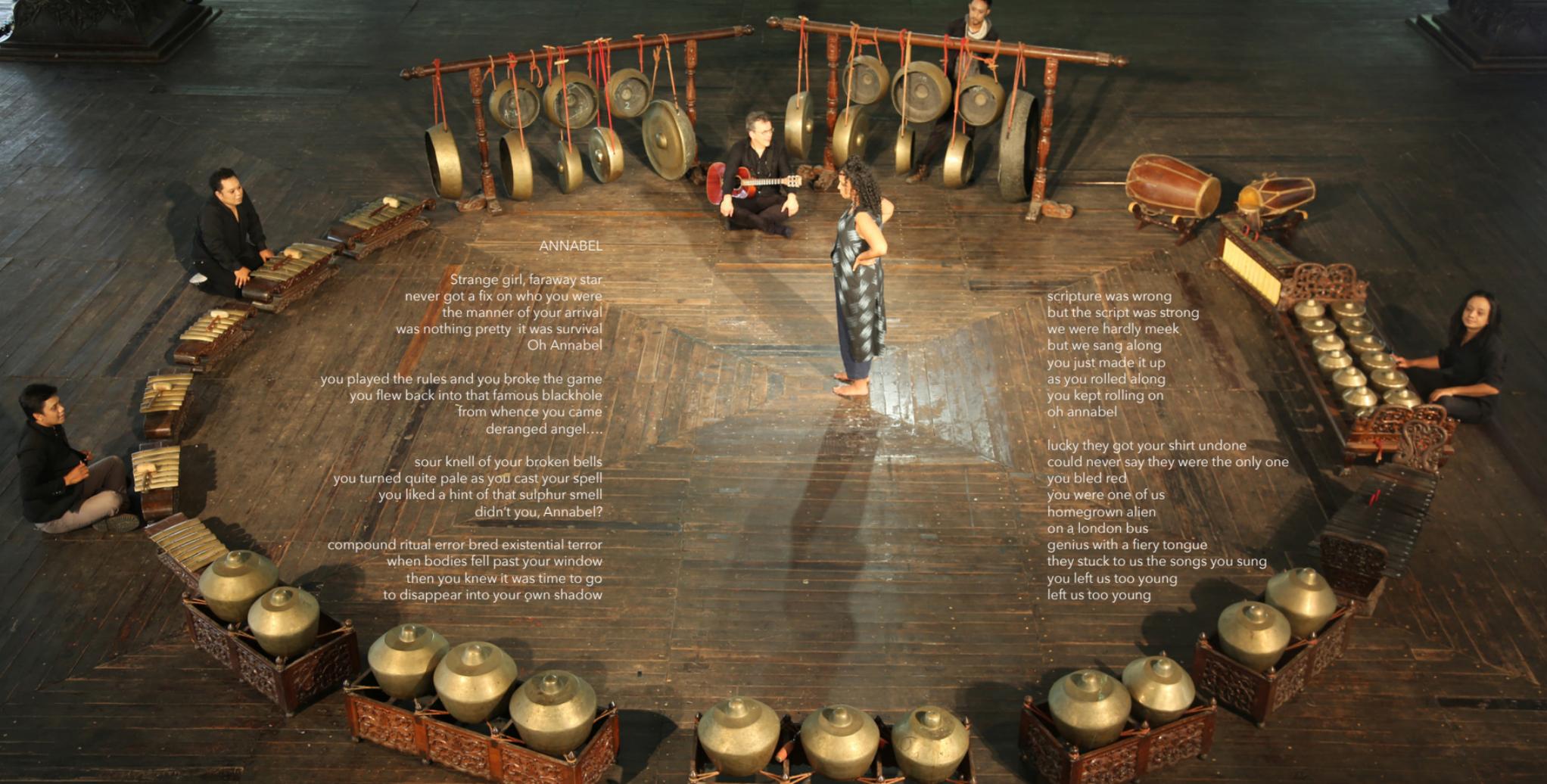
TANPA NAMA (NAMELESS)

