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So Long and Thanks for All the Movies

I will never forget my first glimpse of Hong Kong's Central skyline. I was on a shuttle bus from the airport. It was 2001, and I was visiting the city for the first time. I arrived some time in the late evening, and by the time I got to Kowloon station via the Airport Express, it was late. The bus came up a ramp, out onto the street, and turned left. Suddenly, there it was; the iconic skyline full of bright lights and tall buildings. I realized there was nothing between it and me but the bus window.

Four years and several more visits later, I moved to Hong Kong as an aspiring academic grateful to live in what I thought of as the best, most exciting city on Earth. I felt as though I had accomplished a major achievement, and settled into my new life as an assistant professor. I taught graduate and undergraduate classes, and I am sure that in those first few years I learned as much if not more than I taught.

Part of my workload was a taught master's program in social science. Most of the students were from China, and over the next fifteen years it became exclusively so. In some ways it was for the best, because the very few students from other countries were, understandably, surprised to turn up in "Asia's World City" for a program focused on the world and find that 95% of their classmates were from one country contiguous to the city. It was not only not what these students expected, it was also in some ways antithetical to the concept of the program itself; global communication.

I knew, as an American, that I had a set of preconceptions about communism, the People's Republic, and mainland Chinese people. It would be my job to either dismantle or work around those preconceptions. Yes, I told my students, the Western news is always negative about China. But, I added, the Western press is negative about *everything*. It's the nature of the news media. I tried, as best I could, to explain American culture without defending it. "My family went to New York City and people

were rude to us,” a student once said. “They hate Chinese people.” Actually, I offered, they’re New Yorkers. They’re rude to *everyone*. In both of those cases, students were willing to admit, or at least entertain, that they hadn’t thought about those perspectives. I have to say, the students in the 00s were surprisingly inquisitive, open-minded, and very aware of things they obviously knew about but knew better than to talk about, at least in class. More than one student said, for example, that CCTV news about China was always positive but negative about everywhere else.

That time in China was, in retrospect, markedly different than it is today. The Chinese Internet was remarkably open, and newspapers like *Southern Weekly* thrived. There was an openness and freedom, at least in some ways, that seemed to portend great changes for the country and its people. It was a wonderful time to live through, and my students were as eager, inquisitive, and smart as I might have hoped for. They seemed to be poised on the cusp of a new era for China, a nation gaining both economic and intellectual momentum.

Even in that very open time, there was always at least one student who seemed more rigid than the rest, who for example insisted that *Team America: World Police* was not in fact satire, but obviously American propaganda aimed at children. These students, at the time, were the exception to the rule. Even as recently as a few years ago, as more and more students explained their presence in the program as “preparation for giving the world the correct opinion of China,” they were at least willing to put their own perspectives at arm’s length for the duration of the class, as an intellectual exercise if nothing else. Which was, to be honest, all I was asking. I enjoyed having discussions with the students because they saw things differently than I did, but we could talk about those differences and how they manifested in our communication with people like, and more importantly unlike, ourselves. That’s the core of understanding global communication.

An experience in recent years was markedly different. As I noted previously, the class was now exclusively students from China. It was also conducted via Zoom because of Covid, so many of them were actually in China and not Hong Kong. Remote teaching is bad enough with undergraduate classes, but it is perhaps the worst possible setting for a graduate seminar in which people are learning and speaking about cultural differences while also negotiating those differences. That was, at least, what I wanted to happen.

During a presentation, I attempted to correct what I assumed was a usage issue rather than a political one. “In English, we don’t use ‘colonized’ to describe what

happened to Malaysia or Singapore in WWII. We say ‘occupied.’” After a short pause, a student asked “Why?”, but there was nothing in their tone that sounded inquisitive at all. I was, yet again, being told to explain myself. When I tried to explain that colonizing generally took decades, I was told I was wrong. When I said that Malaysians didn’t say they were colonized, I was told *they* were wrong.

It was an experience I was getting used to in this class. I was, after all, an American, and all of the students were from China. Earlier in the term, I mentioned that YouTube was blocked in China, which shouldn’t be news to anyone. “No it isn’t,” I was sternly told. “You can use a VPN, so it isn’t blocked.” Apparently, driving faster than the speed limit means there’s no speed limit, as long as you don’t get caught. I should also point out that another student tried, more successfully, to explain it to the first student.

