

WMA ANNUAL EXHIBITION

年度展覽

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• **Opportunity — From Question Mark to Exclamation Point** A Collaborative Journey

Every year, WMA comes up with an annual theme regarding an issue of great importance to Hong Kong. Through a series of programmes, we invite creatives around the world to respond to the subject matter with their images and texts. From these images and texts, we hope to inspire reflections and discussions on the issue and bring about actions and changes of some shape and form.

When we announced the annual theme ‘Opportunity’ a year ago, we were asking the question: What are the opportunities for Hong Kong? Those of us who have been living in the city in the past few decades have experienced a wealth of social, economic, cultural and political opportunities. However, despite policy initiatives promoting promising developmental opportunities for Hong Kong that leverage national initiatives and integration with neighbouring cities, many Hongkongers, particularly among the younger generation, do not seem to share the positive sentiments. So how should opportunities be understood in the context of Hong Kong in this day and age?

In this annual theme exhibition, we have a cacophony of views regarding ‘Opportunity’. Beginning with WMA Masters, seven finalists (Pierfrancesco CELADA, CHEUNG Nga Ling, Jolans FUNG, Sharon LEE, Saskia WESSELING, Beatrice WONG, YIP Kin Bon) raised questions concerning urban renewal, public spaces, development, consumerism, communication, education, and health in contemporary Hong Kong through their photographic works. This collection of perceptive images became the departure points from which ten budding writers from the WMA Students programme (Finalists Bernice CHAN Ying Yu, Jamie LAI, LAU Hiu Ying, Enid Audrey LEONARD, LUI Cheuk Yiu, LUK Ho Yan Katie, MA Nok Yee Charlotte, SIT Hoi Ting Chloe, TO Wing Tung and Joanne YAU) shared their understanding of opportunity in their creative essays. Finally, this cycle’s WMA Commission grant recipient Natalie LO Lai Lai presents some of her still and moving image works relating to the ‘Half Farmer - Half X’ practice of her farming collective as a prelude to her commissioned project, *The Days Before Silent Spring*, which will provide a critical review of the opportunity for alternative lifestyles in Hong Kong. Her work challenges our assumptions of the opportunities that are available to us.

Meanwhile, WMA has begun a process of gauging views from different demographics regarding ‘Opportunity’ through a series of focus groups. In this process, more questions about ‘Opportunity’ were raised, a few ‘a-ha!’ moments were observed, and some answers were suggested. A selection of



the quotes derived from those discussions are featured in this exhibition and its brochure. Realising the need to carry on these conversations, we intend to continue collecting inputs not from experts but from peers through a series of participatory events, including dialogues, tours and workshops that complement the exhibition.

Together, we hope to move from merely asking questions about ‘Opportunity’, to acting on tangible opportunities in a place we call home.

Vivian Fung
Project Director of WMA

機遇 —— 從問號走到感嘆號 一段共修的旅程

每年，WMA 都會聚焦一個對香港尤關重要的社會議題，透過一系列的項目邀請世界各地的創作者以影像和文字回應，並以這些作品為刺點，推動討論和反思，甚至帶來行動和改變。

一年前，我們公佈「機遇」這題目，向公眾拋擲了一道問題：香港有甚麼機遇？我們部分人已在這個城市享受過不少社會、經濟、文化和政策帶來的果實。近年香港政府配合國家發展的主旋律，積極與鄰近地區融合，造就新機遇，但不少港人，特別是年輕一輩，對未來卻未敢樂觀。今時今日，在此時此地，我們應如何理解「機遇」？

這次年度展覽的作品對「機遇」的回應可謂精彩紛呈。WMA 大師攝影獎的入圍者（包括 Pierfrancesco CELADA、張雅玲、馮祺、李卓媛、Saskia WESSELING、黃雪綾及葉建邦）以不同的切入點對應香港的市區更新、公共空間、消費文化、溝通連結、教育和健康議題作出叩問。而這些攝影作品又啟發了參與 WMA 學生計劃的年輕作者（十名入圍者為陳映瑜、黎思澄、劉曉瑩、劉珈彤、呂卓堯、陸可昕、馬諾沂、薛凱婷、杜穎潼及游頌恩），從影像引發聯想，再就主題譜出風格各異的文字。WMA 委託計劃應屆的得主勞麗麗亦在是次展覽掀起她《寂靜春天來臨前》創作計劃的前奏，以攝影及錄像作品探討「半農半 X」生活模式的可能性，這或可挑戰我們對「機遇」的既定想法和框架。

與此同時，WMA 亦組織了一連串民間討論小組，讓參加者從自身的經驗出發，分享對「機遇」的看法。過程中，我們觀察到很多對「機遇」的探問及跨界別對話，還意外地聽到一些對香港現時處境的倡議。是次展覽和場刊擷取了部分有趣的觀點，呈現於公眾眼前。為了延伸對話，我們藉此舉辦一系列公開的對談、導賞團、工作坊，集思廣益。

我們希望能逐步從提問者變成行動者，在我們紮根的這片土地上實踐和把握真正的機遇。

馮穎君
WMA 項目總監

機會是經營

經營是機會

Failure is part of Opportunity



機遇與金錢和經濟
有關，與個人無尤。

Opportunity is about
feeling you have agency

If you feel like you are making an impact,
you will continue to pursue opportunities.

機遇是由你判斷

• Opportunity — A Snap Shot

As part of WMA's community dialogues on opportunity, we sat down with people from all walks of life to talk about what opportunity meant to them in present-day Hong Kong. There were seven focus groups in total. Five consisted of different age groups, ranging from high school students to retirees: Form 4-5 students, 20-30 year-olds, 31-45 year-olds, 46-55 year-olds, and 56-65 year-olds. The remaining two were made up of activists and people working in the non-profit sector. Freelancers, civil servants, homemakers, office clerks, locals and expatriates shared their thoughts on the concept of opportunity, how they viewed opportunity in their own lives, and what they thought of opportunities for Hong Kong as a whole.

Opportunity: Uncertainty, the role of internal and external factors

The participants were asked to draw a picture that represented opportunity. While every drawing was different, some common themes emerged. One major theme was *uncertainty*. Several people drew maps, directional arrows, forked roads, oceans, black boxes, fish swimming in rivers and question marks to represent the search for opportunity. Opportunities were out there, but the search could be disorienting. The journey might involve wrong turns, getting stuck, or going in circles. It might be risky. Opportunities were not necessarily good, people said; it was not possible to tell whether any given opportunity would turn out to be an excellent decision or a terrible mistake. Opportunity was also fleeting, requiring ample preparation and sharp eyes to seize the moment when it came. This raised the question of how best to prepare yourself and your children for a future that no-one could predict.

Some participants chose to emphasize the role of personal initiative. One person drew herself in sailboat. The ocean might be unpredictable, but finding opportunities depended on the sailor's judgment, skill, and appetite for risk. Another drew a woman walking up a flight of stairs towards a bright window. Others drew eyes, hands, hearts and brains to represent the ability to read your environment, spot opportunities and grab hold of them quickly. Opportunities were all around us, they just depended on the individual's ability to see them, and not everyone would see the same thing. Since people had different life goals, their perceived opportunities would also be different.

Others chose to focus on external factors. One 20-something year-old drew a house to represent the role of the home environment in providing opportunities for a young person. Another young person drew a graduation cap to express how going to university opened up an entire new world to her — one where independent thinking was encouraged and where internships and research opportunities abounded. One of the non-profit participants drew a forest with trees of different sizes to show that some might live in better growing conditions than others and may

grow so large that they overshadow the others and deprive them of sunlight and nutrients. Another drew a globe along with a light bulb and a dollar sign, saying that a good environment along with economic freedom was necessary in to pursue your ideas.

Life experience shapes opportunity

People's views of opportunity were informed by their life experiences. Some participants in their twenties agreed with the idea that family was the most important determinant of opportunity, although several also argued that an individual's actions after reaching adulthood mattered equally. As they had not been in the workforce for very long, their primary experience of opportunity had been through the education system, where they could see the impact of family support and resources.

Those in their thirties and forties, having accumulated more experience, had more divergent views. One man working in jewellery business explained how he had to adapt to the many changes affecting his industry, such as a decline in spending on diamonds by young people and the rise of online commerce. He therefore felt that the most important factor in opportunity was a person's ability to tackle an unpredictable environment and to spot opportunities in challenging circumstances. A defeatist attitude would certainly preclude any opportunities.

In contrast, a freelancer perceived opportunity in her life as essentially random. Jobs might show up, or not. Opportunities might arrive in the form of being invited to a concert, or coming across an interesting course to take. She did not go looking for opportunities on purpose, although she conceded that her past performance would affect her future opportunities, since clients would only return if they were satisfied with her work. Although she could also be defined as a type of businessperson, her life in the gig economy had given her a very different outlook on uncertainty.

A few of the older participants in their fifties and sixties felt that opportunity came about as a result of doing the right things in life. This they defined as working hard, playing by the rules, and respecting your elders. Having grown up in the booming economy of the 1960s and 1970s, it was natural to see success as a reward for merit or virtue. None of the younger participants expressed a similar view. One teenager saw "opportunity" as simply a chance to escape from her daily grind of school, tutorial lessons and homework by taking some time for her favourite hobby, painting.

Opportunities for Hong Kong

What about Hong Kong's opportunities? How do people see the city they live in? This is where clear generational differences were observed. Several of the participants across different age groups immediately thought of the Guangdong-Hong Kong-Macau Greater Bay Area plan, but while many of the oldest group, 56-65, embraced it enthusiastically, younger participants brought it up with an air of scepticism. While a few of the older participants worried that Hong Kong's integration into Greater Bay Area would erode its identity, most felt that Hong Kong's opportunities depended on China's direction, and that Hong Kong could

contribute to national development by setting a good example in its rule of law, clean governance, and adherence to rules.

Meanwhile, the Form 4-5 students could name numerous benefits of the Greater Bay Area plan as they had studied it for assignments and essay contests, but of the eight, only two or three thought that they would work in the Greater Bay Area (excluding Hong Kong) after graduation. Overall, they were rather pessimistic about Hong Kong's prospects, expressing concerns about inequality of opportunity among different socio-economic strata, and feeling that Hong Kong's opportunities were too focused on the stock market and real estate. They themselves felt the pressure to study finance, law, or medicine, having been told by their parents that it would be too difficult to make a living in the arts or sciences. They thought that adults were narrow-minded. 'The social atmosphere is like a contagious disease, people have to wake up', said one boy.

In fact, people of all ages thought that Hong Kong's opportunities were too narrow. Hong Kong was a 'money town', where there were plenty of opportunities for financiers and business people, but few for anyone outside of the mainstream. The 31-45 age group, in their child-rearing years, complained that children in Hong Kong are taught that there is only one way to succeed, and that the education system punishes the vast majority who are unable to meet its narrow standards. One man in his twenties said that we are too reliant on so-called indicators such as Gross Domestic Product to measure Hong Kong's progress and not whether its citizens are happy. He said that people were starting to realize that you did not need to have a standard middle-class lifestyle with a flat and a car in order to be happy. One of the 55-65 year-olds also questioned whether prosperity was everything, and said that we had to think about what opportunity meant besides making money. Having good public spaces, good relationships with your neighbours, preserving the characteristics that made Hong Kong distinct — these were also goals worth pursuing.

The atmosphere in one of the non-profit focus groups bordered on despairing. One of the participants thought that there was a huge gap between the opportunities the government was pushing and what Hong Kongers really wanted, and that Hong Kong would have to hit rock bottom before anything would change. People spoke of their disillusionment after the failure of the Umbrella Movement. What options were there if the government made life difficult, and it was not possible to rebel? The only option left was to escape and create an alternative life such as by going back to the land and becoming a self-sufficient farmer.

Nevertheless, people found reasons to be hopeful. Hong Kongers were resilient and scrappy. As long as there were people, there would always be opportunities. Historically, people did not wait for the government to solve problems. Charities such as the Tung Wah Group of Hospitals were founded because well-meaning people took matters into their own hands, one person noted. An expatriate woman felt that Hong Kong had an energy that she did not see in her native Spain. People did things instead of sitting around and complaining.

People saw opportunities to make Hong Kong better through community organizing, volunteer work, and education. Some felt that even if ordinary people

like themselves could not influence policy, they could still work on the things within their own control. Even staying informed and talking to family and friends about social issues could be a way of influencing society for the better.

Several people quoted the saying ‘with crisis, comes opportunity’. Hong Kong’s many problems in housing, education, and global warming could be seen as opportunities. One man in the 31-45 age group was especially sanguine. Every society and every era has problems, and there are always winners and losers. You just had to be perceptive enough to turn the situation to your advantage. He said that if you had been resourceful enough to buy up a lot of property in 2008 when prices were low, you could have cut them up into subdivided apartments and be making a fortune by now.