Was silence hollowed out of us
Or something wholly of its own?
My heartbeat has grown too faint to hear
No humming veins disturb these stony ears.
When the wind dies on the desert floor
And stillness calms the ocean roar
Is it silence when there's none to hear?
As you near it do you fear it more?
Unlike other limber cats
I face forward I never back
Is that a tail? I can never tell
So many tales you can never tell
Time can can never tell
I can never tell

BEAUTIFUL MOON

if you shoot for the moon,
he will have the last laugh
i wanted it all, his best offer was half..
a night in his bath made imposter of day,
oh beautiful moon, did i chase you away?
the thief in my room could not see in the dark
that the moon is for free
if you know how to ask..
(better not not to ask).
i stumbled and saw it was not meant to be
you're still hanging there always out of reach
oh moon, you're the moon, you're the moon
that makes the madmen moan
that lures the waves
made a crooner croak this lonely tune
i mean you're the moon,
not a figure of speech
you're out of reach





ANNABEL

Strange girl, faraway star
never got a fix on who you were
the manner of your arrival
was nothing pretty it was survival
Oh Annabel

you played the rules and you broke the game
you flew back into that famous blackhole
From whence you came
deranged angel....

sour knell of your broken bells
you turned quite pale as you cast your spell
you liked a hint of that sulphur smell
didn't you, Annabel?

compound ritual error bred existential terror
when bodies fell past your window
then you knew it was time to go
to disappear into your own shadow

scripture was wrong
but the script was strong
we were hardly meek
but we sang along
you just made it up
as you rolled along
you kept rolling on
oh annabel

lucky they got your shirt undone
could never say they were the only one
you bled red
you were one of us
homegrown alien
on a london bus
genius with a fiery tongue
they stuck to us the songs you sung
you left us too young
left us too young



RANO PRASETYO



GONDRONG GUNARTO



ANGGER WIDHI



AGUS PRASETYO



CHARLES HAYWARD



LUCIE ANTUNES



JAMES MOTTERSHED



SAM MILLS



DUDLEY PHILLIPS

MALCOLM CATTO

SPHINX

Reluctantly I took the call
Knowing it was from the Sphinx
Spinx said "I'm not the one who knows it all,
But I have had pause to think,
I've seen kingdoms rise and empires fall
Some men stand tall, while others shrink
power power everywhere, not a single drop to drink
in the desert that's no joke
its thirsty work beguiling folk
while madmen hover at the brink....
We romanced back when we were young
In my feline innocence
curious sins whose price has been
to become your conscience
Milk you spilt turned quite sour
all actions have their consequence
Years peel off or add a layer
memories are the fists they clench"
Dear Sphinx please be more succinct,
the days are short, I've chores to run
I'm happy that you thought to call
Sorry to be so humdrum
Kindly summarise your conundrum
"Easy truth is not my thing
I would rather play the riddle game:
How come you bums who sing and strum
always seem to sound the same?
All the scenes I've seen and words I've heard
scattered in this sea of sand...
Of papyrus script and mobile phones,
Truth and lies and flesh and bones
just a little dust remains...
the caravans pass, the action fades
to the silence at the end of songs
the silence at the end of songs..."

GOING DOWN

I was in command
But things got out of hand
Now some fool mistake
Has sealed up my fate
I'm going down where the voices drown
Someone's plan not mine
Sent me here to hold the line
Out into a strange landscape
To block the devil's gate
I'm going down
There's a beating sound
Out there we were on our own
Stuck inside a killing zone
Where its do or be done to
Now the world's overthrown
The deadly ones you never see
I never laid an eye on the one who put his mark on me
I'm going down
I'm going down

SPOONS

Surrounded by your spoons
You held court, reclining
Your eyes forever moons
slow motion lightning
Faces took you in,
Nights smelled of jasmine.
The ground around us then,
So warm and human.
Barefoot in the small hours,
I crossed a hidden wire.
A sudden blossom in my chest
Spread out like fire...
Some other year, some other town
In the street i heard your name,
Gutters have their fill
Of leaves that wont explain.
Mirrors getting longer,
Days are warming though,
All I need to remember
Is to leave a space for you.

