

AR ART EXHIBITION ON-DEMAND

Travel Tracks - An Augmented Reality Odyssey

SUMMARY

TRAVEL TRACKS - AN AUGMENTED REALITY ODYSSEY

The Travel Tracks exhibition is a unique immersive experience that takes viewers on a journey around the world through 22 printed artworks, each integrating augmented reality animations. Inspired by Ugo Monticone's book of the same title, which encompasses his 20 years of writing about his global adventures, the exhibition combines visual art, digital art, literature, music, film, and travel to immerse visitors in different countries and allow them to integrate the experience with their own memories of past journeys.

For each country, the artist MissPixels, a pioneer of mobile art in Canada, created augmented reality animations that combine elements from the author's archives and original illustrated elements that echo the narratives of the book. Each artwork is accompanied by a sound design, created by the multidisciplinary artist Marc Sauvageau.

Artworks: 22

Featured artists: Ugo Monticone

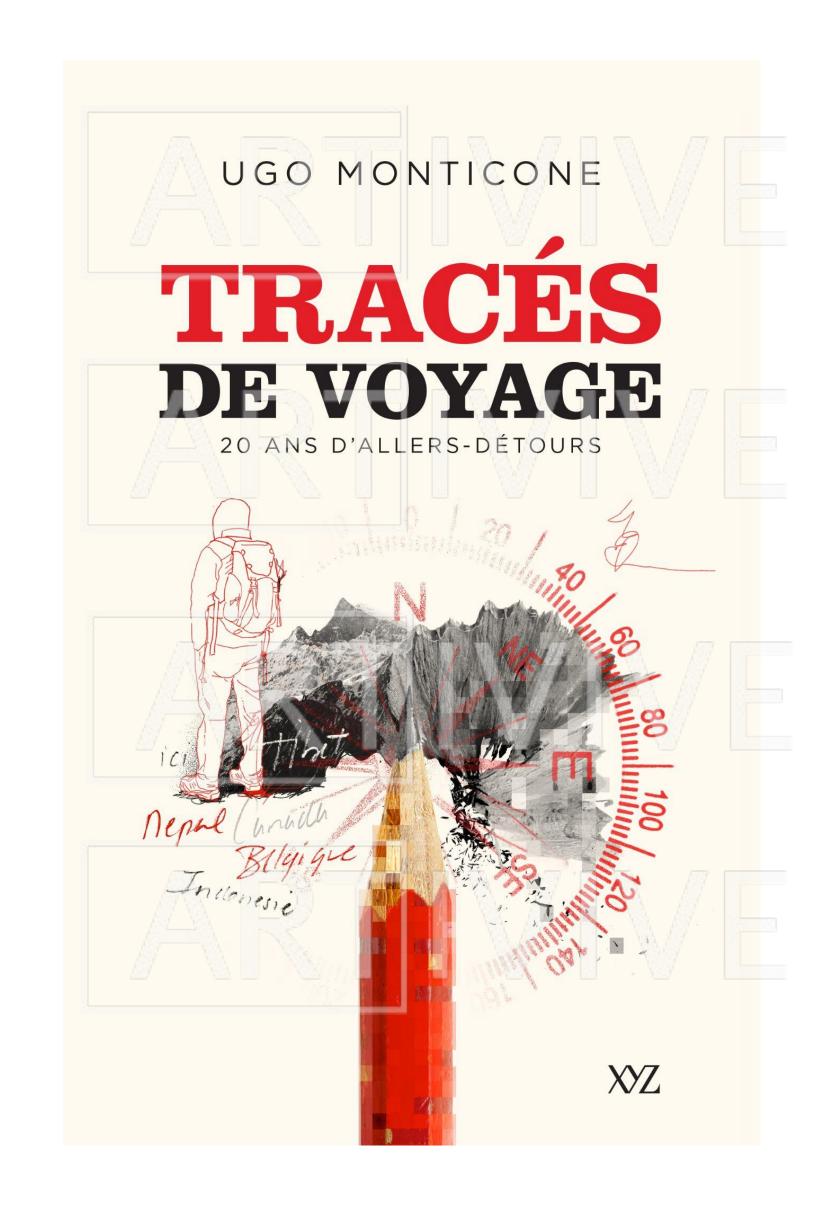
Tracés De Voyage

Large format reproduction of the cover of Tracés de voyage, the first travelogue in the world to integrate augmented reality. The artists would like to thank Atelier de l'île for their precious advice during the printing of the silk-screened works.



please print this page to test the artworks





<u>Canada</u>

Our legs carry us along the road that cuts through the forest. At dusk, the orange and pink snow-capped peaks of the Rockies add a philosophical tint to our words.

Tracés de voyage, p.17



please print this page to test the artworks





Netherlands

A duck approaches me, while eating grass. I turn my head away; it disturbs me in my thoughts. Suddenly, the bird is running aggressively towards me, as if it is going to bite me. I climb onto the bench. The duck strikes me as a guardian of the present moment: "Man, you're on the other side of the ocean and you're wasting your time thinking instead of living."

