[cd reviews]



Wide-eyed emotion

FOLK

The Colour of Dreams

Eric Bogle

(Rouseabout Records)



In short//Heartfelt

• IN concert (and, presum-ably, in the recording studio), Eric Bogle sings with eyes tightly closed, but no selfpenning, poet-singer's mind is more open to the emotions -spanning the most tragic to dizzyingly tumultuous the human condition than this Adelaide-based, expatriate Scotsman.

Be it the gut-wrenching sadness of Daniel Valerio's brief life, SIDS victim Elizabeth, whose existence was even briefer, or the frivolity of an unconventional housewarming gift, expressed hilar-



And Bogle is not averse to venturing beyond the human

tion of pickers who, with sublime understatement, make

Stirring lyrics: Eric Bogle twangs the heartstrings of music lovers.

At This Stage
Eric Bogle
(Rouseabout/MGM)



In short: Getting close and personal with eclectic Eric.

HE writes words that are illuminated by simple but powerfully evocative melodies to stir the most inanimate soul.

Eric Bogle has created songs about lonely people, abused children, refugees, soldiers — even one about a horse of war about to be shot despite his selfless gallantry — that cannot fail to draw tears.

But he has also written some of the funniest ditties in the entire folk genre.

This two-disc release, compiled from concert and studio songs-with-narration performances by Bogle and his empathetic support trio in Australia and the US, contains many of a master craftsman's finest pennings.

One of which, Eric and the Informers, is a self-deprecating ("I sang loud and flat") gem about a distant time when Bogle and his band were the rock 'n' roll superstars of Peebles, Scotland.

As a rocker, Eric Bogle is a fabulous folkie.

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