GHOST CHILD

hawk rising
circles the empty sky
she is just being
and i am, just being
someone somewhere
someone somehow,
the fraying edge of the picture now
just now was a fledgeling
on a high ledge looking down

the ghost of a child
echoes on the wind
i have returned
in an older skin

river-killer
she breaks and mends
smoke ahead
my journeys end...
others will share
these eyes, this face
ash all over this ancient place

ghost of a child
always close behind
your shining eyes
and your hoard of time

out in the wild
voices ride the wind
go speak with them child
those echoes echoes echoes
on the wind
they say the future is a trial
but never give in
never give in



Susheela Raman Voices
Gondrong Gunarto, Rano Prasetyo, Angger Widhi,
Agus Prasetyo: Degung, Slenthem, Saron, Saron Imbal,
Penerus, Gong, Kempul, Bonang, Kendang, Voices.
Gondrong Gunarto Ukelele and Cak on 'Tanpa Nama'
Dwi Harjanto Javanese Slap Cello
Sam Mills Guitar and Additional Keyboards, Bass on
'Tanpa Nama'
Dudley Philips Double Bass and Electric Bass
Malcolm Catto Drums on 'Ghost Child' and 'Annabel'
Charles Hayward Drums on 'Sphinx', 'Tanpa Nama',
'Beautiful Moon',
Lucie Antunes Marimba, Vibraphone and Percussion
on 'Rose' and 'Annabel'
Danny Keane Cello and Keyboards on
'Beautiful Moon', 'Tanpa Nama', 'Sphinx', 'Ghost Child'
Gary Cove Soprano Saxophone and Flute on
'Beautiful Moon'

Recorded between November 2016 and August
2017 in Solo, Indonesia, and in London and Paris

Produced by Sam Mills

Gamelan arrangements by
Gondrong Gunarto (Gon Gun)
Mixed by James Mottershead
Gamelan recorded at ISI, Solo, Indonesia
by Iwan Onone
Recording, Editing and Indispensable Production Input
by James Mottershead, Stuart Bruce, Malcom Catto
and Frank Byng.

Mastered by Nick Watson at Fluid Mastering
All words and music written by
Susheela Raman and Sam Mills. (Wardlaw Music),
except words of 'Oh Rose Thou Art Sick' by William Blake.