Tracés de voyage, p.37



please print this page to test the artworks





<u>Indonesia</u>

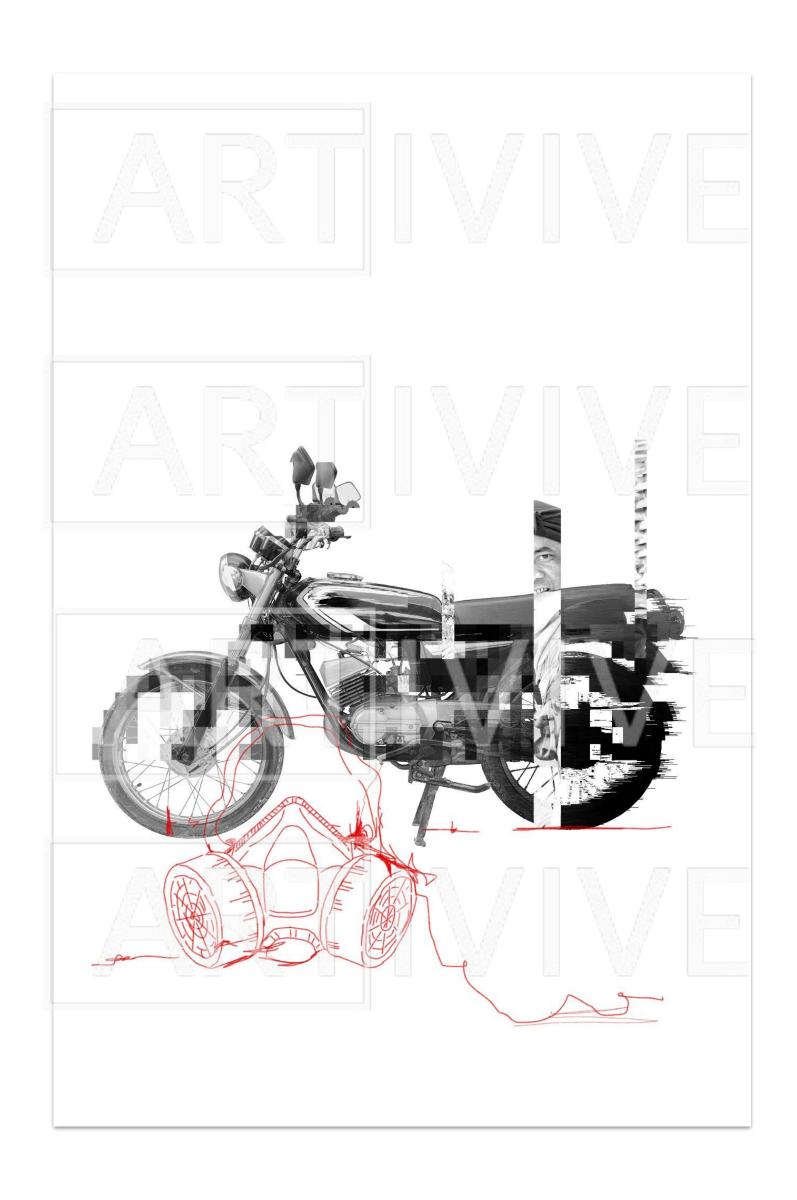
I am not alone anymore. Sulfur miners also descend into the crater, to collect and bring back blocks of dried lava. They are equipped with empty wicker baskets connected by a bamboo pole that rests on their shoulders.

Tracés de voyage, p.30



please print this page to test the artworks





China

The woman hands me my three apples as I hand her the yuans. She smiles at me, I smile at her. Mission accomplished. Our smiles make us forget all our differences. For a few seconds, we cross the cultural divide. A moment richer, I realize, than most everyday conversations.

Tracés de voyage, p.49



please print this page to test the artworks





<u>Tibet</u>

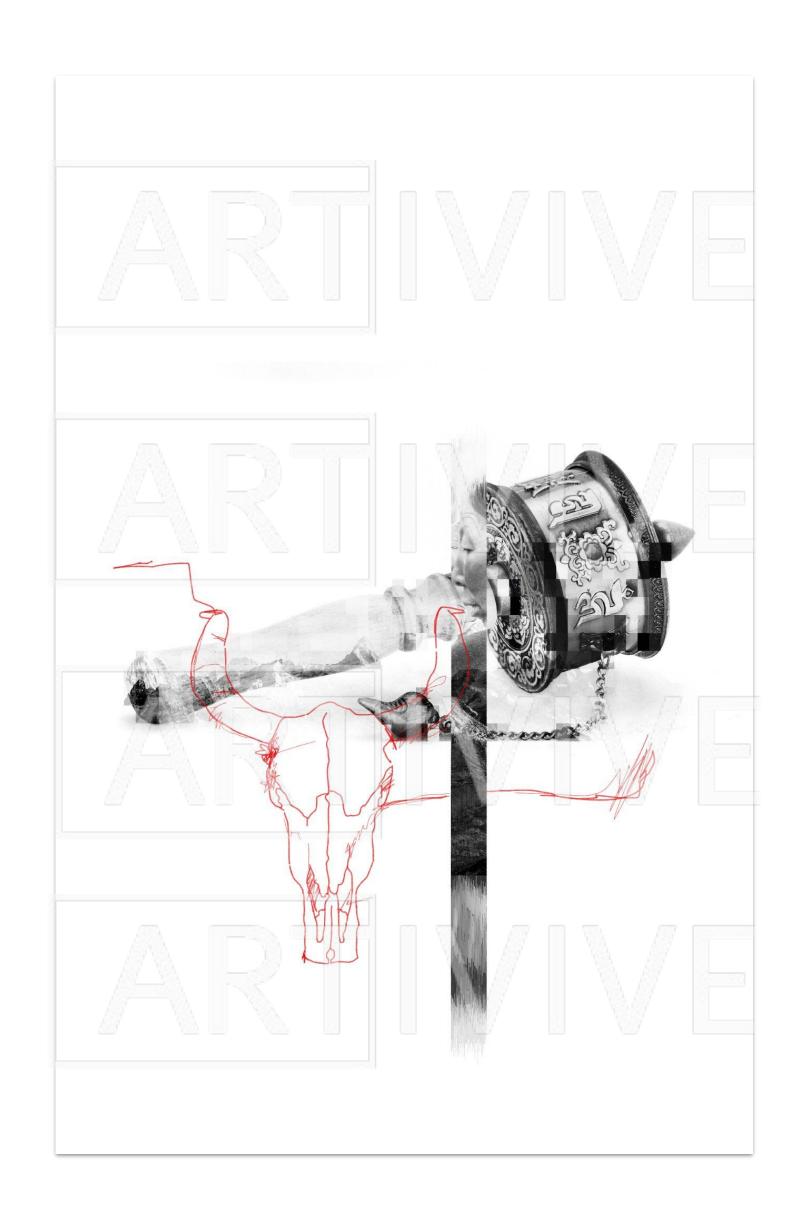
The prayer wheels of hundreds of pilgrims' spin, chiming click clack-clack - a rhythm that becomes as familiar as a heartbeat.

Tracés de voyage, p.70



please print this page to test the artworks





<u>Dominican Republic</u>

We discover magnificent and deserted beaches, experience significant encounters with Dominicans who are no longer overwhelmed by tourism. Completely emptied all-inclusives leave behind the paradise of promotional brochures.

