

A Letter from the Editor

Dear readers,

On behalf of all who have worked on this section, it is with great pleasure that I present to you an honor roll of sorts of famous Chinese-Americans. The next few pages will chronicle the lives, accomplishments and impacts of human beings who share two basic traits: a Chinese ancestry and a special something that put their name in lights.

With the arrival of three Chinese sailors in Baltimore in 1785 known as Ashing, Achun and Aceun, the trickle of Chinese immigration to the United States had begun. By the time of the California Gold Rush, the trickle was a steady stream: there were 20,000 Chinese in California alone.

This section, though, documents the people of another wave of immigration from the twentieth century through today. As immigration regulations loosened and Chinese sought sanctuaries from their mother countries, millions of them poured into the U.S.

From Amy Tan to Jackie Chan, these people were either direct immigrants from China or Taiwan or were born in the United States of immigrant parents. These individuals were able to thrive in America and make a name for themselves despite their yellow skin and black hair. We seek to pay a tribute to these writers and athletes, scientists and actors not only because they are incredible people, but because we, the Chinese community, claim the same blood. Although the next pages will introduce new faces and revisit familiar ones, they are, by no means, an exhaustive list of Chinese who have made their mark.

All of the pieces you will read are researched and written entirely by students in the local Chinese community. Countless hours were spent sifting through facts and compiling them into a series of short biographies. Many thanks to them all (and you know who you are) for their hard work during such a busy time of year and their stoic tolerance for participating in this project, and in the end I'm happy to report we all pulled it together. This section is, in fact, a monument to our heritage as well as our teamwork.

Please enjoy "Movers and Shakers: Famous Chinese-Americans." After all, who knows? Perhaps one day you may find yourself among these pages.

Sincerely,
Lydia Lo
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◆15 Minutes: People in the News◆

In the future everyone will be famous for fifteen minutes.

—Andy Warhol

Vincent Chin, racial discrimination victim

Tiffany Chang

A case of mistaken identity and consequent racial anger led to a greater Asian awareness of racial issues in America.

Vincent Chin, 27, was bludgeoned to death and died five days before his wedding. At the time of his death, anti-Asian feelings were high. The Japanese were perceived as the major reason why the American economy was suffering; people thought that Japanese cars took away from American business.

The most well known facts about Vincent Chin are the circumstances of his death. His friends took him, an engineer by trade, to a bachelor party in Detroit on Jun. 19, 1982; Vincent was getting married in a little over a week. At the same club were Ronald Ebens and his stepson, Michael Nitz, both jobless workers for the auto industry.

Ebens mistook Chin for a Japanese man and began to throw racial slurs at him, saying "...It's because of you [expletive] that we're out of work." Eventually, the bachelor party dispersed, but Ebens and Nitz found Chin in front of a fast-food restaurant. Ebens, armed with a baseball bat, struck at Chin's leg. Nitz proceeded to hold Vincent Chin in place as Ebens, delivered a blow to Vincent's skull, sending Chin into unconsciousness.

Before going into a coma, Vincent Chin spoke a few words, words that everyone comes to learn in life: "It's not fair." He died four days after in a coma, five days before his wedding.

Despite the crime, the punishment was light. His killers were convicted of manslaughter, and each had to pay a \$3,700 fine. They were not sent to jail; rather, they were put under a 3-year probation period on the basis that they had no criminal records. The prosecution was not present for the sentencing hearing. Lily Chin, Vincent's mother, was not given a translator for the court proceedings, no witness were called to testify.

Many Asian Pacific American groups were outraged. They began a mass uproar over Chin's death and the (lack of) punishment allotted to Chin's killers. Some mark Vincent Chin's death as a major turning point in Asian civil rights. Asian-American organizations across the country held demonstrations, protests, and wrote letters to anyone in a position of authority they could pressure for a re-trial.

In the end, there were several re-trials, and in 1984 Nitz was ended up being cleared of any charges. Ebens was convicted to 25 years in jail on a \$20,000 bond. In 1986, Ebens's lawyers used a legal technicality to keep him from going to jail, and canceled the bond. In 1987, another retrial was ordered, but it was held in Cincinnati.

The jury decided that Ebens should be cleared of all charges. His mother, tired of the American courts and the justice system, moved back to Guangzhou province in China. Later in 1987, another trial determined that Ebens should pay \$1.5 million dollars. However, he fled his home and has been pursued by officials ever since.

According to some, the Chin case started a large movement of awareness across America of civil rights and the mistreatment of Asians. There are now groups that work specifically to help victims of anti-Asian racism, and the Asian-American community began to realize that they could work for better trials.

However, Vincent Chin's death should not serve as a reason for anger against non-Asians. Although there may never be justice for his murder, the duty of a human is to remember that the idea of "what's fair" can get in the way of carrying out true justice.



photo courtesy of NAATA

Wen Ho Lee, scientist

Lydia Lo



Dr. Wen Ho Lee, best known for being accused for spying for China, is the victim of what many sympathizers call a case of legal harassment.

A native of Nantou, Taiwan, Lee came to the United States in 1965, received his doctorate in mechanical engineering from Texas A&M University in 1969 and became a U.S. citizen in 1974. He enjoys fishing, cooking, Mozart and Hugo, and is the father of two children.

Lee worked for the Las Alamos National Laboratory in New Mexico since 1978, developing nuclear weapons using his fields of expertise: mechanical engineering and fluid dynamics.

Back in 1995 Notra Trulock, the director of intelligence and counterintelligence for the Energy Department's national labs, determined that the Chinese had somehow stolen the design for the W88 warhead, the nuclear device on Trident missiles. A search was deployed for national scientists of Chinese heritage to detect the spy. Lee, who had downloaded codes for nuclear testing onto unclassified locations for reference, was targeted, fired in March 1999 and charged with 59 counts of espionage. He spent 278 days in solitary confinement for the accusations, where he was kept in a cell for 23 hours a day, shackled so his movement was severely restricted. Considered dangerous, he was prevented from writing letters or reading a newspaper.

Eventually, officials realized the case was built more on hype than on evidence, and Lee was acquitted of 58 of the 59 charges, now accused of just a mere security breach. What was a hunt for a turncoat became a breach of civil and legal rights, a carnival of political scapegoating and racial bias. He was released in September 2000, with an apology from Judge James A. Parker: "They [the executive branch] have embarrassed our entire nation and each of us who is a citizen of it... I sincerely apologize to you, Dr. Lee, for the unfair manner you were held in custody by the Executive Branch."

Dr. Lee wrote a book, *My Country Versus Me*, about his experience in this case.

Movers and Shakers:

◆Artists◆

The artist is the opposite of the politically minded individual, the opposite of the reformer, the opposite of the idealist. The artist does not tinker with the universe; he recreates it out of his own experience and understanding of life.

—Henry Miller

Anna Sui, fashion designer

Iris Jiang

Born in Dearborn, Michigan in 1955 to Chinese parents, Anna Sui had and two brothers. Although hers was the only Chinese family in town, Anna always felt like she belonged. She was even voted one of the best dressed. While her brothers grew up to be stockbrokers, Anna's ambitions were always to become a fashion designer.

