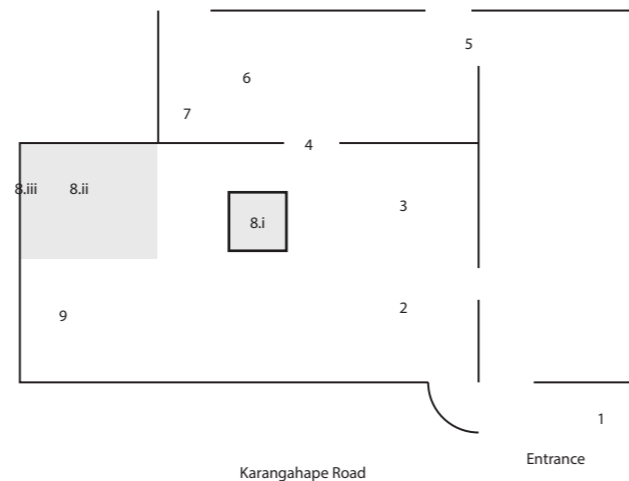




Image: Wai Ching Chan

Olyvia Hong has recently completed her undergraduate at Elam School of Fine Arts graduating with a Bachelor of Fine Arts with first class honours in 2017. Olyvia is continuing her studies at Elam, currently working toward a Masters in Fine Arts. Born in Aotearoa and raised in various suburbs in Tāmaki Makarau, her practice is influenced by this early experience, exploring how self identity can form within a collective identity. As an activist, along with her peers she spent early 2018 fighting the closure of the Elam Fine Arts Library. Moving forward, Olyvia is one of the co-ordinators behind the Samoa House Library, an establishment that aims to fill the void left by this historical closure. Recent group exhibitions include *Protagonist* (Elam Projectspace), *I Understand If You're Busy* (RM), *Dog Pit* (Satchi&Satchi&Satchi) and *Rabbit on the Moon* (Hapori Vol. 6).



The River Remains; ake tonu atu

Olyvia Hong

[8]

Breeding Negotiations

2018

[i]

Assessment Criteria for Potential Opportunities

Tane van Traa, colander, ceiling fan propellers, wood, chains, mirrored perspex

[ii]

Play with Control

plastic and ceramic dog figurines

[iii]

Once you've done a bit of winning, the bug has bitten.

screen print on polyvinyl acetate

Public Programme

Saturday 16 September 2pm - 3pm

Group Artists Talk

Tuesday 2 October 6pm - 8pm

1 + 1 = Many of Us: Knotting Workshop with Wai Ching Chan and Olyvia Hong

Thursday 11 October 6pm - 9pm

Artweek: Electric Night

Artspace NZ
Level 1 / 300 Karangahape Rd.
Newton, Auckland
Aotearoa New Zealand

Breeding Negotiations is a rendition of how a protest group might come together like an exhibition comes together. Here, the complexities of each are related to performativity within institutional structures.

A homemade helicopter hat. A boy wears large pants with a belt that appears to be holding them up, perhaps from his Dad's closet. He doesn't like to wear shirts. He is young, naive, curious, trained, challenged, has nowhere to go. What else to do with his time but to learn of his confines? The set stage dictates a certain mindset. He learns of his limitations. Once defined, he evolves and assesses for opportunities, for control, so he looks down below. His hands: useless. Vision is his power - he observes in the day, surveils in the night. Space for reflection is invisible to him, external to his periphery. The body is utilised to perform an act of control. In reality, a performer is good for realising an idea quickly. They're responsive, reactive.

The owner of a Great Dane stands proudly with the judges. He just won best performance. Show enthusiasts embody a kind of religion, power, make investments with the best fetchings. Their beloved performs for the tastiest rewards, but are contractually bound to heel. An average life-span of 10-13 years. Is this love? The substrate mimics the Veil of Veronica, recruits the image to perform its best ethos.

The collection of dog figurines reminds me of when our group first formed. Confronting the asymmetries of power, we were competitors committed to positive change, making ethical demands in response to committed wrongs. We are usually afraid, but agile enough to shake it off, until its bath time again, or a stick is thrown. Except this time the floodgates open and a sudden realisation merges us into one. Plasticity worked in our favour.

A ficto-critical response to Breeding Negotiations

Psychologically troubling inputs can be very damaging to my productivity. Many years ago, I established a small, temporary working group to assess the financial outcome of my own psychological stressors. I asked this working group to devise metrics for understanding how troubling individual moments were, and to constantly reassess their impact on my psychological well being. In turn, an impact/time scale (I) was correlated with a scale of financial loss (\$). I soon came to my senses: psychology is a soft science, after all, and constantly assessing psychological effects on productivity was, in itself, a time-consuming and costly exercise. I resolved instead to shield myself from all harmful inputs. We clearly have a different view in this instance.

I relate this to you now because I recently had a very troubling dream. I am starting to feel that my ability to parse psychological inputs is not as elastic as it once was. Perhaps – as one of my underlings noted, shortly before her forced resignation without benefits – unchecked power does cause neurological disorders. This dream seems to have snuck through my defences, and has taken up residency in my mind. In this dream, I was walking through one of my many parks. As I walked, there was a sudden, immense upward pressure on my head, like a gigantic invisible hand was gripping me by the temples and dragging me into the sky. My feet left the ground, flailing in a habituated attempt to continue walking. I went above my trees, above my domain. The air was very thin. I could see my domain laid out beneath me: its crisp lines, the rendered perfection of its towers and landscapes. I could see all the people moving within its confines, their bodies drifting through passageways of my own design. I was troubled by the certitude of my domain, and the linear obedience of its clientele. If I wanted to call out to them, in rage or jest, I could not: the air was thin and cold, my voice clogged in my throat.

the helpful dog dives into a watery hole in the dashboard, soon to return with new data.
at family therapy your father draws a detailed map of the solar system, in a pathetic attempt to impress the therapist.

you once thought that when people came out of bathrooms they looked exactly as they wished.

they calmly say, "let's look at the numbers", plunging the entire room into a scarily porous insideoutedness.

We communicate joy through a series of elaborate bodily signals. A diamond: I feel joy in simple tasks. A circle: I feel joy in our connectedness. A T shape: Give me a second, I'm absolutely overcome with joy. More elaborate and unknown bodily signals indicate joy that has not yet been – and might never be – captured. Through emergent phenomena, we form small groups and assess the vibration. If one suffers from institutional malaise, we massage them back into functionality, via soapy massage or similar techniques. Crucially, we remain open to the possibility of being harmed. This is called strength by a thousand cuts. We sense that the source of all joy is overdetermined by the fuzzy strictures of material exchange. So we hold our signals and possibilities loosely, like a racquet, or an opinion, aware that they may be riven, captured and co-opted by Them at any second.

Where our communication of joy breaks down is at the fulcrum of language bodies, at the fault lines of big structures. It is so difficult to know which language to embody at which moment. We talk about lines, but we want to talk about them as if they are already atomised. We desire atomisation, but it is predicated on clean, severe divisions. We are in danger of being infected by this paradox. Sometimes we are all speaking different languages. We try to explain the other thing, and in the process we become the other thing. It speaks through us. A cloud starts as the fierce, dumb collision of heat, and it soon becomes a cartoon outline.

Joshua Harris-Harding