Tracés de voyage, p.87



please print this page to test the artworks





<u>India</u>

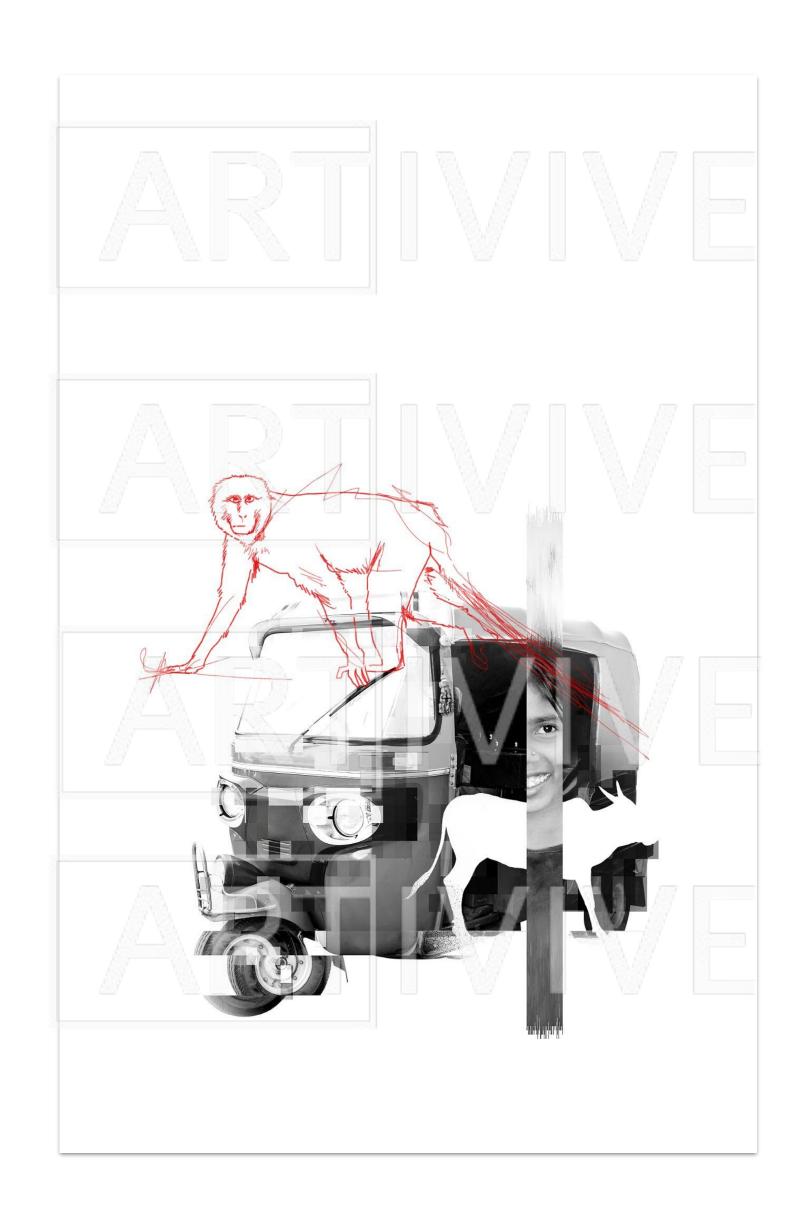
In Hindi, the expression falling in love does not exist. They say love has arrived. Not a surprise, since many couples meet for the first time on their wedding day. If they're lucky, love will eventually come.

Tracés de voyage, p.82



please print this page to test the artworks





<u>Japan</u>

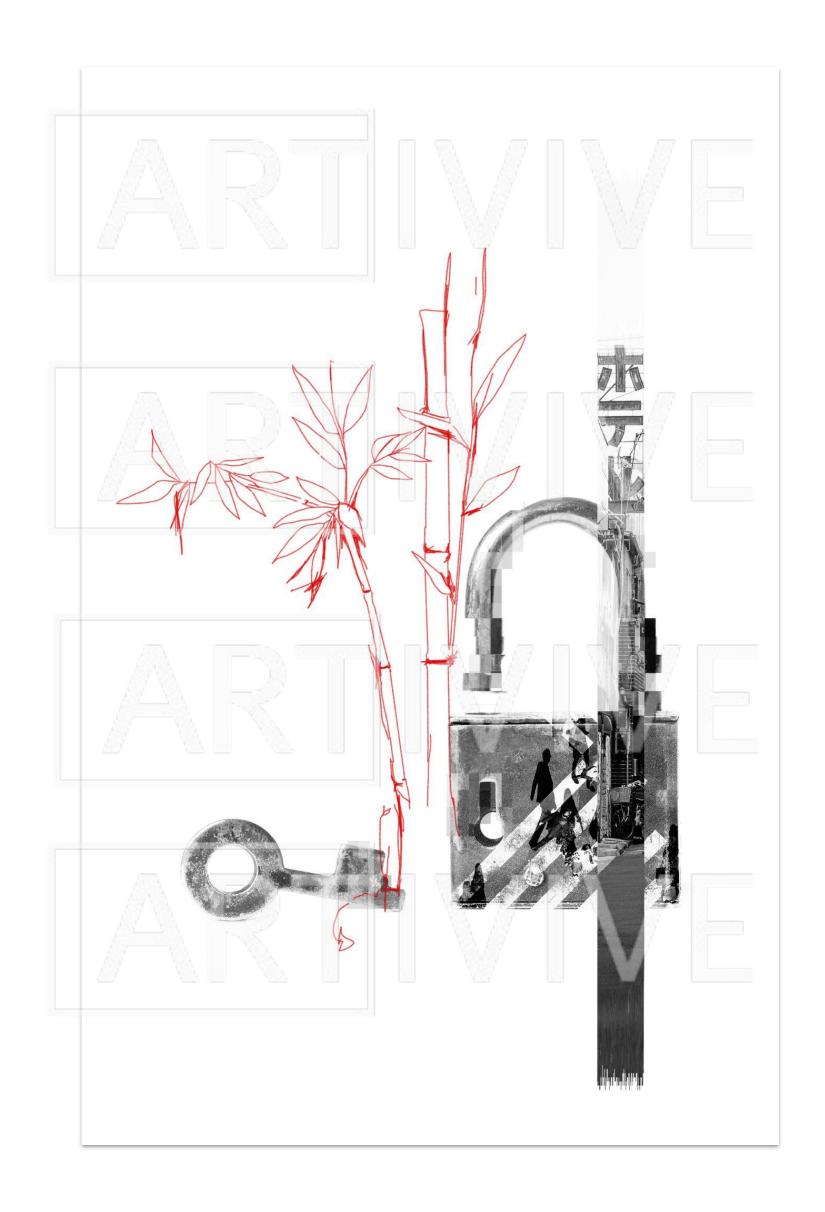
At the heart of the crossroad, a dizziness seizes me. Humans are projected all around me like wild atoms, in a coordinated, chaotically perfect social dance. A horde of unique beings, who each have their own destination, but who move in a harmonious whole.