Sui always had a passion for designing clothes. Even as a kid, she dressed up her neighbor's toy soldiers, and cut out designs she liked from fashion magazines. Anna saved these clippings in her "Genius Files" which she still refers to every now and then. At the age of 17, she was offered a scholarship to New York's Parsons School of Design, where she met her close friend, Steven Meisel, a *Vogue* photographer. Her early jobs



included designing photo shoots for Meisel. Sui also worked at various sportswear companies, during which she presented her signature "head-to-toe" look at a show. After her debut in April of 1991, her designs immediately became a hit.

Now, her clothes are sold in over 200 stores worldwide. Not only does she have her own clothing line headquartered in New York City, but also fragrance and cosmetic lines. Her unique store in the SoHo district of New York, is decorated with purple walls, black furnishings, and red floors. Her Los Angeles store is located in the Sunset Plaza in West Hollywood. Her clients include Cher, Christina Ricci and Courtney Love.

In 1993, Sui won a CFDA Perry Ellis Award for New Fashion Talent. Anna Sui has made her dreams come true, and did not make the toy soldiers suffer in vain.

I. M. Pei, architect

Lydia Lo

Ieoh Ming Pei, whose name means to "inscribe brightly," was born in Guangzhou, China in 1917. Famous for buildings including the pyramid of the Louvre Museum in Paris and the Rock and Roll Hall of Fame Museum in Cleveland, he is one of the world's most renowned architects.

Pei left his native country in 1934 to study architecture and in 1940 received his degree from the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. He enrolled in the Harvard Graduate School of Design in 1942 but left soon after to volunteer his services to the National Defense Research Committee, finishing his Harvard education in 1946.

After working in two other firms, in 1948, Pei began his seven-year tenure at the architectural firm of Webb & Knapp, supervising urban design projects. After receiving U.S. citizenship in 1954, he started his own firm a year later, I.M. Pei & Associates. His first project was the National Center for Atmospheric Research in Boulder.



I.M. Pei's reputation as an architect ballooned in 1964 when he was asked to design the John F. Kennedy Library in Boston. In the following years, he completed over 50 projects in the United States and abroad, half of which have won recognition. He was elected to the American Academy in 1975 and served as chancellor until 1980, the first architect to do so. President Reagan awarded Pei with the Medal of Liberty in 1986. The governments of France, Britain and Japan have also distinguished him.

Skilled in designs featuring glass, steel, stone and concrete, Pei uses uncluttered, elegant designs. He creates a high-tech feel using angular and geometric shapes.

Pei has also worked for causes in China. In 1983, he used his \$100,000 prize from the Pritzker Architecture Award to establish a scholarship for budding Chinese architects to study in the U.S. He has also been supporting Chinese democracy. Works in his mother country include the Bank of China Tower in Hong Kong and the Fragrant Hill Hotel in Beijing.

Vera Wang, fashion designer

Susan Duan

Vera Wang, the fashion designer famous for her wedding dresses, was born in New York City on June 27, 1949. Her parents were Chinese immigrants Cheng Ching Wang and Florence Wu. Her father's early business successes provided Wang with a life of privilege: as a child she accompanied her mother to fashion shows.

Wang's childhood dream was not to be a fashion designer, but rather a professional figure skater. She began skating at age seven and when she was 19 came in 5th at the Junior United States pairs championship. She gave up her dream after failing to make the Olympic team in 1968 and the world team in 1969.

She then threw herself into her second passion, fashion. Wang studied theatre at Sarah Lawrence College but

switched to art history when she realized that an Asian woman in the early 70's was never going to make it as an actress. She spent two summers working at the Yves Saint Laurent store in New York, first as a salesgirl and then as a window dresser. Her parents encouraged her to consider fashion as a career, and she did, landing a position as editor for *Vogue*. She was the youngest editor ever for the magazine. She spent almost 20 years at *Vogue* and went on to become design director for Ralph Lauren. In 1989, Wang married Arthur Becker, a Manhattan stockbroker, planning and organizing her wedding single-handedly. This experience led her to venture out on her own and in she 1990 opened the Vera Wang Bridal House.



Her trademark style includes dresses costing upwards of \$2,000 in soft pastel hues and the use of couture-level fabrics like satin-faced organza. She specializes in modern, stylish, and beautiful wedding gowns and has since branched out into eveningwear, fur, and footwear that are available in many specialty stores around the world. Her designs can be purchased in her main store in the Carlyle Hotel in New York City. Wang published her first book, *Vera Wang on Weddings*, in 2001 and launched her first fragrance in 2002. Though she has dressed numerous celebrities and is a household name, her business is still considered small.

Along with running and designing for her own company, Vera has two adopted daughters, Cecilia and Josephine and resides in New York City. Clothing is her passion, and she is immensely talented. "I adore the challenge of creating truly modern clothes where a woman's personality and sense of self are revealed. I want people to see the dress, but focus on the woman," says Wang.

Yo-Yo Ma, cellist

Tiffany Chang



Yo-Yo Ma ought to be thankful people have even heard of him. I ask eight people if they know who Vivaldi is, no more than three people will respond. Even this computer's spell check won't accept "Vivaldi." Needless to say, it won't accept "Yo-Yo Ma," either.

My frustration aside, the legendary cellist was born in 1955 to Chinese parents living in Paris, France. At age 4, he began taking cello lessons from his father. Soon after, the Ma family came to the United States, where Ma studied with Janos Scholz and later with Leonard Rose at the Juilliard School in New York City in 1962. He gave his first public performance on cello at five years old, played in Carnegie hall at nine and by age 19 was internationally known for his talent. He also received a degree from Harvard University in 1976, where he also received an honorary doctorate in music in 1991.

As a musician and recording artist, Ma's interests span from the traditional classical repertoire to more esoteric topics. He is particularly interested in the concept of music as a means of communication and its role in the spread of ideas among cultures. He started the Silk Road Project in 1998 "to study the ebb and flow of ideas among different cultures along the Silk Road..." He has collaborated with vocalists and other classical soloists in different genres, including the theme from "Crouching Tiger, Hidden Dragon." Ma has recently finished an album of Brazilian music to be released in the spring of 2003.

Ma is also involved in educational programs: on tour, he likes to conduct programs at camps such as Interlochen and Tanglewood and appear in kid-oriented programs such as "Mr. Roger's Neighborhood."

Yo-Yo Ma records with Sony Classical and has completed over 50 albums, 14 of which have won Grammy awards. He also won the Avery Fisher prize in 1978.

He plays a 1733 Montagnana cello from Venice and the 1712 Davidoff Stradivarius. He lives with his wife Jill and children Nicholas and Emily.

◆Athletes◆

Athletes have studied how to leap and how to survive the leap some of the time and return to the ground. They don't always do it well. But they are our philosophers of actual moments and the body and soul in them, and of our manoeuvres in our emergencies and longings.

—Harold Brodkey

Yao Ming, basketball player

Emily Cheung

Not everyone has the fortune to meet a celebrity. I, on the other hand, have been extraordinarily lucky. I've babysat for Kirk Cameron, received a signature from Kelly Chen, caught a glimpse of Orlando Bloom, and even had Yao Ming stay at my house. Many of you must be thinking, "Yao Ming?! That 7'6" Asian giant?! Can he even FIT into your house?!" My answer to you is, *no and barely*. No, Yao Ming didn't stay at my house, but his clone did! And could his clone fit into my house? *Barely*.