What’s next?

People had varied perspectives on Hong Kong’s prospects. They saw both opportunities and challenges ahead, and had different strategies for navigating the world. For some, opportunity was to be found in the Mainland — the future was as advertised. Others emphasized the need for Hong Kong to retain and capitalize on its unique strengths. Still others saw potential opportunities to make social change in problems like the housing crisis, climate change and the paralysis of government. When the Form 4 and 5 students were asked what they would like to say to adults working in any sector, several of them replied that they wanted to tell people not to give up on their dreams. ‘You will find a way’.

These discussions are just the beginning of WMA’s dialogue on opportunity. In the coming weeks, WMA will host a series of discussions, excursions and artists’ workshops to explore ‘opportunity’ in greater depth. We hope that they will provide a richer and more textured definition of what opportunity means today.

Carine Lai
Project Manager of WYNG Foundation

OPPORTUNITY

is

risky

大環境

造就機遇



機遇是流動的。

視乎你怎樣把握。

WE DON'T
HAVE EQUAL
ACCESS TO
OPPORTUNITIES

可能到處都是機遇，
但那個屬於我們

• 機遇的掠影

為了開展與公眾的對話，WMA 邀請了社會各行各業的人士，談談身處當下的香港，「機遇」對他們的意義。我們組織了七場民間討論小組，其中五組以年齡劃分，分別是本地中四、五的高中生、20-30 歲、31-45 歲、46-55 歲及 56-65 歲人士，其餘兩組分別是政策倡議者及從事非牟利工作的人士。參與者有自由工作者、公務員、家務料理者、文職人員、本地人和外地人，他們分享了對機遇的看法，以及這兩字之於自身和香港的意義。

機遇的不確定來自內在與外在因素

討論小組的第一步，就是邀請參與者畫下一個代表「機遇」的圖案。雖然每幅畫作都不一樣，卻有些共通點。例如，不少人覺得機遇意味着「不確定」。有人畫下地圖、箭嘴、分叉路口、海洋、黑色的箱、河中的游魚和問號，來象徵尋找機遇的旅途。對他們來說，機遇雖然存在，但尋覓的過程卻令人迷失，有可能會選錯路、遇到阻礙或原地踏步。機遇意味着風險。有人說，機遇未必等於好事，孰好孰壞，要到終點才知道。機遇亦可能一瞬即逝，需要有充足準備和敏銳的觸覺才可把握時機。那麼，到底要如何裝備自己，甚至是下一代，去迎接未知的明天呢？

部分參與者側重在個人的主動性上。有人將自己畫在帆船上——身處飄忽不定的海中，機遇取決於水手的判斷、技術和面對風險的韌力。有些人則畫了眼、手、心和腦，來象徵能認清環境、尋找及馬上抓緊機遇的能力。機遇俯拾皆是，關鍵在於人是否有足夠洞察能力。而所謂的「機遇」，在乎觀點與角度：在同一個情況下，各人看到的機遇也未必相同。

有些參與者談及機遇者時，強調外在環境的影響。部分二十來歲的參加者畫了一所房子，表示原生家庭對年輕人有具大的影響。另一位年輕的朋友則畫了頂畢業帽，談到大學教育鼓勵學生獨立思考，而且提供許多實習和學術研究的機會，讓人眼界大開。其中一位從事非牟利組織的參與者畫了個長滿高度不一樹木的森林，她認為有些樹木有較好的生長條件，可長得更高，甚至遮蓋其他樹木的陽光和剝奪其養份。另一位則畫了一個地球、電燈泡和金錢的符號，說明一個好的環境和經濟自由是落實構想的必要條件。

人生經歷對機遇的影響

人對機遇的觀點和視野受人生閱歷所影響。部分二十來歲的參與者認為，家庭背景對人所得到的機遇有決定性的影響，部分人雖然認同，卻補充說個人的努力亦同等重要。這個組別的參與者踏入社會的時間相對較短，因此所經歷的「機遇」皆離不開教育制度及家庭環境。

累積了較多人生閱歷的三十至四十歲群組，則有更多元的聲音。一位從事珠寶業的男士提及他需要不斷適應行業的變化，包括新一代對鑽石的需求減

少、網上商店大行其道等。他認為機遇取決於個人對環境變遷的適應能力，而那些對未來沒信心者，當然沒可能找到機遇。

相反，一位自由工作者卻認為，她生活上出現過的機遇，基本上都是在偶然的情況下發生。例如，有時很多工作機會會突如其來，有時卻一件也沒有。機遇——可能純粹是受邀去聽演唱會，或參加一個有趣的課程。她不曾刻意去尋找機遇。然而，她不得不承認，過去會影響將來，例如客人會根據她往日的表現來決定將來是否繼續合作。作為一個在「零工經濟」模式下謀生的人，她的生存方式令她對「未知」這兩個字有與別不同的看法。

幾位 56-65 歲的參與者則認為要享受「機遇」帶來的成果，就要做對人生抉擇。而所謂的「對」，就是努力工作、遵守遊戲規則及尊敬長輩。他們成長於經濟蓬勃的六七十年代，自然認為收獲與付出是成正比。然而這種價值觀卻不曾出現在年輕的參與者身上。一位高中生認為，所謂的機遇，可能僅僅是能夠忙裏偷閒，從學校、補習社、功課中逃脫出來，有些許時間畫她最愛的畫。

香港的機遇

那麼，香港的機遇呢？香港人如何看待他們生活的城市？就這次討論小組的觀察，世代之間出現了明顯差異。不少朋友，不限年齡，均立即想到了粵港澳大灣區發展——當中最年長的群體（56-65 歲），熱烈擁抱大灣區；而年輕的參與者卻普遍對此持懷疑的態度。雖然，也有一些年長的參與者擔心香港融入大灣區後，地方身分和特色會日漸磨蝕，但該組大多數人認為香港的機遇始終依賴於國家的發展方向，而香港可以憑着樹立一個具法治精神、公正廉潔的城市榜樣，為國家發展作出貢獻。

而就讀中四、五的學生則因參與過以大灣區為主題的習作及徵文比賽，故能道出許多相關的好處。儘管如此，八個學生之中，只有兩三個預計自己畢業後會到大灣區（不包括香港）工作。總體而言，學生對香港的前景相當悲觀，並對社會上不同階層所受的不公平待遇感到擔憂。他們認為，香港的機遇過於集中在股票市場和房地產；他們感受到社會對於金融、法律、醫學的學位趨之若鶩，父母提醒他們，讀藝術或科學對日後謀生毫無幫助。他們認為成年人思想狹窄，「社會的氛圍就像一種傳染病；人是時候清醒過來了。」一名男同學說。

概括而言，各個年齡層的受訪者都認為香港的機遇太少。香港曾是一個「金錢之都」——金融家和商界人士享有不少機遇，而這道主流以外的人卻不然。有 31-45 歲組別育有子女的參與者提到，香港的小孩自小就被灌輸，在香港，只有一種成功的方法，而且門檻極高，未能達標的絕大多數考生則會被教育制度淘汰。其中一位二十來歲的參與者表示，我們對香港的理解，過於側重國內生產總值等所謂的發展指標，而不是市民是否快樂。他認為，大家已開始意識到，人不需要擁有標準的中產生活、有車有樓，也可以活得快樂。另一位 56-65 歲的參與者也質疑繁榮是否等於一切；我們必須思考，機遇除了賺錢之外，還有何意義。擁有舒適的公共空間、與鄰居保持良好的關係、保留香港獨有的文化——這些都是值得追求的目標。

然而，在從事非牟利工作的小組裏，討論氛圍幾近絕望。其中一位參與者認為，政府所營造的機遇，與香港人真正想要的，存在着巨大落差；或許，香港可能需要跌至谷底，面臨一個毫無退路的境況，才會開始出現改變。有

參與者提到，雨傘運動的失敗令他們幻想破滅——政府令社會民不聊生，卻又不允許絲毫的反抗聲音，作為市民，下一步可如何走下去？唯一的選擇，就是創造另一種生活，例如回歸土地、做一個自給自足的農民。

儘管如此，參與者對未來仍抱有希望。香港人有頑強適應力和鬥志，只要有人，就有機遇。回顧歷史，人們不會被動地等政府解決問題。例如，不少慈善團體，如東華三院等都是由民間一手創立。一位外籍女士表示，香港有種她在故鄉感受不到的能量——這裏的人不會只懂投訴，而會靠行動作出改變。

參與者有感，人可通過社區力量、義務工作和教育來改善香港，創造機遇。部分人認為，即使一般人不能影響政府政策，仍可以在自己控制範圍內努力。簡單如留意時事、與家人和朋友討論社會議題，也是種影響社會的方式。

有幾位參與者在談及機遇時，都聯想到一句話：「有危就有機」。香港在住屋、教育和全球暖化方面的問題也可能是機遇。一位 31-45 歲年齡組別的參與者樂觀地表示，每個社會每個時代都各有其問題，而且總有贏家，有輸家。要成為勝利者，就要有足夠的洞察力，將情況轉化為對自己有利的條件。例如，如果你有能力乘着 2008 年房產價格低廉時大量購入房屋，現在就可靠割房致富了。

下一步是甚麼？

參與者對香港的前景各有看法。大家看到未來的機遇和挑戰，並有不同的方法對應。對一部分人而言，中國內地就如主流論述一樣，充滿機遇。而其他人士則強調香港需保留和強化本身的獨特優勢。有些人在房屋、氣候問題及陷於癱瘓的政府中找到改變的曙光；中四、五的學生在討論時被邀請對已踏入社會的人說一句話，其中幾個都寄望成年人忠於自己的理想，開拓新的路徑。

以上的討論只是個起點，在接下來的幾個星期，WMA 將舉辦一系列的對談、導賞團和工作坊，與大眾進一步探索「機遇」，反思香港的機遇為何。

黎文燕

WYNG 基金會項目經理

*Opportunities
are
limited without
a good environment*

機遇與金錢和經濟
有關，與個人無尤。

Opportunity is an unknown path.



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19 • 4

Fri 五

The X Factor? And Farming!
X 元素？耕田

- 10:00am — 1:45pm
- Meeting Point:
Exit C, Kam Sheung Road
MTR Station
集合點：
錦上路西鐵站 C 出口

Strolling along New Choi Yuen Tsuen Village, Sandwoodgoon and KidsClub, WMA Commission grant recipient LO Lai Lai Natalie will explain to participants the intricate relationships among these organisations and discuss the different opportunities she and her farm collective members are pursuing — what they call the ‘X factors’ — in developing a relationship with nature through farming.

近年興起「半農半 X」這種新生活形態，當中的 X 指向甚麼？WMA 委託計劃得主勞麗麗將帶領參加者遊走於菜園新村、生活館及 KidsClub 的田間，拆解組織之間緊密而微妙的脈絡，與參加者討論在追求與自然建立關係的同時，「X」的種種可能性。

19 • 4

Fri 五

Top in class? Down on life!
起跑線？人都癲！

- 3:00pm — 4:30pm
- Exhibition Hall
Hong Kong City Hall
香港大會堂展覽廳

Join WMA Masters finalists Saskia WESSELING and Beatrice WONG to discuss the stress of schooling for Hong Kong children and living as a gender minority in this pressurised city. Are there opportunities for improving people’s mental well-being and Hong Kong’s education system? Participants will rotate between dialogues facilitated by the two artists.

生活在香港，你有壓力，我有壓力，好多「未解決」的問題。為人父母的，一邊掙扎避免做怪獸家長，一邊擔心自己子女落後於人；作為社會小眾，一方面希望跳出主流忠於自己，一方面對他人眼光感到焦慮。在教育體制和精神健康方面，香港有沒有新的可能？攝影師 Saskia WESSELING 和黃雪綾將會分享她們的切身感受。

Yum Cha? Time Travel!**飲茶？講舊時！**

- 1:00pm — 3:00pm
- Meeting Point:
Exhibition Hall
Hong Kong City Hall
集合點：香港大會堂展覽廳

This yum cha session invites the public to bring a relative of an older generation to join WMA Masters finalist CHEUNG Nga Ling for a dialogue. Over tea and dim sum, participants will look at the artist's work *Alike*, consisting of a photo album of herself and her mother, and discuss opportunities in Hong Kong across generations.

約定你，帶埋老豆／阿媽／六孖／三太公，一邊飲杯茶、食個包，一邊同《Alike》創作者張雅玲講下兩代人的 N 種機遇。

Criminally Hip? Yes, We Can! Fashion 嘅嘢？我識條 _ 咩！

- 2:00pm — 4:30pm
- 7/F, High Block
Committee Room South
Hong Kong City Hall
香港大會堂高座七樓
南會議室

Extending from his series *The day you put me on*, WMA Masters finalist YIP Kin Bon will host a second-hand print tee styling workshop with participants to explore new opportunities for expression.

