

My Beijing 2008:

Writing for the Huffington Post During the Olympic Games

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This essay consists of correspondence from the author to the HuffPo, the leading online political news aggregator, from 3-17 August, 2008.

3 August: First Impressions

It's disconcerting how quickly expectations can change upon arriving in an Olympic city. Before getting here, I was convinced that some sort of protests would be prominent, but now I'm not so sure. It's hard not to feel deep affection for what is being done for the Olympics in Beijing.

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I arrived today, along with the Swedish Olympic team, most of who snuggled up with the rest of us in economy class. Even the Swedish Olympic media – cameras and all – were with us.



Reporters without Borders Protest at the Lighting Ceremony in Olympia, March 2008, photo by Roy Panagiotopoulou

Ok, I wasn't really with them as such; my flight from London just happened to connect in Stockholm. Still, it was the first taste of the Games, as the Swedish team were proudly dressed in their – as ever – stylish outfits. The media had their accreditations already fixed like nooses around their necks, ready to be treated like the VIPs they are.

I've been waiting for Beijing's Olympics for what feels like a very long time, but not quite as long as the Chinese. I think of all the Games I've attended, I'm most excited about this one. Having first come here in 2006

during their Olympic cultural festival certainly helped in raising my expectations. Of course, in many ways it is the most exciting Games for a long time, perhaps since 1988 in Seoul. It has been a while since an Olympics has taken place amidst such a rich text of cultural, political and media debates. I relish the tensions it has provoked and see this as part of what the Olympics brings. Even the IOC have mixed feelings about this. While the IOC's public face must remain apolitical, there is merit in the view that it also sends the Games to places where it believes social change is imminent, requiring a wee push towards further revolution.



Arrival in Beijing International Airport.

So, what are my first thoughts? Well, straight off, the new airport was expectedly outstanding and getting through passport control and customs was so easy, you could have blinked and missed it. There were even buttons we could press at passport control to evaluate the conduct of the official who handles your entry. I've not seen that anywhere else before, but wouldn't mind such

feedback opportunities each time I enter the USA.

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The look of the city is now a key aspect of Games time vision and Beijing is no exception. There are banners throughout and all billboards are bought up by the city and reserved for Olympic sponsors to avoid ambush marketing. And there are many billboards in Beijing, though I've already spotted one or two that are not Olympic sponsors, but they are a minority.

It's only the 3rd August, but already the city feels quite busy, busier than when I was here last, with more foreign tourists in the subway. In 2006, it felt like we were the only ones riding it. I tried the subway from the hotel to Tiananmen Square, changing once. All went well and one is immediately impressed with this given that, these subway lines didn't exist two years ago. The difference in the city between then and now is remarkable. The Olympic volunteers are extraordinarily keen to help – again, it's still only the 3rd, they might not be as chipper by the 24th. They are also everywhere and in a city of Beijing's size, that's no mean feat. Well, I say everywhere; they're not really in the Hutongs – the genuine Hutongs, rather than the

regenerated posh ones where it's hard to see the celebrations. It's somehow reassuring to witness places within the city that have been able to escape the Olympic branding. The Hutongs cannot be missed.

Tiananmen Square is decidedly postmodern, with extravagant floral displays, which are difficult to place stylistically. I can't imagine the design team in



BOCOG feeling too happy about the multicoloured neon, but the people seem to love it. The square also has a nice light-touch on security, straightforward bag checks, but not overly cumbersome. My first impression at previous post 9/11 Games has been of more intrusive security. Here, things feel less edgy and there's a confidence thus far in

how things are being managed. But, I still can't tell how many of the Olympics visitors have arrived yet, so perhaps it will become much more testing as time goes on.

I've tried to obtain a couple of pieces of Olympic merchandise and the shop on Tiananmen was quite sparse by 1930 tonight, when I visited. Have they sold out of everything already, or is it just each day's stock that goes like hot cakes? In Wangfujing, the Olympic store – which is still modest in size compared to previous Games – has a lot more stock. I'll probably pick up a mug or two and perhaps a bag, but nothing tacky, obviously.

At each of the five Games I've attended, I've found myself beguiled by trying to work out what it all means for the host nation or the international community. It's the mystery of this that brings me back for more. In Athens 2004, many Greeks I spoke to genuinely felt that, now the Games were coming home to Greece, they should stay there.