When tasked with examining a cultural group unlike themselves and presenting it to the class, the topics were things like the Mosuo/摩梭, a group in China, or the inarguable Chineseness of kimchi and anime (which “belonged to Asia” because it used martial arts). There was the assertion “American men (all of them?) think Chinese women are traditional and submissive because of American Orientalism,” without any citation for the claim. Never mind the annual People’s Daily slideshow of “Most beautiful female soldiers of the PLA.” Neither was there a citation for “Americans view China as a threat because of the American media.” It’s always the foreigners’ fault, apparently.

There were other presentations that were not based on anything Chinese and they were very good. They sometimes had errors; “The South Korean govt directly controls the K-Pop industry and other Korean soft power.” But these errors are part of the exercise; understanding how our perceptions are not always accurate across cultural lines, or how we assume the rest of the world operates the same way we do. I was once told that the BBC exercised the same control over British media that the NRTA exercises over Chinese media. Those are useful, educational mistakes, because we can learn how we make assumptions about people and places unlike us. I had hoped that by looking outside of their own culture (as I repeatedly had to tell them to do), they were less likely to feel defensive about either the group or their analysis. If they made a mistake or misattribution about non-Chinese people, they might not be as defensive, because the mistake wouldn’t be ‘about’ them. It worked, but only slightly. The ‘occupation/colonization’ issue arose during a presentation on the underdeveloped but indisputable blood debt that Malaysian Chinese owe the motherland (China, not Malaysia), because of the incessant prejudice they faced at

the hands of the British and Malaysian powers, or so the students insisted.

When I asked a colleague, who has a doctorate in anthropology and is in fact Malaysian Chinese, to look over that presentation, I ended up feeling bad for having mentioned it. He is normally a very easy-going, almost laconic person. After reading it, he became apoplectic, if only because he had been subject to such attitudes for decades, often in face-to-face encounters. He had been told by mainland Chinese that his parents should be ashamed for not teaching him Mandarin. When he explained that his parents didn't speak it either, the shame was shifted to his grandparents. Who also didn't speak it. I passed on his critique of their presentation to the group along with my own, noting that this person was not only a member of the cultural group presented but also an anthropologist. He, like me, took exception to the widespread historical errors and falsehoods.

The problematic presentations were, however, more than simple laziness or inattention. When I asked the students if animation was invented in France, did *anime* then 'belong' to Europe? Maybe it was Zoom, but they didn't see this as a rhetorical question designed to spur discussion as much as a challenge to the truth of their position. As noted previously, this would become a running theme. When I told them that phrases like "Blood ties of the Chinese race" were not accepted in the West, either because it was eugenic pseudoscience or, more simply, the vague whiff of Zyklon B, they responded as if the world's opinion was irrelevant. These students, at least judging by those who spoke up most often, seemed utterly uninterested in the outside world or learning about it on anything but their own terms. In fairness, they grew up in a culture in which 'correct opinion' was not a problematic phrase.

By the time a student said that there was "a certain kind of foreign trash who comes to China to take advantage of our women," I knew better than to ask if there was not actually a certain kind of Chinese woman who, of her own free will, chose to spend time with non-Chinese men. I didn't even really care that this was also a none-too-subtle implicit dig at me. I certainly wasn't going to ask why the student felt they had any right to be possessive of women. The students talked about how ethnic minorities in China certainly do face cultural pressures and systemic unfairness from a lot of angles. I was surprised. Until they said the extra points minorities get on the *gaokao* mean that *the students are oppressed*. As if bonus points on an exam make up for Uighur parents being unable to travel to their child's university for graduation. Or, even if they walked there, getting a hotel when they arrive. I didn't say this, because by that point in the term I knew it would start more trouble than it was worth. Especially because the majority of them had by now proven an absolute

unwillingness to learn, let alone question or discuss.

I knew that the class had been a challenge for me, and probably for the students. I found that their work, like their attitudes, was not comparable to that of a decade ago. Some students did graduate-level work, but the vast majority didn't. I say this while fully admitting I couldn't pass nursery school in Chinese. But I didn't voluntarily enrol in a program in a second language; they did. And, as I said, their predecessors were more than capable. I had spent a lot of time during the term trying to find a way to overcome the impasse I was facing, of trying to get the students to engage any subject with a willingness to ask (or answer) questions rather than make blanket (unsupported except by consensus) proclamations. I felt that I had failed in some way, and I knew my evaluations were not likely to be good. I knew it even more when my supervisor asked to speak with me on the phone.