Tracés de voyage, p.97



please print this page to test the artworks





<u>Guatemala</u>

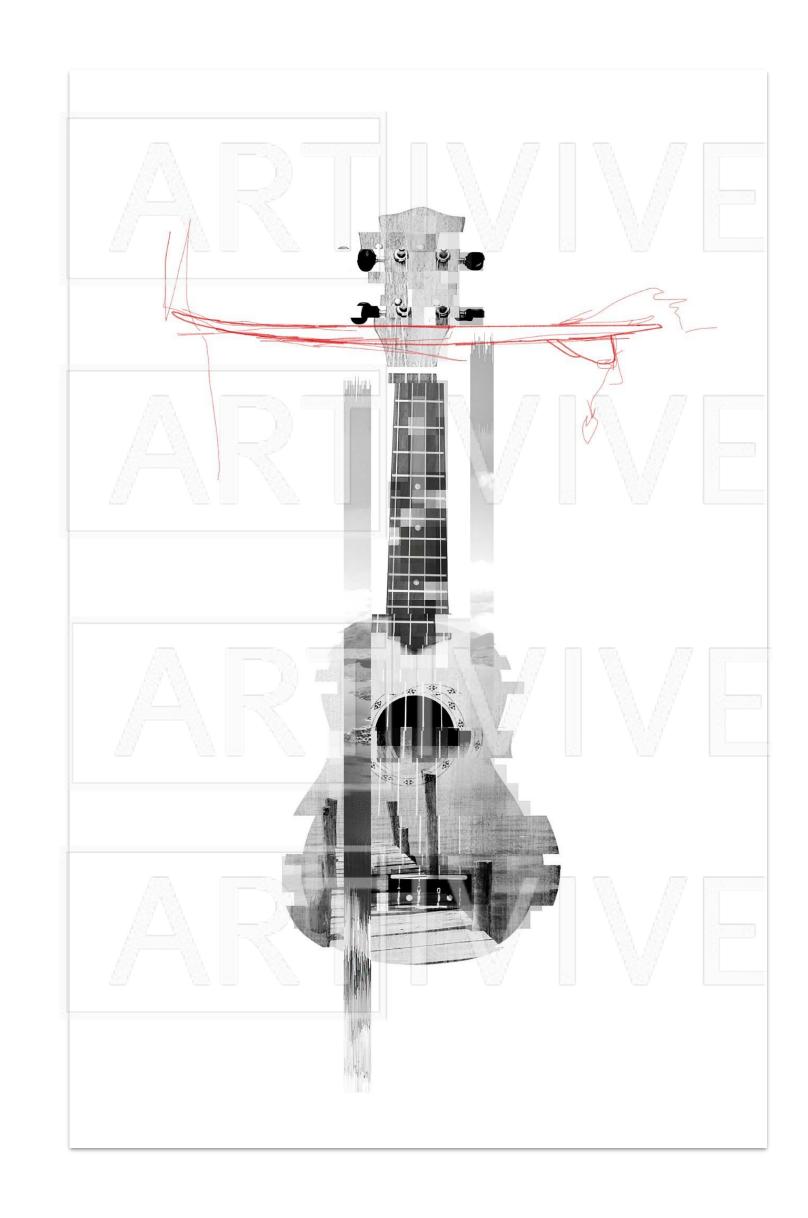
Our backpacks weigh heavily under the intense sun. Bathed in sweat, we reach the Pan-American Highway. The asphalt corridor runs through the horizon, dancing in the heat. Audrey raises her thumb and smiles. The powerful mixture of carelessness and blind trust sweeps me, this wind which swells the sails towards an unknown horizon.

Tracés de voyage, p.111



please print this page to test the artworks





<u>Belgium</u>

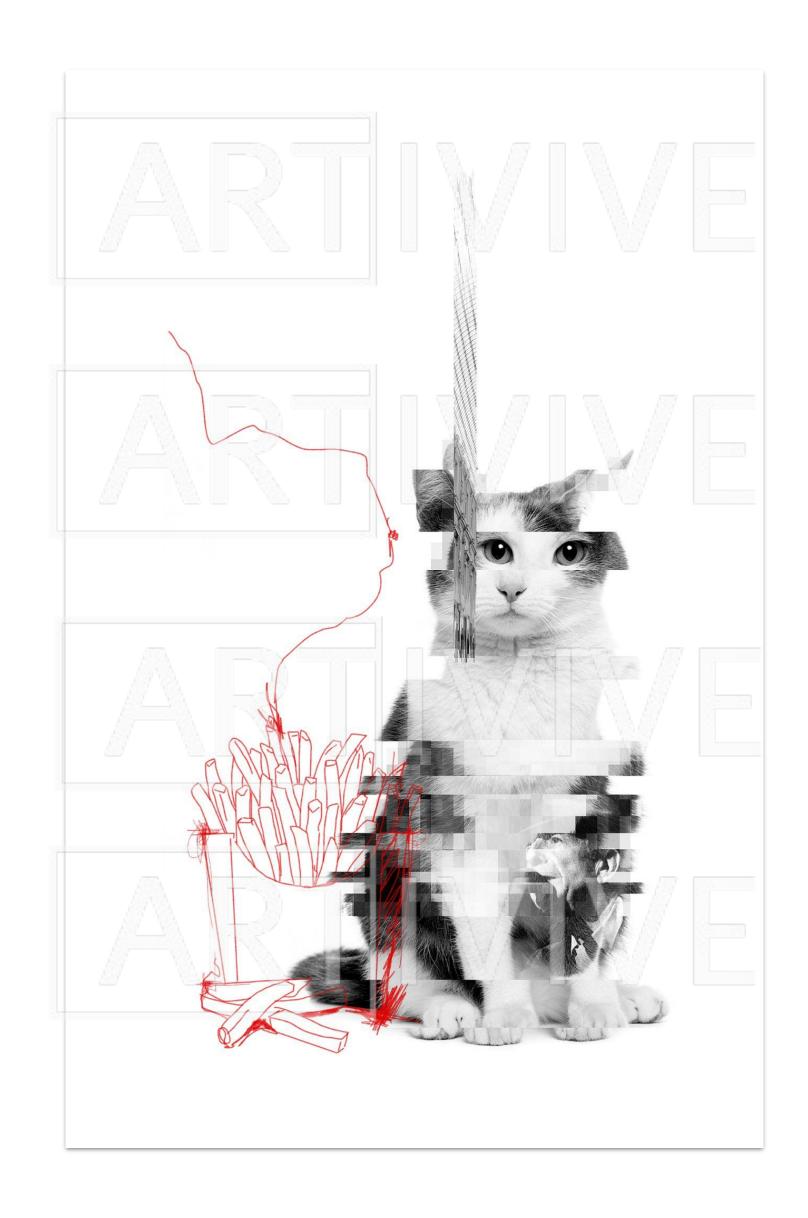
Maria, my Airbnb hostess, lent me her accommodation for a month in Brussels. Thirteenth floor, hammock, terrace, and sublime view. But her description didn't mention territorial and jealous cats who greet you by shitting on your bed. My love of cats is on pause.

