



# EVANESCENCE





Centre for Projection Art acknowledge the people of the Kulin Nations as sovereign custodians of the land on which we work and present our exhibitions and events.

We extend our respects to its ancestors and Elders past, present, and emerging, and to all First Nations people.

We are committed to a growing and continuing understanding of decolonisation and stand in solidarity and support of forming the right connections with the land, and the leadership of its traditional owners.

– Priya Namana, Curator

Habitat: Konawiru, 2016, Taloi Havini,





Remix, 2022, Emily Simek

EVANESCE means to pass out of sight, memory, or existence and is frequently used in the present, referring to extinction that can be accounted for mainly by climate change.

Evanesce brings together a group of artists who are in conversation with climate emergencies and change through their individual practices.

Presented with care and support from the team at CLIMARTE, Centre for Projection Art will highlight the care based research about the climate crisis employed by these artists to proactively address their concerns within an artistic framework.

Over two weeks, this exhibition aims to create a dialogue that investigates different approaches to addressing these concerns.

This exhibition also aligns itself with our supporting partner CLIMARTE's launch of ART+CLIMATE=ACTION (A+C=A) program to produce and present powerful climate justice artwork on an ongoing basis.

CLIMARTE hosted an artist talk on June 5th to launch A+C=A, making the Centre for Projection Art/CLIMARTE collaboration the first project to be listed in the A+C=A program.

#### EXHIBITION ARTISTS

Yandell Walton  
Talo Havini  
Emily Simek  
Yu Fang Chi  
Autumn Tansey

#### E-ZINE CONTRIBUTORS

Sophie Cai (Writer)  
Diego Ramirez (Writer)  
Katie West (Writer)  
Juliet Miranda Rowe (Designer)  
Emily Simek (Cover Image)

Special thanks to Bianca Bowman, Edwina Bartlem and Cat Black Dinham.

## Centre (for) Projection Art

Centre for Projection Art Inc.  
ABN: 75 494 636 382  
111/35 Johnston Street, Collingwood, 3066

#### CENTRE ACKNOWLEDGES PARTNERS

**CLIMARTE**  
EMERGENCY:ACTION









# CONVERSATIONS with MY FATHER

By Sophia Cai

“My father is a stoic man. Not one to ever speak many words, instead preferring comfortable silences and gestures as his expression of love and care”

My father is a stoic man. Not one to ever speak many words, instead preferring comfortable silences and gestures as his expression of love and care. During the height of COVID-19 lockdowns he would send me facial masks in the mail, first surgical then KN95 (when we realised their increased efficacy against the Omicron strain). As mask-wearing mandates have increasingly dropped from public, he continues to send me weekly messages reminding me of the proven effectiveness of mask-wearing, as well as the ongoing impacts of long-covid and why I should never let my guard down even when the rest of the world seemingly has. “I know,” I tell him each time gently, not having the heart to tell him that I’m one of a handful of people wearing a mask on the crowded public tram from where I am sending my reply, “don’t worry about me, I’m being safe.”

For someone who cares so much about my health and safety, there is one point that I have never been able to express to him. I tell him that many people of my age are uncertain about having children because of climate change, and he incredulously asks “but why?” He shakes his head in disbelief and frustration. My family are a family of natural scientists, as far as they can be from the insular worlds of climate-change deniers and sceptics. I know his response is because he wants grandchildren, not because he doesn’t recognise the threats of global warming.

To accept the cruel realities of climate catastrophe can feel like a defeatist response, but how else can we approach the issues that compound our time? We are told to recycle, to separate our plastics, use a KeepCup™, eat less meat, and pay for the carbon offsets. In the meanwhile, while we are making these individual moral choices on a daily basis, our governments and elected politicians continue to sit idly on their hands. Money drives everything in this world, even if that gain is at the literal expense of our future. Is the problem so big, so existential, so unsurmountable, that I

am simply being cowardly? What difference can I make, in a seemingly indifferent world?

I am not the first, or last, person to talk to my father about the moral implications of raising children in this world. My mind recalls this conversation again when I first step foot into the Evanesce exhibition, which is not the first and will not be the last exhibition that responds to the topic of climate catastrophe. The exhibition’s five artists, Yu-Fang Chi, Taloi Havini, Emily Simek, Autumn Tansey and Yandell Walton respond to the urgency of climate change in personal ways, drawing on cultural and social narratives to consider the future from the view of the present. The artists bring together a range of sources and influences, from recycled fishing nets, to compost gardens, to pop culture, to bring visible attention and focus to the topic.

