



Archives contain elements of truth and error, order and disorder and are infinitely fascinating. As both collections of records and repositories of data, archives are able to shape history and memory depending on how, when and by whom the materials are accessed. Their vastness allows for multiple readings to be unravelled over time. (NGV website)

It was at the original National Gallery of Victoria, in the C. R. Roper Decorative Arts Gallery, that I came upon an 'apparition'. This most unlikely and inexplicable phenomenon remains locked in my memory. A petite, shimmering presence, so subtle and mute, like a secret. A little wine glass, short stemmed, unengraved, vibrating with its own internal pulse like a phantom heart, there, front and centre of the display, inside the glass vitrine. Haunted still by restless, animating energies... all those phantom hands and lips slipped past. The glass, dated 1750.

I was transfixed. I thought it was all for me to see. It has stayed to haunt my cosmic view. It inflects my work. I saw, and understood, if I hadn't before, that nothing is certain; or stable.

Because stillness expresses the spirit and the law of the museum, I took my group of drawing students over to show them the vibrating glass; this secret, unfathomable phenomenon. The critical point, the giant metaphor, was that here, at the very heart of the museum block - that highly secured stone fort rising from its moat, with its multiple layers of interdependent systems and controls: security, climate, no-go areas, staff and visitor protocols, all locked in place to secure from random forces of destabilisation and harm, our share of the treasures and wonders of civilisation; and that this formidable array of 'securing systems' was failing to control whatever force it was that was causing that wine glass to quake.

I suggested to the students that they might always keep in mind that even within the most secure systems that humans may devise, there will always remain an unstable element... somewhere. Something that cracks the code. In 1995 we were a long way from considering the complex ramifications of a super-connected globalised world via the ICT revolution and today's all pervasive cyber-surveillance of populations - 'your data is safe with us.' Oh, and the TV's' capable of eavesdropping on your most private moments - at home.

I related this story to a floor-talk audience at the NGV in 2013. The focus for the talk was my painting *These People* (2006). In this work the text element, 'These People', is incorporated into a formal structure of grid sections which are compositionally organised to conjure a sense of spatial compression. By using a monochromatic palette my intention was to suggest a 'totalizing' and repressive atmosphere. Critical to the concept, however, was the deliberate misalignment of the grid sections. This disrupting of the image's inherent visual uniformity and stability renders it, metaphorically, vulnerable to mercurial forces of event; random, or otherwise.

The audience responded enthusiastically to my story about how the shivering glass, witnessed eighteen years earlier, had inflected the artistic and conceptual framework of the painting. And how my preoccupation with the 'holes, or weak points within power systems, has continued through subsequent years to inflect my work. Doubtless, many artists have noted audience interest in the connections revealed between a work and its backstory narrative, which offers some further insight into the complex web of interplay between objects, material realities, artistic agency, and the ordinary, fantastic melody of our lives. The surprise bonus for me was that one of the NGV's senior curators attending the talk said she'd witnessed that same vision of the vibrating wine glass.

In relating the story about *These People*, what appeared to particularly stimulate the interest of the audience was how the antics of this one artefact exposed a weakness within the museum's security system; and how subsequently, by means of metaphor and the formal language of the painting, that vision of the trembling wine glass offered, from my point of view, an extended conceptual connection into some particular aspects of pervading national, social and political realities.

Reflecting on that experience over subsequent years, it has continued to remind me how ordinary objects, artefacts, inform us about ourselves; and that while shedding light on aspects of human agency, both past and present, they also stimulate insights into new ways for imagining different and untested connections.

Because I am not an animist I did not imagine that the vibration of the glass indicated that it was imbued with a life of its own; that it was in any way 'alive'. It did, however, induce a sense of wonder and amazement in me, as it did for the students, because of the odd singularity of its presence which stood in such stark opposition to the museum's law of stillness.

Other visitors to the Gallery, however, may have taken a different reading of the vibrating wine glass, registering it as an example of *resistentism*, which the *Shorter Oxford English Dictionary* (2002), defines as "a mock philosophy, maintaining that inanimate objects are hostile to humans or seek to thwart human endeavours." Sigmund Freud, too, in his *Psychopathology of Everyday Life* (1901), hypothesised that objects were innately hostile to us.

The odd singularity of this particular wine glass, which clearly set it apart from all the other exhibits on display by resisting the museum's law of stillness, might point to another reading. The museum, through its mission to collect, conserve, exhibit and explain its ever expanding archive of art and artefacts, constructs overarching narratives, or 'metanarratives'. These are created around historical events, experiences, and social, cultural phenomena; they aim to tell a positive story that contributes to a cohesive vision of a national identity.