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For China, it's a slightly different story. Their century of fascination for the Games is now coming to a climax. They will join the elite

World Union of Olympic Cities and can already claim to have been historic Games. The next month is just the icing on the cake.

4 August: Where's Your J Visa?

Day two was a little more complicated. My Olympia euphoria has met the exclusionism that occupies an Olympic city during Games time. Everyone with his or her accreditations, made a fuss of by the local intelligentsia. The Olympic city is a place where you're either in or you're out. Sharing the spirit is so much easier when you've an accreditation, or a competition ticket, which is probably harder to come by. I've already heard plenty of stories of friends here being asked by Chinese locals if they can buy tickets from them as everything seems to be sold out.

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Anyway, I'm just feeling bitter. The work that I've been doing for 10 years at each Olympic Games since Sydney 2000 is over. The Beijing 2008 non-accredited media center – called the Beijing International Media Center (BIMC) – is now a Tier-2 *Accredited* Media Center. No chance for bloggers or non-professional journalists to get in. I arrived at the BIMC to be told very politely to go away. After a

30-minute battle of semantics – what is a journalist anyway? Why don't you value Professors? – I gave up trying. I knew it was coming. I even published a chapter in a book on the Beijing 2008 Games outlining that this looked like the last moment in a very short history where citizen journalists could infiltrate the Olympic infrastructure and report on behalf of the people, rather than some mainstream media organization. Today, that window of opportunity closed firmly shut. Beijing's non-accredited media center is as big as the Full Accredited Media Center of Athens and is delivering the kind of content that makes mainstream news.



Slide from a blogger meet-up in Beijing.

So, what will our citizen journalists do at these Games? Will it be a replaying of Atlanta 1996, which failed to cater adequately for the non-accredited journalists? Will our citizen journalists revolt? Actually, it's not very clear. Many of the new media journalists I know don't really want a Centre anyway; they'd rather be out on the streets doing their own thing. Many of

the mainstream media I know don't want one either, or find them far too restrictive. A lot of the accredited broadcast and press operate out of their own rented premises around the city. Perhaps the idea of a media centre is not as useful today, as it once was, except as a space for press conferences or where essential sports information is provided. This is the crucial difference – between journalists who want to cover sport and those who want to write about everything else. It feels like we are at another turning point in Olympic history and, yet, it's a rather sad day for me. Time to move on.

This morning, a friend on Skype told me about the killings in the North West of China today, the Muslim region of Xinjiang. She pointed me to a BBC News story online – which I'm happy to say I could access from my hotel – and I saw it later on CCTV9, the English speaking Chinese national television station. Various media have been articulating it as Olympic protest, but it's difficult to draw that conclusion. There has been unrest there for a while and the story is a good example of how any disruption during the Olympic Games, or pre-Games period can be framed as having an Olympic agenda.

The rest of the day was a little more relaxed. There are many pockets of spaces around Beijing that have been untouched by the

Olympic regeneration, such as small restaurants where the size of the portions remains disproportionate to the size of the bill – in a good way – and where the Olympic etiquette guidelines have fortunately failed to be imposed. Taxi drivers are trying, but there's still the odd one that, upon seeing you're a tourist, will pull away to avoid the encounter.

I spent the evening at one of the most beautiful places in the city, the Houhai lake, which is full of bars, restaurants and clubs, each one with their own live band or singer, each one with a different style – latino, pop, rock, acoustic – and more or less right next to each other. If only there was a way for these artists to sing with each other rather than against each other! It was a mixed space though, foreign tourists, wealthy Chinese locals, and areas with locals who are clearly less affluent.

Within one of the central squares, square dancing took place with people of all ages, until a fight broke out momentarily. Surprisingly, there were no Chinese police to be seen. In such a public place, right next to the Russia Olympic Team house, this seemed an unlikely place where a public fracas could occur without police intervention. It was a minor event though and I'm loathed to even mention it, as it really did not represent the atmosphere of the place, just a random affray, as could happen anywhere. When it started, I was

filming the dancing and my attention was drawn to the scrap, though I stopped filming quite quickly in its development. I'm not sure why, but I imagined the gaze of the locals who would prefer I didn't film this, not for censorship, but just because it wasn't a fair impression of our evening together. And it wasn't.

Tomorrow, it's the Bird's Nest and the Aquatic Centre, if I can get close.

