

## Promising young pianist

by Michelle Bruce

**F**OR SAGUYVES OORE, playing in public is one of the "rare moments in life where genuine, powerful communication occurs."

This Halifax-based pianist has a history of powerful communication, performing as guest soloist with both Symphony Nova Scotia and the Chebucto Orchestra. He has won many awards at the local, provincial and national level. At 19, he is in his third year of math and computer science on full scholarship at Dalhousie University.

Surprisingly, his success has not made him an avid competitor. Oore realizes that some consider success

in competition essential to a music career, but he says, "too often the competitors are no longer enjoying the music. In my mind, I never play in the context of a competition. I play in the context of a space containing my audience and me."

In his upcoming recital on January 20 at the Sir James Dunn Theatre (3 pm), he chooses Mozart's Sonata in D (K. 576) to open. "There is something clear in Mozart's music, lucid and immediate. It creates a pure atmosphere," says Oore.

Oore has a refreshingly straightforward approach to music. He enjoys himself and wishes the same for his audience. His programme will also include Mendelssohn's Variations

Serieuses, a theme and a set of variations, Suggestion Diabolique, an intense and fiery work by Prokofieff, and the well-known Fantaisie-Impromptu by Chopin. To conclude his performance Oore has selected Chopin's Sonata in B flat minor, a monumental work in the piano repertoire that grips you immediately, carries you throughout its' four powerful, tragic movements, and leaves you exhausted at the end.

When asked what he wishes to accomplish through his one-man show, he replied, "I would like my audience to come out feeling like something has happened in the last hour and a half, feeling that they have lived through something."



Saguyves Oore: Dalhousie's own



## Drunk in the gutter again

by Chris Lambie

**F**ROM the twisted and rotten mouth of Shane MacGowen - lead singer for the Pogues, spews yet another geyser of living poetry in the form of their newly released album *Hell's Ditch*. The record proves that the Pogues are ever-buoyant in the deep sea of today's fast-drowning hit makers.

The Pogues whiskey-soaked musical journeys lead them to range from Australia to Nepal. This fantastically vicious set of recordings is produced by that demi-god of musical nasties, Joe Strummer.

*The Sunnyside of the Street* starts the album off by kicking all listeners in the teeth with its expressive desire to show the unlimited depths to which poverty can fall. "With a heart full of hate and a lust for vomit," the Pogues' simple penny whistle jig is more telling than any watered down liberal diatribe ever delivered.

The celtic jam continues with songs like *Sayonara* - lamenting the death of a Thai prostitute, and

*House of the Gods*, who's musical message is mouth wateringly simple - "Singha beer don't ask no questions/Singha beer don't tell no lies." The band's obvious concern for the plight of the world's oppressed is balanced by a deep rooted desire to drink all cares away.

The Pogues argue that you "have to walk that extra mile without waiting too long," and you've gotta do it for *Just the Ghost of a Smile* (a lovely little piece of advice that a certain Mr. Hussein and Mr. Bush would do well to heed before they turn this world into a living shit hole that spirals into an exponentially worsening nightmare which only the cockroaches will survive - but I digress...). The title song *Hell's Ditch* paints the decidedly unpleasant picture of life in a Spanish prison. The "naked howling freedom" of the cells is summed up with "I could hear the screams from up above/if it ain't a fist it isn't love."

The dark Spanish theme continues with *Lorca's Novena*. This song is a sad lament for the "faggot poet they left 'til last/blew his brains out with a pistol up his arse."

The ironic combination of latent homosexual violence coupled with the gun as an extension of the male machismo is a premium example of the gutter symbolism that is shot through *Hell's Ditch*.

On a more philosophical bent, *Summer in Siam* expresses the pointlessly sweet fact that we don't really know anything other than what we are experiencing. While this is beyond me, the soothing effect of this song is one of the pleasant interjections which tames the savage themes lying at the core of the album.

The band also return to those visions of young girls hawking their wedding rings and local kids sniffing glue that would not be foreign to past Pogues recordings. These reflections of Irish angst and rebellion are found, still living, in *Rain Street* and *The Wake of the Medusa*.

While the Pogues will probably come out with another album that will make you want to give up sensibility and spend the rest of your life wallowing around the world in an angry stupor - for the moment - *Hell's Ditch* means all the world to me.

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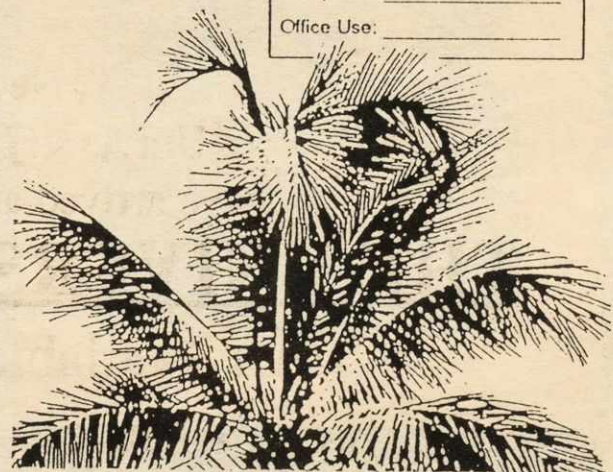
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