Last Christmas, my mom had the wild idea of surprising my brother with a life-size poster of his idol, Yao Ming. Since we could not find a printing company to take on this gigantic task for us, my dad embarked upon it himself. It took him two full days of scanning, cutting, measuring, and gluing to finish the surprise. A smile always comes to my face when I picture the look my brother had when he saw Yao Ming's menacing eyes glaring down at him from the top of our ceiling. He looked like he had just seen a monster! But then again, in a sense, Yao Ming is a monster. There aren't too many 7'6" Chinese people with the strength to tackle Shaquille O'Neal walking around.

Emerging as the new sports celebrity around the world, Yao Ming has appeared in ESPN, Sports Illustrated, and Time Magazine. Even though he has only played in the NBA for less than a year, he has undoubtedly taken the sports world by surprise. He was able to weave into the NBA rhythm within 10 games and silence all his critics and skeptics. However, what really makes Yao Ming stand out from the others is his humorous, friendly, and down to earth attitude.

Not many people are able to deal with the immense pressure he faces every single day. Having a 6'7" father and a 6'3" mother, both of whom were great basketball players themselves, Yao Ming grew up in a modest environment. Even now, he shares a home with his mother who takes care of him like any loving mother would. He has a certain innocent charm in his personality that really comes across to the people. His good humor and pleasant nature make him many people's favorite sports celebrity. Although he plays intensely on the court, he still maintains his humility unlike many other basketball stars. Once it comes to playing the game, his mind is set, and he plays like a lion on the loose.

When watching him on ESPN during the games, his concentration is so centered on what he has to accomplish. His extreme focus and hard work towards his goals drives him to be the best that he can be. This kind of dedication is an inspiration to many of us who value such determination.

Yao's transfer into the NBA is definitely a big moment for Chinese Athletics. Finally, we can see a Chinese person representing the Asian community in the sports world. His rapid improvement in the game and his growing value to his team, proves to the world that the Chinese are more than just high GPA, good at math, academically oriented people. We have more to us than society defines us to be, and as long as we put our heart and soul into our goals, we can accomplish anything we set out for.



The Cheungs with Yao Ming

Michelle Kwan, figure skater

Olivia Ying



Michelle Wing Kwan, a Lake Arrowhead, CA native, is widely known as a beautiful and graceful figure skating champion. She was born on July 7, 1980 in Torrance, California. She began skating at age 5 with her older sister, Karen after she saw her brother play hockey. She received much encouragement from her father, who constantly supports her skating career. She started training with Frank Carroll in 1992.

Two years later, she first gained attention from her second place finish in the U.S. Nationals amidst the Harding-Kerrigan scandal. Without Carroll's knowledge, she went ahead and took the senior test, allowing her to compete and qualify for the U.S. senior elite Ladies National Championships. At her first World Championships, she placed fourth at the age of 14. Her youth shocked the skating society. During the year of 1996, she placed first in all the competitions in which she participated. Throughout the years, she has added many first, second, and third place medals to her competitive record.

In 1998, she competed in her first winter Olympic games in hopes of a gold medal. Although she didn't reach it, she still placed second, which was impressive, considering her injured foot. She continued to skate even as she started attending UCLA in 1999. In 2001, she equaled Peggy Fleming, an older renowned figure skater, with four World titles. Also in that year, she fired her long-time coach Carroll. It created a scandal, and it seemed like it would affect her performance. However, at the 2002 winter Olympics, she performed wonderfully. But she placed third, when an unexpected young newcomer, Sarah Hughes, captured the gold.

Although the bronze medal in Salt Lake City was a disappointment, Michelle has continued to succeed in skating: this year, aided by new coach Scott Williams, she has placed first in the three competitions she has competed in so far. At her young age, she is already recognized as the most decorated figure skater of modern times and has won more marks of 6.0 in competitions than any other skater.

An idol to her fans, both Chinese and American, Michelle's commitment and success reflect her hard work, determination, and love for her sport.

Amy Chow, gymnast

Jennifer Wang

Amy Chow is an inspiration for all female Chinese-American gymnasts. She has accomplished many feats, including winning both a gold and a silver medal at the 1996 Olympics in Atlanta, Georgia. She is one of many prominent Chinese-American athletes in American society.

Amy was born on May 15, 1978, in San Jose, California, to her wonderful parents, Susan and Nelson Chow. She started taking gymnastics as part of the West Valley Gymnastics School club when she was three and piano lessons when she was four. Since then she has become an incredible collector of dolphin items, listening to classical music and Celine Dion, and watching "I Love Lucy". Amy is now attending Stanford University as a biology major and pediatrician.



(1995-2001), Amy and the rest of the team won numerous awards in both national and international competitions. At the 1995 Pan American Games in Mar del Plata, Argentina, Amy won a gold medal on the vault and a silver on the uneven bars, and Team USA won a gold in the team competition and a bronze

During her six years on the national team, the team won numerous awards in both national and international competitions. At the 1996 Olympics in Atlanta, Georgia, the team placed first overall and bars, her favorite event. At the Individual Event World Championships in San Juan, Puerto Rico the same year, Amy went up to the Semi-Finals. In the 1995 Pan American Games in Mar del Plata, Argentina, Amy won a gold medal on the vault and a silver on the uneven bars, and Team USA won a gold in the team competition and a bronze

all around. In the 1994 US Olympic Festival in St. Louis, Missouri, the team won a silver medal, and Amy won a silver medal in the balance beam event and another silver medal in the floor exercise event, her biggest challenge. Amy likes to do very complicated routines. She's even had a move named for her: a back staldler with one and a half twists called "the Chow". However, Amy is always looking for harder moves and is currently developing the "Chow II".

Movers and Shakers:

◆Communicators◆

Communication is a continual balancing act, juggling the conflicting needs for intimacy and independence. To survive in the world, we have to act in concert with others, but to survive as ourselves, rather than simply as cogs in a wheel, we have to act alone.

—Deborah Tannen

Connie Chung, broadcast journalist

Irene Li

Born Constance Yu-Hwa Chung, Connie Chung became the co-anchor of the "CBS Evening News", the first Asian and second woman to hold the coveted position as night anchor in a major network. In addition, she hosted "Eye to Eye with Connie Chung", a popular prime-time newsmagazine featuring interviews with controversial newsmakers. Chung is now the most sought-after broadcaster in the media.

Connie Chung was born on August 20, 1946 in suburban Washington D.C. to William Ling and Margaret Ma. Both parents had been forced to flee war-torn China in 1944 after the death of all five sons in the bloodshed. Chung earned a degree in Journalism from the University of Maryland and began her career as a secretary for WTTG-TV. She became an on-the-air reporter in 1971 and was assigned to the CBS Washington bureau later that year, aided by the new mandate that promoted the hiring of minorities. In 1972, Connie Chung used her fluency in Chinese to help in the preparation of the stories of President Nixon's trip to China.