Tracés de voyage, p.126



please print this page to test the artworks





<u>Nepal</u>

I heard of the sadhus who meditate in the caves of the Himalayas. These holy men who leave everything behind to devote themselves to God. They can stop their heartbeat, make ice appear in the palm of their hand, levitate, communicate by telepathy, see the future ... Their temples are caves. Their voices contain the truth.

Tracés de voyage, p.119



please print this page to test the artworks





<u>Vietnam</u>

She understands that everything here is new for me. I share with her an apple bought at the market. Daang Pô beckons me to follow her. That's it, I just found a guide for the Martian that I am. Perfect. My destiny in her hands, she is my gateway to this world, my Yellow Brick Road.

Tracés de voyage, p.142



please print this page to test the artworks





Costa Rica

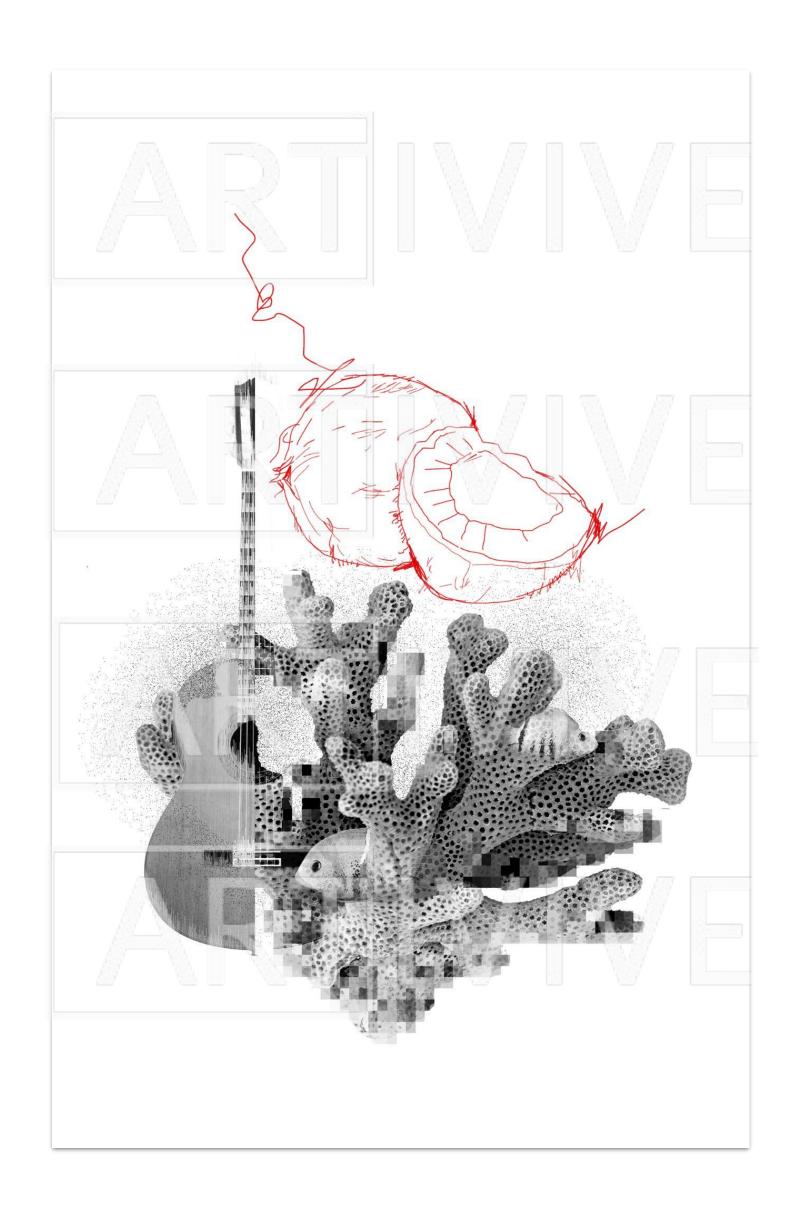
I wonder if I'll end up at a surf beach with trendy cafes or in a bamboo ecolodge on stilts. Finally, the bus leaves me in front of a dirty roadside hostel. The receptionist lifts dumbbells to the beat of Spanish death metal.

Tracés de voyage, p.153



please print this page to test the artworks





Customs (Switzerland)

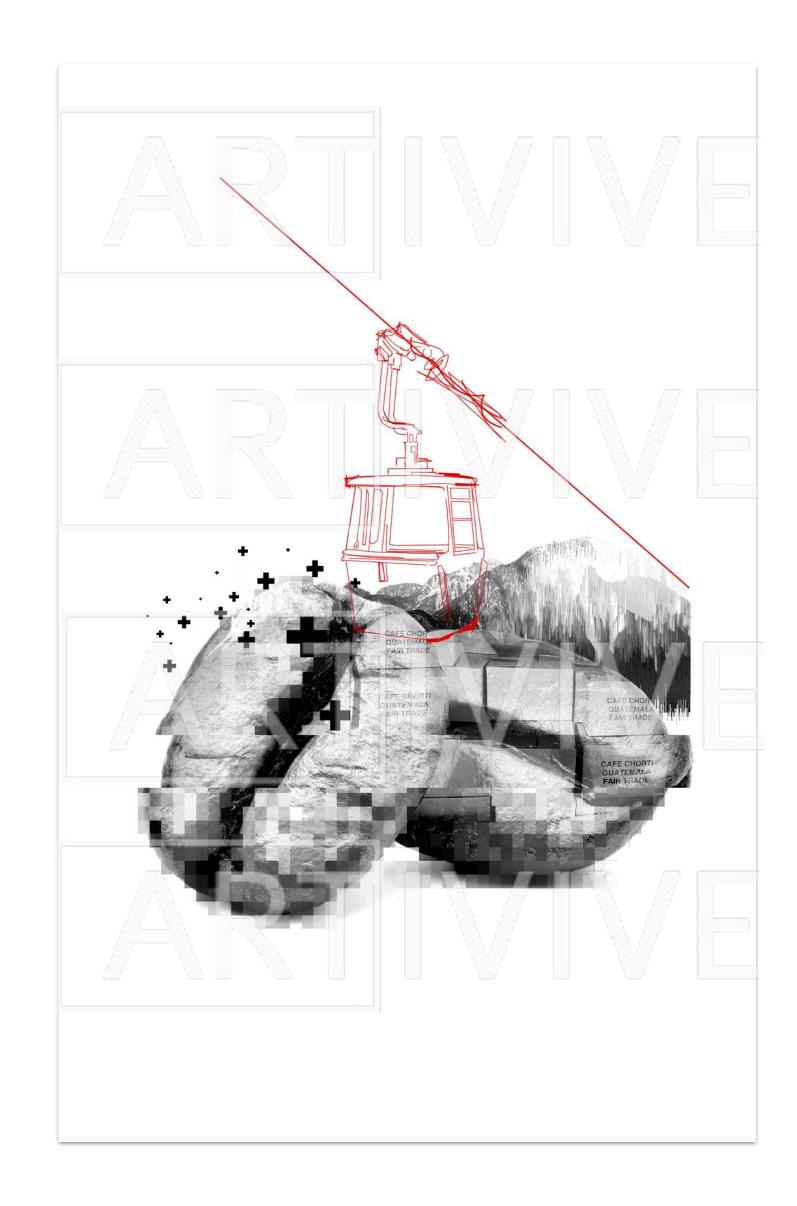
I nod my head towards the false mirror behind which a customs officer is theoretically hiding. My reflection returns my gaze, a mixture of fear and foolish indifference. I hope they won't notice my suspension completely flattened by my load. I must calm down, I feel the same stress as a terrorist passing a car full of explosives.