5 August: Bird's Nest, Water Cube & Dick Pound



The Beijing 'Bird's Nest' National Olympic Stadium

This morning started with a taxi ride shared with an architect, a sociologist, a media theorist, a philosopher and a sports manager to the Bird's Nest stadium and Water Cube, part of the Olympic Green in Beijing. This is the final day of full dress rehearsals for the Opening Ceremony, but we figured it'd be possible to get around the stadium before it all kicked off in the afternoon. There were no problems with the taxi and the

driver even knew the best way to get around the security routes, to get us as close as possible to the stadium. From there we could walk within a good distance to shoot some photos.

I felt the driver's pride in showing us the stadium and our reactions upon seeing it for the first time must have been positive reinforcement. I was last here in 2006 and was able to get a tour around the stadium, though it was still in construction. Seeing it today met with all expectations. It's difficult to believe that Beijing will really be the end of iconic Olympic stadia, as this presence is such inspiration for great architects. They even have their legacy plans all worked out and there seems merit in the idea that iconic buildings *with* responsible legacy plans should be the governing principles of the most ambitious Olympic bid cities, rather than temporary constructions. The trick is to find the way of achieving this within limited budgets. So that's the brief.

The walk around part of the stadium found us amongst many local Chinese and scrambling under flyovers and up the side of streets to take a photograph without the wire security fence obstructing the view. We even witnessed what seemed like a protest, but turned out to be an 'I love China, I Love Beijing' manifestation. I'm not sure that counts and I'm not sure I really understood what it was about,

but cameras were filming and the police were content to let it unfold.



The Water Cube

If the stadium inspires awe with its façade, the Water Cube aquatic centre inspires mystery for what lays within. It promises an extraordinary interior that is almost worth returning to Beijing after the Games to see, as I'm not counting on getting inside to see the swimming. I believe tickets sold out for this almost before they went on the market.

However, seeing the outside of structures is also a key part of the Olympic experience, which is a succession of inaccessible places; places of mystery, intrigue. For want of a better phrase, these are forbidden cities, which hold value because of their feeling privileged spaces where only a few may go. Coming to terms with this is crucial if you want to avoid frustration as an Olympic tourist, as there are far more places you will not see than you will. Indeed, there is a strong sense of collective absence from these places of Olympic worship.

I felt that this might be the last chance to get this close to these two major venues before Games time. The public square outside the aquatic centre was partly a car park for accredited vehicles and they will surely have to close of these streets for unticketed spectators, otherwise the space will become unmanageable.

However, they do have a public Olympic bus, which takes people around the Olympic venues. We hopped onto this after seeing the cube and got to see a bunch of other venues from the road – archery, tennis, media village, athletes' village, Olympic Forrest. It's a great service, especially since so many people will not have tickets to see the sports themselves.

By 2pm, this area was beginning to shut down for the rehearsal. So, a brief lunch in a fish restaurant, then back to the hotel before the Olympic Studies conference I am attending, along with the architect, the media scholar, etc. It's run by the Capital Institute of Physical Education, Beijing and the Olympic Studies Centre of University of Western Ontario, Canada. The Keynote at tonight's event was from Richard W. Pound, whom I've met on various other occasions. We've undertaken a few shared radio interviews too, over the years.

He remembered our last Gene Doping exchange in Stockholm in 2005 and I'm getting calls from a bunch of press to do some

interviews for this these days – another Games, another Gene Games. Anyway, I'll save doping for another day. Dick Pound deserves some attention and since he just quit the World Anti-Doping Agency, he looked like he was carrying a lighter load at this Games. He told me that he's enjoying being a spectator for once.

Dick Pound's a controversial figure. I'm aware that people love him and hate him for it, but each time I've seen him, it's impossible not to have respect for his contribution. He brings a presence and authority to debates on the Olympics and he's probably entitled to. Anyone who wants to know today's Olympics has to read his history. He's negotiated the two big areas of the last 20 years – doping and media rights – and he's still not satisfied that the IOC house is in order on either of these issues. The main headline: he's confident that the international leg of the torch relay is over. You read it here first.

6 August: Old Media, New Media and Sealing up Manholes.

Today, I'm running a panel at the Olympic conference focused on new media at the Olympics. This was, as I mentioned yesterday, one of Dick Pound's key concerns about the future of the Olympic Movement.