Distinguishing herself for her assertiveness in covering stories, Chung hurled herself into the midst of the Watergate scandal in 1972 when she was only 25. By 1983, she had become the highest paid local anchor in the country. She returned to national reporting in time for the 1984 presidential election. Chung's work in the 1984 election elevated her to celebrity status. After her contract ended with NBC, Chung left for CBS and a contract of \$1.5 million annually. Working her way up, Chung finally joined Dan Rather as co-anchor of the "CBS Evening News" in 1993 along with hosting "Eye to Eye with Connie Chung".

Chung has gained much acclaim for her work, including three National Emmy Awards, a 1991 National Headliner Award, a 1991 Clarion Award, and Amnesty International Human Rights Award in 2000. She is currently hosting CNN's "Connie Chung Tonight." Chung lives with husband Maury Povich and son, Matthew, in Manhattan.



Lucy Liu, actress

Ariel Wen, translated from Chinese by Irene Li

Lucy Liu, born Liu Yu Ling, is a face known to many. A talented young actress, Liu is the epitome of a

successful Asian American. Whether on television or on the big screen, Liu radiates a calm confidence and cool poise.

Liu was born in Queens, New York on December 2, 1961 to Chinese immigrant parents. From an early age, Liu showed signs as a talented entertainer. She attended Stuyvesant High School and enjoyed the performing arts and took a liking to dance. After finishing her freshman year at New York University, she left her hometown to attend University of Michigan at Ann Arbor. There, she took courses in filming, art and Eastern literature. During her final year in college, she decided to put her acting skills to the test. Trying out for the play *Alice in Wonderland*, she hoped only to attain a supporting position. However, when the results were announced, she was shocked to find herself in the lead role. This opportunity launched her acting career.

Deciding to pursue acting, Liu moved to Los Angeles, auditioning for roles. She eventually had a guest appearance as a waitress on "Beverly Hills 91210" in 1990 and then a regular role on "Pearl," and first appeared in films as an ex-girlfriend in *Jerry Maguire* (1996).

To date, Lucy Liu has acted in multiple films, including *Payback*, *Shanghai Noon* and *Charlie's Angels*. In the television series "Ally McBeal," Liu plays a sharp-witted lawyer, Ling Woo.

Apart from acting, Liu is an enthusiastic mountain climber, skier, horseback rider and martial artist and knows how to play the accordion. She is also fluent in Mandarin.

Liu uses her talent to secure a spot in the Hollywood acting circle, a coveted position usually held by Caucasian entertainers. In fact, she was the first Asian-American female to host "Saturday Night Live." Not only has her appearance on screen facilitated an interest in Asian-American performers, Liu has also led the way for many aspiring ethnic actors. Liu has risen to a level of stardom achieved by few, and she has truly opened the door in the world of acting to a new generation of Asian-American talent

Martin Yan, cooking show host

Tiffany Chang

Referred to by some as "the guy really good with knives," Martin Yan is most famous for his cooking show "Yan Can Cook" on PBS, as well as a chef, an author, and a restaurant and food consultant.

Born in Guangzhou, China shortly after the Communist occupation, Yan recalls that he did not have much to eat as a child. He left China for Hong Kong at age 13 to be apprenticed to an uncle in the restaurant business, and at 18 left the continent altogether for Canada. He received bachelors and masters degrees in food science from the University of California at Davis, where he met his wife Susan. There, he got his first experience teaching cooking by giving culinary lessons to students.

In 1977, out of college, he became the head chef at Lee's Garden Restaurant in Alberta, Canada. It was there that Yan's relaxed cooking style caught the eye of a producer, and he was put on the air. In 1982, his show "Yan Can Cook" made its American debut when was aired from KQED in northern California.



"Yan Can Cook" has been nominated for multiple James Beard Awards, and has won two of them. His show also earned a daytime Emmy award for single camera photography in 1998. He is also the author of multiple cookbooks and recently opened a restaurant in Santa Rancho Margarita. Currently there are "Yan Can" eateries located throughout California.

Recently, Yan's cooking shows will feature the host visiting eleven different Chinatowns around the globe. Yan will explore Chinese history. The show, "Martin Yan's Chinatowns," will be a way for this age's TV-oriented youth to learn more about Chinese culture as well as Chinese cooking.

Yan has become involved with giving speeches for Chinese student associations on campuses across the nation. He promotes Asian-American pride, and gives encouragement to remember our roots. He endorses a simple philosophy: "Some people are just never content no matter how much fame or money they have; they just continue

to push, push, push. But the Chinese philosophy is to be content with what you have. If you aren't content how can you be happy?"

Yan currently resides in San Mateo, California with his wife and twin sons.

Jackie Chan, martial artist and actor

Tiffany Hsiou

He could kick higher than any kid his age. He could run faster than any kid his age. Jackie Chan was the leader of his pack since day one.

Chan, whose Chinese name is Sing Lung ("already a dragon"), was born in Hong Kong on April 7, 1954. He was apprenticed to the Peking Opera at age 6 to learn kung-fu under master Yu Jim-Yuen's. Jackie was specially selected to be a student of Yuen's; many had noticed his talent early on in his life. Among his students were "The Three Brothers": Chan, Samo Hung and Yuen Biao. This comedic trio performed in films and worked with another kung-fu master, Bruce Lee. After ten years at the Peking Opera School, Chan got a job as a stunt man and in 1971 had his first major appearance on the big screen in the Cantonese film *Big and Little Wong Tin-Bar*.

Because of a contract breach, his past producer issued threats on Chan's life, and to avoid confrontation Chan came to the United States. After starring in *Battle Creek Brawl* (1979), a flop, Chan was bought out by his past producer and free to return to Hong Kong.



As he continued acting, his producers told him to be Bruce Lee but Chan never once hid his own personality. He wished to be like a Charlie Chaplin or Buster Keaton and also incorporate his own style in his work. While making a movie, Chan once sat down with his producer and said, "When Bruce Lee kicked high, I'd kick low." Chan went on to amaze people with his "hi-yahs", famous fight combinations and goofy humor. He was the first to be able to successfully fuse martial arts and acting.

However, this came at a cost. Over his career, Chan has broken his nose three times, an ankle, most of his fingers, both cheekbones and his skull.

Chan has acted in over 70 films. Although he already had a fan base in Hong Kong, it was *Rumble in the Bronx* (1996) that won the martial artist an American Audience. The latest Chan film, *Shanghai Knights*, was released in February 2003. Like his other films, *Shanghai Knights* is a combination of kung-fu and comedy.

Married to Leng Feng-Chiao, he has one son.

Movers and Shakers:

◆Scientists◆

For the scientist the formulation of questions is almost the whole thing. The answers, when found, only lead on to other questions. The nightmare of the scientist is the idea of complete knowledge.