In this context the instance of the vibrating wine glass might represent what Jean-Francois Lyotard characterised as a 'petit recit', or 'small narrative', which brings into focus the persistent power of the singular event amid the plurality of human existence. Through this lens, history is better understood as a collage of different stories and interpretations. According to Lyotard, such small narratives sit in opposition to those all-encompassing metanarratives, or grand narratives. Metaphorically, the vibrating wine glass might be seen to have been 'performing' to what he refers to as naturally existing forces of chaos and disorder which disturb these formulaic cultural codes. Under these conditions it might be interpreted that the wine glass simply 'wanted out'.

## ANATOMIC PATHOLOGY

Pathology Department **INSTITUTION**	Submission Date: 03/03/15
Address line 1	Pathology Number: 360-13
Address line 2	
Telephone: (03) 0000 0000	
Fax: (03) 0000 0000	

<b>Client Details:</b>	Telephone: +44 207 287 2300
Name: Berilinde De Bruyckere	Fax: +44 207 287 6600
Address Line 1: Hauser and Wirth, Attn: B. De Bruyckere	E-mail: london@hauserwirth.com
Address Line 2: 23 Savile Row, London W1J 2ET	
<b>Veterinarian Details:</b> Natasha Williams	Telephone: 8278 4122
Address: 54 Erikson Drive, Fredrickson	Fax: 82784167
	E-mail: n.williams@...com
<b>Patient Details:</b>	Patient Number: 286927
Name: We Are All Flesh	Species: Horse
Breed: Arabian	Age: 6 yo
Manner of Death: Unknown	Sex: Gelding
	Time of Death: Unknown

### CLINICAL HISTORY:

The subject was found on the 28<sup>th</sup> of February 2010 in a paddock belonging to ... and referred to the pathology department of ... for post mortem pertaining to further investigation. The owner of two grey gelded Arabians was alerted by a neighbour to the disturbing site of his/her horses having been slaughtered and mutilated to become as one horse. No blood was found at the scene. The remaining body parts have not yet been located.

### GROSS PATHOLOGY:

The subject consisted of a pair of mature grey Arabian geldings. The hindquarters of both horses were joined together from the thoracic regions, and the heads and forequarters were absent. No brands were seen on the subject. The subject/s was in good nutritional condition, well preserved, and slightly dehydrated. The post mortem commenced at approximately 2pm on Monday, 29<sup>th</sup> February 2013.

### External Examination:

There was a near seamless transition of the dermis from one horse to the other. No gross lesions were noted on the skin. Hooves were in good condition with normal conformation. The genitals of both horses were conspicuously absent.

There were no fractures found within the specimen. One of the left stifles contained a small tear of the medial meniscus, with gross evidence of early arthritis. Fusion between the two horses occurred at the level of T6, with ribs caudal to T6 remaining within the specimen.

### Cardiovascular system:

The hearts of both horses were absent from the specimen. The caudal vena cava and descending aorta contained only small amounts of clotted blood.

### Respiratory system:

The entire respiratory system (including trachea, bronchi, lungs and diaphragm) were absent from the specimen.

### Alimentary System:

There was a residual amount of peritoneal fluid. The gastrointestinal tract was largely absent from the specimen. A 10 cm length of rectum remained within the hindquarters of both horses. The liver and spleen were dark red in colour and oozed blood when incised.

### Urogenital system:

The kidneys of both horses remained within the specimen, and were grossly normal. The ureters and bladder were absent, as was the distal urethra.

### Nervous system:

The dura mater was hyperaemic with increased prominence of the vasculature on the dorsal aspect of the spinal cord.

### Endocrine System:

No abnormalities noted were noted in the adrenals. No other endocrine organs remained within the specimen.

### DIAGNOSIS:

- 1) Specimen of conjoined hindquarters of two mature horses.
- 2) Absence of heads, forequarters and multiple organs

### COMMENTS:

Possible causes of death could include gunshot or barbiturate overdose. Cause of death is unlikely to be natural considering the circumstances under which the specimen was found, and the history of both horses being well in the days leading up to the crime. Considering the lack of blood within the specimen, it is possible that blood was drained from a large vessel such as jugular vein prior to further mutilation. The absence of blood at the location where the specimen was found suggests either great care was taken to harvest as much blood as possible from the horses post slaughter, or that the horses were moved back to their original paddock post mutilation.