"You won't believe this," he said, laughing. "The students say you were smoking and drinking in class." He was laughing because he, like a lot of people, knows that I haven't had a cigarette since those students were in primary school and I hadn't had a drink since before June 4th. I would occasionally, during lectures, excuse my pollution-based coughing by saying I should stop smoking. I once held aloft my glass of water and said "pardon me, but cheap vodka doesn't drink itself." These may not seem like the most professional of jokes, but I assumed they were smart enough to realize I was joking. I was wrong: "He smoked and drank alcohol during class. All of the students from our class were shocked by what he did. The officers can did [sic] a survey in our class, I promise this is not a lie." When you pre-emptively promise you're not lying... you are.

The bizarre accusations were the only funny thing about my evaluations. They were a litany of complaints that more often than not revealed an utter unfamiliarity with a graduate learning environment. Yes, in fact, it *is* normal for students in a graduate seminar to do a 30-minute presentation. It is normal that the professor will not always have a PPT; the idea, at least normally, is that there is discussion. Many of the criticisms followed the logic that because the class wasn't exactly what they wanted, the teacher was horrible and obviously was unprepared and knew nothing, and I should reimburse their tuition out of my salary. This was not a single response; it was an obviously orchestrated litany. One comment said that in response to the Chinese Malaysian presentation, I got "my friend" to respond instead of any kind of academic rebuttal. Leaving out, obviously, that my colleague was a credentialed anthropologist, which I made *very clear* when I sent the response.

None of that was surprising. Those are perennial gripes of students everywhere. What was surprising was the strange, almost uniform calling for my firing. To my knowledge, and I admit I've only been doing this for 25 years, students aren't expected or encouraged to make direct demands on the hiring and firing of faculty. That said, I'm not even sure the students wrote these. At least five people, independent of one another and of widely disparate cultural backgrounds, all said that the evaluations had obviously been written by someone other than the students.

It's very easy to picture some overworked, middle-aged, chain-smoking apparatchik in the Liaison Office flipping through the mental Rolodex of Bad Foreigner Stereotypes and grabbing the perennial favorites. It's not so easy to imagine these students being 'shocked' at an adult who, even if I were smoking cigarettes, would have been doing so *in my own home*. I would be shocked if these students, who can objectively be shown to be unfamiliar with a graduate learning environment, were actually upset about the lack of 'theoretical frameworks' and 'theoretical knowledge,' neither of which I, a published scholar, apparently have because some disgruntled students say so.

When I emailed the relevant people about what might be done regarding these obviously false and inflammatory remarks, the response I got was a promise to implement a system whereby students could voice their concerns earlier in the term. Because apparently the problem wasn't the lying, it was the *timeline* of the lying. I'd like to say I was disappointed, but that would require me to have believed the university in question would support me rather than the students shoveling money into the coffers. Hong Kong is, after all, the world's freest economy.

I lived and worked in a place that refers to itself as "Asia's World City." It has always been a slightly ill-fitting (if self-anointed) label, but in recent years it has become overwhelmingly so. Luckily, you can fax your complaints to the relevant government department; it is, after all, the 21st century, and Hong Kong is a 'tech hub.' I tried as much as I could to ignore politics, since it always seemed to do the same to me. Unfortunately, it became part of my job, in ways I find particularly bothersome. I taught at the university level in Hong Kong for almost two decades. I watched politics turn from an abstraction that students openly dismissed as irrelevant to something that affects them very directly.

Over a decade ago, when Hong Kong first started discussing the addition of a Liberal Studies curriculum to their education system, I was conflicted. On one hand, I thought it would be good to finally teach students about thinking as an educational

exercise rather than the extant system of rote memorization. Faculty would frequently bemoan the paucity of intellectual curiosity in students, but I always asserted that if you spend twelve years teaching people to cram facts into their head only to regurgitate them on command, you can expect little else.

At the same time, I warned my colleagues (and others) that critical thinking was a Pandora's Box that, once opened, was never going to close. If you teach young people to ask questions, sooner or later they're going to ask questions you don't like. Did people really want their children to start asking questions? How prepared were they for young people to start inquiring as to exactly why they should work like dogs to provide for their parents simply because their parents did it for them? Did their parents want them to be a doctor because it's what the student wanted, or because the parents wanted to brag, or because doctors make more money, so the parents wouldn't need 'fruit money' in their old age? Were people really prepared for that line of questioning?