Tracés de voyage, p.180



please print this page to test the artworks





Thailand

So, he silently puts down his instrument and just like when I arrived, he laughs. Laughs heartily. Laughs. Laughs in bursts. But he's not laughing at me. Oh no! In his eyes, only respect shines. Laughs. And laughs again. Because he knows that even though the moment I leave and return to my old life, at least tonight, I will have caught a glimpse of the truth.

Tracés de voyage, p.175



please print this page to test the artworks





<u>Laos</u>

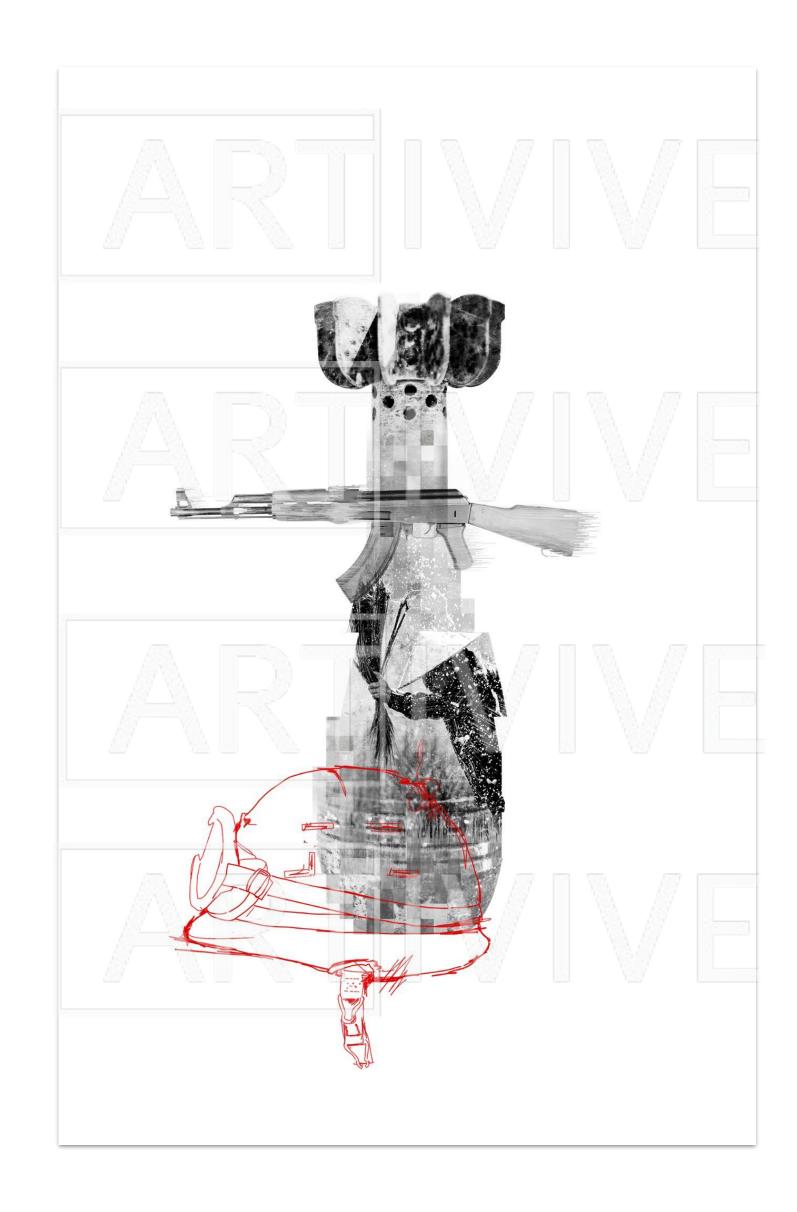
"Keep on the track!" shouts the guide. Ah yes, do not leave the trail, the worrisome rule. All around us, American bombs were absorbed in the muddy soil of the rainy season without exploding. We call it "the Vietnam War", but the borders were porous.