Pathologist: Dr Hilda Moore

Date: 03/03/2015

FINAL REPORT

First Edition

Edited by Isabelle Sully and Simon McLinn

29th April 2015

ISBN 978-0-9943052-0-6

info@buffetpublication.com  
www.buffetpublication.com

EDITORIAL

Isabelle Sully and Simon McLinn

CONTRIBUTIONS

1 Matthew Greaves: HK PC  
2 Natasha Williams: Anatomical Pathology Report of *We Are All Fish*  
3 Janene Eaton: Memory and Archive  
4 Stuart Ringholt: Tiffany (I Curate Unborn Artists), ink on offset print, 19 x 27cm

CONTRIBUTORS

1 Matthew Greaves is an Australian artist based in Melbourne  
2 Natasha Williams is an Australian veterinarian based in Tasmania  
3 Janene Eaton is an Australian artist based in Melbourne  
4 Stuart Ringholt is an Australian artist based in Melbourne

DESIGN

Isabelle Sully and Simon McLinn

Edition of 250

DISTRIBUTION

Good Press, Glasgow  
Monash University Museum of Art, Melbourne  
NGV Book Fair, Melbourne (1-3 May 2015)  
West Space, Melbourne  
World Food Books, Melbourne

EDITORIAL

Growing up, it became customary that on my Nanak's birthday we would dine at Smorgy's. After the closure of the Pizza Hut restaurants, going to Smorgy's – where the motto was 'all you can eat, and where you most assuredly obeyed' – was the closest I came to reliving the unlimited ice cream dream. I also grew up in a household where my parents upheld junk food's name and so for my sister and I, seeing an endless supply of hot chips gave us more faith in a god than our catholic education could ever manage. Some years later, when I first began to understand the concept of overconsumption, Smorgy's closed down.

I recently saw a Yahoo Answers question asking: 'Does anyone know what happened to Smorgy's All You Can Eat? Why did they shut down?' In a world where something really did try to cover all the bases (within deep-fried-westernised reason), why did everyone suddenly decide they wanted something more specific?

The buffet service presents an attitude toward excess whereby the individual is met with an abundance of options instead of a scripted meal. In its earlier incarnation, the buffet was both a display of wealth and an informal spread prior to the main seated dinner. The service was placed on a sideboard table – known as a buffet – where the guests would meander about picking at what they preferred while engaged in conversation. To encourage this congenial social atmosphere, there was no formal seating at the buffet and, of course, no knives. The purpose of the event: to make the individual flow smoothly between guests, forging new and lighter bonds all under the display of the wealth presented by the hosts.

When thinking about catering for the upper-end of society, my mind turns to Monty Python's reaction to the establishments' gluttony through their character Mr. Creosote. A moment of irony where greed meets its match. Or in the French-Italian film *Le Grand Bouffe*, where four friends, at the height of their careers decided to check out together through gorging themselves to death. Both instances present a counter-cultural eroding of authority, a need on the part of the filmmakers to stretch a grotesque logic of overconsumption and hedonism to their extreme conclusions. These are the ramifications of excess in a realm of social political fantasy.

We have moved through a few stages now. The pleasure of the buffet experience has transitioned to become an expression of value for money. At Smorgy's it was a certainty that you could feed the family for only \$14.99 a head. As a result, the world became compressed in front of you – different flavours originating from all corners of the globe, presenting all traditional set meal times all at once. The appeal is in the freedom to choose whatever combination you want, to mix, blend and to over indulge. The buffet becomes the delivery of a fantasy dream set up in our mastery of production and the incentive of empowering the individual with the idea of choice.

When we began thinking about what we wanted this publication to be, there were a number of things. We decided a little while ago that we thought it important for the subject matter to span several editions instead of being limited to one. We also hoped that whilst these subjects were discussed in relation to contemporary art, that a wide audience would be able to engage with the publication. To do this, we wanted to include a varying range of contributors – both artists and art writers, as well as people from other fields – so that the focus became about differing ways and applications of thinking about the same thing, rather than different topics for thought. We were also interested in a type of writing that was generous, diverse and inclusive. And that through being so, we didn't cross over into simplification or tokenism.

For all this to happen in one small publication, and for it to do so within our means, we decided on a structure. We intend to produce four issues, with four contributions in each. Following the first issue, contributors will be invited to directly respond to one of the pieces that came before, producing four public, varying and specific conversations over the course the issues.