Will they or won't they let us into the media centres? Will they or won't they let us blog. Oh, I should mention that I can't access the Huff Po in Beijing. I can't access Flickr or Wordpress either. Wikipedia is ok though. By the way, can someone please edit my wikipedia entry, I was abused last time I tried to set the record straight, but it's terribly out of date.

So, it was mainly a day of conferencing, the Games preparations are happening without me today. Well, almost. The place I'm staying is part of a University campus, which is functioning as a training facility for athletes. The headline today was seeing the manholes within the campus being welded tight, for security reasons. But, the in-depth story of the day was the new media panel I pulled together for this meeting.



[Andy Miah & Robert Scales at the International Symposium on Olympic Research](#), photo by [Kris Krug](#).

We had Internet rock stars Kris Krug and Robert Scales in the line-up. Kris is one of the top 5 or 10 photographers in the world according to Google or some

other authority and I can personally vouch for this. He and I met online about 10 years ago and re-connected in the Web 2.0 era through the Olympics. He lives in Vancouver, which has the 2010 Winter Games and in 2006 we put together a symposium in Torino at the Winter Olympics on new media and the Olympics. This year, we had a spot in the 9th International Symposium on Olympic Research. Others in the panel were key authorities on this subject, Beatriz Garcia, Garry Whannel, Tina Zhihui and Ana Adi. They all Google.



Kris Krug speaking on Web 2.0 at the Olympic Symposium

One of the main topics was the IOC's assertion that blogging is not a form of journalism. We think they're likely to retreat from this position within a few years. Here in China, the IOC blogging guidelines which were published at the start of the year

aimed to provide guidelines for accredited people, partly to protect them from exploitation, but also to ensure the rights holders of the Games – the broadcasters who pay for them to take place – have their intellectual property protected. However, it occurs to me that there's an interesting twist to these guidelines in the context of China. Presumably, if blogging isn't journalism, then if I do it here – say, for the Huffington Post – I can't be kicked out of the country for breaking any rules. This seems like a win-win situation.

Ana Adi shared with us her finding that the IOC has purchased You Tube space for Olympic highlights in countries, which do not have broadcast agreements. This is the first You Tube incursion from the Olympic Movement, so perhaps a major change is on the horizon.

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The day concluded with a walk around Tiananmen Square. I'm hoping to get there a few times during Games time to see how it develops. This time, it felt a little eerie. The section near to the Forbidden city is full of people, but by Mao's Mausoleum, it's really quiet and devoid of any Olympic branding. Kris and

Robert were drawing a crowd with their tattoos and mega-lens cameras. Chinese locals were queuing up to have photographs taken with them. There's definitely an Olympic spirit in the air. And the air is better too, very cool tonight. Perhaps they've managed to move the pollution; it certainly felt like it.

Oh yes, the torch also arrived in Beijing today too. I almost forgot about this.

7 August: China, Gene Doping & Olympic Venues Re-Visit

Today, I've been taken back a few thousand years in China's history by the world's leading scholar on China and the Olympics, Professor Susan Brownell from the University of Missouri and Beijing Sports University. Her keynote address at the close of the Olympic conference I've been attending interrogated Western centrism within the Olympic Movement.

I know Susan quite well, as we've met a few times in the last year. I even have a few photographs in her new book, *Beijing's Games: What the Olympics Mean to China*. She speaks great Mandarin and has had unrivalled access to the Olympic community in China, including being the biographer of Zheliang He, the IOC Chair of the Culture and Education Commission.

Susan has also spent a lot of her passed months interviewing for

the world's press about the Games and this week she's hardly out of a studio or off the phone. When I spoke to her some months ago in Ancient Olympia just after the fires in Greece, she expressed some reticence about this prospect. However, she's placed herself wholeheartedly into the subject of her analysis – the Western media's representation of China. Her ideas speak to critical issues that have framed Beijing's Games – disputes about media freedoms and bias. As an anthropologist, she stressed the importance of the West learning Chinese and Asian languages generally, if it ever hopes to shed its imperial and colonial mentality about how it is defined in relation to this Other part of the world.