* Participants are advised to register in pairs for this shopping, styling and photography workshop.

日日都襯衫，唔通日日都想襯衫咩？衣服是我們的第二種語言，「我穿故我在」。攝影作品《說穿了你》的創作人葉建邦將主持是次二手 T 恤襯衫工作坊，與參加者一同 Shopping、襯衫、影相，找尋自我表達的新可能。

* 建議參加者以兩人一組的方式報名

Conservation?**Rub it for good luck!****保育？拓呀！**

- 10:30am — 13:00pm
- Meeting Point:
Exhibition Hall,
Hong Kong City Hall
集合點：香港大會堂展覽廳
- Participants should wear comfortable walking shoes, and bring their own umbrellas and drinks.
參加者宜穿輕便服裝及鞋履，請自備飲料及雨具。

The Crescent Void begins with WMA Masters finalist Sharon LEE's old family picture of her grandfather's grocery store that is now turned into a concrete wall. Inspired by the work, this 2.5-hour city walk will let participants explore the history and colourful stories behind several Hong Kong landmarks that have been or about to be redeveloped, including the Central Post Office, the Central Market, and 'Ong Mo Kew Street'. During the walk, Sharon will facilitate some rubbing exercises for participants to experience the texture of our city.

香港 365 日都有建築物被拆卸同建成，有甚麼值得留下，而甚麼又需要拆走呢？李卓媛的作品《缺景》，始自她祖父的舊士多，現時只被拆剩一幅水泥牆。Sharon 將於是次活動帶參加者捐窿捐罅，尋訪已經／現正／即將經歷重建的地標——中環郵政局、中環街市、「紅毛橋街」，以拓印和觸感記錄城市變遷。

Your Quote? My Quote!

你講？我又講！

- 3:00pm — 5:30pm
- Exhibition Hall
Hong Kong City Hall
香港大會堂展覽廳

Session 1

When you think about ‘opportunity’, what comes to mind? What do you perceive as ‘opportunities’ for you and for Hong Kong? During this workshop, participants will reflect on people’s views/quotes gathered from previous focus groups exploring what they considered as ‘opportunities’. The workshop aims to deepen the discussion and ponder Hong Kong’s future.

第一場

「機遇」，如果有形狀，會是怎樣的？在此時此刻，這兩個字對你、對香港而言，又有何意義？這個工作坊將會集思廣益，讓大家不同的聲音共治一爐，一同反思香港的前路。

Hike the Mall?**Craving Nature!**

耕田？行街！

- 10:00am — 5:00pm
- Meeting point:
Exit F,
Yuen Long MTR Station
集合點：
元朗西鐵站 F 出口

This one-day excursion to western New Territories will take participants indoors and outdoors. The trip will begin with a mall-hiking journey with WMA Masters finalist Pierfrancesco CELADA to search for ‘nature’ in shopping malls, a concept that he explores in his work *Where It Never Rains*. Participants will then visit the farms managed by WMA Commission recipient LO Lai Lai Natalie and have a dialogue with her farming collective members about their ‘Half Farmer, Half X’ practice.

一日新界西北大長征 ——《Where It Never Rains》攝影師 Pierfrancesco CELADA 將會帶你進軍冷氣商場，從人工風景尋覓自然的線索，再踏入田野，聽 WMA 委託計劃得主勞麗麗和其合作社的成員分享「半農半 X」的斜槓人生，一起討論在這個城市，到底商場還是農場有多點機遇？

Docent Tour with**Photographer Jolans FUNG**

攝影師導賞團

- 2:00pm — 2:45pm
- Exhibition Hall
Hong Kong City Hall
香港大會堂展覽廳

WMA Masters finalist Jolans FUNG will host this docent tour to share the stories and process behind his work with participants.

攝影師馮祺及導賞員將帶領觀眾深入了解本年度 WMA 的攝影作品及其創作過程，與觀眾交流。

Your Quote? My Quote!

你講？我又講！

- 3:00pm — 5:30pm
- Exhibition Hall
Hong Kong City Hall
香港大會堂展覽廳

Session 2

When you think about ‘opportunity’, what comes to mind? What do you perceive as ‘opportunities’ for you and for Hong Kong? During this workshop, participants will reflect on people’s views/quotes gathered from previous focus groups exploring what they considered as ‘opportunities’. The workshop aims to deepen the discussion and ponder Hong Kong’s future.

第二場

「機遇」，如果有形狀，會是怎樣的？在此時此刻，這兩個字對你、對香港而言，又有何意義？這個工作坊將會集思廣益，讓大家不同的聲音共治一爐，一同反思香港的前路。

• Docent Tours 導賞團

- Exhibition Hall, 1/F, Low Block, Hong Kong City Hall
香港大會堂低座一樓展覽廳

Docent Tour (Cantonese) 廣東話導賞團

19 • 4 Fri 五
12:30pm — 1:15pm
2:00pm — 2:45pm

20 • 4 Sat 六
2:00pm — 2:45pm

21 • 4 Sun 日
2:00pm — 2:45pm

22 • 4 Mon 一
12:30pm — 1:15pm

Docent Tour (English) 英語導賞團

20 • 4 Sat 六
12:30pm — 1:15pm

21 • 4 Sun 日
12:30pm — 1:15pm

Accessibility Tour (Audio Description) 通達導賞團（口述影像）

14 • 4 Sun 日
11:00am — 12:30pm

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WMA MASTERS

大師攝影獎

Beatrice WONG 黃雪綾

- **No Opportunities (for Beatrice)**
雪綾，你沒有機會

- I created this self-portrait series to celebrate my entry into the battlefield against depression and anxiety. During a very low point in my life, when my body was filled with drugs, alcohol and powder, I randomly came across Francis Bacon's Wikipedia page, and I started brainstorming.

這一個自拍照系列是用來慶祝自己加入對抗抑鬱及焦慮的戰場。在谷底時我體內填滿了藥物、酒精、粉末，偶然看到 Francis Bacon 的維基網頁，並開始了構思。





- Beatrice Wong is a transgender outsider artist with a lifelong struggle with mental issues, she expresses her dilemmas in life through personal creative projects and mediums including stand-up comedy, writing, short documentaries, and recently, photography, being a WMA Open and Masters finalist is the starting point.

黃雪綾，一個非常規的跨性別創作人，在不同的精神健康問題中浮浮沉沉，亦以不同的創作媒體去表達自己生活上的困擾，包括寫作、棟篤笑、紀錄短片。最近開始攝影，入圍 WMA 映香港攝影比賽及大師攝影獎是一個起點。

CHEUNG

Nga Ling

張雅玲

- **Alike...**

- For as long as I can remember, my mother's friends have been telling me how much I look like her. As my mother's 'mini-me', I want to be connected with her youth through being photographed in the clothes she used to wear, and in the same places she once went to.

自我有記憶以來，媽媽的朋友一見到我就會說：「你跟你媽媽真像！」我們來自不同的時代，有不同的歷練。若我們真的像，我穿上她的衣服，到她去過的地方，留下一輯相片，連結起她與我的青春模樣。





- Bachelor of Arts (Visual Arts), Hong Kong Baptist University

畢業於香港浸會大學視覺藝術系學士

Jolans FUNG

馮祺

- **'Opportunities everywhere?!'**
「機遇處處?!」

- In recent years, housing prices and inflation have been going up in Hong Kong. Not only do HongKongers struggle with the stresses of everyday life, but they are also frustrated about their inability to buy a home. The sense of confidence that used to define HongKongers is long gone; what remains is just a shifting shadow. In this self-proclaimed modern metropolis, all people want in life is a stable job, counterfeit goods (to satisfy their vanity), or to win the Mark Six so that they can buy a house. Hong Kong is known to be a land of opportunity... but perhaps it is just some kind of an irony.

香港近年不斷通貨膨脹，樓價高昇，令市民深感生活壓力和置業無望，沮喪及無奈。香港人自信的面貌已不再存在，剩下的可能是移形身影，在這自稱現代文明大都會裏夢想找到份好工，買名牌貨品滿足其虛榮心，中六合彩票而得以完成買樓夢……等。話說機遇處處的香港，或許，只不過是某種反諷。



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建築面積	300	呎
售價	330	萬

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實用面積	394	呎
建築面積	480	呎
售價	630	萬

兩房一廳 四正交吉



- Born in Hong Kong in 1962. Graduated from École Nationale Supérieure des Beaux – Arts in Paris, France in 1990. Engaged in painting and photography. Art works collected by private collectors, Hong Kong Heritage Museum, Annie Wong Art Foundation, Deutsche Bank and other organisations.

1962 年生於香港。1990 年畢業於法國巴黎國立高等美術學院。

從事繪畫及攝影。藝術作品獲私人、香港文化博物館、梁潔華藝術基金會、德意志銀行和其他機構收藏。

Pierfrancesco CELADA

- **Where It Never Rains**

- Every day, thousands of people are forced through an archipelago of privately owned properties, shopping centres and transportation hubs.

In the Mall-Densest city, the Mall is a place where people can create collective memories, socialise and build a sense of community.

We could live our entire life without ever having to leave these modern fortresses; the basic units of Hong Kong contemporary urbanism, and perhaps a glimpse into the futuristic city.

The Mall offers the same opportunities of the more traditional public square; a contemporary agora where interconnections are made but where, inevitably, it will never rain.

每天，成千上萬的人都要被迫繞過無數私人樓宇、商場、運輸交匯處上學、上班和下班。

在商場密佈的城市，人可從中創造集體回憶、建立關係和社區連結。

我們生活在這些現代城堡，簡直一輩子也不用出門。它們是香港當代都市主義的基本組成單位，甚至是未來城市的輪廓。

商場已取代傳統公共廣場，甚至如古希臘廣場般容讓連結在此發生，獨獨的是，雨卻從不會在這裏落下。





- Pierfrancesco Celada (b. 1979) completed a PhD in Biomechanics in 2010, and has since been working on a series of long-term studies investigating contemporary living.

Among Celada's awards were: the Happiness ONTHEMOVE Award (2017), the European Photo Exhibition Award (2015), the Photolux Leica Award (2014), and the Ideastap and Magnum Photos Photographic Award (2011). His work has been exhibited and published internationally in publications including *Newsweek*, *The New York Times*, *Time Lightbox*, *i-D*, *Vogue*, *Amica*, *D-Repubblica*, and *Leap*.

He has been based in Hong Kong since 2014.

Pierfrancesco Celada 出生於 1979 年，他於 2010 年完成生物機械學的博士學位，現正進行一系列與當代生活相關的長期研究。

他曾獲「Happiness ONTHEMOVE Award 2017」、「Photolux Leica Award 2014」及「Ideastap and Magnum Photos Photographic Award 2011」多個攝影獎項。

他在 2011 年於倫敦馬格蘭攝影通訊社實習，作品於《新聞週刊》、《紐約時報》、《時代雜誌》Lightbox 欄目、《i-D》、《D-Repubblica》、《Vogue》、《Amica》、《Leap》等雜誌刊登。

自 2014 年始旅居香港。

Saskia WESSELING

- **Time to tame the tigers?**
是時候馴服虎媽了？
- Living with school-aged children in Hong Kong, it is impossible not to be emotionally affected by the stories of suicides in schools.

Statistics are terrifying. Some children in primary schools in Hong Kong are given less outdoor time for exercise than prisoners. Fifty percent of secondary school pupils show signs of depression. The school systems in Asia have been consistently referred to a pressure cooker.

My work shares a feeling of collective helplessness, as no child, family or school can step out on their own.

This visual manifesto, Time to tame the tigers?, aims to inspire us to collectively re-consider the roles of our schools and parents. Do we have the ambition for our children to be ready for the rapidly changing world we live in, or do we only educate them to be accepted at an Ivy League University?

在香港，只要與上學的孩子一同生活過，就會感受到那些學童自殺事件帶來的沉重。

統計數字歸納出來的結果令人汗顏：部分小學生擁有的戶外運動時間比囚犯還要少；百分之五十的中學生有抑鬱症狀。一直以來，亞洲的學校制度被稱為「壓力煲」。

我希望藉着這系列的作品，呈現一種集體的無力感。這個集體包括孩子、家庭和學校，沒有任何人可獨力走出那個牢籠。

這個視覺宣言「是時候馴服虎媽了？」旨在讓我們一同反思學校和家庭在教育上的角色和意義。我們是否應讓孩子對急速變化的世界做好準備，還是只想將他們推入頂尖的高等學府，一了百了？



須用真尺

功課率

請用真尺

要認真做功課

請簽名

欠改正



- Wesseling's passion for photography began in her early years, taught the principles of ISO, shutter-speed and aperture by her father. Throughout her life she has been finding ways to tell stories, through radio commentaries, articles writing as well as photography.