As I sit on Simek’s floor cushions, stuffed with gardening mulch, and wonder about the impact of art to enact change, I am struck once again by the underlying question about individual actions versus inaction by our policy makers. Artmaking is a form of individual action, a way to signify and express to the world “I am here, this is what I have to say.” In this way, there is an inherent optimism to the task (as a form of creation, making something where there was nothing before), even if the subjects of the work are frequently less than optimistic. The power of art for me has always been in this humble yet radical proposition. Change cannot happen from any amount of arts programming alone, but that doesn’t mean it’s not meaningful to try. Extending care and space, to express and assert these responses is radical. It is important.

I think back on my father’s words, “but why”, and I think perhaps I have found my answer. We haven’t given up yet.

SOPHIA CAI





Ecological Encroachment, 2021, Yandell Walton,



# MY GREEN CONTRIBUTION TO softboi LITERATURE

By Diego Ramírez

“Have you heard of Feeld? It is a dating app that intends to “open up the future of human connection through normalising sexual desire”. But I think it is opening the future to normalising something else: confusing dating profiles for an interview with the United Nations. ”

Have you heard of Feeld? It is a dating app that intends to “open up the future of human connection through normalising sexual desire”. But I think it is opening the future to normalising something else: confusing dating profiles for an interview with the United Nations. It suits me because I need a green date by Sunday 5th of June to attend a public talk for Evanesce, an exhibition by Centre for Projection Art x CLIMARTE that tackles climate emergency. Or I will throw myself into an active volcano. I wonder if Amazon cooked my brain—the ecommerce brand, not the rainforest—and now evangelic corporations take advantage of my generational conscientiousness and call for instant gratification.

Nah, no way. I am not the kind of person to read “open up the future of human connection” with wide puppy eyes. Not me. It is not like Feeld made a vapid market analysis to understand how to compete with Tinder and Hinge, who left a gap in the market by neglecting the desires that it now monetizes. Never! It is not about appealing to the sensibilities of a younger generation for profit at all. Its founders are pure of thought and theirs is a wholly virtuous enterprise. I am pious too. Hence, I decided to make a profile with an ecological bent, see what is out there. The clock is ticking for me a la global warming to attend Evanesce with a plus one.

My bio begins with “I felt like resisting the State, might delete later” and ends with “looking for climate peace (and cuties).” Some Boomer pointed out that Silicon Valley is mediating all my game. But I was like, “Hey! shut the fuck up Boomer, or I will kill you.” My machete felt a bit blunt though, so I began to sharpen it with their Woodstock 1969 vinyl collection. The cold fear in their eyes was so intense that it slowed down global warming by a millisecond. It made me feel like a good person, even though my tendency to categorise people resembles bigotry: welcome to the Anthropocene.

To join this app—unlike Tinder, Bumble and Hinge—one must come up with a fantasy name, which feels like choosing a mask for the masquerade ball. As Diego, I am the recipient of bizarre non-sequiturs such as “I want to visit Mexico.” But now I can uncover the real me with the help of an avatar. So, after an intense period of careful deliberation, I settled for Carlos. Then I uploaded a picture of myself holding a baby lama from Peru inside a blue 7am News Podcast totebag—sizzle. No one will ever suspect that Carlos, who is also shown drinking from a ceramic KeepCup at a zero-waste market, is really Diego. Muahaha.

There is a Desires section in the profile, which is a cool feature that allows users to express themselves without inhibitions. The strange thing is that people use it to virtue signal like they are trying to gentrify their phone. I wrote down “Climate-action” after “Cuddles” and before “Communism”—I call it the three big Cs. It also stands for Critical Contemporary Culture. And Carlitos Cannot Coal. My secret desire is a Terra Madre nerd from Northcote or Brunswick because they are so exotic. But I do not think my family would approve of rock climbing. Last time I said that to a match they felt personally attacked by my controversial views on bouldering. Boohoo, cry me an indoor pool lap.