Tracés de voyage, p.188



please print this page to test the artworks





<u>Spain</u>

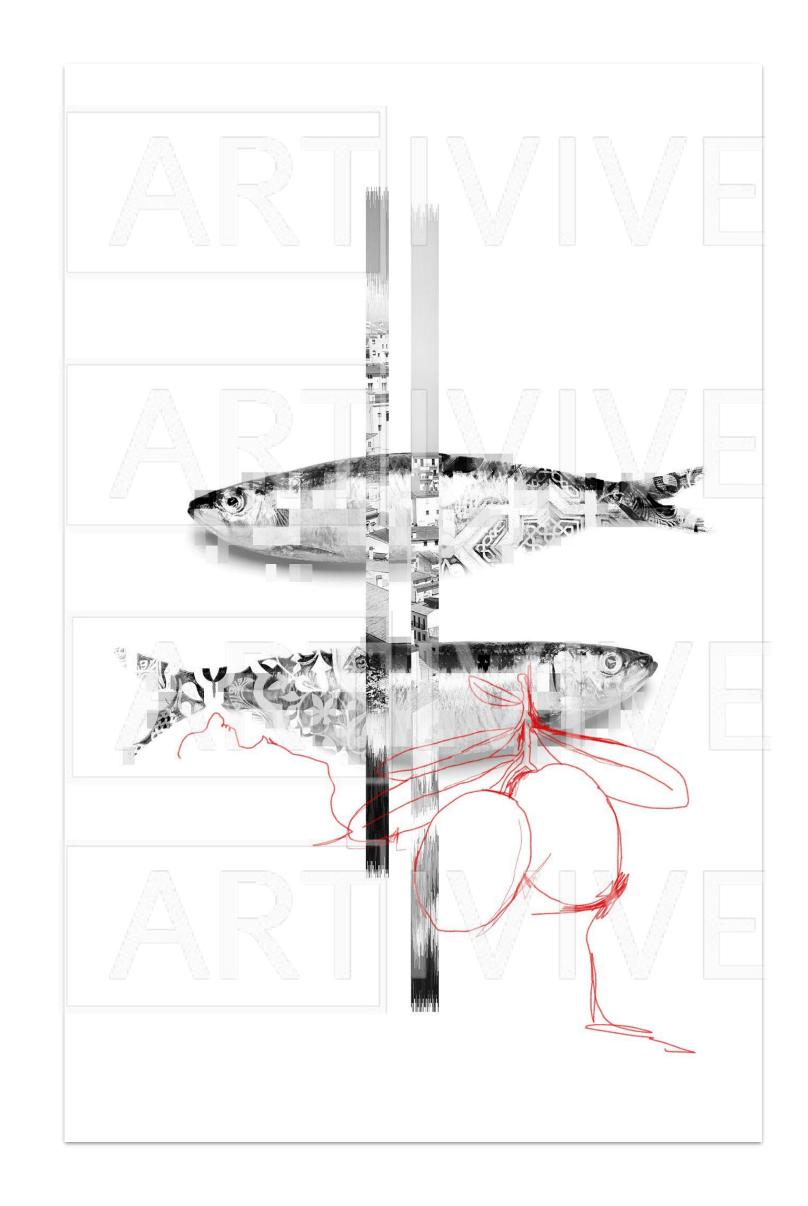
The GPS is a wonderful invention, much more precise than daddy's "soon". We now know exactly when we'll arrive, no matter where we're going. I have total faith in this little... shitty contraption, who now orders me to turn into a dirt road full of crevices. Maybe in a tractor, but not in a Fiat with scooter wheels.

Tracés de voyage, p.198



please print this page to test the artworks





Ecuador

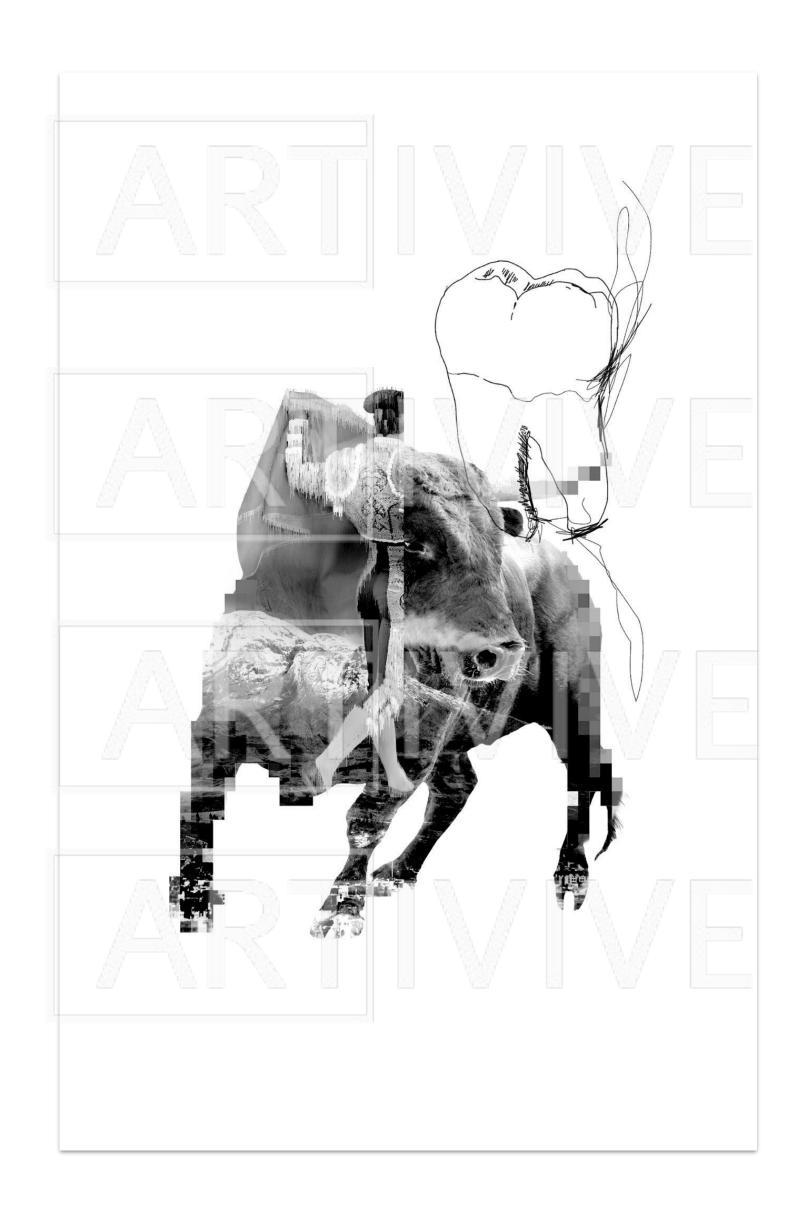
My neighbour points towards the arena. He is trying to persuade me to confront the next bull. I then realize that I don't have any pride at all. I don't know if it's a blatant lack of testosterone, but I have absolutely no desire to willingly place myself in an arena where an animal wishes me dead.

