

## 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.**

Samuel Langhorne Clemens, also known as Mark Twain, is credited with the statement: *'Clothes make the man. Naked people have little or no influence on society.'* To Solicitor Wong, he knew that this 19<sup>th</sup> Century American author and humourist was right on the money. As he explained to Judy, his wife, one morning just before going to his office in Central Hongkong: *'My suits are starting to show their wear. It is time for me to buy new ones. After all, as an officer of the High Court of Hongkong, I must keep up appearances.'* Judy, rarely, paid much attention to her husband's remarks at this time of the morning because she was too busy, planning her own day: Nickolas, the teenage son of Judy and Solicitor Wong, took up a great deal of her time with his schedule of tennis classes, private tutors of various subjects, music classes, and so on. So, when Solicitor Wong started talking about buying new suits, the subject was far too trivial to give it any thought at all. But the next sentence, uttered out of her husband's mouth, made Judy very concerned. Solicitor Wong had just finished explaining that his closet was too small to accommodate his intended 26 new suits and, as such, he was suggesting, bringing in a cabinetmaker to build another closet for his new suits. *'You have a great deal more space for your clothes than most husbands,'* Judy told her husband, in defence of the fact that her wardrobe was about 5 times larger than his. *'Even Judge Judy (Family Court Judge Judith Sheindlin) of the United States has stated, openly, that a man needs only one drawer for his clothes; and, he should be lucky even to be allotted that amount of room for his clothes. You have a complete, walk-in closet. What more do you need?'* To this question, Solicitor Wong answered, immediately: *'Room for 26 new suits.'* Judy was no fool and her academic qualifications exceeded those of her husband's, having obtained a M.A. in English. She knew that, if

she denied her husband, outright, there could be trouble, so she said that she fully understood and respected her husband's request and that a qualified cabinetmaker ought to be brought in so that he could make a determination, measure a suitable area for the new closet to house Solicitor Wong's intended new suits in the bedroom, and present the family with a quotation for the intended work, along with a timetable for the work.

Solicitor Wong, as he sat in the rear seat of his second-hand, white Rolls-Royce, imagined himself in different coloured suits which would be changed weekly, of course. *'Of course,'* he thought to himself, *'I shall be purchasing only the best, Italian-made suits of the finest cloth. Now, which brand-named suits shall I buy?'* Throughout his working day, this officer of the Hongkong High Court imagined various materials, colours, textures, cuttings, styles, European or American tailoring, even down to the silk linings of the suits: Powder blue; shocking pink; dark green; Morning-coat grey; and, for the evening, jet black. Just thinking of the new suits caused this balding, Hongkong solicitor to experience mental orgasms.

At dinner, that evening, Judy said that the cabinetmaker would be coming in about one week to measure the site for the new suit-closet in order to accommodate the intended new purchases. Then, she asked: *'I suppose you have decided which tailor shop you will permit to make the suits? French or Italian?'* Solicitor Wong admitted that he had not given it too much thought, but the Italians seem to have among the best workmanship for men's tailoring. Judy just smiled sweetly and nodded approval. She, then, presented her husband with a list of the largest and most-expensive tailors in

Hongkong, all of whom specialised in working with Milan tailor shops. Solicitor Wong was dumbfounded and said to himself: *'She is not fighting me, but even helping! That is wonderful! I love her for that!'* The following morning, however, Solicitor Wong received a rather rude awakening: It would take at least 2 months to create each suit and there would have to be at least 5 fittings per suit.

Solicitor Wong, being quick at arithmetic, realised that 5 fittings per suit meant 130 fittings over a period of 2 years. He telephoned Judy to meet him for afternoon tea. *'Did you know,'* he started after being seated in a restaurant at a 5-star hotel in Central with Judy, *'that it will take the best part of 2 years to make my new clothes and that I shall have to go to 130 fittings! I cannot spare the time. I have my profession to consider.'* Judy commiserated with her distraught husband: *'Do you think that you could use a Hongkong tailor, then?'* Solicitor Wong was quick with a denial: *'That is impossible! Hongkong tailors are no good and they cannot produce an Italian suit. If they tried, it would be tantamount to "passing off".'*

Judy smiled and said: *'Nobody needs to know who made your new suits and/or where your new suits were made, do they?'* *'But the labels on the inside pocket, where I keep my wallet, would be telling the moment that I took off my jacket or if it should open by accident,'* said Solicitor Wong. To this, Judy just laughed and said: *'We can get the labels made in Guangdong and they will, all, state that the suit was made in Milan of the finest Italian wool.'*

*'Everybody is doing things like this, these days. Even Apple's products are being copied in Guangdong; and, Apple can hardly tell the difference between its products and the knock-offs.'* Solicitor Wong had calculated that a really good Italian suit, made-to-measure, would cost between \$HK50,000 and \$HK60,000. Totally, therefore, the cost of his new wardrobe of 26 suits would come to about \$HK1.43 million. But Judy was suggesting that the suits could be made in Hongkong at about one quarter of that price. He had, always, admired the Jewish people for their ability and shrewdness in business; and, here was an opportunity to prove that Chinese people, also, could emulate at least one of the many attributes of the Jewish race. *'What an idea!'* he exclaimed to Judy.

*'Let's do it!'*

About 6 months later, Solicitor Wong felt that he was the epitome of sartorial elegance as he sat in the back seat of his Rolls-Royce on the way to his office. It felt wonderful to be dressed in his new suit, with his shoes, shined to a high gloss. Life was good for this Hongkong solicitor.

At the same time that Solicitor Wong was seated in the back seat of his motor car, with Jesus, his Filipino chauffeur, negotiating the heavy traffic conditions on Cotton Tree Drive, Judy was talking to

her seamstress in The Peak townhouse of the Wong's family home about her new wardrobe, while a cabinetmaker was measuring the bedroom, for the second time, in order to produce yet another closet – this time to house Judy's new clothes. Nickolas heard his mother state: *'Yes, my husband is very generous to allow me an entirely new wardrobe of clothes ... By the way, that chinchilla jacket is lovely, isn't it? Do you have it in white?'* Then, turning to the cabinetmaker, Nickolas heard his mother exclaim: *'Oh, by the way, if you need more room for my new closet, just reduce the size of my husband's new closet. It's much too big, anyway.'*

Sophocles (496 - 406 BC) is credited with Judy's favourite poem:

*'Nought from the Greeks towards me hath sped well.  
So now I find that ancient proverb true,  
Foes' gifts are no gifts: profit bring they none.'*

.....*yaW gnoW ehT*

***While TARGET makes every attempt to ensure accuracy of all data published,  
TARGET cannot be held responsible for any errors and/or omissions.***

*If readers feel that they would like to voice their opinions about that which they have read in **TARGET**, please feel free to e-mail your views to [editor@targetnewspapers.com](mailto:editor@targetnewspapers.com). **TARGET** does not guarantee to publish readers' views, but reserves the right so to do subject to the laws of libel.*