The government must have known, deep down, what would happen with Liberal Studies and critical thinking. One reason I know this is the attempt to teach it as a subject, rather than a process, as in "Critical thinking is when people think like this," the same way you might teach nuclear fission. It's something people do, but *other* people, not us, you understand. Luckily that particular approach wasn't taken. For several years, I enjoyed seeing a sea-change in my students' thinking; even outside of political matters, their perspectives became much more nuanced and complex. They began to see themselves in social, cultural, and political contexts in a way that just a few years ago would have been unimaginable. It was, in retrospect, a very wonderful, easy, and naïve time, at least at first.

But it didn't take long for things to change. Fifteen years ago, I couldn't get my students to talk about politics. They were very clear about wanting to get a degree to get a job and buy a flat, and anything outside of that was unimportant, especially if it wasn't going to be on the exam. Broadly speaking, Liberal Studies began to change that. More specifically, the 2012 drive for National Education showed that things were already very different. Suddenly young people were very interested in politics, if only, as Pericles once said, because politics was interested in them. Two years and 87 canisters of tear gas later, 2014's Occupy Central became the biggest manifestation of the political awareness of Hong Kong young people in half a century. I remember several things about that time very clearly. The most salient is how many young people would come up to me and want to talk about politics. This was a novel experience for me, but I was very, very happy. I was surprised by both their

eagerness and their aptitude. I had always known these kids were smart enough; they just never had the chance or the training to engage in critical thinking. The other salient memory is seeing the first signs of authoritarian backlash. In 2016, a woman was convicted of assaulting a police officer with her breast.



It is unclear if her bloody nose was a result of her own breast or police conduct during her arrest.

My clearest memory of June 12, 2019, is very difficult to talk about. Even thinking about it, as I am doing now, bothers me. The day had started off in an almost festive mood, reminiscent of the almost carnival atmosphere of Occupy; people had filled Harcourt Rd. and were beginning to set up that remarkably organic infrastructure that supplied protesters with necessities. It was all very light-hearted and fun. At least until the police decided that having empty water bottles thrown at them was life-threatening and began firing rubber bullets and tear gas into a peaceful, if rambunctious, assembly. If I say I knew it would happen, it's only because I am an old, cynical man who trusts authority to only ever do the wrong thing. Which of course they did. None of that was especially memorable to me. It was something else.

She was a teenager, sitting under one of the overpasses, and I can't say what time it was. But it was definitely after it had started. She wasn't crying, but she was so terrified by what was happening that she was visibly shaking. It went on for what seemed forever. I didn't know what to do. I couldn't say or do anything. I stood there, hoping at least that it might help to show her that she wasn't alone. I doubt it did. I have never felt so powerless before, and I began to be very angry. What happened

that day was a surprise, but the protesters adapted with typically speedy efficiency. There's a famous video clip of a journalist being offered protective gear by protesters, and I saw that happen a lot. Young people were constantly asking me if I was okay. "Don't worry," I would say, "I'm an American." It always worked; they either laughed or said, in serious tones "Oh, you're used to this." I had never been in a protest in the US, but living there makes you familiar, if not comfortable, with a level of violence that is unheard of in Hong Kong. It's not a good thing, and I am not saying it is. It was only a good thing for the police, who ran rampant.

Over the course of that summer, I observed many of the protests first hand. I am not a journalist by profession, but it should be noted that at the time, there was no official criteria or regulation of journalists. Even the *New York Times* was responsible for printing their own press credentials. This is relevant because the government made vociferous claims about 'fake journalists,' even though the same government had no system by which to designate journalists as legitimate. Apparently, it rested simply on their choice. For years, some people took my presence at protests as proof of nefarious skullduggery perpetuated by the CIA, or NED, or any other three-letter acronym that tested the limits of their spelling abilities. One night, as I saw someone taking my picture, I asked a friend to request that the photos be deleted so I didn't end up being branded a CIA agent (again) in pro-Beijing media. So when the story came out, the fact that I asked them to delete the photos was taken as proof that I was CIA! No, really.



I do sincerely give them credit for finding the single worst image of me on the Internet.