With her photo essay on backstreet barbers she takes viewers by the hand into this hidden world. Her Yunnan series presented the Southern part of China passionately to readers of the *National Geographic Traveller*. Her latest series, on academic pressure on children, sends a strong message to the world, urging for a balance between education and the well being of children.

Saskia puts a curious lens on unexposed stories. Her photography enriches this world with contrasting colors and uncommon views on society.

Wesseling 自小受父親影響，接觸攝影，並學習 ISO、快門和光圈的原理。長大後，她發掘到更多講故事的方式，廣播評論、寫作及攝影。

她曾以攝影作品讓人認識香港後巷理髮師的隱秘世界，後來一輯以雲南為專題的作品更刊登於美國雜誌《國家地理旅行者》。最新的系列聚焦於香港學童的學業壓力，呼籲世界關注孩子的教育和幸福。

她希望透過攝影開闊新的視野，發掘更多鮮為人知的故事，令社會有更多元的聲音和色彩。

Sharon LEE 李卓媛

- The Crescent Void
缺景

- It begins with a worn-out photo.

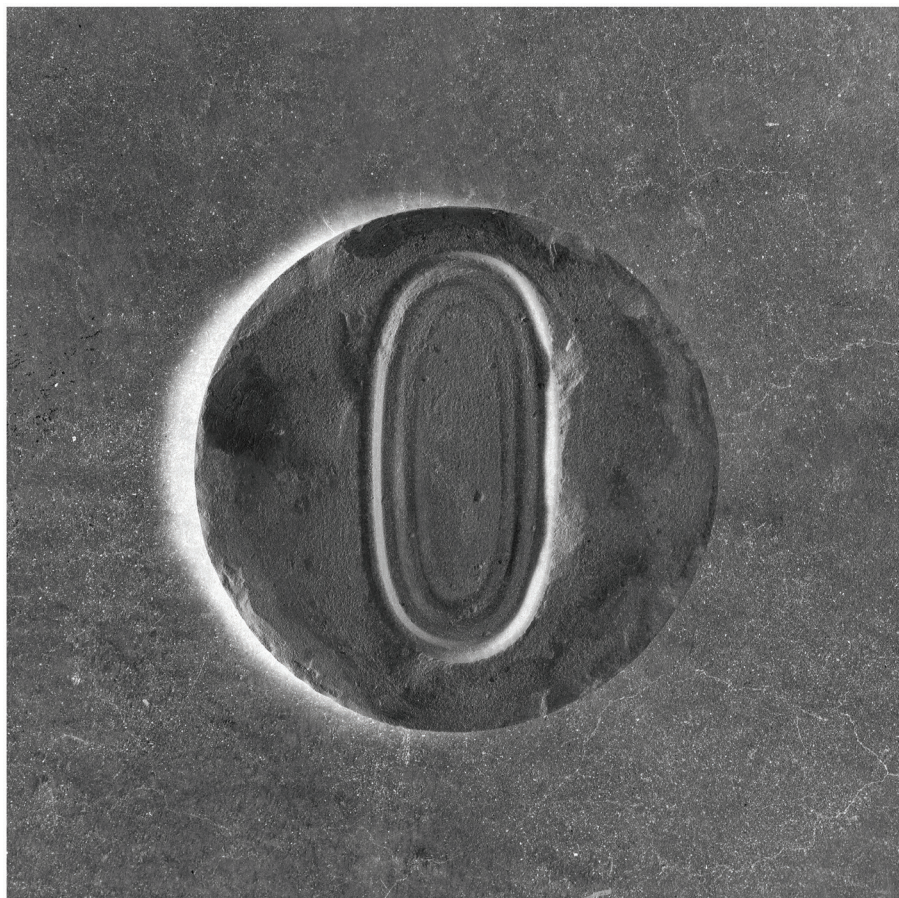
My grandparents used to run a small grocery store in Chai Wan in the 70s. Today, Man Lee Store, as it was called, has already morphed into a run-of-the-mill concrete wall structure facing an underground train station.

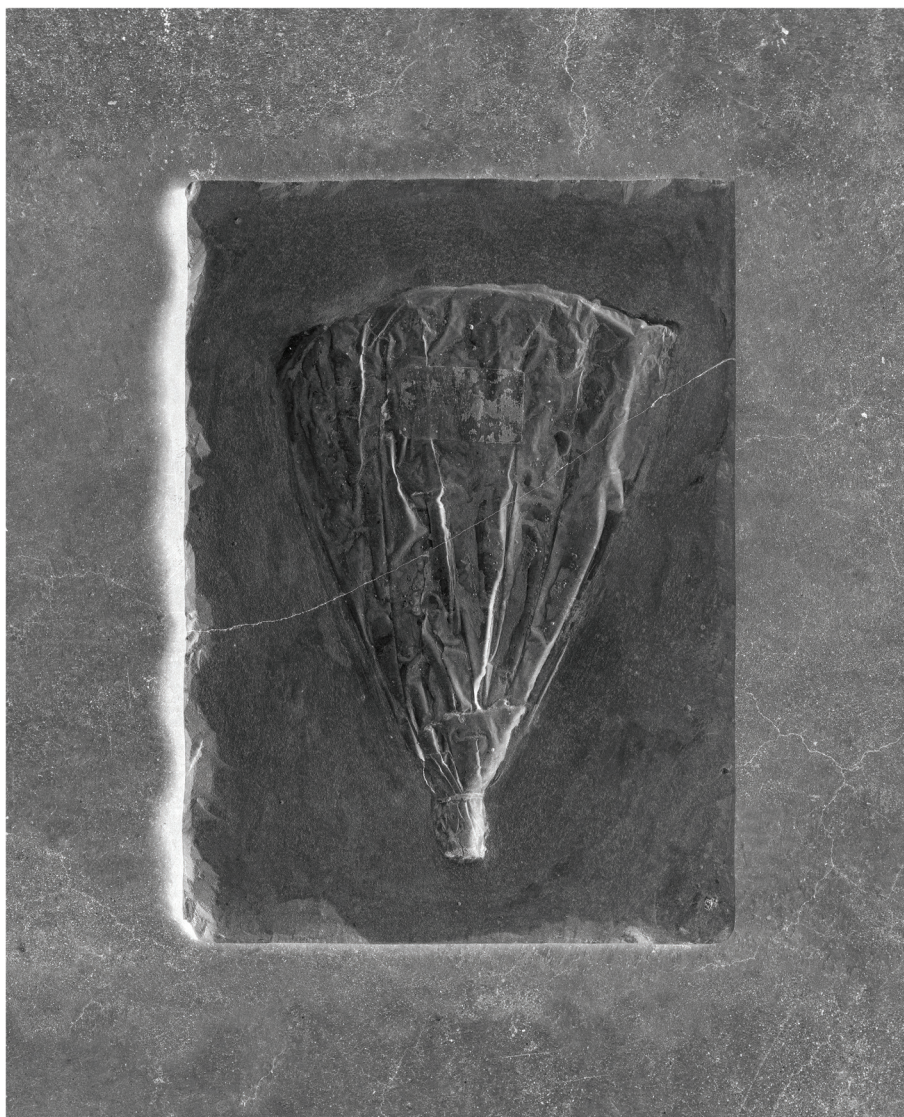
As I turn the found objects from grocery stores into specimens in concrete, the disappearing urban tales buried underneath the ever-taller high-rises are given new forms. The absence in space of the concrete boards makes a poignant remark, moulds after moulds, as a that-*has-been* — an uncanny presence against change. These half-moulds-half-specimens are then recast as negative images. The photographic impressions, with their light and shadow reversed, reflect the achingly quotidian life lost in the fabric of space and time.

創作從一張褪色的老照片開始。

祖父母於 70 年代在柴灣經營的士多「文利商店」，早已變成鐵路站對面的一堵水泥高牆。

我以「半倒模」的方式為士多製作「標本」；以倒模來製造影像，以光影對倒在機遇下所漸漸消逝的日常瑣事。物件於水泥中的負空間以負影像來呈現，被掏空了的物象又彷彿於影像的反面猶存——一種若重若輕的「此曾在」。





- Sharon Lee (b. 1992, Hong Kong) graduated from The Chinese University of Hong Kong with a Bachelor of Arts in Fine Arts in 2016. She was selected as the New Light of the year by Lumenvisum and debuted her solo exhibition *The Presence of Absence* in 2017. Lee participated in several art residencies and group exhibitions in Germany and Taiwan. Her photographic art practice derives from her sensitivity to materials and the mundane of everyday life.

李卓媛，1992 年生於香港。2016 年於香港中文大學藝術系畢業。2017 年獲選為 New Light，於光影作坊舉辦首個個展「填空補白」，其後亦到訪德國及台灣參與藝術駐村及聯展。她的攝影創作源自她對物料的探索，並對日常生活中瑣碎與平凡事物的觀察與反思。

YIP

Kin Bon

葉建邦

- The day you put me on
說穿了 你

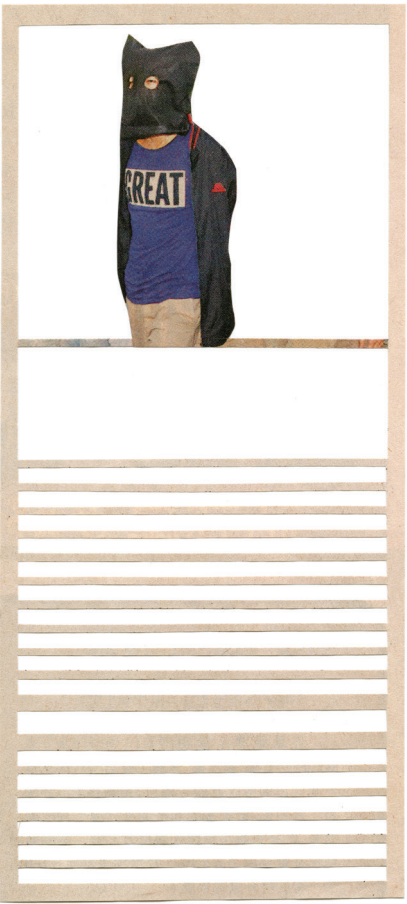
- The meaning of an image doesn't lie in the image itself, but in how the 'reality' are being interpreted and understood. Sometimes the discovery of the unintentional nuances of human nature hidden in images might require efforts of gathering, organising, and synthesising photographic information.

I have been collecting criminal reportage from newspapers. The image of suspects, during an arrest, often appears in the reports. What people wear in everyday situations, which may or may not intentionally express certain messages, creates an embarrassing tension. When the symbols and the text come together, the sum is ambivalent. This is where confusion arises: our actual reality is paradoxical and invisible.

影像的意義不在其本身，而是如何閱讀「真實」，甚至乎透過收集、梳理、整合，會發現攝影出其不意地反映人性的矛盾。

我一直蒐集報紙上的犯罪報道，發現疑犯的衣服與被捕的情境產生矛盾。人們有意或無意地透過所穿的衣服，表達信念或宣揚訊息，卻碰上了一個尷尬的情況。相片中的符號、文字加起來變得曖昧，讓觀者疑惑。





- Mixed media artist Yip Kin Bon (b. 1989) was born and bred in Hong Kong. He received his BA degree from the Academy of Visual Arts, Hong Kong Baptist University in 2013. His works feature a variety of approaches that include collecting, reading, sorting and integrating, which are often presented in forms of collage. He rearranges the context of incidents, objects and time to reflect the absurdity of this world. He currently lives and works in Hong Kong.

葉建邦，混合媒介藝術家，1989 年生於香港，2013 年畢業於香港浸會大學視覺藝術院。其創作常出現搜集，閱讀，分類，梳理及整合的處理，亦慣常以拼貼及集成的方式呈現，透過將事件、物件和時間串連，以戲謔的方式諷刺所身處的荒謬世界。

WMA Masters Jury

審評獎攝影大師 WMA

- **Zoher Abdoolcarim**
譚崇翰
Former Asia Editor of *TIME*
前《時代週刊》亞洲版總編輯
- **Kurt Chan**
陳育強
Veteran arts and education practitioner
資深藝術教育工作者
- **Clément Chéroux**
Senior Curator of Photography at
the San Francisco Museum of Modern Art
三藩市現代藝術博物館攝影項目資深策展人
- **May Fung**
馮美華
Independent culture and arts practitioner
獨立文化藝術工作者
- **Yumi Goto**
後藤由美
Independent photography curator,
editor, researcher, consultant, educator
and publisher
獨立攝影策展人、編輯、研究者、
顧問、教育及出版工作者
- **Kevin WY Lee**
李偉業
Photographer and creative director
based in Singapore, founder of
Invisible Photographer Asia
新加坡攝影師及創作總監，
Invisible Photographer Asia 創辦人
- **Michael Wolf**
German photographer
based in Hong Kong
居港德籍攝影師

About WMA Masters

關於 WMA 大師攝影獎

- WMA Masters is a non-profit photography award aiming to nurture the growth of photography as an art form, and to spark discussions of social issues of great importance to Hong Kong through visual images, with a view to fostering positive change.