-D.W. Winnicott

Dr. David Ho, AIDS researcher

Olivia Ying

David Ho was born in Taichung, Taiwan on Nov. 3, 1952. At birth, he was given the name Da-i, which, in Chinese, literally means "great one". When Da-i was four, his father moved to America, hoping to provide a better life for his family. Nine years later, Da-i, his mother, and younger brother joined his father Paul in central Los

Angeles. His other brother Sydney would immigrate later as well. In America, Da-i received his English name, David. At first, Ho and his brother Phillip were having a very difficult time adjusting with the American culture and language, with which it took him about six months to get familiar. After high school, Ho went to Massachusetts Institute of Technology for one year and earned his B.S. in physics from California Institute of Technology. However, his life wasn't all academics: he played basketball intensively, and also competed in chess tournaments.



Believing that physics wasn't the cutting edge of the time, he went to the Harvard-MIT Division of Health Science and Technology to study medicine. Soon, he began studying AIDS at Massachusetts General Hospital and UCLA School of Medicine. David and his team realized that AIDS was an infectious disease, and that HIV multiplies many times right from the start. They developed a combination of protease-inhibitor and antiviral drug "cocktails" to stunt the early-stage of AIDS in patients, yielding dramatic results. Because of his research, David was named *Time* magazine's 1996 Man of the Year.

Ho is now an operations manager at the Aaron Diamond AIDS Research Center in Manhattan, New York. He is married to Susan Kuo, an artist, and now has three children. Although his life may seem very academically inclined, it is his love of humanity that drives him.

An Wang, founder of Wang Laboratories

Austin Lo

Dr. An Wang, although not a household name, is responsible for the temporary memory storage devices in calculators along with about 35 other patented products.

Wang was born on Feb. 7, 1920 in Shanghai, China. He immigrated to the United States in 1945 after losing most of his family to the Japanese invasion. In China, he had received his B.S. from Chiao Tung University in 1940, and once in America he attended Harvard University and received his PhD in applied physics in June of 1948. He married his wife Lorraine in 1949 and became a citizen in 1954.



His first job after obtaining his doctorate was working for Dr. Howard Aiken at the Harvard Computation Laboratory. While there, he invented the pulse transfer controlling device. The mechanism, a donut-shaped cell, had a magnetic center that could store either a 1 or a 0 for a short period of time. This magnetic core memory was effective in that it regulated the exact flow of magnetic energy. This design was ideal for electronic calculators, which were about to make their debut. Wang filed the patent in September of 1949 and on May 17, 1955 patent 2,708,722 was issued for his invention.

IBM quickly caught on to the value of Wang's novel cell, and bought the patent for use in its products.

Wang decided to start Wang Laboratories with just \$600, and on June 30, 1955 the company was officially incorporated. Initially, Wang Labs was engaged in designing and manufacturing electronic calculators for general use. In 1965 it introduced its first competitor on the calculator scene, the WANG 300. The product was based on another Wang patent, the LOCI, which was a large scientific desktop calculator patented the year before. It changed the terms of an operation to a logarithm and once it reached an answer, it converted the figure back from logarithm form. Wang's company later came out with WANG 360, 370 and 380, models that dominated the electronic calculator industry in the second half of the 1960s.

In 1971 Wang moved on to word processors and computers and by 1977 his products dominated that industry as well. Wang Laboratories reached its apex in 1986 when it employed 30,000 people and generated \$3 billion in sales. However, the company began to decline with Wang's retirement from active involvement in 1982 and later his death.

Dr. An Wang passed away in Boston on Mar. 24, 1990 after a one-year battle with cancer.

◆Writers◆

The writer operates at a peculiar crossroads where time and place and eternity somehow meet. His problem is to find that location.

—Flannery O'Connor

Amy Tan, author

Irene Li



Writer Amy Tan was born on Feb. 19, 1952 in Oakland, California. Her father immigrated to America and became a Baptist minister. Growing up, Tan was under constant pressure from her parents to do well and to meet the standards expected of a high-achieving Chinese girl. When Tan was fourteen, her father and older brother died of brain tumors and the family moved to Switzerland. Tan's relationship with her mother, always strained, now reached a breaking point. Daisy Tan was an exacting and strict mother whose high demands of Tan from an early age caused her daughter to feel that she was never good enough.

After graduating from college, Tan dabbled in several occupations but eventually turned her sight to writing at age 31. Her *Joy Luck Club* (1989), a novel exploring the relationship between Chinese mothers and their Chinese-American daughters, was inspired by a trip she took with her own mother to China. It remained on the New York Times bestseller list for 40 weeks. Her second novel, *The Kitchen God's Wife* was published in 1991 followed by *The Hundred Secret Senses* (1995) and *The Bonesetter's Daughter* (2001).

Amy Tan uses facts of her life and the lives of her ancestors and interweaves them into her stories. Her books are not intended to characterize Chinese culture but rather to express the relationships between her characters, nostalgic of her own. Events of the stories can be linked to real happenings in Tan's life. For example, June's mother in *Joy Luck Club* was forced to abandon her two daughters when the Japanese attacked, as did Tan's mother when she fled from the Communists.

She is married to Lou deMattei and currently resides in San Francisco.

David Henry Hwang, playwright

Enid Hwang

Until recently, representation of Asian-American culture had appeared little in conventional culture. However, with the works of David Henry Hwang, the world of Western theater has gained significant contributions dealing with the modern multicultural society and the Asian-American presence within it.

Hwang, born in Los Angeles in 1957 to Chinese parents: a banker father and a piano professor mother, experienced many cultural differences while growing up, his prolific writing career.

His first experience with writing and his heritage was at ten years of age, when he feared the memories of his ailing death, and he subsequently produced an amateur 90-page novel of anecdotes and inspiration for *Golden Child* (1999).

Shortly after graduating from Stanford play *F.O.B* (acronym for "fresh off the boat") cultural distinctions in the simple story of a his "Western-ized" cousin and her thoughts of their homeland. Quickly gaining recognition for his talent, Hwang won an OBIE award for best new play of the 1981 season with his debut work. During this time, he also attended



in 1979 with a degree in English, his first presents many of Hwang's opinions of Chinese immigrant who must cope with

the prestigious Yale School of Drama.

Hwang continued to write plays concerned with Asian-American cultural issues including *The Dance and the Railroad* (1981), *Family Devotions* (1981), *Sound and the Beauty* (1983), and *Rich Relations* (1986). All of these plays were praised, but Hwang's breakthrough play, *M. Butterfly* (1988) astounded critics and garnered a Tony Award for best play and was a finalist for the Pulitzer Prize the following year. A retelling of Puccini's *Madam Butterfly*, *M. Butterfly* still clung to Hwang's main theme of Eastern and Western misconceptions of one another, also encompasses subjects such as chauvinism and political concerns of today.

Hwang married artist Ophelia Y. M. Chong in 1985, but the relationship ended in divorce. He is now married to Kathryn Layng and has two children, Noah David and Eva Veanne.

Despite the fact that many of Hwang's works are Asian in flavor, he insists that he is not strictly an Asian-American writer. He attempts to connect other issues along with his race in his plays, giving them multiple dimensions.

David Henry Hwang continues to write, and although certainly not abandoning his passion for theatre, has written screenplays for *M. Butterfly* (1993), *Golden Gate* (1994), and *Seven Years in Tibet* (1997). Some of his recent plays include *Face Value* (1993), *Buried Child* (1998), and *Golden Child*, an incredibly personal retelling of his own family's roots that won him another OBIE and three Tony nominations. He is currently working on a new play on the painter Paul Gauguin.