One of the responses to the Yahoo question was not so much an answer, but a review of Smorgy's itself. It complained: 'One work mate asked what was in a certain bain-marie since there was no label, to which the chef just rudely said "I don't know" and turned and walked away. How could you not know what you're cooking, in a buffet of all places where nothing ever changes?'

It is our hope that the trajectory of the four conversations will shift and change throughout the issues, allowing the reader to go back for seconds whilst also being able to sample a different dish if they choose. It is also a hope that it won't become as stagnant as leatherefoream suggested a buffet could be, and instead that a type of change is something we can aim to facilitate.

Only that which is about to disappear becomes an image.  
(Ackbar Abbas)

"So, you want me to point at things and pretend to speak?" Jeff Widener gestures toward a foamcore-mounted facsimile of one his iconic photographs taken during the Tiananmen Square protests of 1989. In the image, a young woman is caught in a scuffle between civilians and Chinese soldiers.

I laugh knowingly as the American photojournalist mimes stiffly for a cameraman's B-roll (secondary footage to be used in the editing of a video-interview). I'm killing time in the Blue Zone at the top of the first floor escalators of Academic 1, City University of Hong Kong, just across from the university's food court. It's an exhibition space of sorts, delimited by a square, white-tiled area beneath an ascending, bluish, pyramid-shaped skylight. A line-up of display boards and planters holding artificial focus double-frame the space. The exhibition's title is decalated on every display board: '25 Years after Tiananmen.'

One of the images to my left grabs my attention. It's a photograph of a white statue, depicting a woman holding a torch above her head with both hands. Her hair is styled in a wind-blown bob cut; her clothing is a semblance of drapery. The figure seems to resemble Soviet statuary, statues of Mao Zedong, and Chinese folklore images.

When I read the didactic panel on the board, I learn that it's a photograph of the ten-metre-tall, foam and papier-mâché Goddess of Democracy statue erected 30 May 1989 in Tiananmen Square by students from the Beijing Academy of Fine Arts. The statue was destroyed soon after the photo was taken. It was intentionally ephemeral, not made to endure as a physical monument, but rather created to circulate as an image, to multiply, and recruit the imagination of the people.

I finally approach Widener with questions about the Goddess. He says, "It was incredible! I couldn't believe there was a replica of the Statue of Liberty being built in this communist country!" With a flash of recognition I laugh, – the way I laughed at Widener as I watched him mime – suddenly aware of this obvious visual reference. Widener laughs too, mirroring me; and in this laughter reflecting between us two Westerners, there's a tinge of colonialist authority that I can't un-notice.

I descend the escalator and on the ground floor of Academic 1, directly outside the Run Run Shaw Library, the Goddess of Democracy confronts me in three dimensions. A scaled, plaster replica stands at three metres tall in the centre of the skylit concourse. The Goddess' intensity is illuminated at human scale in a way that the photograph upstairs didn't seem to capture.

Apart from the statue's disproportionately large upper body, it seems to resemble the original quite faithfully. Its rectangular base is embossed with black text which reads '1989.6.4 Beijing'. At this moment, the base of the statue sits on a cloud of periwinkle fabric used as an aid in transporting it across the polished tiles. It could be dragged away quite quickly, if need be.

Looking at this statue now, I'm dubious of Widener's claim that the Goddess is merely a replica of that American icon, the Statue of Liberty, and begin to comprehend the dialectic in this imaging of a Goddess. I ask myself the contrapositive question: what might the Statue of Liberty owe the Goddess of Democracy? Perhaps portraying the Goddess of Democracy as a replica of the Statue of Liberty assuages anxieties about the state of democracy in the USA. It makes me wonder: who hasn't relied on a poor reflection for one's sense of identity?

I walk over to chat with a group of students sitting cross-legged directly in front of the plaster replica, busying themselves with some banners. They are all what the Chinese call "Post-90s" – members of the Applied Social Sciences Society and the Student Union. They are working together to paint a large white banner with a queue of cartoonish, green tanks bearing red stars. I ask what's happening in the image and a student named Richard answers, "You've seen the YouTube video, right?" I understood this. Yes, I had, and I had spied Widener's iconic 'Tank Man' photograph in the exhibition upstairs. Oddly enough though, I recall seeing this image of a lone figure standing before an armoured vehicle as a tattoo on a man I'd met in Alabama.

Richard, whilst carefully painting the characters for 'democracy' and 'freedom' at the lower limit of the banner, explains that instead of "painting a guy in front of the tanks" he will write the Chinese character for 'people'. "Are you resisting a cliché?" I ask, qua-philosophically. "The people need to be the focus," he says.