Tracés de voyage, p.224



please print this page to test the artworks





<u>Myanmar</u>

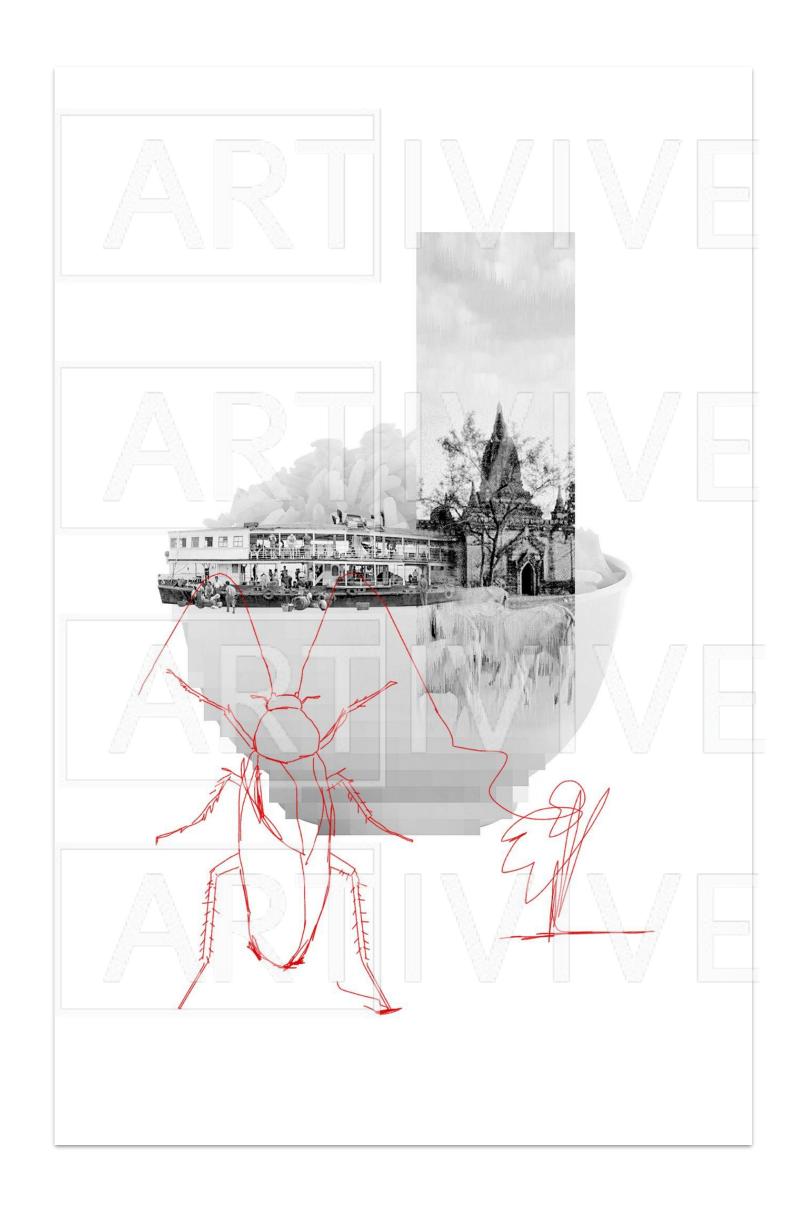
O captain, my captain turns the rudder from side to side with incredible speed and precision... without using his hands! He steers the boat with his feet and slides his toes between the rudder bars, which moves at full speed.

Tracés de voyage, p.211



please print this page to test the artworks





<u>Cambodia</u>

I step into the water ... My feet, then my knees are covered in a greenish glow. I move forward. The water is so clear that even when it reaches my chest, I can still see my legs glow in the dark. All underwater movement becomes luminous. A glow that I manipulate with my fingertips, which covers my every gesture.

Tracés de voyage, p.240



please print this page to test the artworks





Burkina Faso

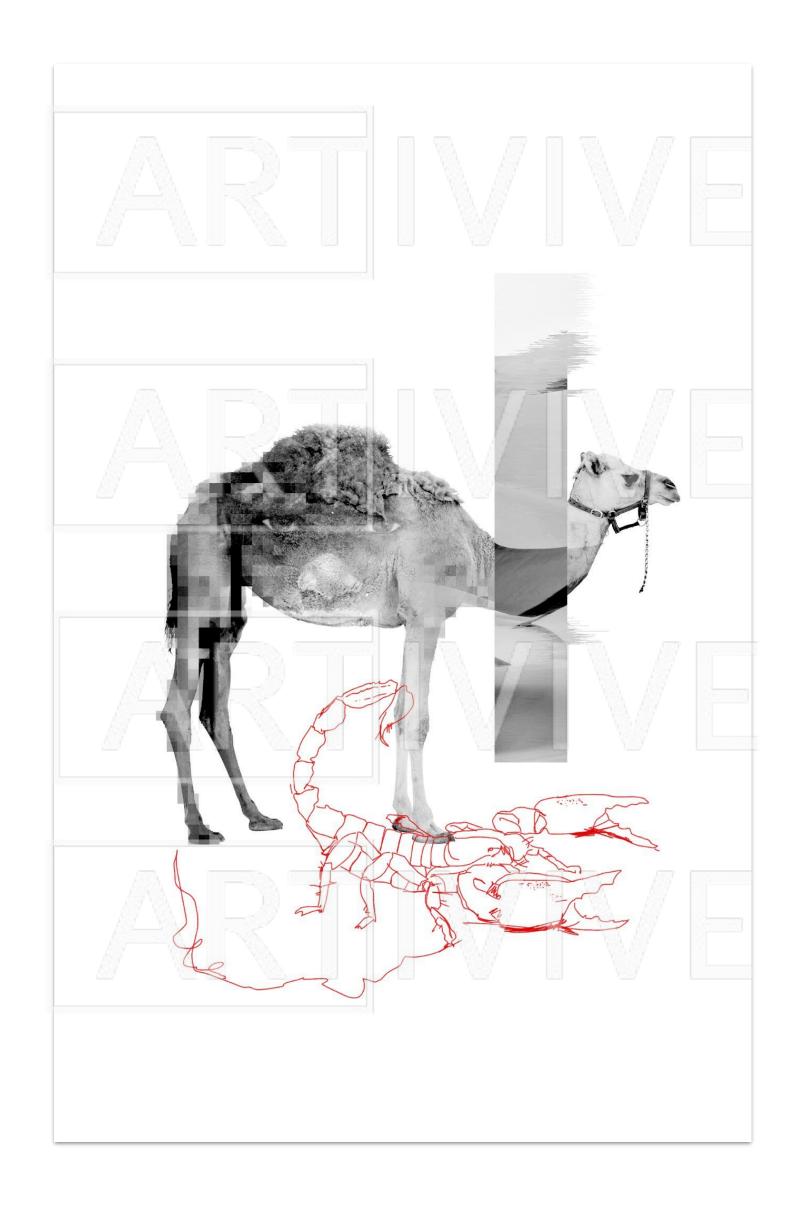
Here, the unexpected is part of the routine. My shoes in hand, I walk towards the camels as if it were normal. Like going to my car in a shopping mall parking lot. A few butterflies in my stomach betray me.

Tracés de voyage, p.198



please print this page to test the artworks





NEXT STEPS

- 1. Fill out the form on this page: https://artivive.com/rent-an-exhibition/#form
- 2. You will get contacted by our account manager
- 3. Produce the exhibition locally with print files delivered by us, or we can help you with the production
- 4. Our account manager will make sure you have anything you need
- 5. Enjoy the exhibition!

MORE EXHIBITIONS