Maxine Hong Kingston, author

Irene Li

Maxine Hong Kingston is one of the first Asian-American authors to hold acclaim for her works in both fiction and nonfiction. Through her vivid portrayal of the spirit of her Chinese ancestry and the hardships of Chinese immigrants, Kingston brings alive the experiences of Asian Americans.

Born on October 27, 1940 to immigrant parents Tom and Yin Lan Hong, Kingston is the oldest of six American-born children. As a child, Kingston was profoundly influenced by her parents' struggle for acceptance and their need to install in their children the importance of their cultural heritage. Later in her works, Kingston strives to understand their pain and seeks to give voice to not only their experiences but also those of her own.

After graduating from University of California at Berkeley, Kingston married actor Earl King, in 1962 and gave birth to her son, Joseph, two years after. The family moved to Hawaii where she taught private school and began to write.

Her first novel/memoir, *The Woman Warrior: Memoir of a Girlhood Among Ghosts* (1976) gives voice to the great women who have influenced her but had never had a chance to speak out. Foremost among them is Kingston's aunt, who gave birth to an illegitimate child. *Time* magazine named *The Woman Warrior* one of the top ten non-fiction works of the 1970s.

Kingston's second book, *China Men*, is written to honor the many men who had left their homes to settle in America. The winner of the 1981 American Book Award for non-fiction and a Pulitzer Prize runner-up, *China Men* is a novel of struggle and triumph.

Some of Kingston's other literary works include *Tripmaster Monkey: His Fake Book*, winner of the 1989 PEN West Award in fiction about a young man's struggle to escape racism and to question the world around him, a book of twelve prose essays, *Hawaii One Summer*, and *The Fourth Book of Peace*.

Kingston received the National Humanities Medal in 1997 from President Clinton. She hopes that one day she will not be considered "exotic" but rather only as someone who writes and teaches about Americans and what it means to be human. She once said, "I think I teach people how to find meaning."

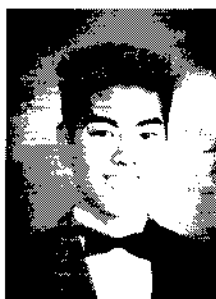


我們的榜樣

- 康谷華協 2002 年高中畢業生獎學金獲獎作品選講

編者按：謝謝教育組負責人黃家蘭老師，給我們發來了康谷華協 2002 年高中畢業生獎學金獲得者的作品。這些年輕人的文章寫的多麼好啊！他們寫出了自己的心聲，寫出了上中文學校的酸甜苦辣，寫出了生動而又曲折的成長歷程，最可寶貴的是在這塊新大陸上找到了自己的根！讀了這些文章，我們很受感動，很令我們這些大人們深省。他們的昨天正是我們成長中的孩子們正在經歷的今天。因此，聽聽他們的話，對我們、對正在或準備上中文學校的孩子都會有極大的啟發。茲因本刊篇幅有限，特選獲獎作品的片段登錄如下，以饗讀者。

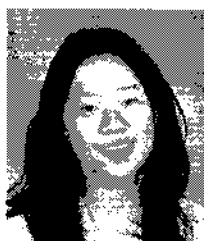
Christopher Chow 周文傑



Growing up as an "American Born Chinese" in my predominantly white community was often arduous and challenging. Whether being made fun of for my squinty eyes or for my funny last name, I often wished I wasn't Chinese. The pressure I received from my peers was magnified by my own desire to conform and fit in with everyone else. I hated being different. However, as my adolescent years progressed, I began to realize the importance of my identity. My Chinese heritage has become integrated into every aspect of my life. I believe it is critical that I first understand my own culture before I am able to further promote my Chinese heritage. By attending the local Chinese School for the last nine years, I have acquired strong skills in reading, writing, and speaking Mandarin. Additionally, I have been exposed to many Chinese extra-curricular activities such as ping-pong, Chinese origami, Karate, and even Chinese Chess. It is a well-known fact that China is becoming increasingly influential in the international business world, and with these tools, I will be well equipped to establish business connections.

Looking back at my life, I am truly thankful for the ways my Chinese heritage has molded my character and shaped my life. I am grateful for the Thousand Oaks Chinese School because I have learned many academic skills and have made many terrific friends. No longer am I afraid to say that I am Chinese, for now I take extreme pride in being a part of such a respected and influential nationality.

Justine Chiou 邱天慧



For eleven years, at exactly 8:45 AM, my mom or my dad would bum into the room, frantically saying that we were going to be late. For eleven years, there was no sleeping in or Saturday morning cartoons. There was no sugary cereal with marshmallows floating on top or playing outside at the park. For eleven years, on Saturday mornings, I sat in a classroom amongst other, rather bitter children, wondering why we had to be here.

Of course, there were the perks of Chinese school. We did get to learn new things- like how to fold paper cranes and balloons in origami- and we did get to meet new friends. Soon Chinese school became something to look forward to: that was a day I got to spend with a special brand of people, people who were more like me than any of my other friends, people who shared the same language, cultural background and demanding parental upbringing.

I cannot say I know much Chinese. Even though they finally ran out of grades for me, I am still hopelessly illiterate, a "wen mang" (文盲) as my mom is eager to remind me when she points to the newspaper and asks what it says. What little written Chinese I know is now forgotten. I am somewhat ashamed to say that I am far more literate in Spanish than I am in my own language. However, I do not think those eleven years were wasted. I may not have left with a command of the Chinese language, but I did leave with a distinct impression of what it means to be Chinese. Through the interaction with Others, and through simply being around Chinese people for those many hours every week, I was able to absorb the

sense of community and identity that I could not find anywhere else.

Derek Chang 張君儀



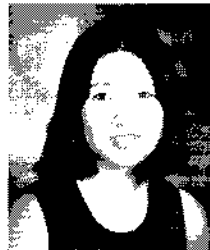
I can clearly recall the fun and unforgettable activities that I have participated in the Chinese School. But on a deeper level, what real lessons and values have I attained from these many years of Chinese School?

Last summer of 2001, I had the opportunity to visit the motherland, China, and fully immerse myself in her rich culture and distinctive customs. I visited monumental landmarks such as the Great Wall of China and the Forbidden City as well as beautiful sceneries and architectures such as the West Lake and the Lingering Garden. I enjoyed the company of the local people as well as the excitement during the night markets. Widely diverse selections of delightful food filled the streets with the flavorful aroma of tasty roast duck as well as pungent smelly tofu. I thoroughly loved the challenges of reading street signs, watching television programs and even engaging the native Chinese in conversations. I found myself suddenly submerging in a seemingly familiar world. The surrounding was different from that in the United States, but it was sweet and warm to my heart. But the greatest value I received from the experience was a greater awareness of the world around me as well as the significance of being Chinese. I gained respect for China for embracing such a tremendous wealth of culture. She is so ancient and yet affluent with lyrical poetry, intricate and exquisite artwork, and revolutionary inventions. It is mind boggling to envision the breadth and depth of such amazing Chinese accomplishments and the continued evolution of the Chinese society through war and peace in the past five thousand years. Today, twenty five percent of the world population has a command of the Chinese language. I realize how fortunate I am to be brought up with such a rich Chinese heritage and to be given the opportunity to learn the Chinese language and culture at Chinese school.