www.susheelaraman.com

Photography and Design by Andrew Catlin
Susheela's clothes: Anjana Das

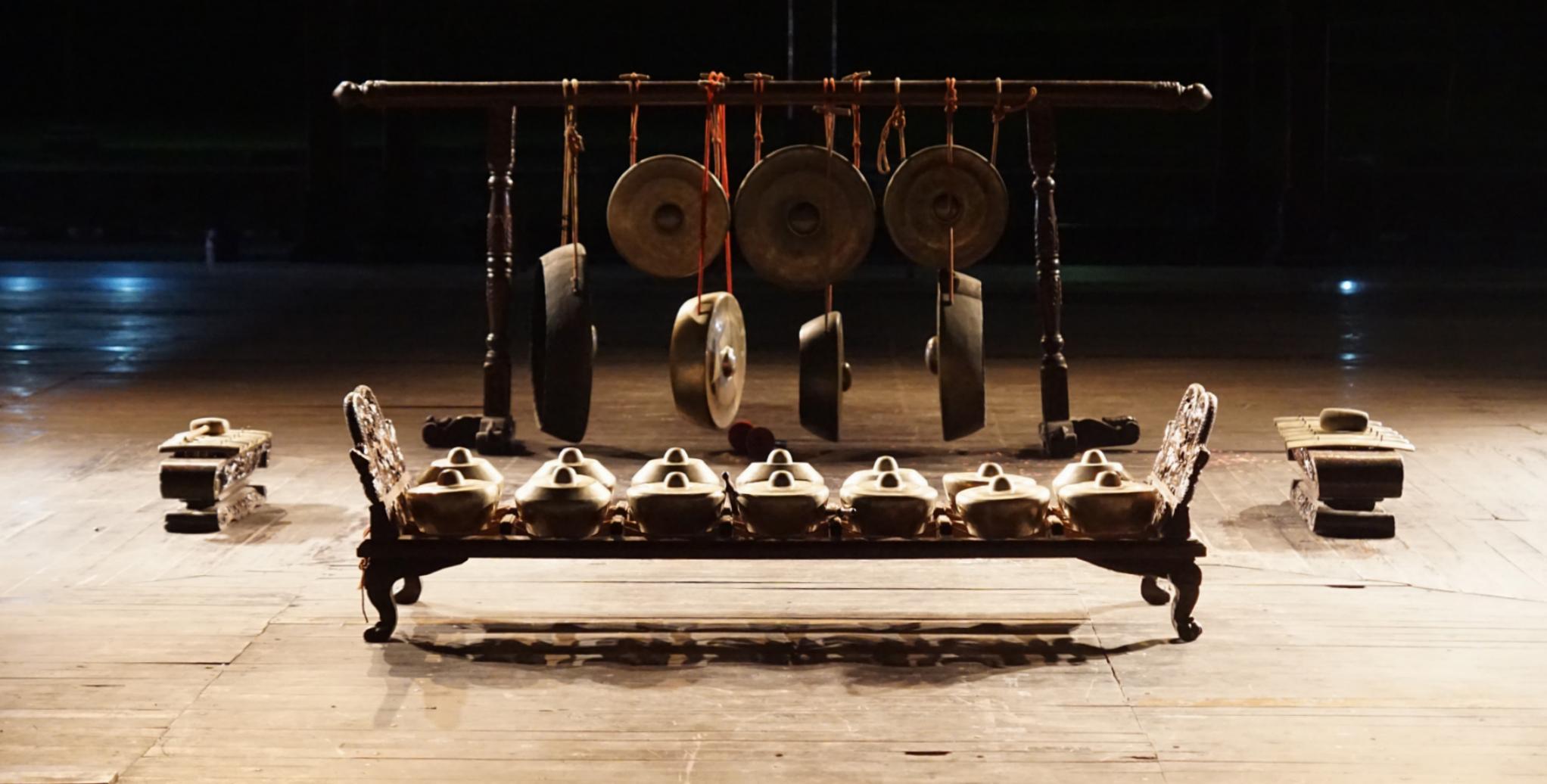
For professional contact: manager@outerindia.com

Special Thanks to all the musicians and engineers,
John and Shanta Raman, John and Vicky Landell Mills,
Sophie Ransby, Tula Foundation, Alan Warner, Paul Jacob,
Buno, Vincent Segal, Cathy Bitton, Dimitri and Emilie Klein,
Jerry Meehan, Sarah at Wendyhouse Studios, Katy Mukhayar,
Paul Hardick, Rosita Devi, British Council Jakarta, Sally Groggin,
Thom Helsop, Mita and Kavi Pujara, Natasha and Ben Newell,
Mark Jamieson, Neysje Theodore, Peter Culshaw, Jane Beese,
Steve Zapp, Amber Mackenzie, James Joel Clayton, Rosie Tate,
Seth Panduranga, Tom and Libby Owen Edmonds, Rachel Hand,
Jane Beese, Megan O'Donohue, Adam Pushkin, Paul Thompson,
Theodore Setyanugraha, Wayang Tirthayasa, Jean Pascal Elbaz,
Andrew Catlin, Susanne Freytag, Jim Whelan, Patrick Schuster,
Arawinda Hurip, Sir Charles Lambe Boulekakipanja D'Ubud,
David Rose, Putri Raharjo, Sawung Jabo, Christophe Soulard,
Fritz Catlin, Lucy and Tongky in Hendonesia, John Pawson,
Bramantyo Prijosusilo, Godeliva D Sari, Lenah Susianty
Sam Sharples, Romaine Vivienne, Pak Thomas Siregar,
Bill Bragin, Daniel La, Yonek, Ozon, Gerrard Beullac,
Matthew Maxwell, His Excellency Dr. Razal Sukma
and everyone who has helped make it happen.

ROSE
(wiliam blake)

oh rose, thou art sick
the invisible worm that flies in the night
though the howling storm
has found out thy bed of crimson joy
and his dark secret love
does thy life destroy







tanpa nama
beautiful moon
annabel
sphinx
going down
spoons
ghost child
rose