WMA 大師攝影獎為一項非牟利攝影獎，旨在提升攝影藝術水平之餘，藉着影像延伸討論，喚起公眾對香港社會議題的關注和反思。

WMA COMMISSION 委託計劃



LO Lai Lai Natalie 勞麗麗

- **The Days Before Silent Spring**
寂靜春天來臨前

- Through a series of visual images, the WMA-commissioned project *The Days Before Silent Spring* explores opportunities in Hong Kong, a city in distress. In particular, it looks at alternative lifestyles and sustainable development as a way out.

The social movement 'Anti-XRL movement and protest Choi Yuen Village' brought together people from all walks of life to contemplate the meaning of autonomy for Hong Kong people. Among them was artist Lo Lai Lai Natalie who began to consider an alternative lifestyle and became more engaged in farming. They had since adopted the 'Half Farmer-Half X' lifestyle.

勞麗麗將以一系列影像作品《寂靜春天來臨前》探索我城在不景氣之中的機遇。過去的社會運動「反高鐵・護菜園」開拓了一班支持者對未來的想像，他們在香港土地上學習務農，體驗一種「半農半X」的生活，嘗試從另類生活模式及可持續發展中窺見未來。





- Lo Lai Lai Natalie was born in 1983 in Hong Kong. Formerly a travel journalist, Lo currently focuses on artistic creations related to natural ecology. At present, she is learning agriculture at collective organic farm Sangwoodgoon (Hong Kong), while exploring the lifestyle of 'Half-Farming, Half-X', a practice that prompts her to examine alternative lifestyles and the autonomy as both an artist and a Hong-Konger. Recently, Lo is captivated by the mutual attraction, as well as the counterbalance of emotions and desires, between nature and mankind.

勞麗麗生於香港，「退役」旅遊記者，現專注於與大自然生態有關的藝術創作。麗麗現時在生活館學習務農之餘並探索「半農半X」生活方式，這種生活實踐促使她對另類生活模式，以及作為一位香港人兼藝術創作者的自主作出提問。

WMA Commission Jury

WMA 委託計劃評審

- **John Stanmeyer**
Humanist, photojournalist, Emmy nominated filmmaker and field recordist
攝影記者、人道主義者、艾美獎提名電影製作人及田野錄音師
- **Jacqueline Francis**
Writer, curator, art historian, and educator
作家、策展人、藝術歷史學者及教育工作者
- **Linda Lai**
黎肖嫻
Associate Professor in Intermedia Arts at the City University of Hong Kong's School of Creative Media (SCM) and research-based interdisciplinary artist
香港城市大學創意媒體學院互媒藝術副教授、跨領域藝術家
- **Melissa Karmen Lee**
李林嘉敏
Education and Public Programmes Curator at Tai Kwun Heritage and Arts Centre, Hong Kong
大館的教育及公共項目策展人
- **But Ho Ming**
畢浩明
Trustee of the WYNG Foundation
WYNG 基金會的董事會成員

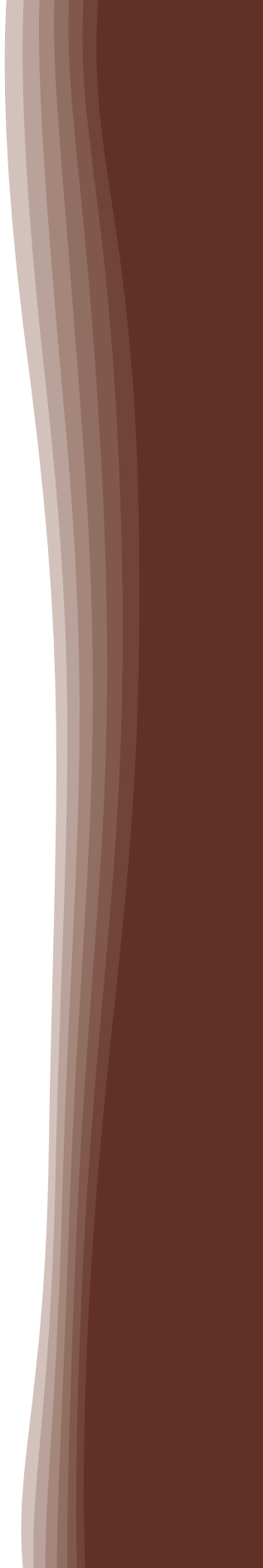
About WMA Commission

關於 WMA 委託計劃

- WMA Commission invites entries for proposals from artists and image makers to create new photo-based work in Hong Kong with a focus on the annual socially relevant theme. Photographic projects by fellow WMA Commission recipients provided in-depth studies of the annual WMA themes, and extended public discussions locally and globally.

WMA 委託計劃每年邀請藝術家及攝影師提交計劃書，創作一系列與主題及香港相關的影像作品。歷屆 WMA 委託計劃得主創作的攝影計劃深入探討具社會意義的 WMA 年度主題，帶動本地和國際間的討論。

WMA STUDENT 學生計劃



• *Could Have Been* •

Bernice CHAN Ying Yu
51, St. Paul's Co-educational College

Rush hour finds me trampled relentlessly under the frantic feet of pedestrians. The air is emanating energy, coiled up in tensely wound springs, thrumming in the briefcases that brush my side. It is a kind of energy oversaturated with anxiety, and it struggles against me, preventing me from solidifying into form.

It has not always been like this. In the old days people were able to breathe me in, harness me and clasp their reward in their palms triumphantly. I can recall countless times when disheveled migrants stowed me in their hearts as they braved the currents, collapsing on Hong Kong tarmac, breathless but filled to the brim with a burning pride. Entrepreneurs at the cusp of the '70s economic boom, tucking me securely in their manila folders, striding on stages to draw up some of the most ambitious business ventures I have ever seen. Technological developers, cradling me into form, slotting their creations together in the dim light of a small lamp. Opportunities blazing into reality, chances taken and futures molded into shape.

Those days are long gone.

I drift idly into a room, crisp white walls and smart suits all around. An underlying stench of sweat pervades the air-conditioned office, and it weakens me, reduces me to a mere silhouette. At the end of a long desk sits a young woman in her twenties, her hair tied into a neat bun. Her hands are trembling with a negative charge, and I recoil when I accidentally brush against her. Her skin is icy cold, residual of the vodka and pills she downed last night, coupled with bitter despondence.

She answers the questions with a calm facade, but I can see in the interviewers' eyes that she's lost. She has forgotten all about me.

At night I follow her back to her flat, watch helplessly as she kicks off her heels and downs the bottle of cheap beer in the fridge. Watch as she leafs through yet another page of job offers in the local paper, watch as she crumples it up with dejection churning through her fist. I nudge her shoulder, get no response. I see her *could have been-s*, scenarios in which she blazes into the interview room with me burning in her eyes, her excelling in her newfound job. Her seizing the opportunities that are now slipping through her nimble fingers with each panicked

tilt of the wineglass. Her wrist quivering with her repressed hopes and dreams. Doubts caging them in.

It has gotten worse these years. I know they need me. Some of them mope about in their apartments waiting for little windfalls. A thirtieth birthday wish from a local NEET, "I wish to win the Mark Six next year". Scattered lottery tickets, number combinations crossed out pathetically in a notebook. His adrenaline rushes come from handing in submissions at the Jockey Club. A life running on lazy luck, forever trapped in a delusion that I will never be able to save them from. These people, I cannot bear to even be in the same room with.

Rush hour, another day of being trampled utterly under leather shoes. The pedestrians dash by, heads bowed, feet forward, and I wonder where they are actually headed. Do they know how many alternate realities, how many new breakthroughs they're missing out on when they abandon me?

It is morning again, and I am hovering uncertainly in a classroom. The students are slumped over their desks, lethargy seeping into their limbs. Questions are asked, and the students keep their heads down, uncertain, gingerly swallowing the answers they are told to give. Best to keep it in the back of their throats if there is a chance of them getting it wrong. *Could have been* so much more, I want to scream. Eager hands raised, rapid-fire exchanges, knowledge instilled into young minds. I waft around, slapping students upside the head, yelling in their ears. It never works. They never listen to me, and I am starting to think it is their own doing.

Rush hour. I cannot breathe in the wake of the exhaust fumes that cover me. For them, more haste, more forgetting that I exist, more opportunities lost. A young girl crushes me in her palm as she turns away from a flyer proclaiming a job as sales associate, her indecision getting the better of her. A man in overalls stares vacantly at the door he is supposed to approach for a pay raise, and backs away slowly, his heel mashing me into the sidewalk.

It has not always been like this, but days later I find myself on a ledge, the building a high-rise, the 23rd floor. The boy dangles his legs halfway across the concrete, his lip trembling with a repressed cry for help. Alarmed, I turn to leave the scene.

In situations like these, I feel them twisting me into a darker form of myself, twisting me into a blind conviction that they are destined to fall to their death. His *could have been* grabs me in a chokehold as he wavers in the wind. A life where he channels his infinite potential. A life where he cradles me close to his chest and inhales, pours his heart and soul into his future.

They do not know how cruelly they reduce me, with their undue despair. They do not know why I accompany them on their way down and give them a taste of their own medicine, force into their minds a play-by-play of their *could have been* and the opportunities they could have taken. Some cry before they hit the ground. It is how they finally learn that I could have helped them. Could have granted them their full potential.

It was long ago when they first gave me a name. *Confidence*.

I wonder how many still remember it.

Inspired by the photo series '*Opportunity everywhere?!*' by Jolans FUNG
Image #1

• *How to Tame a Tiger* •
(to put an idea in a box in five easy steps)

Jamie LAI
4P, St. Paul's Convent School

STEP 1: LINE UP

she spent almost all her time listening to others because she didn't realise that she had the opportunity to speak up. (she figured out pretty early on in life that as long as she listened and did as she was told, everything would be okay. plus, it was easy to stay quiet.)

she only very vaguely remembers her days in kindergarten, but there wasn't much to remember anyways. there was a lot of lining up for all sorts of things, like for the assembly, to collect homework, for lunch, to be arranged into one of the tiny little beds for nap time, so on and so on.

but what she can still clearly see, is a girl that was — unconventional — behavioural problems, the adults had said then.

the girl was active, funny and made faces at cameras. this was the girl's simple happiness, but the adults didn't see it like that, all they saw was a naughty child with behavioural problems.

so she had to go. countless scoldings and detentions made the girl silent, moulded her meek — a good girl who didn't stand out from the line up. no chance for mistakes.

STEP TWO: COPY BOOKS

the next thing she knows, years have passed and she's wearing a new uniform and studying new things in a new school.

the adults call it *siu hok*.

her nemesis in primary school was the *sing so biu*. she was never particularly good at memorisation and numbers yet still she was made to recite the multiplication table. everyday after a gruelling six hours at school, she would go to a tutorial centre to do her homework. she was especially bad at mathematics, since she hadn't yet managed to get the multiplication table

down. her mom's face would curl into an ugly snarl every time she came home with her grades.

so.

all her spare time was spent on the multiplication table. no more cartoons, no more ball games, no more nap times, no more tea. no more opportunities to have fun.

STEP TWO POINT FIVE: CORRIDORS

another thing about *siu hok* was all the new punishments that came with it.

she remembers being made to squat down facing away from the two windows in the corridor. long afternoons spent with the thought of going outside stewing deep in her heart but knowing that if she even dare mention it —

so squat it was, she remembers, looking back towards the slightly open windows, imagining climbing out of them, running away, to play, to play.

no chance, says the stained white walls.

no chance, says her textbooks.

no chance, says her homework.

no chance.

no chance.

no.

STEP THREE: CREATIVE WRITING

creative writing was her *thing*. maybe creative writing was her only thing but still, she was good at what she did.

or so she thought. during the first half of her secondary school life, her teachers would often give her writings their stamps of approval and that encouraged her — but after all, humanities subjects didn't provide students opportunities.

it was better for her to have chosen science subjects. she still tells herself that, late at night when she rummages through her old things in the box-like cage she calls an apartment, when all she's left of her old witticism and creativity are yellowing exercise books and fading ink.

she faintly remembers being told *to believe in one's dream is to spend all of one's life asleep*, so she gave up hers in search of a brighter future.

hong kong has no vacancies for dreamers.

STEP FOUR: ENTRANCE

when she got her results for the university entrance exam, she felt like the biggest fool alive. three year spent studying subjects she didn't like, pouring blood, sweat and tears into an entrance exam for a university she didn't really want to study in.

and it was all for nothing. she felt as if the sky was collapsing on her.

this was it, she thought, what good would i do without even a university degree? how will i ever face my parents?

