

## The Wong Way .....

**Mr Wong is a practising solicitor in the Hongkong Special Administrative Region (HKSAR) of the People's Republic of China (PRC). Because he is a solicitor, he is very proud of his position in society. He wears only the latest fashionable clothes, which he purchases at a very fashionable departmental store, the same fashionable departmental store from where he purchased all of the furniture for his home. Solicitor Wong lives on The Peak, a very fashionable part of Hongkong. He lives in a house. He is married to a former teacher of the English language. He has a teenaged son who attends an international school. He is the proud owner of a white Rolls-Royce, which he purchased, second-hand, about 8 years ago.**

**The following are just some of the things that Solicitor Wong does; and, the reasoning (or lack of it) for his actions.**

Solicitor Wong, regardless of the circumstances, had, always, been in control of his emotions. Or so he thought. His father had reminded him, frequently, that a man who cannot control his emotions would never succeed in anything. Control! That was the key that Solicitor Wong reminded himself in times of stress. When engaged in a fight with an opposing solicitor, Solicitor Wong may have appeared as the personification of the devil, incarnate, but as soon as the fight was over, he was back to his old self, as cool as the proverbial cucumber. However, one day, his anger nearly got the best of him.

Judy and his son of 13 years had shown an interest in visiting Israel and, even though Solicitor Wong was against a visit to the country of *'The Chosen People'*, a claim made by all Jews, he had succumbed to the nagging ways of Judy and Nickolas. Not knowing how to obtain a visa to visit Israel, for 2 days, he had had his secretary telephone the offices of the Consulate General of Israel in order to obtain details with that regard. After 2 days of trying, however, Anna, Solicitor Wong's secretary, had to admit abject failure. Solicitor Wong, calmly and graciously, asked Anna as to the problem. Anna cried as she related to Solicitor Wong how rude had been the people at the Consulate General of Israel. She said that it was as though she was being interrogated by the police. When her crying subsided, Solicitor Wong determined that he would, personally, telephone the Consulate General of Israel and obtain the necessary information about visiting this Middle Eastern country.

*'We are not going to Israel!'* Solicitor Wong announced that night while having dinner with Judy and Nickolas. *'I am willing to take you anywhere, but not to Israel. I mean that!'* Because he had opened

the conversation as though he were a man possessed, Judy decided to try to placate him, prior to obtaining the reason for his sudden outburst. What she heard as to the reason for Solicitor Wong's determination not to visit Israel completely shocked her. Solicitor Wong had been insulted by a Chinese lady in the employ of the Consulate General of Israel, a lady who, in effect, told him to go hang himself when he had refused to send a letter to the Consulate, explaining the reason that he wanted to visit Israel, how many other people would be going with him, how long would he be staying in the country, which part of the country he would be visiting, how much money he would be bringing with him, and whether or not he had ever had any affiliations with certain, non-Jewish people. Solicitor Wong had told the Chinese employee of the Consulate that, being a solicitor, he could not divulge the names or any details of his clients. The Chinese lady said that his application for a visa, in that case, would be denied. When it was explained that the applicant was a man of property and an officer of the High Court of Hongkong, the Chinese lady only remarked: *'I don't care if you are the king of konk: I will not process your application.'* And, with that, she hung up the telephone, muttering something that sounded like: *'Damned fool!'*

At a dinner, a few days later, Solicitor Wong told an acquaintance of his experience when trying to obtain a visa to visit Israel. The acquaintance came down on the side of the Chinese lady employee, stating that she had done the right thing. *'After all,'* the acquaintance said, *'you could have been a suicide bomber, wanting to enter Israel for nefarious reasons. It is common for Consulate officials, not just of the Consulate of Israel, but most other countries, to investigate strangers, wanting to enter their country. Don't take it so personal. It is just like a policeman, investigating a crime: He would pose difficult questions just for effect in order to try to find the guilty party.'* Solicitor Wong made it very clear that he had explained everything to the Chinese employee of the Consulate and, therefore, there had been absolutely no reason to be treated in such a manner ... as though he were a potential suicide bomber. *'What would you have said if you were treated as I had just described?'* Solicitor Wong enquired of his acquaintance. The acquaintance smiled as he said: *'But I am Jewish, you know. I would have been treated in a different manner. If you, really, want to take your family to Israel, I can arrange it for you and you can reimburse me in the customary fashion.'* *'What might be the "customary fashion"?' Solicitor Wong asked. No answer was forthcoming and, instead came the question: 'Well, my old friend, shall I make arrangements for you to fly to Israel?'*

While taking a shower at home, that evening, Solicitor Wong realised that that which had been written in George Orwell's story, *'Animal Farm'*, was absolutely correct: *'All animals are equal, but some animals are more equal than others'*. And, then, he chuckled to himself that good Jews don't eat pork, anyway, and, if he had agreed to visit Israel, it was almost a guarantee that he would offend somebody because nearly every Chinese person eats pork.

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