

Le Guerisson Voyageur presents

Dancing life with my dreams

By Marie Lorette Jenny and her sound's sculpture « Guerisson »

Originally, there is a Dream, the dream of synthetic resin, my artistic raw material. Used for boats, planes, rockets, it plunges into the sea, crosses the sky and space, retains its memory, becoming itself part of universe.

Under my fingers, it meets nature, delicately blends with pigment's color, sands of volcanoes, deserts and distant islands. Black, gold, ivory, it plays with light, becoming emotion messenger, reflection of soul, relief of shapes, of movement. Touch, pleasure, raw apparency, smooth, rough, sensual, alive ...

Next, comes the nightmare. Out from a disemboweled freighter's entrails, it spills over into the ocean and up coasts, covering with an oily and viscous mortuary shroud all that is alive ! Helpless, the birds struggle, desperately try to spread their wings to flee, but the trap is closing. They can no longer fly.

Horrified! I can no longer imagine creating with this material, without dying slowly to myself. Then, like a scream in the heart of the shipwreck, blooms the power of a new dream. Creating with the materials of nature, singing with the birds ...

On "Isle aux Grues" in Quebec, it is night under the stars and the halo of my headlamp is like the echo of a lamppost burning a few meters downstream from the frozen St. Lawrence River. My knees dig into the crust of snow. The lyre-shaped driftwood branch, found here under an autumn rainbow, sits before me with its wire strings, stones and maple tuning keys. The river's breathing, under the influence of a distant tide, reminds me of the crackling of a fire. Above the lapping of the water, the blocks of ice crack, slam, squeak and the first sounds of the « Guerisson » resound in the night !

Birth, to itself ! To myself as beginning to love me ...

In the freshness of dawn at the silence edge of night, when symphony of the birds celebrate birth of day, amazed I can hear dancing the sounds of tree, at my fingers rhythm, who play on a metal wire strings's harp stretched between its boughs.

Art creation between heaven and earth. In harmony with nature and the whole universe, I feel deep joy and peace.

My voice springs up, weave, mingles, and also begin to dance, with the sounds of the tree and the song of the birds.

My dream is nourishing my life and life is nourishing the dream with each of my steps, in the unfathomable matter of the world ...

With a new soundboard which resonates like the frozen river, the Guerisson's presence, awakens magic, wonder, dreams. In the city and enclosed spaces, listening to our duet of sound dances, they said feel traveling to distant lands. It seems like a calming and restore journey.

Weightless on the breath of the dream, a call from elsewhere, firmly leads me to take the first steps to reach Mongolia and North America, by land and by sea.

With the Guerisson, my traveling companion, I play and sing often, everywhere. Fabulous encounters happen, human, animal, geographic. Lots of joy, sharing and laugh and also loneliness and tears.

Toward the East, in the mythical Trans-Siberian railway's, the windows strip the autumn colors of leaves. Immersion of nearly two months, in the heart of the Mongolian mountains and its people where vegetarian, I eat meat, share the daily life with family, learn the « Long Song », shepherdess for a day, I walk with eight goats and eight sheep, sleep under the yurt, using music to initiate encounters and to communicate and translate, drawings and gestures. On the rails, the snow has erased the return trace.

Westward, in the front of a 300-meter-long freighter, a wave from the Atlantic Ocean nearly throws me out. In North America, I sing for a sea lion who I believe is dying. Eat sand, smoke and wind. Live by a river, in a museum, sleep in a container on a clearing above the ocean, at homestay, on cabins, into the forest. Fascinated by the landscapes I spend days and nights on trains board. And under a hundred-year-old Maple, facing the St. Lawrence River, ten years after the Guerisson, the drum, which I made with the skin of a doe, sounds a goodbye, which resonates ! as the beat of my heart. The tormented ocean in the storm, foams the trail of the return, awakens the desire of sharing this fabulous adventure ...

Deeply joy that I dared the first steps towards the unknown of the world, where immersed permanently in a vigilant presence to all possible, taught on myself in contact with others, I have been nourished with living matter with a breeding ground of humanity.

Adventurous of artistic material, sounds storyteller, dreams blower, I love mix my voice with the sounds of the "Guerisson" and see the light shining in your eyes. Singing with you. Initiate encounters. Accompany with my music, the projection of the animated images of my visual and sound travel diaries. Invite you too to weave your dream on the weft of your life, with the thread of what is animates you. Coming to meet you with the sounds of nature. Into cities, schools, places of care, closed, isolated. And, at the same time, live surrounded by nature, create works and weave sounds. Paying attention to listen to their effects, as soothing, refreshing, healing - in relationship with nature, sacred and wonderful places and of peoples traditions in the world.

As a smiling, life blows me a new dream that calls me, invites me to use a bike towing a Bicycle-van equipped with solar panels, a projection screen and the necessary material, to get around, in France, in Europe, reach Mongolia. Cross to reach North America by Cargo Sailboat. Share the adventure with you, on the way. Invite life to dance with our dreams, in the living matter of the world.

Texte, photos and English translation Marie Lorette Jenny