Later that year, Carrie Lam stated that ‘foreign penetration’ of campuses was rampant. We were told that the protests had been fomented by outside forces, much the same way China is claiming that the recent ‘blank paper’ Covid protests are an attempt by outsiders to disrupt the nation. The creeping specter of Western taint was an ever-present threat. One of communism’s great hallmarks is that whenever something goes sideways, it is always the product of ‘foreign meddling’ or ‘foreign forces.’ It’s never considered that maybe Chinese people have agency and want something different than what the government tells them they want (or forces on them). The same government endlessly warns about ‘pernicious Western ideas’ sullyng the minds of young Chinese citizens, but no one ever asks if those ideas include Marxism, Leninism, or communism. It also doesn’t stop politicians from sending their children to Ivy League universities or foreign boarding schools. That’s somehow different.

After politics became interested in students, it started to become interested in education itself, as well as the people who deliver it. The fall term of 2019 was a challenge, because the protests were continuing. They eventually reached the campuses themselves. “University campuses are just like cancer cells” said the police in 2019. They could perhaps be forgiven for fearing something they have little to no experience with. Some say calling the police 毅進仔/*Yi Jin Jai* is classist and elitist, but it should be remembered that this started only after the police taunted the residents of Lek Yuen public housing estate about being poor. Too poor, perhaps, to buy their credentials from an overseas degree mill, as numerous officers were shown to have done.

One reason I strongly resent the ineptitude of local governance is that it interferes with my job. Ideally, I am an arbiter of correct and incorrect; of truth and falsehood. It’s my job to tell students when they are right or wrong, and to make sure they base their perspectives in logic and factual evidence. That’s hard to do when your ‘leaders’ display a profound level of ignorance. In 2020, as the government started to put the pernicious Western influence of Liberal Studies in its crosshairs, Regina Ip famously said that “Critical thinking does not mean training people to criticize or attack.” Critical thinking is in fact supposed to do exactly that. It is often characterized as ‘speaking truth to power.’ Critical thinking means that you look at things critically, and when it is pertinent, you criticize them. But she is not the only person in government to have a tenuous grasp of educational and/or logical matters.

‘Dr.’ Elizabeth Quat’s three degrees all come from a house in Hawaii. They are literally not worth the paper they are printed on. Former Secretary for Justice Teresa Cheng wrote the legal reference for illegal structures in Hong Kong. She is also an owner of several illegal structures, though at no point has she been made legally responsible. Her explanation was that she was “too busy” to rectify the issue, an excuse her own book expressly dismisses. When a photograph of incorrectly installed concrete fixtures on the HK-Zhuhai- Macau surfaced, someone from the Bridge Authority said it may be “a perceptual and visual illusion.” Or it may be a *photograph of improper construction*.

During the 2019 protests, video surfaced of police repeatedly kicking a man in a yellow shirt. The police spokesperson claimed it was ‘a yellow object.’ In the entirety of 2019, and since, not a single police officer faced any disciplinary measures for excessive use of force, including the officer who blinded a journalist in one eye or the officer who rode his motorcycle into a group of protesters. In 2021, 0.06% of Hong Kong’s population took part in an ‘election.’ 4,389 out of a possible 4,889 people voted to fill 1500 seats while being ‘protected’ by 6,000 police officers in what the government called a ‘perfected electoral process.’ This process has also seen virtually all non-pro-establishment candidates and/or office holders disqualified at best and imprisoned at worst. Some of them are facing prison for the crime of organizing to win an election, which, unsurprisingly, is not actually a crime. Except that now it is. So is encouraging people to cast blank ballots. Many have been held without bail since their arrests, in some cases for approximately two years.

Their opponents, like the DAB’s Gary Chan, say that “under the new political system, politicians must not engage in politicking.” If a student wrote that in a paper I would fail them. His remarks follow Carrie Lam’s expression of gratitude to the NPC for the electoral ‘reform’ in Hong Kong, as it would fix the problem of “an excess of politics in the Legislative Council.” Legislatures are by definition political congresses. When asked if the city had devolved into a police state, LegCo member (and politician) Alice Mak responded “If it’s a police state, why not? I don’t think there’s any problem with a police state... I will view the other side, that is the emphasis on security.” Politician Maria Tam, when asked whether the National Security Law would make it illegal to call for an end to one-party dictatorship in China, said that it is false; China is not a dictatorship because there are multiple political parties. She quickly added that people shouldn’t say it anyway. Even though it’s not true.

