



# IRASCIBLE MUSIC



MESPARROW (FR)

Album: Monde Sensible

Label: Yotanka Records

Release date: 27.11.2020

Web: <https://www.facebook.com/mesparrow>

EPK: [irascible.ch/releases/mesparrow/monde-sensible](http://irascible.ch/releases/mesparrow/monde-sensible)

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There are now two Mesparrows: the first is meticulous, cerebral, constantly searching, and a lover of sophisticated recordings. The second, ever moving, far from any routine, has found an intimate form of elevation.

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The two have collided on this third album, a work of clear ideas. « Trop curieuse, trop peureuse / On me dit tout et tout son contraire / On me pousse, on me freine / Je veux juste qu'on m'aime telle quelle (...) Je suis trop pas assez / Mais toujours différente / Et ça gêne les autres / Mais je me sens vivante » (“Too curious, too fearful / I am told everything and the opposite / I am pushed around, slowed down / I just want people to love me as I am (...) I'm too much, not enough / But always different / And it bothers others / But I feel alive”). This is how the young woman comes forward, without a crutch, fully conscious, intensified, fully assuming her impulses, her excesses, her flaws, her cracks. She infuses her hypersensitivity into her lyrics, the fruit of an introspective journey, a quest for personal development—and as a new mother, with a heightened intuition.

Four years after the release of *Jungle contemporaine* (Modern jungle), her first step towards an interior dive—yet still mirroring society— Mesparrow has become more poetic, deeper, more concentrated. And her sound spectrum has never been wider. Navigating this *Monde Sensible* (Sensitive world) alone, the former fine arts student composes a whimsical map of feelings that guides her (and us) to the edge of emotional experiences. She takes refuge in the welcoming universe of the mad scientist-arranger Nicolas Bourrigan, brought to life by the bassist of the band Isaac Delusion and supported by the electronic beats of Antoine Thibaudeau. Here, the machines are not cold but rather bewitched, moving, flourishing. We find this common thread in her work: a perfect balance between euphoria and melancholy, organic and synthetic, physical exaltation and existential lucidity.

Mesparrow has one foot on the dance floor (*Twist*) and the other in a cotton field (*Saudade*). Within this delicate maelstrom, we find winter songs (*L'humeur chocolat*), demands to let go (*Danse*), shamanic

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breakthroughs (Le chant), obsessively repeating patterns (Tu n'es pas seul, demonstrating the supremacy of nature over the modern man), and floating spaces with moving outlines

(Larmes de coton, in which she draws a parallel between the social mask and that of the performer on stage). Her voice, with its cracked gravity, twirls, runs through the air, plays with the pulsing beats. Animated by a liberating force, the thirty-something musician can afford to be bold: she even goes for the austere solemnity of voice and piano in a final confession (Elle rougit). And knowing how much she loves Barbara, Mesparrow is above all one of those women who prevent the songs from going around in circles.