I scrolled through several articles with pictures of sad polar bears to come up with a pick-up line. But I struggled a little bit. My best one so far is “we have until 2030 before climate change becomes irreversible...kinda getting hot in here.” I also spent a considerable amount of time looking for the carbon footprint of dating apps but Google only returned articles on ‘green dating’ as a new trend. Good not to know. Either way, the sad polar bears bummed me out so much that now I want to do Evanesce solo. I also found out that

DIEGO RAMÍREZ



Kaboom, 2022, Autumn Tansey

Rest in peace.



# Following EVANESCE

By Katie West

The exhibition *Evanesce* lives just outside my sight, entering my memory through various materials – the statements, biographies, photo documentation, and video works of participating artists Taloi Havini, Yu-Fang Chi, Emily Simek, Autumn Tansey and Yendell Walton.

Taloi Havini shares *Habitat: Konawiru*. We follow Havini as they return to their birthplace, the autonomous region, and the tropical lands and waters of Bougainville. On a raft, we glide on a watery path through the thick vegetation of a swamp. We rise into the air and look down. We observe a network of curving paths through the swamp and how the water shimmers in the sun. Havini listens, we listen, we learn this place is poisoned by mining activity. We notice abandoned infrastructure and how the plants grow over and around metal and concrete. *Habitat: Konawiru* is part of an ongoing series. Havini has and will return to this place, flowing back and forth to observe and sense the constants and the shifts forever unfolding.

This gathering of artworks exists in my perception as fragments.

Yu-Fang Chi shares *Intertwine*. We follow Chi into a place where water undulates over, through and beside static plastic netting. This netting is from yabby nets, now banned in Victoria due to a design that traps and prevents rakali, platypus, and turtles from swimming up for air. This plastic netting exists digitally in the video and as conical forms, hanging in the gallery space. This conical shape exists in a previous artwork by Chi, *Twist. Loop*. Where grass still rooted and growing in a field was wound and shaped by hand into a series of small peaks.

I use everything I have experienced before and feel I know to organise these fragments into patterns so that I can visualise the research, reflection, and actions undertaken to create these artworks.

*Evanesce* is about climate change, and my knowledge of this phenomenon or cascade,

entangled phenomena, is also fragmented.

Emily Simek shares *Remix*. We follow Simek, the artist and composter, into an organic and digital compost pile. We follow worms as they stretch and retract, moving their bodies through squelchy and fluttering matter, transforming previous artworks and moments inside a worm farm. We imagine moisture, warmth and the potential of this rich and continuous humus. We imagine the past and future in this compost—the plants, ideas, feelings, and worms living and thriving, then dying, decomposing, fragmenting, and reforming.

When I can bear to feel into the hyperobject that is climate change, I find patterns, and sometimes they allow me to make some sense of my place and purpose within it all.

Autumn Tansey shares *Kaboom*. We are now following a live stream keeping our attention locked with the promise that the decommissioning of Australia's last coal-fired power station is imminent and will involve a spectacular explosion. We are immersed in a constant flow of information, archival images, stock photos and text, heckling politicians and the technicians overseeing the final decommissioning. Three generically uplifting soundtracks accompany this imagery, amplifying anticipation and the absurdity of the slow transition to renewable energy systems.

These artworks lead me into the 'the trouble' as Donna Haraway calls it, and as I feel it – apprehension, grief, and a mixed emotion of resignation and hopefulness.

Yandell Walton shares *Ecological Encroachment*. We step into a 360° video work and a speculative future where human beings only exist in remnants and traces while plants dominate the landscape. Partial human bodies, ashen statues like the victims of Pompeii, float in space, their faces still recognisable, mouths gasping. We have followed Walton here, but we wonder by ourselves. The plant species that grow in *Ecological Encroachment* are familiar because they live indoors in our homes and places of work with us in our current era. The plants seem to be travelling. Are they migrating or returning to their lands of origin, from where their ancestors were dug up and collected? Are they trying to

keep up with shifting climates that might support their survival? Should we take this place as a warning and follow the plants?

I sense recurring and returning patterns of stewardship within each artwork and artist's practice, and I follow along, hopefully.

“The exhibition *Evanesce* lives just outside my sight, entering my memory through various materials”

KATIE WEST





Habitat: Konawiru, 2016, Taloi Havini,