In 2020 the government announced that it would not hold by-elections to replace ‘disqualified’ district councillors, which it is legally required to do, as it was too busy

“preparing for the upcoming elections.” In 2021 police forced runners in the Hong Kong Marathon to change out of clothing that carried the slogan “Hong Kong Add Oil (i.e Let’s Go!) because it’s a “political slogan.” The city’s head of Customs declared smuggled Australian lobsters “a threat to China’s national security.” In the last Chief Executive election, which the government constantly insisted was a democratic process, there was *one* candidate.

Pointing out these blatant, willfully flippant falsehoods isn’t ‘attacking’ people. It’s pointing out objectively false words and deeds. It’s not an “optical illusion” or a “yellow object” or an “election.” It certainly isn’t “record turnout” when you reduced the number of potential voters by 98%. Why is it only ‘politics’ when the pro-democracy side does it? Is it illegal to call for an end to Mayan rule in China, even though it isn’t real? Who knows? It’s Kafkaesque, but only in the most low-brow, clumsy way. It’s abject, performative fawning aimed squarely at the Liaison Office and/or Zhongnanhai. Locally, it’s as if they’re daring people to call them out on these obvious lies and contradictions. But there is tear gas, rubber bullets, and a prison cell waiting for anyone who dares mention the man behind the curtain; as recent events keep making ever clearer, there is now only patriotism and criminality.



Living in Hong Kong is akin to being trapped in a production of *1984* done by a public access cable channel. It’s not the obvious doublespeak I find so galling; it’s the shoddy, ham-fisted way it’s delivered. A gaggle of intellectually challenged sycophants spewing this toxic, *shanzai*-Orwellian drivel is hard enough to tolerate as a taxpayer, but it has a direct impact on my job, and not just because the current Chief Executive isn’t even a degree holder. How am I supposed to uphold Logic and Truth in my classroom when the people in charge of the city can blithely say anything they want, no matter how illogical, contradictory or plainly false?

Textbooks have recently begin declaring that Hong Kong was never a British colony, simply “a Chinese territory under colonial administration.” Logically, there’s a strong argument to be made that the latter half of that assertion is in fact true today. But saying it is probably illegal. In December of 2021 the chief of police declared that his officers never entered the Chinese University campus in 2019. A photograph of police on the Chinese University campus won a Reuters photojournalism award. This fall, the former chief, now the minister for security, attended an opening ceremony at Chinese University. Perhaps next year he’ll deny he ever went. The government claims that freedom of the press is intact in Hong Kong. Thee link to the claim of never entering campus is a quote Tweet from Stand NewsHK, a media entity that no longer exists, much like Apple Daily or many other outlets the government doesn’t

approve of.

This odd admixture of xenophobia and dumbness that has become policy in local governance was the primary motivator for my leaving a place I had full intended to spend the rest of my life in. Like many people, I supported the measures taken in 2020 to stop the spread of Covid in one of the world's most densely populated places. I got vaccinated, and I behaved as I was expected to. We were told that together we fight the virus. Except we weren't together. There were obviously two sets of rules, because some Hong Kongers are more together than others. I had always told myself that I would stay until Covid was over, but at one point a voice in my head very reasonably asked "for what?" The city I moved to no longer exists. The masks we have worn for three years, as well as the surveillance app needed to accomplish entry into most buildings, are plainly much more about control than science. This is especially true when exemptions seem to be handed out based much more on one's financial status than vaccination status. It should also be pointed out that at present it is illegal both to not wear a mask in Hong Kong as well as to wear a mask, a vestige of the reaction to 2019. Go home, GovHK, you're drunk.

Just recently one of Hong Kong's politicians, when asked if residents could be jailed for holding up blank pieces of paper, said it depended on what was written on the blank piece of paper. This person is also a lawyer. Speaking of which, Hong Kong court rulings thrice informed the Justice Department that no, it may not bar Jimmy Lai from hiring a foreign lawyer. So the Chief Executive asked (likely because he was told to do so) Beijing to 'reinterpret' the law to clarify the misunderstanding. No one is in any doubt as to what that interpretation is going to say, but in case you're under any illusions, the Immigration Department decided not extend the lawyer's work visa until the interpretation is heard.

No one should tolerate this slovenly union of craven authoritarianism and malignant stupidity. I tolerated it as long as I could, but I stopped being able to. At a certain point, remaining in this situation implicitly endorses it, and I couldn't do it any longer. So I left. That bag-eyed ha'  186 |  1 of dopes will destroy whatever is left of Hong Kong. I hope they choke on it.

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