**Avonlea:**

As her moment nears, it seems like Avonlea was built for the spotlight and center stage.   
And while most budding talents her age are fed ready-made tracks and songs, Avonlea’s voice—at times feather-like and airy, others as thick as the strokes of a soaked paint brush—only sings words that she’s penned. It’s a skill she takes much pride in, along with being able to produce records.   
  
Avonlea started using go-to production software Logic at 12. That, the self-described feminist says, “gave me all of the free rein to create what was in my head. I kind of freak people out when I come to the studio. It’s assumed that when you’re a woman, you don’t know anything about computers. You have to come in a say, ‘I can play instruments and I’m a lyricist  and I will take over the computer if I don’t think the sound is where it needs to be.’ It takes a lot of assertiveness.”  
  
Avonlea’s inspirations come from legends who oozed strength as they bared their souls. “Billy Joel,” she starts, naming icons who rocked decades before she was born, “Carole King, [Queen’s] Freddie Mercury. I’d be listening to Billie Holiday and Aretha Franklin.”  
  
As Avonlea preps for the release of *10217* ), a self-penned conceptual project that chronicles her time between entering the realm of double digits to being old enough to watch R-rated films, she says that the aforementioned legends taught her that “you should just say what you need to say honestly and the rest will follow. It’s just about figuring out where to put the pieces. They were masters of figuring out that beautiful puzzle.”  
  
Listeners can expect an intimate, revealing set from her. “I’m just going to take people through my puberty against their will,” Avonlea says through laughter. “I’m most excited about the rawest tracks—the ones where I’m kind of vomiting words and you can hear the emotion.” There are several that fit the bill.  
  
Avonlea’s cuts hit the sweet spot trifecta of angst-damp relatability, pop radio production, and pensive lyrics with inventive word-flips. On “Casual” she laments about not knowing the status of the title-less relationship she’s in with a boy she just woke up next to.  
  
“Waves” finds her wondering if lies, pills or booze—options she’s averse to—are the only way to escape the currents of hurt she feels. And despite his “cheap cologne,” Avonlea’s swept away in a blue-eyed stud’s blue eyes and Rolling Stones vibe throughout the bouncing “Curious.”

*10217*  is an unapologetically candid body of work that embodies a collection of stormy days listeners will no-doubt feel, along with some rays of California sun to assure them that there’s light at the end of the tunnel.   
  
As her time to shine gets closer, Avonlea’s steadfast in accomplishing just one goal.  She recalls a recent session where she was writing “and crying my eyes out, getting tears all over the organ that I was playing, thinking, ‘Man, this fuckin’ hurts. But I know that I will feel better once it’s out.' I really hope that someone will find solace in my words.”

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