Later, I leave to meet a friend at the shopping centre that annexes the university, and think about why Widener's photograph might have served as body art for a libertarian in the American south.

A day goes by, here, in the World City. I spend most of it on the net. It's 4 June 2014 and my short, unplanned holiday is now consumed by perusing these visualisations of a revolutionary moment, examining the Euro-American account of that moment, and the combating of my general ignorance.

As I exit the platform at the University Mass Transit Railway Station in Pokfulam, I find a second (and the only semi-permanent) replica of the Goddess of Democracy on Chinese soil. This replica is made from bronze and stands upon a cement base, outdoors, beside a bus shelter and thoroughfare adjacent to the Chinese University of Hong Kong's tennis courts.

It's a common and problematic supposition that most Chinese people living on the Mainland wouldn't know the statue of the Goddess of Democracy ever existed, because China's media censor representations of the Tiananmen Massacre. However, in the Hong Kong Special Administrative Region – which enjoys a high degree of autonomy – the appearance of the Goddess of Democracy is tolerated for periods at a time, in spaces such as these that defend academic freedom.

Chinese-New Zealand sculptor Chen Weiming<sup>3</sup> created this version of the Goddess of Democracy outside the station that more closely resembles the Statue of Liberty in New

York Harbor. This figure holds a torch above its head with the right hand only. In its left arm is a large book with a thick spine. The book cover features no text, which surprises me. The figure has a lass of wire rope around its waist, and is secured to the cement base with elaborate rigging.

In front of the base is a funeral wreath of white chrysanthemums and pink roses. The wreath stands atop two bamboo sticks propped behind two stones. An identical wreath is lying face-down on the base, probably blown over by the wind. The whole scene has a feeling of mournful precarity.

Before coming here, I read that during this statue's first presentation in 2010, at a rally in Times Square, Causeway Bay, local police seized it on the grounds that it "violated safety regulations" and the organisers were arrested for not having a "public entertainment" licence. It was intended to be the centrepiece of the vigil for the twenty-first anniversary of the suppression of the Tiananmen pro-democracy movement, which was approaching at the time. The statue was replaced with another replica of the Goddess, which was also seized by police on the same grounds. After protracted negotiations between student officials and university authorities, the statue has been granted this temporary home.

With these bits of information circulating in my mind, I spend the rest of the day in a café. I sit in front of my glass of coffee-tea (a Hong Kong speciality) and apprehend its metaphor. One cup, two drinks. The tea is native, traditional; the coffee is international, traded. When the tea and the coffee pool, sometimes the flavour and aroma of one overpowers the other, and other times you experience both equally.

I read the English-language papers, tempering the political commentary of the liberal *Apple Daily* by reading the pro-Beijing *Orientalist Daily*, and from a mirroring of both, begin to understand the feeling of precarity that has followed me to the café.<sup>4</sup> When it starts to get dark, I catch the train to Victoria Park and attend a candlelit vigil to mark the twenty-fifth anniversary of the suppression of the Tiananmen pro-democracy movement. When I arrive, the crowd is said to be at 180,000 people. It's a massive event.

I walk up to the stage and see Richard in a choir, singing 'Bloodstained Glory', one of the People's Liberation Army military songs sung by pro-democracy activists. Most people are joining in on the singing. "Will you believe that I have been transformed into mountains?"

I squeeze down the fenced-in aisle reserved for journalists, heading toward the back of the park, hearing bits and pieces of interviews. "When do you think China will change?" an American veteran asks a Chinese teen.

The crowd seems to consist mainly of angry, hopeful "Post-90s" wearing bandannas, waving handmade banners and candles in cones of newsprint. I suspect the prominence of this demographic suggests a shift in the role of the vigil, from the remembrance of an expurgated historical event to a more urgent platform for political expression.

When I finally free myself from the deadlock of journalists, I reach the centre of the basketball court and confront a plastic replica of the Goddess of Democracy owned by the Hong Kong Alliance in Support of Patriotic Democratic Movements in China. The statue stands at about three metres tall upon a rectangular base, with four stage lights shining up at the figure from ground. On the wrist of the figure's left arm is a wide, six-coloured, rainbow bracelet of paper. A symbol employed here – I suspect – to express solidarity with the LGBTQAI community.

