40,000 YEARS
Avatar is celebrating its 20th anniversary. For the occasion, “The Giraffe” is offering you this collective digital publication, which brings together—like an instant snapshot taken at a precise moment in its trajectory—the contributions of fifty-five artists, authors, collaborators and friends. The collection comprises a wide range of initiatives, testimony to the multiple disciplinary crossovers that characterize the organization. In this sense, sound art and electronic art can be seen not so much as disciplines, but as ways of constructing and reflecting upon the world, of seeing it, hearing it, desiring and engaging with it.

Ideas, projects and collaborations are what fuel Avatar, and it is therefore the artists themselves who are being celebrated here, for it is they who set everything in motion. They were asked to
At the beginning—at the very beginning, before any idea of incorporation began to germinate—Avatar was called Belle Bruit. Oh, not for very long: in those early days there were plenty of discussions.

Avatar was born of two intersecting forces: first, the need for an organization devoted to sound art in Quebec City. From the heyday of CKRL to the festivals organized by Obscure and the sound performances at Le Lieu, Quebec City was always a hotbed for new sound creations. Strangely, however, no structure was devoted to this field: everyone helped as best they could, but in reality they had their sights set elsewhere. The birth of the Coopérative Méduse, however, demonstrated the timeliness for such an organization. The opportunity was too good to pass up...
LISTEN
The principle of the situational drift was a constant source of inspiration for my *Caminos* series in 2011 and 2012. The project involved travel to Latin America, whose countries and cities I was unfamiliar with. I journeyed up and down these unknown lands, asking the people I met to name a site of memory that they felt had a key role to play in defining their identity. When I put this question to inhabitants of San Ramón, Costa Rica, they stood open-mouthed. They weren’t wealthy enough to leave their town. The two-dollar bus ride to the nearest city was equal to a day’s wages. Their favourite sites of memory were therefore linked to their daily lives, the streets of their own village, where barbed wire and boarded-up windows proliferated. Presented in the form of an allegorical quest, *La dérive* stems from my feverish explorations of these streets, and from the emotions they aroused.
I like to hear the story told by these figures, the quality of the sound and rhythm. It is a pure and abstract form of communication, untainted by the meaning of words, reflecting the intention of the communicator in a fundamental way.
Lucille et Cécile

On my porous surface
Your tracks
Are like the fragile
Flight of birds
The crossing will be long slow
Sing once more
As I cling to your feathers
who is gossip girl
who is john galt
who is jodi arias
who is a
to whom is the directv genie
who is my congressman
who is honey boo boo
who is red john
who is the stig
who is on the dime
LAST NIGHT, I BIT INTO A PIANO

Poetic essay on the reception of sound (and silence)

Last night I bit into a piano—I wanted to know what it felt like to bite into the wood of the instrument. Ever since I heard that Thomas Edison did this to hear the subtlety of a melody, to feel the sound vibration travelling through his teeth to his inner ear, I’ve imagined doing the same thing. Of course, I’d need a piano. The love of my life owns one. Sometimes I’d start crying when he played to me. I could picture myself: biting into the piano while sobbing with emotion. So last night I asked him to play for me. I first told him the story about Edison, and then my need to re-enact the scene. The image was so powerful, obsessive. I ended up believing that the only way of getting rid of it was to replay it. But I didn’t manage to get
The raw material to make vinyl records comes in vinyl pellets, lentil-sized bits of petroleum product (PVC to be exact) that are easily transportable before they get melted and stamped with grooves of sound. For Record Release, the pellets were loaded onto a scale until reaching 180 grams, which is the weight of audiophile vinyl (as opposed to 120 grams, which is the standard weight of records). This work involves distributing the pellets one by one. Each transaction will be documented and
LISTEN
Time passes

No place is as real as this room.
I imagine my apartment when I am not there.
The silent, empty rooms.

They write in order to disappear. This is a considerable task. To transfer one's self on to paper. Pages accumulate into books. Volume after volume. The page greets the pen amicably, hungrily, ceaselessly, wearily. Space contracts to this fluttering interval between the nib of the pen and the white, lined expanse of the page. The pen dives in—swirls, dots, crosses, dashes—comes up for air, dives back in again. The ink blazes like fireworks at dusk, glistening oily blue and wet, then falling flat and black as ashes.

No place is as real as this room.
I listened to my memory. Words sprung up: *bird, thorax, elevator*, each having a common denominator: cage. One observes a birdcage, feels the movements of one’s ribcage, or the
Of semi-effective interactivity

--- ENCORE!

And it would be lighter to download. However, we have to keep in mind that, because it is an iPad publication, people won't be able to download the app directly. I'm trying to figure out the best strategy for that, perhaps something that, when you click on the icon, opens a Safari page that allows you to bookmark it and to download it afterward, on a computer. Or else, you'd have to recode the same functions, but in HTML5.

IMPOSSIBLE!!!

To recode the same functions in HTML5??!

As for me... these iPad matters with fifty years olds that fight with their iCloud...

I mean...

We might end up only making FUCKING REALLY good looking icons for applications that don't exist, nobody will play them anyway.

Or we make a photoroman...

www.corridabbang.org/happybday
Toi, mon Avatar!

Je n’étais rien avant toi, je n’avais pas cette Venne de te connaître. Comme à la radio, je m’abreuvais à la Fontaine de la chanson francophone. Les yeux dans la graisse de bine, je n’osais pas sortir du Placard, réfugié dans un silence de Pellerin.

Puis, tu es arrivé, avec tes sons, avec tes cookies. Leloup s’est emparé de moi, et j’ai croqué dans l’innocence de l’âme. Depuis, nous prenons plaisir à débouler ensemble, sans gêne, en écoutant tes bruits bizarres, Avec pas d’casque. Tes souvenirs du futur, ce n’est pas de la M. Que serais-je sans toi que ce balbutiement? Quand même! Ça Ferrat!

Que veux-tu? Quand on aime on a toujours vingt ans.

Avril 2013
Dans la tête...
Avatar Scan(s)

“The human ear offers not just another hole in the body, but a hole in the head.”

Douglas Kahn

Twenty years ago. The birth of Avatar, like a response to Douglas Kahn’s cry made at the same time: “Let the clamor begin!” It proceeded from a laborious foraging here and there in search of theoretical elements questioning silence, noise, interference and the like, along with their polysemous genealogy. Phonographic twists and turns. We are not far from the proliferation of sound studies, whose guiding spirits included the likes of Jonathan Sterne. Also in the early 1990s, underneath all this was a sound art that was still searching for a name, composed of miscellaneous elements given familiar labels. Wireless Imagination takes note, and evolves from this
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