— because all these years, she's been taught, the world does not pity and it does not wait for you to pick yourself up. there is no opportunity for those who've already failed.

STEP FIVE: THE REAL WORLD

the first few years after her graduation — a farce of a happy affair, an emphasis that she had *failed* — she had felt like a fish out of water.

she was harshly thrust into the *real world*, where everything was louder and meaner. her parents, who found her an absolute disgrace, refused to help her, so she found herself shouldering as many jobs as possible in a day, living paycheck by paycheck.

she no longer aspired for much. oh, she still remembers her younger self's unconventional happiness and her old creativity but she also sees the costs of the apartments in the glass of those real estate agency, she sees the cost of a meal in the blown up menus next to the restaurants she passes by, she sees and sees and sees how far away she is from anything.

sometimes she lies on her mattress and wonders if she ever really had the opportunity to succeed: did she, in her franticness to grow up and do proud, delude herself with fantasies of opportunities? or were those she thought opportunities merely closed doors she fancied open? perhaps she lacked the monetary assistance, perhaps she lacked in connections, perhaps...perhaps...

she ponders and remembers as she survives on white bread and rots in the four by four prison of her mind.

This is how you break a heart and how you tame a tiger.

Inspired by the photo series *Time to tame the tigers?* by Saskia WESSELING

Image #2, #4, #6

• *Cookie Cutters* •

LAU Hiu Ying

4C, Po Leung Kuk Celine Ho Yam Tong College

Opportunity once ripped, our ego lost

Black and white, all been seen,
With a dull, and identical shape.
True, an object molded,
Amid the operation of a chance-ripper.
Because it is made in Hong Kong.

Children along the stairs,
With labels attached,
are waiting, no, queuing to enter the mold.
Or not, they have already been the cookie-cutter models.

Feeling nothing, on their poker faces.
But in a perpetual daze, on their mind.
“Behave”, “Behave”
Nothing left but robots, heartless.

Where are those once glittering eyes,
Crystal clear and full of dreams?
Nothing left but holes, hollow.
Homework, quizzes
Flooded their eyes,
With their ego gone, forever.

Aspirations and dreams, we once used to have.
Our education,
Spoon-fed and suffocating.
Soon be molded,
Unable to thrive or shine.
Falling into the abyss of conformity.

Inspired by the photo series *Time to tame the tigers?* by Saskia WESSELING
Image #1, #3, #4, #5, #7, #8, #9

• *Where It Never Rains* •

Enid Audrey LEONARD
5P, Belilios Public School

Robert could hear the trickling of a stream, echoing strangely in his ear; he could hear the wind as it brushed through the leaves and the branches, interweaving with the echo of water. The young boy could also see all this, framed in his eyes as if he himself were the camera. But when he reached out —

“Robbie, how many times have I told you, don’t touch the screen.”

His fingers only touched a flat surface, feeling a buzzing sensation as the TV screen flicked to a view of the Grand Canyon. His fingers tell him the screen is slightly warm, and he knows why: he read it in his book, where it told him that TVs need electric energy, and it can become quite hot after a while as electricity, the book tells him, releases heat.

He was clever like that.

His trail of thought was interrupted as Mother dragged them out of the Electronics Section. They passed by a wall where a wallpaper of lifelike greenery covered it from floor to ceiling, but Robert could see very clearly the lock hidden within the colours; the lock which, undoubtedly, a door.

He wanted so much to open it.

But it slipped his mind as they dived into the crowd in the agora of the shopping mall. Robert grinned to himself secretly; he understood the word *agora*, and he also understood the word *agoraphobia*. He took pride in himself not having any fear of crowds or open spaces as, after all, he was a child born of this crowded city. Robert remembers quite well, thank you, all the passageways and fire escape routes of this shopping mall (excluding that locked one); and he feels very proud, too, when he recognises all his neighbours in the crowd.

“Good day, Mister Darvon, sir.”

“Wonderful to see you, Robbie, my boy.”

“Missus Raymond, your son’s grown tall!”

“Ah, thank you Miss Faulks. Sorry, bit busy today.”

“Take care, a storm’s coming!”

And so it is. The ceiling windows were streaked with little rivers, while huge drops of water banged on the glass incessantly. Robert imagined the droplets of water on his face but was surprised to find he cannot do so. Mother always made sure no nasty raindrop would find its way to Robert’s delicate skin.

He wondered whether that locked door would lead him to the slanted roofs above.

Soon, they found themselves before an old yarn shop, where an old lady was sitting on her rocking chair, quietly humming to herself as she knitted a jumper. Robert sighed.

“I’m stuck with the old bat *again*?”

“Robbie —”

“You wouldn’t find me an old bat if you start taking what I have to say seriously, young man. Furthermore, it’s Missus Laurence to you.”

Mother apologised for Robert, as she always did when he made a fool of himself. Ms. Laurence merely shook her head. Then Mother turned solemnly to Robert, and started droning on how he should behave while he is in the yarn shop, how he should keep himself out of trouble’s way and...

Robert was only half listening. An idea had sprung into his head when he saw the safety pin on a table.

“I love you, Robbie.”

“Yes, Mom, I know.”

She nearly flew down the escalator as the boy and the old woman sat down. Robert thought of all the time he had been in a shopping mall, nothing dangerous

had ever happened. He had never heard of any robberies or kidnappings that took place in the mall. It was possibly the safest place in the world. He knew everyone, too, so all he had to do was scream and there's bound to be *some* people around to save him if ever, in the most extreme cases, he was in danger.

And he wasn't a boy anymore (He shrugged off the voices of his neighbours calling him 'little boy'). He has knowledge — he knows how electricity works and how animals can be dangerous, and he knows how rain forms and how sickness comes from germs — but that's only what he's seen from books and programmes! Now he has the chance to see the world on his own, without his mother pulling him around, showing him what *she* sees. Robert nods to himself.

He's a man now. And he will prove it.

"... it's pathetic when you see society being proud of itself, producing children who know what's written on the book, who's got good grades, gets into top universities without a sweat; but doesn't know what's actually happening outside."

"What?" Robert exclaimed, drawn back to reality, "But they do! I mean, I read the news; and I know about global warming and the trade war and Brexit and —"

"That's only what you *know*, young man. The world is a dark place; and I don't mean dark as in global politics. I mean as in danger that's right next to you, or even in your head. Take this shopping mall as example," Ms. Laurence waved her knitting needles around, "It's a little community where nearly everybody knows everybody, where it's clean and bright and nice, where there's a lot of trust in this place's safety. So much trust that parents would much rather have their children in this mall forever, than ever letting them see what the outside world is like. And that's what they do; and that's why tragedy happens. Because they've lost their alertness."

Robert rolled his eyes; nothing but unnecessary worry about things that won't happen. He messaged his mother and smiled at her reply.

Fine. You can walk around the mall if you want. It's a safe place after all. Remember to wear your sweater it'll be —

“And just where do you think you’re going?”

“Exploring the mall. And it’s okay,” He smiled widely, “Mother says it’s a safe place, after all.”

He turned and left. His sweater hanging limply on the chair.

Ms. Laurence tutted, “Un-alertness also passes down to children, too.”

Inspired by the photo series *Where It Never Rains* by Pierfrancesco CELADA

Image #10

• *What if* •

LUI Cheuk Yiu
5E, Jockey Club Ti I college

26th of October, 2018

The soft breeze from the window could barely waft through the room. The mounds of heavy dictionaries exercise surprisingly clean of what most likely caused by her frequent usage. The fresh breath of air, corrupted by the complicated structure of the pile of books, turned turbid in one's breath.

“What more do you want from me?”

The desperate soft scream of protest was accompanied by scribbles of pencil on paper, the glorious music a parent longs to hear the most — the pathway to success. The pencil danced violently yet so robotic. The hand that wielded the wand of knowledge, was swollen from its tight grip. A single tear slid down and off her face, diluting the hideous grey on the paper as if a faint cry of opposition.

“What more do you want?”

The voice grew faint, but no longer as strong-willed as before. It was a tight scream; a near-death gasp of horror; a painful call of help stretched, skinned, ripped from one's flesh and bones; yet a final, bloodied call of surrender from deep within the soul. Her lips parted then clamped shut. They quivered as gently as the first flutter of a butterfly.

She set the pencil aside, the weapon she held proudly her whole life — her mightiest qualities, left now silent next to an enormous stash of books next to the wall. The wall she had built to fool herself from the world, to secure her faint hope of paternal love. The wall she had built to support herself from failure. The wall she had built with her bare hands book by book. The wall. The culprit for the destruction of her beliefs, her hopes.

Suddenly, the room was no longer polluted by the air swollen with dust and filth, but alive and flush with fresh wind from the wide, too widely-opened window. Wait. It was just the wind. The edges of the briefly disturbed books drifted back down gently. She quit.

9th of December, 2010

She stood in the corner of the classroom, eyes rolling secretly articulate. Her plump fingers toying with her favourite pink pencil. Ms Fluff, she would name her. She imagined a world of colours bursting with characters called into being from her single small brain. Her body was electrified by the desire for the knowledge of every speck of dust in the universe; so much of which was wafting in that dainty classroom. She was, as they may say, a royal pain. But in her eyes, she was curious. If she was told to write on ruled paper, she wrote on the opposite. Rebellion was her companion. Her mind was never caged by rules. In this seven-year old's mind, nothing was stoppable. Yet in the corner, watched as the others continued their lesson, she was isolated, punished for her overly obtuse behaviour, punished for her refusal to obey the rules. The child held her exam sheet in hand, letting the shameful annotations darken her swelling eyes.

You're wrong. You're wrong. You're wrong.
“A good student doesn't have to ask why.”

The words had been planted deep into her soul. It was her first taste of failure, her first slap in the face by reality. She was the freak, the child that everyone tsk-tsked when walking past. She had been told to draw wildly, learn freely, let it fly as a mere toddler. Yet now, she had been stripped off of her faith and strength by our city's best system. They had bestowed her with wings but clipped her not to fly.

12th of September 2014

He thought love was a deal. Indeed, you reap what you sow, but it should not be so with a mother's love. He adored her. But his mother's love was conditional. There is a cost. In his young eyes, his mother is beautiful. Intelligent. Graceful. Untouchable. It cost him his whole life to catch a smile of hers. She was demanding, planning her son's elective in secondary school, his university, his future. As if her son was a doll of hers, willing to be sculpted unconditionally by her mother's desires. He did what he was told. History is for girls. Literature is useless for his made pathway in being an attorney. Economics is popular enough to be his first place. Or should it be said, his mother's. The thought of

taking over the control of his life never sprouted in him. He never knew he could. His thirst for his mother's tender love is so strong he is willing to worship his soul to her. He never learned to fight back. He never learned to speak out. He never learned that he can be the captain of his own life. That's what parents do. Exploiting their child's unconditional love to shape them under their own desire. It's their opportunity over their opportunity.

What if you had helped them? What if you helped so many him or hers?

What if you had had the chance to save them from being torn alive, living under their guardian's shadows, or continuing on the path of the so-called sole opportunity to success while they break and fall and shattered along the way?

What if you all, obligated in the goodwill of our future generation; to thrive from knowledge and wisdom, to be equipped to seize their opportunity in achieving their dreams protected her? She was crushed, murdered from the hands her guardians sworn to protect the privileges of children. All she; all we; all of us ever made from this society were stillborn dreams. We were born under the worst of times in society's best of times. You murdered your own child with uniform futures, strangling them from individuality. You killed them with what you believe to benefit them.

You could have saved her. You could have saved him. You could have saved them. You stood aside with eyes of empathy but hands of apathy. You killed us.

Inspired by the photo series *Time to tame the tigers?* by Saskia WESSELING
Image #1, #2, #5

• *Letters* •

LUK Ho Yan, Katie
5U, St. Paul's Convent School

Daughter,

You were a glowing ember, showing me the brightness you were entitled to. So I did everything I could to keep your nascent fire twirling its fiery dance. I heaved wood and fanned feverishly all my life. I made sure it would illuminate your way.

You were small, and fragile. You were only 10 minutes old, but your eyes revealed your desperation to be spared of all the anguish of life. In the corner of my eye, I saw a nurse wrapping a bloody placenta with her thin gloves. Her stoic face couldn't mask her disgust. I wouldn't want you to do that when you grow up. I decided at that moment, you were going to be who I couldn't be.

Hong Kong was called the "land of opportunities" then. I didn't know the word ironic but I knew there must be some mistake in the name, seeing how my family ended up in squatter huts. The underprivileged don't see as far as others do and don't walk as far — not that they don't want to, but reality dressed in lamenting, howling wind gusts unapologetically at their flickering flames. Nobody, and nothing helped me past the sturdy roadblocks enacted at my birth. My mother was absent, and I was given the least among my siblings. My only strength was that I dared to dream, and I dreamt that I would be a better parent than her, that my children would have more than I had.