In this instant I'm reminded of an article by Mattilda Bernstein Sycamore, in which she discusses the tyranny of rainbow flags (that happen to be Chinese-manufactured) and the assimilationist stranglehold on the representation of queer politics. I recall this whilst already thinking about America's stake in the representation of pro-democracy activism. I catch myself wondering how Widener might report this image. Perhaps: "Statue of Liberty calls for Gay Marriage in Hong Kong."<sup>4</sup>

Several months pass. I'm in Beijing undertaking an artist residency where I'm working on a film. I begin planning a return trip to Hong Kong. Demonstrations have started,<sup>5</sup> and have attracted tens of thousands of people. Protestors are now occupying the Mong Kok, Connaught Road and Causeway Bay areas of Hong Kong. The news media is calling this the 'Umbrella Revolution' owing to the fact that groups of people have used umbrellas to repel tear gas fired upon them by police. Against the backdrop of this calamity, I've seen the Goddess of Democracy appear in images published by Western news media. I want to go back to the beginning, to where I first encountered the image.

It's 28 September 2014. I revisit Chen Weiming's Goddess of Democracy replica near University Station, what was (almost four months ago), a site of mourning. When I arrive, I find a large bag of black material covering the statue's head. The statue and the rigging of wire rope are bound up in black and yellow barricade tape. The edges of the statue's concrete base are trimmed with a bunting of adhesive tape and yellow paper fliers that each read "we want universal suffrage" (in traditional Chinese), and a daisy chain of yellow, origami umbrellas hang loosely at the base's front.<sup>6</sup>

I then travel to the City University. I revisit Academic 1 and am not surprised to see that the Goddess of Democracy replica has shifted to a less visible position beside the escalator. The statue is covered with yellow post-it notes. The student notice boards it stands beside were undecorated in June. Now the area is dubbed 'Democracy Wall', and is overflowing with fliers and posters.

I ride the escalator to the Blue Zone where I find an exhibition of photographic images where Widener's were months before. The exhibition's title is decalated on every display board: 'Umbrella Revolution.' They're photographs from the demonstrations playing out right now on the streets. I'm completely baffled by this moment of peripety for which the past is substituted for the present. Images taken just days ago are incorporated into this quasi-archive. Why is this an exhibition?

A group of local police are walking past the space toward the food court. An officer stops to inspect an image for several seconds. I watch him, and when he finally walks away I move closer to see the picture myself. I can see it's a photograph of the officer I was watching and I laugh.

<sup>1</sup> In 1989 virtually every American political commentator referred to the Goddess of Democracy as a replica of the Statue of Liberty, and subsequently the Chinese government used this identification as a pretext to destroy the statue and delegitimise the pro-democracy movement.

<sup>2</sup> On a tangential but relevant note, I know that Chen Weiming was denied entry to Hong Kong after the public presentation of this work. In March 2014 he left his family and friends to join a Syrian anti-government army, fighting to topple the regime of President Bashar al-Assad.

<sup>3</sup> I began to understand that political tensions are particularly high in Hong Kong amid disagreement among legislators as to how to negotiate the terms of universal suffrage with the central government of Mainland China. According to a National People's Congress Standing Committee's resolution in 2007, Hong Kong is assured the right for its people – rather than a council – to elect its Chief Executive in 2017. In May, the 'Occupy Central with Love and Peace' organisation was founded, and its spokespersons officially stated that they would start promoting protest in 2014 if the government's proposals for universal suffrage failed to meet international standards.

<sup>4</sup> On 6 June 2014, 100,000 demonstrators gathered in the city calling for genuine universal suffrage. Days later, on 10th June, Beijing issued the "White Paper" affirming its comprehensive jurisdiction over Hong Kong. The paper states, "The high degree of autonomy of the Hong Kong Special Administrative Region is not full autonomy, nor a decentralized power. It is the power to run local affairs as authorized by the central leadership." The paper was to be taken as a warning to pro-democracy campaigners to accept the electoral system that would inevitably be imposed upon them.

<sup>5</sup> Members of Scholarism and other student organisations began protesting outside the government headquarters on 22 September 2014 once the Standing Committee of the National People's Congress of the PRC announced its decision on proposed reforms to the Hong Kong electoral system. Beijing had decided that a Beijing-appointed committee would nominate a number of candidates before the general public was allowed to vote on them. This organisational nomination was inconsistent with Beijing's universal suffrage resolution of 2007, and appeared to be in breach of Hong Kong's Basic Law.

<sup>6</sup> To the left of the statue is a low cement wall beside a bus shelter. A large black tarpaulin with yellow, painted text is held upon the wall with brown box tape. The text (roughly) translates to "Democracy shall overcome, change the wave that starts change", a line from a song written by Anthony Kwong. This particular line from Kwong's song is the motto of student activist group Scholarism.