Now, as I look back, I quickly realize that my Saturday mornings were a minor price to pay in comparison to the immense knowledge and valuable experiences that I had gained. I wish I had greater motivation when I was younger to learn as much as I could about the Chinese language and culture. I can

imagine that if I had been more studious in each of my Chinese classes, I would now be able to sufficiently communicate with another 1.3 billion people in the world and expand my horizons beyond the western culture. It is my wish, during the next four years in college, that I would have the opportunity to continue my Chinese education to further explore the depths of our unique and wonderful Chinese Culture.

Margaret Lee 李宗意



Ever since my first days of Chinese School, I have always enjoyed the dominant sense of community that brought the school and the people close together. Growing up in a predominantly white society. I was lost with no connection to my heritage and my culture. Going to Chinese School every Saturday gave me a connection to my roots. Through my enrollment there, I not only began to appreciate the intricacies of the language, but also the beauty of Chinese art, lifestyle, and forms of expression. By taking Chinese knot class, tai chi class, and drawing class, I started to get a full sense of what life was like for my ancestors.

A growing appreciation was maturing for my Chinese roots as I was taken away by how challenging and complex the language and the speech is. My struggle to remember characters made me understand that the language and the culture are greatly developed. Studying Chinese history and philosophies completed a rounded education that exposed me to all aspects of the Chinese culture.

Chinese School didn't just give me a better sense of what the culture is like, but it also made me feel like I was part of a community. Chinese School has been a great experience that has helped me learn about my roots. Spending my Saturdays at Chinese School has been valuable to my development as a person, because I now know who I am. This knowledge and assurance comes from learning about my roots, which has helped me learn about myself. Without knowing about the culture that has raised my family and me, I would feel empty. I am grateful for having been able to experience the wonders of Chinese culture through the Chinese School programs. The memory will always stick with me throughout my life, and the knowledge I have gained will help me succeed.

Patrica Chen 陳士珮

Forsaking the freedom of Saturday mornings isn't too terrible in retrospect. But at the time, dragging my body to Chinese school could be a pain. I mean, my Chinese was good enough to converse with my non-English speaking grandparents. So I would not do some homework

assignments or make excuses to my mother to skip just one day.

But she would make me go. And when I did get out of bed and into class, it wasn't really that bad. We would play Bingo or sing fun Chinese songs. Oh yeah, somewhere in the middle we'd learn some Chinese characters. Over time, I began to understand and appreciate my culture (against my will).

Okay, so Chinese school wasn't bad. In fact, I really am glad I spent all those years there. I learned and I did something that was good for me and even had some fun in the process. I even want to study Chinese in college now. But most importantly, it created a community for me. As corny as it sounds, my good friends are childhood ones made there.

I'm Chinese and am darn proud of it. And when I make my children go to Chinese school, and they complain, I'll say... "When I was your age, I hated it. But I really appreciate that I went now." To which they will undoubtedly roll their eyes in disbelief. I'll know, though, that I am telling the truth and that they, someday, will say the same to their kids.

Katharine Chen 陳凱瑞

"Mei-mei! Chi lai ah!" (Little girl, wake up!). These were the words of my mother every Saturday morning for the past 8 years of my life. Every Saturday, I would be forced by my doting parents to get up from my warm bed and attend Chinese school. This was not fun for a little girl my age. I was very jealous of my friends because they could sleep till noon on Saturday mornings, whereas I had to leave for... Chinese School.

My parents would then drive me to Chinese School, where I would sleepily walk to class. When I got there though, I immediately smiled because I saw my fellow Chinese friends. Saying hi to them and

talking to them about my week, I instantly became glad that I was there. As the day went on, the teacher taught us all about the Chinese culture, language, reading, and writing, and I became immersed in my Chinese identity. Over the years, I began to love my heritage more and more, and am planning on majoring in Asian Studies at Dartmouth College next fall.

Family, spirit, kindness, language, education, and more, this is what it means to be Asian. I have found the Chinese in my heart. I am a true Chinese person, thanks to the never ending urgings of my parents to pursue my ancestry, who I am. I am proud of everything being Chinese brings to me. My parents and their broken English, mismatched furniture, house slippers and more, "Wo Do Ai," I love it all

Jerry Jiang 江星磊

Chinese School, oh Chinese School. I have had a bittersweet experience with Chinese School. When I was younger, the thing I disliked about Chinese School the most was probably the pressure my parents gave me to do well even though the grades earned there

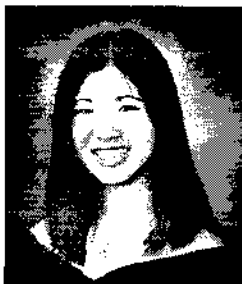
don't really count for anything. I was forced to study one of the most difficult written languages and my best efforts never seemed good enough to please my parents. Thinking back, I still remember how my parents always loved to say, "If she can be first place in the class, why can't you be? She's human too and everyone has the same 24 hours in a day." I continued to work and try harder and finally one year, I worked myself to the number one position in my class! It was quite a thrill despite the fact the girl who used to be number one quit.

Through Chinese Jeopardy I have learned more about Chinese history, culture, geography, medicine, philosophy, technology, and idiom than I ever imagined possible. Every year for the competition we had to memorize a new set of 150 Chinese idioms, which in only four words can signify a LOT. Each idiom also carries with it a 10-page story on how each idiom came to be. Those were some intense months the team went through in order to prepare for the regional competition, but one year it finally paid off. Our memorizing 5000 years of Chinese history in 5 short weeks was not done in vain. We made it to the

nationals after a heart-stopping tiebreaker!

There is a famous quote that goes "What doesn't kill you only makes you stronger" and I think that Chinese School has made me stronger and more prepared for the world because of the opportunities that it offers and the experiences that I've gained from it. There were times when I was completely fed up with Chinese School and all the responsibilities that comes with it, but determined to get through it, I have gained have experience, ability and knowledge unattainable elsewhere. I have not only been able to learn about my culture and language at Chinese school, but it has also allowed me to learn things that are not taught in a book but through experience.

Rita Hsiung 熊方瑜



On Saturdays, while many of my peers are still sleeping, I attend Chinese school at Thousand Oaks High School. At Chinese School, I not only learn how to read Chinese, I learn the origin of the word. I not only learn the strokes of Chinese characters, I learn how to hold a calligraphy brush. I not only learn how to speak, I learn how to slur certain words together so I don't completely sound like a foreigner. I not only learn the history of China and Taiwan, I learn the history of my ancestors. Besides the scholastics that Chinese School offers, they also offer many elective classes. I have trained my hands to wrestle an ordinary piece of paper into a crane or a decorative box. I have witnessed diligent tai-chi students moving their chi. I have seen that Ping-Pong ball back and forth, but rather a full contact, heart pumping sport.