I still don't understand why you gave up on the piano. I paid so much for your lessons and spent so many hours monitoring your practice. You could have become a world class pianist. I gave you opportunities that I had never even dreamt of having.

I loved the piano. The discovery that sowed a seed into what my life could have blossomed into, was met with the first obstacle — "lack of money". All my other barriers had names with slight variations — "lack of connections", "lack of parental support". By the time I was 12, I would look at my classmates perform with livid envy.

I did so much for you, yet you repaid me with disappointment. The most painful and absurd of all was when you stopped getting straight A's and walked away at

18, screaming that I was controlling, manipulative, draconian, that I was forcing you to be an ideal of my own. Do you know how I burnt out my flame to ignite yours? The little I gained was invested in your future. Success has to be fought for, daughter. The odds can't just be in your favour.

Your flame danced with no thought of the oxygen or kindling fuel it consumed.

My story is far from glamorous. It is not a rags-to-riches story. I worked nursing shifts at night, worked from home in the morning and took you everywhere you needed to be. I created opportunities for you, and not for myself.

Come back, my daughter, I promise not to interfere with your life again. I just want to see you... to hold you... to hear you...

Love,
Mum

Mum,

You believed that anything achievable required a formula. You taught me the most important formula of all — opportunities were the fuel to the blazing flame of success.

Your goal for me was simple: top grades, Harvard Medical School, a lucrative medical career. You told me I would live a good life, being financially independent and respected.

Little did you know how you shackled me down more than you raised me up to the “door of opportunities”.

Every time the shrill cry of an off-key piano note echoed off the walls, you spat criticisms faster than machine gun bullets. *You are slacking. You are losing drive. Other kids are catching up.* You told me it was only when I became the best, the world would be my oyster. But mum, I don’t want the world to be my oyster, I just want to live my life...

Every time you caught me looking out the window, as my attention drifted away from my drilling work, you hastily drew the curtains close. You stated with conviction how the playing children’s idleness, unnecessary optimism and mischief would impede their future. Yes, rote drilling is mastery, but it is also misery. I didn’t want those “opportunities”. I hated maths. I hated playing the piano. But you never tried to understand who I was, or what I liked.

In reality, I lost more opportunities, trying to seek the opportunities you wanted for me. I never got to explore my interests, and your constant opprobrium plummeted my self-esteem. At 17, I realised I couldn’t live this life. A life that wasn’t mine.

Poetry hauled me out of my depression. It called me to create my own opportunities, to fuel my own flames.

“I went to the woods because I wished to live deliberately, and not, when I came to die, discover that I had not lived.” — Henry David Thoreau

I had no other option than to walk away...

I am now a theatrical actress and a poet. My hobbies are to dive, to stargaze, to act and to write. I admit my livelihood is not easy, having picked the “path less trodden”, instead of the “noble professional pursuits” encouraged by society. I have to work part-time jobs, endure employment gaps. But mum, I am happy. I have been able to build my own door frames for opportunities to knock, seized them and become someone. Perhaps in hindsight, we are not so different after all.

You turned my obedient flame noxious, belching copious smoke that asphyxiated me as if it were a famished serpent. It never wished to be the big bonfire that flickered in all its glory, blazing under a spell it was sparked into. It would rather consume all that was on its path, as it could appreciate the grey cinders it left behind.

Your daughter

Inspired by the photo series *Time to tame the tigers?* by Saskia WESSELING

Image #2, #5

• *Opportunity* •

MA Nok Yee Charlotte

4T, St. Paul's Convent School

3:23 pm. A Sunday. I wrestle with black rubber, elbow-length gloves to begin my daily routine of heaving stacks of chipped porcelain plates, smeared with congealed, grainy leftovers. Absently, I transfer mound after mound from the groaning cart to a fizzing, frothing hot soup of chemicals.

As I navigate the cramped kitchen, my right sandal slips. I lose my footing and an abrupt twist of my back sends a searing, sharp pain shooting up from the base of my spine. My throbbing arms can no longer support the weight of the shuddering twenty odd plates. I watch, helplessly, as the tower of my income releases an ominous crunch, and then, the inevitable cacophony of clatters and clangs resound throughout the cha chaan teng.

“You useless woman! You don’t know how to appreciate the opportunity to work here! Get out!”

Angry, vulgar slurs dissipate. The heart-wrenching memory of my five-year-old daughter, Hope, sobbing inconsolably at her father’s cremation is conjured like a ghostly apparition.

Be strong.

I raise my gaze and open my mouth to form the necessary words to defend myself. But as my pleading stare meets the unyielding glare of my superior, I hold my tongue. My livelihood has become shattered plates.

I struggle to my feet, slowly take off the black rubber gloves and leave.

Numb to the chaotic commotion of restless Sham Shui Po, to the rickety-racket of street carts jostling all who dare stand in the way of stooped over elderly, to the mingling loudmouthed wrangles of street vendors. Defeated. Directionless. I allow my weary body to get swept up by the tide of swarming crowds.

I teeter at the edge of a pavement, waiting for the green man’s arrival when brightly-colored ribbons of paper flutter from the lamp post next to me, beckoning me. Job advertisements? I blink. Opportunity? A flickering flame

of hope is ignited. Hungrily, my shimmering pupils scan the neat rows of announcements for familiar characters:

Security (\$9,200). My brows twitch at the thought of Hope being home alone throughout the night.

Cashier (\$11,000). My brows furrow further at the prospect of miscounting change.

Clerk (\$15,100). My heart is racing at the fantasy of plump paycheque, but my knitted brows are now drawn so closely together that they almost touch. English? No.

My heart drops to the bottom of my stomach.

The scrunched ribbons fall from my hand, roll into the street and are flattened by a tram, screeching along its tracks.

I barely notice.

I am whisked back to when I was first told that my father absconded before my first fighting cries on earth could be heard. And then when my fragile mother began crying, unable to find the strength to crawl out of bed to peddle her makeshift cart in exchange for pennies, I left school at 13 to share and eventually shoulder the burden of scrounging enough to make ends meet.

Each day, I battled. I fought for a better life by working a string of menial jobs to begin a meagre savings. And when I met the love of my life, I envisioned a complete family. And when Hope came along, my cup of joy was full, it was brimming.

I smile ruefully at the once naive belief of “It can be. It can be.” A chance at a better life.

Hope is fatherless and her mother, now, jobless. Will she, too, succumb to the invisible chains of misfortune? Will she, too, tread in the same tragic footsteps as

my mother, as myself? Like the so many who are not born with silver spoons in their mouths?

A distinct nervous ticking of the impatient traffic light and the elbowing of pedestrians extract me from my dark, brooding thoughts.

Just as I take my first step, “Ah!” exclaims a radiant child, dressed in a bright pink tutu and silk flats. For a moment, I stare at this beautiful and blithe ballerina who accidentally bumped into me. I admire her hair, pulled back into a neat bun, adorned with a shimmering flower and her sweet, sweet smile.

“Come on, Priscilla. We’re late for Marianne’s tea party at the Peninsula!”

A perfectly manicured hand takes the tiny hand of the child. I feel a tightness in my chest, a growing void of indescribable sorrow and a twinge of jealousy.

I wince as I recall the difficult conversation I had with Hope. Holding her tiny hands in mine, I explained that it wasn’t just the lessons that were unaffordable, but the extra cost of commute to practice and the accessories that came along with it. A fleeting look of disappointment flashed across her face, only to be swiftly replaced by a forced grin.

“Never mind, mommy!”

Suppressing hot pin pricks provoking a steady stream of tears, I continue walking.

The sudden, jarring pounding of a drill commands my attention towards an imposing billboard: glamorous models in sleek suits and satin dresses and holding glasses of champagne gaze down from their luxury flat upon the serene ocean, eyes glistening with optimism.

I grit my teeth. The unattainable dream taunts those, who like me, struggle to pay the rent for a single room of a subdivided flat. A flat so cramped and claustrophobic that a bunk bed and few possessions leave insufficient space for children to do their homework.

The sound of the green man intensifies. I pick up my pace. But as I concentrate my stare on the yellow and grey stripes on the asphalt, my eyes narrow at the hapless silhouettes trailing behind hurried pedestrians who seem to strut about to purposefully. Are these shifting shadows not individual chains of debt in life and death? Are we not all the same?

As I reach the other end of the pavement, I muse at how this is especially true for forgotten working class who are born in debt, live in debt, die in debt and bequeath a life of debt to their young. When will the opportunity to break free come?

Inspired by the photo series '*Opportunity everywhere?!*' by Jolans FUNG

Image #1

• *I See Colours* •

SIT Hoi Ting Chloe
4U, St. Paul's Convent School

I was 6. I was surrounded by strokes of ocean-blue and burning yellow and rose petal pink, as if I were standing at the heart of an illuminating sunset. I sat, enchanted, in my very first art class. Awestruck at the vibrant, colourful pieces of art propped up delicately on glass shelves and wooden tables, I smiled, eyes twinkling as I took in the picturesque dreamscape that seemed like something out of a storybook. Clumsily picking up the paintbrush in front of me, I pressed the bristles onto the smooth table in curiosity. An indescribable sort of bliss flowed through me, and I was content in that moment of swirling hues and soft murmurs and graceless strokes of paint.

I was 8. It was Chinese New Year, I recall. I'd wrapped up a painting I'd made in art class to surprise you. Koi of vibrant shades of crimson darted across the ultramarine canvas, 5 hours of acrylic bringing the calming scene to life. I dragged the large painting into the living room, struggling not to crumple the fragile paper gift wrap. My gleeful, innocent grin was met by your towering rage. You clutched my report card in your fists, and screamed at me for the blotch of red which flared brighter than the red on my painting ever would. My painting was tossed to the side and soon forgotten, but you would be happy to know that I never failed a test after that.

I was 11. I raced home at the speed of light, and barged through the front door with my first ever perfectly-scored exam. I felt your exhilaration as you delicately took the paper from my hands, saw your delight as you cleared space on the silver surface of the refrigerator to pin up this pride and joy, heard the bliss from the praise and approval that you showered me with. I was beaming too, until I took a step back, and saw you gazing at that lifeless sheet of paper with more happiness you'd ever had looking at me.

I was 15. You sat me down to discuss my future. I should aim for law school, you said. My academic excellence had paved the way for a profession as a solicitor, and I could earn an annual salary of up to a million. "But my art," I remember protesting, my love for painting coming to mind. My world was filled with tints of ruby and sapphire and amber, yet you seemed to see through a lens of black and white, the need for success filtering out the colours that brought vibrancy to my life. "This will open doors for you," you insisted. "Chasing rainbows with your

amateur art will get you nowhere. I always made sure you have the opportunities that I never did growing up, and now all the hard work we've put in is paying off."

I am 18. I stare at the mirror, and a face carved with numbers gazes blankly back at me, each test mark, each exam score, each grade on a report card imprinted on me, all that I will ever be seen as.

But I am more than just a book of worthless numbers and grades.

You've opened doors of silver and gold and bronze for me, mother, but I believe that in this land of opportunities, there is more than one *right* door to success. I'm writing to tell you that I've taken up the art school scholarship you told me to decline. I choose to open my door, and face more than a world of black and white and grey.

I hold up an acrylic-dipped brush to my reflection, painting over the numbers and grades etched into my skin. Shades of violet, cerise, amethyst-purple and mint-green stretch over the glass, and I watch as I'm surrounded once more by strokes of ocean-blue and burning yellow and rose petal pink, as if I were standing at the heart of an illuminating sunset. I step back and admire my new mirror image, my grinning face framed by a myriad of flowing colours. An indescribable feeling of pure bliss flows through me, just as it did so many years ago, in my very first art class.

Now, I see colours.

Inspired by the photo series *Time to tame the tigers?* by Saskia WESSELING

Image #1 — #9

• *Lost but not Found* •

TO Wing Tung

4S, St. Paul's Convent School

The radiant, spectral colours of dusk tinted the cold, clinical classroom, caressing it with much-needed warmth. She gazed at the magnificent architecture outside the classroom window, skyscrapers aligned neatly right before her eyes, seeming to engulf the school building. Yet, it was still much less suffocating than the claustrophobic classroom. “Natural lighting, angles, and the geometry. This scenery should make a nice photo,” Susan thought to herself.

“Please complete your career planning booklet from pages 5 to 10. It will be checked tomorrow. Goodbye class.” Distracting her from her thoughts, her class-mistress reminded the class just before the bell rang. The students chattered as they left the classroom.