Next stop was an interview with the British Independent Television Network (ITN) about more gene doping issues. This was a chance to see one of the media venues, specifically the Beijing International Convention Center, which is one of the major goals of the research I do at the Games. The BICC is very different from the IBC, the MPC and the BIMC and I'm not

convinced all of the journalists really know how their space differs from others. If the IBC people – the International Broadcast Centre – just strolled over to the BIMC – the Beijing International Media Center – they’d discover a whole different Olympic world that exists beyond the sport. But most of them won’t. Still, the BICC was even more interesting.

The ITN – a non-rights holder – sits within the NBC news set-up and it’s not an accredited centre at all. However, a lot of these broadcasters have accreditation to the Main Press Center (MPC), so it feels as though there are many routes through which companies are trying to access Olympic news and information. We were kindly shown around the BICC, in exchange for my interviewing for them about gene doping. The presenter expressed that they’ve no issues with regard to using the Internet, everything was working excellently and they’ve even got a great studio backdrop of the Bird’s Nest. All seems well.

After trying to persuade the presenter that athletes should be allowed to use performance enhancements, we walked across to the Bird’s Nest and Aquatic Center. It was much more animated than two days ago, but with a few more restrictions of movement and the promise of more to come. I still can’t work out how the Olympic cauldron will be lit though. The place is

full of small street acts, but very few toilets, no water vendors and no information kiosks anywhere. This takes its toll a bit.

We then take the No.1 Olympic Bus for a packed – but air conditioned ride – around the venues – again, for the second time, but busier. We alight at the final stop and glance into a small neighboured where they have a reasonable sized screen, which I expect will be for the sports. If every such neighbourhood has this, then Beijing will have delivered the most extraordinary Live Site programme in history.



The new CCTV tower in Beijing

I’m not watching much news here. We’ve CCTV9 on from time to time and it’s covering all the news you’d hope. I didn’t see anything about the ‘pole’ protest at the stadium yesterday, but the violence in the North West of China was given the air space it

deserved. Still frustrated that I can't upload to Flickr and have found that I can't access my university or personal servers either. Was it something I said?

8 August: The First Post-Digital Olympic Ceremony



Opening Ceremony night in Ditan Park

I'm writing these first thoughts on the Opening Ceremony while in a taxi from Ditan Park – one of the live sites – to Sanlitun. The ceremony just concluded and, before the fireworks finished, they shut down the live site screen. We all walked orderly towards the exit and I thought how best to capture this extraordinary evening. The best description I have mustered is that this was the first post-digital opening ceremony. The programme conveyed history, tradition, symbolism of China, but there was far more aesthetic engagement than narrative explanation. We were not being talked at in this performance. We were being shown how a 21st century opening ceremony for the Olympic Games should be done.

Post-digital is the right description and a new genre for ceremonies, because it combines innovation with plastic and digital elements in a way that extends the capacity of each. A post-digital event involves attending to the imperative of the digital, without making this imperative the focus. An opening Ceremony offers various opportunities to achieve this, but Beijing 2008 is by far the most advanced study of how to progress the art of spectacle.

The problem with the digital age of ceremonies was the absence of integrated artistic creation. In Salt Lake 2002, we saw instances of the post-digital, but they were segments rather than an overarching principle, which carefully wove elements together. Here in Beijing, the fog of the digital was removed.

The initial sequence made me think of the 'Reactable' musical instrument, also a post-digital device, where much more is being created by the artist than is immediately apparent. It is also clear that the work speaks to various aspirations to make music, create new light space experiences, to function as choreography, as well as the creation of various other forms of visual art experience – painting, drawing and so on.

10 August: Stormy Weather

Yesterday, while at a new media arts gathering in one of the Hutongs, we learned that a murder had taken place in the city and that, subsequently, the assailant had committed suicide. This is the kind of story that I can't even begin to make sense of when trying to make sense of the Games. When I called home in the UK at around 1am Beijing time, the story had broken, but it had not yet filtered through that a suicide had followed.

I don't believe that the media will draw much attention to this, but perhaps there will be more tomorrow. Of course, the conflict between the Russian Federation and Georgia is overshadowing the news agenda considerably. However, there seems to be a sense of constraint about reporting this story, as if a random violent act does not deserve coverage at this time. This is probably wishful thinking, but it will do for now.

We also learned of an attempted protest on day one, quickly silenced by effective and reasonably violence free policing. I still think that these protests will not dominate the news agenda, in part due to effective distraction from the host city.