“I just can’t figure out what to fill in for my ‘long-term goals’, ‘short-term goals’ and ‘dream job’. What a pain in the neck! Besides, have you seen the list of work we have to complete today?” frowning, Susan exclaimed in distress.

“Doesn’t bother me. I’m off to studying Art and Literature overseas next term,” her friend Nolan replied with a radiant smile.

“Well, apparently my parents have already decided for me — the three science subjects and medicine at university. I dare not say otherwise.” She sighed helplessly, once again brushing aside her aspiration to be a professional photographer.

The two friends have bonded over their firing passion for Visual Arts and Literature. Museums and exhibitions captivated the two artistic souls. They had endless conversations on the intriguing topics, unaware of the divergent paths that lie ahead of them.

She has been envious of Nolan’s opportunity to study overseas, pursuing his own dreams and most importantly, his family’s open-mindedness.

To the best of her recollection, her life has always revolved around exams, getting into the elite class, being the top-notch student of the school and attending multiple tutorial lessons.

School. Study. Sleep. Her life equation.

Her parents have always given her the best they could. The “best” according to their definitions. Buried in textbooks and assignments, she eased her mind by imagining what it would be like to follow her passion — an option her parents never let her consider.

Both her parents are business persons, skilled at making investments and bringing improvements to their firms, prominent among the industry as opportunistic entrepreneurs. The couple seized the risky opportunity to purchase a flat at historic low housing prices when SARS broke out, with stable jobs, they rarely had to cope with any money worries.

However, they held onto the fear of risking the time and money they have invested on the formula to the success of their daughter. The effort they have made into ensuring their daughter’s “bright future” — the most typical item on the checklist of every parent in this monstrous city. Their daughter’s aspiration was nothing but a distraction, keeping her away from the “best” future. Allowing her to follow her dreams would simply sabotage their lifelong investment.

Head buried in textbooks and blind-folded by fear, how could they possibly look into the future, or perhaps grasp onto an invaluable opportunity? They have been so adamant that they have given the best opportunities to their daughter.

Mournfully, it was only from their perspective. Nolan has always, insightfully, caught sight of how they wrenched away precious opportunities from Susan’s very own hands. The chance to study literature at school, chances to take part in photography competitions, were all confiscated by her parents, who were tenaciously holding onto the utopian future they believed in. They never praised her for the flair she has for creating pieces of art and grounded her spirits down. It always came to Nolan’s mind how much Susan could have accomplished if she had the freedom to embrace all these opportunities and the vibrancy it would add to her mundane life.

But she, too, found this situation helpless. Entrapped in this education system, like a criminal sentenced for life. Was it the local culture to blame? Or the competitiveness that shaped this uncanny, inhabitable cultural desert? The reason remained unfathomable to her.

Years later, time has proven to the family that they have stolen their daughter's best opportunities by giving her the best. When she was 21, her face, her youth, her life, all palpitated and crumbled into dust and merged with the sand in the desert. Pills became an inseparable part of her life equation. People who took pity on her blamed it on work stress, yet she knew it was a mild alternative to the fact. Nolan, who took the other *road diverged in a wood*, witnessed how a single raindrop created countless ripples on a pond of water.

The destructive fear allowed opportunities to silently slip away from one's hand like sand — these chances only favour the bold. In the abyss of regret, Susan and her parents yearned for *the road not taken* and the lost chances.

It was lost but will never, ever, be found.

Inspired by the photo series *Time to tame the tigers?* by Saskia WESSELING

Image #9

• *Think Outside the Books!* •

Joanne YAU

4C, St. Paul's Secondary School

A 12-year-old slumps on her chair, burying her nose into her textbooks. A middle-aged woman glances over her head. Nothing but silence. The child knows if she looks up for a single second, she would only be greeted with her mother's shrieks. Eyes aching and stomach rumbling, she thinks hard: What's the next line? As she stifles a yawn, unknownst to her, her mother heaves a heavy sigh. We could have gone out today, mother thinks. Parenting did not use to be this hard.

This saddening sight is not uncommon nowadays. Hong Kong is known for its long study hours and challenging public examinations, and this academic-oriented lifestyle seems to have earned the city a renowned international status, wearing PISA scores and overseas scholarships like a badge. However, beneath all these sparkling names of fame is a group of people who use their blood, sweat and tears to obtain them — they are the students, and they give everything they have to their teachers, parents, and community, only to find their own opportunities lost.

When we were younger, there were always things we really wanted to do. They ranged from pursuits that benefit our well-being, activities that strengthen relationships, to just pastimes that spark our interests. We ought to grasp these precious opportunities and create wonderful memories from them. However, with the idea of studying hovering over students' heads nowadays, consider these chances lost.

I didn't have time for piano lessons, so I quit.

My family originally planned to go to Thailand this Easter, but I had to take my exams instead.

The above experiences have surely happened to most students before. Just when they are about to go out and have fun, their homework columns suddenly pile up, then it's back to work. They get so occupied with their schoolwork. Studies have shown that Hong Kong students study for an average of 55 hours per week; that they simply have no time to spare for their own play. A University of Hong Kong study revealed that some primary school students were given less outdoor time for exercise than prisoners. However, children start learning from a young age from what they see, hear, and most importantly, what they do, but not what they

study from textbooks. If they are forced to sit at their desks and stuff their faces into books all the time, then how will they get the chances to see, hear, and touch the actual things textbooks tell them about? In other words, many opportunities to learn outside the classroom and beyond their textbooks are lost. Learning suddenly becomes superficial as students do not even get the chance to face the reality for themselves.

The parents' efforts are not to be neglected either. After an exhausting day of work, they have yet to face another challenge at home — dealing with their children's schoolwork. While these parents may hope that they can spend more time with their children doing things they love as a family, such as casual chats and reunion dinners, these things diminish when the children's work piles up, and they are only greeted with hours of writing and incessant nitpicking. Families miss out their precious time together, and suddenly relationships become academic-based. Conversations reach no further than asking whether they have finished their homework and how their tests went, and many families lose the chance to develop a deeper and more meaningful relationship together. The only things bonding a parent and a child are homework and exams. This is indeed a pity as families cannot make full use of their time together and create more fond memories for one another. When children emerge from the battlefield, with trophies that mark their success in school and the society, the parents tag along, appearing to be physically and mentally exhausted.

Children also have vibrant personalities, and no two people are quite alike. That is to say, they have different strengths; some excel at academia, while others the arts. However, with the examination-based education system, it is very difficult to tap students' real potential. Hong Kong is at present a knowledge-based financial economy, with universities serving as its barrier. As many parents and children dream of getting into the top schools and fields, many youngsters with different strengths are forced to change their preferences in order to be accepted in society. Otherwise, they will be classified as 'useless' and 'ungrateful'. Many have to bury their passion deep down in their hearts, and may even develop mental problems from doing so. Although this seems to benefit the economy as more people are contributing in the labour force, many possible achievements from these youngsters that could make the community proud are lost. The limited scope of

the economy will only make the society lose a bunch of talented youngsters, with missed opportunities to develop their full potential.

The present situation seems hopeless to anyone. We often read about disheartening student suicide cases in the newspapers, and to think that 50% of our students have depression issues, there is no way out. However, there is still a beam of hope. The solution is quite simple: LOOK UP. After struggling to cram in information for so long, a five-minute break can do wonders. The brain can not only rest, burnout from studying can also be avoided. Just imagine the number of golden opportunities that could be spotted if everyone just looked up and embraced their surroundings; it could be as simple as a phone call or a stroll. School only takes up about a quarter of our lifetime. So why restrict ourselves to thinking that our lives are just about studying, when there are so much more discoveries to be made? When your study session is not going well, perhaps it is time to allow yourself to look up and look around, and you would be pleasantly surprised at what you will discover.

Inspired by the photo series *Time to tame the tigers?* by Saskia WESSELING

Image #1 — #9

• Winners From Previous Cycles

歷屆得獎者

2017/18 Mobility 動

CHAN Siyan Ethan	Tsuen Wan Government Secondary School
CHIN Cheuk-yue	Carmel Pak U Secondary School
HO Man-hei	Wa Ying College
POON Wing-man	SKH Lam Woo Memorial Secondary School
TSANG Nicol	Diocesan Girls' School
WONG Sum-chit	Belilios Public School
YEUNG Ka-yu Tivona	St. Paul's Convent School

2016/17 Identity 我們是誰

GOPAOCO Ellery	Diocesan Girls' School
HA Natalie	Diocesan Girls' School
LAI Yin-ling	Diocesan Girls' School
LUI Cheuk-yin	Holy Family Canossian College
WONG Sum-yi Nikki	St. Paul's Co-educational College
YUNG Heng-chi	St. Paul's Convent School

2015/16 Waste 廢 / 棄

CHING Kwan-kiu Chloe	Diocesan Girls' School
LAI Ching-yee Jamie	St. Paul's Co-educational College
LEE Hoi-yiu Jose	Diocesan Girls' School
TSE Yi-kei Stephanie	Diocesan Girls' School
WAT Tsz-yan Monica	Holy Family Canossian College
WONG Jane	St. Paul's Convent School

2014/15 Air 空氣

CHAN On-so Phoebe	Ying Wa Girls' School
CHENG Kwan-ho Kristopher	Wan Yan College, Hong Kong
CHEUNG Chun-lam Ann	Ying Wa Girls' School
LEE Sheung-yi	Munsang College
LI Man-ling	Tsuen Wan Government Secondary School
WONG Kin-man Monique	Ying Wa Girls' School

2013/14 Poverty 貧窮

CHAU Chuen	Ho Lap College
TANG Ka-yan Tiffany	Diocesan Girls' School
YAN Tsz-ching Janet	Ying Wa Girls' School

- **About WMA Student**
關於 WMA 學生計劃

WMA Student, also known as The WYNG Philomathia Student Essay Contest, aims to help local fourth and fifth-form students develop a greater awareness towards social issues by encouraging them to submit short essays based on the themed works of WMA Masters winners and finalists. These photographic works serve as a springboard for young writers to express their views towards social issues tied to the cycle's given theme.

WMA 學生計劃，又名 WYNG Philomathia 學生寫作比賽，鼓勵本地中四、五學生以 WMA 大師攝影獎的入圍攝影作品為刺點進行英文創意寫作，關注和反思香港的社會議題。

Organised by



Supported by

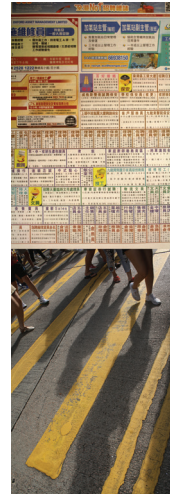


TRINITY HALL
CAMBRIDGE

- **Image Reference**

'Opportunity everywhere?!'

by Jolans FUNG



#1

Where It Never Rains

by Pierfrancesco CELADA



#10

Time to tame the tigers?
by Saskia WESSELING



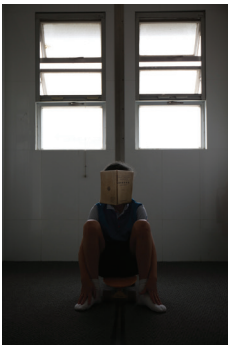
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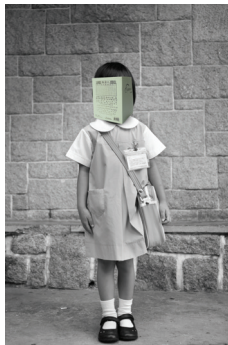
#2



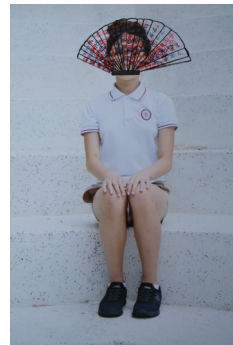
#3



#4



#5



#6



#7



#8



#9

Exhibition Plan 展覽平面圖

WMA Masters Finalists WMA 大師攝影獎入圍者

- 1 Pierfrancesco CELADA
- 2 Saskia WESSELING
- 3 Sharon LEE 李卓媛
- 5 Beatrice WONG 黃雪綾
- 6 CHEUNG Nga Ling 張雅玲
- 7 Jolans FUNG 馮祺
- 8 YIP Kin Bon 葉建邦

WMA Commission Recipient WMA 委託計劃得獎者

- 4 LO Lai Natalie 勞麗麗

WMA Student Finalists WMA 學生計劃入圍者

- 9 Bernice CHAN Ying Yu 陳映瑜
Jamie LAI 黎思澄
LAU Hiu Ying 劉曉瑩
Enid Audrey LEONARD 劉珈彤
LUI Cheuk Yiu 呂卓堯
LUK Ho Yan, Katie 陸可昕
MA Nok Yee Charlotte 馬諾沂
SIT Hoi Ting Chloë 薛凱婷
TO Wing Tung 杜穎潼
Joanne YAU 游頌恩