Today, the heavens broke and it felt like monsoon weather, with thunder and lightning for 6hrs so far. (How did Beijing manage to avoid it on opening night? They

clearly had foresight to have focused our attention on the lucky number '8'.) Despite the weather acting to the contrary, there was a sense of relief about the city today. Beijingers were going about their Sunday business, as though the hard part was over. Life is not nearly back to normal, but certainly it's a little less anxious than two days ago.

It's the street scene where the legacy of the Beijing Olympics is present

If I had to summarize my Beijing Games so far, I'd say it were all in the detail, rather than the extravaganza. It's the street scene where the legacy of the Beijing Olympics is present. It's the people on the subway, the mysterious volunteers in their kiosks, which have nearly no information, but who are just delighted to help you, the gardeners in the parks who engage as you walk passed, and the young couple kissing in front of Mao's picture at the Forbidden city.

12 August: One World, One Private Party

'The Beijinger' is a magazine which functions partly as a Craig's list here in Beijing. Each day during Games time, members have been posting requests to buy or sell tickets for the sports events. I've inquired about a few of these. Today, I

asked about a basketball match and the vendor's price for two tickets was 12000Y, about \$2,000! The match was China vs. Spain and, as I heard later, it was probably worth it, as it was a formidable match. In any case, the tickets really hit home what's happening in the city when you encounter these Olympic moments.

I'm on a public subway now and most people here have no Olympic pins, no tickets and are probably not engaging much with the Olympics each day, though they undoubtedly are watching the television at night. On more than a few occasions, I've walked through the hutongs and seen groups of neighbours crowded around a television.

The next stop is 'Japan House' one of the many national house venues around the city. These spaces perform a number of functions during Games time and they are located in all kinds of venues. For instance, Holland House – also known as Heineken House – is within the Agricultural Exhibition Center, a grand building on the east side of the city. Russia House occupies an entire section of the lake at Houhai. A few of these houses are open to the public, like Switzerland house in the trendy – 798 Art District, also east of the city center. Here, the Swiss showcase all kinds of aspects of their culture, from local music to

exhibitions about how green their energy systems are.



However, most of the houses are private spaces, open for corporate entertainment. To enter these venues, you don't need a ticket, but you do need to hold a passport to the nation whose house you wish to enter. Japan House is like this and we were just refused entry. They were kind enough to offer some information about Tokyo 2016, which is now an Olympic Candidate city, but ultimately it was a closed venue.

How should we feel about these spaces, when they seem to translate the Beijing 2008 Olympic slogan to 'One World, One Private Party'? Of course, not every space in an Olympic city can be open to all people at all times and some of these closed spaces find a middle ground. For instance, London House – of

Team GB and London 2012 – has one day during Games time that is open to the public who register their request (though we've done this and have yet to receive a reply). Other national houses have more dubious policies of exclusivism. For instance, the Holland House is open only to Dutch nationals, but has become an enormous party space during all Olympic Games. It is possible to negotiate your way in, but you have to have your wits about you, if you're not Dutch.

Among these environments, there is an unsettling contradiction in their presence, which showcase a culture within a host city to which its doors are closed for the locals or the other international 'friendlies'. Coming from the UK where the discussions about nationalism are still present, I'm allergic to any such exclusionism on the basis of nationality and I'm still struggling to find a legitimate basis for the policy. Any ideas?

16 August: Next Stop London, More or Less

Tomorrow, we leave Beijing for Shanghai, which is also an official Olympic city for 2008, as it hosts some of the soccer matches. The

plan is to have a couple of days R&R before heading back to the UK to witness London's party, as it received the Olympic flag from Beijing for the 2012 Summer Olympics.

Today, we visited London House, a venue managed by the London Development Agency to promote London. Strictly speaking, this was neither a national house for Team GB, nor a London 2012 Venue. Rather it was just a place to promote London, make deals, attract investors, meet and greet, wine and dine, etc – all that really important Olympic work. The venue was a traditional Chinese space, lots of Feng Shui, but not so much 2012 branding. For those who've not yet seen our logo for the 2012 Games, it's not easily forgotten or missed. The only place it was visible here was as a pin on the lanyards of the PR staff members.

London House made me think about the absence of connections between the Winter and Summer Games. For, while London is the next Summer Games, we've still Vancouver 2010 to get through first.