Chinese School has given me much more than an educational experience, it has also given me a cultural experience. The excitement and preparation of the annual Chinese New Year Celebration instills in me pride for my heritage and time and effort I put into a performance. Likewise, it is evident that practice pays off at the yearly track and field competition where I have a chance to meet other first generation American born Chinese students my age. At Chinese School, I gain of sense of what life is like in Taiwan and China from being surrounded by people like me -people with black hair and slanted eyes. Chinese School not only celebrates Chinese holidays like Chinese New Year

and Mid Autumn Festival, but they also celebrate American holidays like Thanksgiving and Mother's Day. It has blended American and Chinese cultures together to show that these two cultures can coexist together and benefit from each other

Patrick Hou 侯凱元



My memories from Thousand Oaks Chinese School are those that I will carry with me for the rest of my life. Of all the things I have learned from Chinese school, it is the knowledge of my culture that will endure most strongly within me. As a student for many years, I have learned so much about the Chinese history from thousands of years back, all the way until where Chinese Americans stand presently in American society. Whether it is discussing the newest chapter of the workbooks in class or performing in Thousand Oaks' Chinese School's New Years show, each time I participate, I know that I am gaining a bit more of insight about my culture and who I am. Chinese school has taught me to celebrate my culture and share it with others. During my freshman year in high school, with the collaboration of other Students, I helped put on an unprecedented Chinese New Year performance at my high school. We hoped to demonstrate that the Chinese culture is strong in all areas of American life. Through Chinese school I know that it lives strongly in me.

True, Chinese school could teach me only a small percentage of the thousand upon thousands of words and phrases, but the most imperative aspect of going to Chinese school was that it roused my enthusiasm to continue to pursue learning the language beyond Thousand Oaks Chinese School. I want my Chinese, though it may not be great now, to be an important asset that I can instill into my children, as my parents did with me. That is why I plan to improve my Chinese in college. Chinese school has taught me, most importantly, to celebrate my culture, to share it with others and to continue learning the language. It has allowed me to meet some of the greatest people in my life. So, was it worth it to struggle out of bed when all the other kids were off in Slumberland? Was it worth it to miss those Saturday morning cartoons? Was it worth it to spend my time at school on a Saturday? Yes, A very definite, "YES"!

Albert Hwu 胡智鵬



It was a radiant, sunny Saturday morning with birds chirping, fresh dew on the morning grass and a slight mist in the crisp air. It was 6:30 AM as the first alert of civilization transcended nature's calm. It was an alarm clock. Every

Saturday, while others slept in, watched cartoons, or had a fancy brunch; I would attend Chinese School. I was disgruntled and disheveled, but somehow, I always managed to arrive at school on time for the past twelve years, due to my interest of the Chinese culture, which has always been my utmost priority.

During my freshman year in high school, I started attending a Toastmasters Youth Leadership club at Chinese school that dealt with public speaking and presentational skills. I was extremely shy and indecisive before Toastmasters. It was a new and rewarding experience; furthermore, little did I know the role that Toastmasters would have in revealing my true inner self and in the manifestations of my lifelong dreams and aspirations. By the next semester, I was elected the President of Toastmasters, which led to a new frontier of responsibilities such as leading general meetings, forming agendas, and perpetually working to improve and expand the club. This astonishing success shows that throughout life, there will invariably be challenges, however one must conquer them through persistence.

This final, emotional incident served as a culmination for my desire to serve my local chapter of Toastmasters as I had matured into a genuine leader within. Standing here today, I realize that improving myself took time and effort; I persisted at my goals and dreams reaching new summits, yet eyeing farther and higher peaks. With this great experience I learned that with the more pressure at hand, the harder I worked and the more inspired I was to tackle my thirst for excellence. Soon, the lengthy journey will wind to a close and a new world will blossom, as I have discovered my true inner self and constantly pursue my passion for service and success.

Franklin Lu



I remember one day when I was 7 years old, and my mom woke me up one Saturday morning to go someplace exciting as she told me. But as we rolled up to a school, I knew something was not right. Why would I be pulling up to a school on a Saturday? Of course it was Chinese School. When I first walked into the classroom I never expected to see what I saw. All the other students in class seemed to also have that angry confused expression on their face so similar to mine. It certainly surprised me, but also comforted me to know that I was in the same boat with all of these people. Through the next few years, I started growing up with these same kids, and we talked in class, shared our feelings, and had fun. We all learned to read, write, and speak Mandarin in the classroom, while the afternoons were left up to playing basketball. As we grew up, we bonded even more and tightened our friendships. We are all second generation, and we can all understand each other better and relate more to one another because of it. We all have the same kind of parents, the same kind of lifestyle, the same 12-pound bag of rice in the cupboard. We all felt as if we didn't belong to either world, we would never truly be American, and we would never truly be Chinese either. We would always have that yellow skin and small eyes, and we would always have that subtle American accent that told us apart from real Chinese people. We all felt alone in a way because our identity was so torn, and it brought us together as a result. We also all shared that pressure of doing well academically and that brought us even closer. We vented to one another about how we to get into a good college or we would feel disgrace, about how our parents constantly reminded us everyday to try hard and to get good grades. Sometimes we would come on Saturdays frustrated with the way the week went, but we always left Saturdays a little happier and with a little more hope.

I am so grateful to my mother for making me go to Chinese school; otherwise, I would not have learned about my Chinese heritage, and I would not have met and grown up together with these unforgettable Chinese school friends.

TOCS Reunion

December 28, 2002

By Owen Lei

THOUSAND OAKS, CA.--Three generations of Thousand Oaks Chinese School students met again Sunday in the school's first-ever reunion party.

For many, it was a chance to relive old memories.

"I was a little apprehensive at first because I hadn't seen many people in a long time," said alumna Rebecca Chang, who currently attends Northwestern University. "But once I was there it felt like I'd never left for college."

And for some of the students still at TOCS, it also was a chance to form new ones.

"It was definitely great seeing the older kids again, seeing that they haven't changed too much from their spirited high school years," said Suyun Wu, who is a senior at Agoura High School. "And another plus was having them realize that I'm not as young as I used to be, and that I'll soon be in their shoes as well."

Sponsored by the Chinese school and the California Chinese Cultural Association, the event was held in the Thousand Oaks Library's Marvin E. Smith Community Room. Several of the school's administrators also came to the reunion to see old students and relive old times.

The more than 20 Chinese school alumni attendees represented a plethora of colleges, from the west coast to the east, from state universities to Ivy League institutions.

One aim of the event was to start an alumni directory, said reunion organizer Yashih Wu, and many students filled out their contact information for TOCS to keep on file.

"The Chinese school...wanted to start a Chinese school alumni network for the current students to contact past graduates and get their opinions on different schools and career paths," said Wu, who currently studies at Princeton University. "I think it was [also] a good excuse for the Chinese school students to get together [again] and to meet the newer high school graduates."

Attendees had their pick of sandwich rolls, sushi, juice and soda. Music played from a laptop on a nearby table. After an informal chat session, Wu invited everyone to a setting of tables in the middle of the room, where attendees then played a variant of Pictionary, the popular picture charades game.

Much like the original game, one person from each team would try to get his or her team to guess a given clue by drawing images on the board.

In this version, however, one team would create clues for the other team. The opponent-based clue conception led to some creative and difficult answers, such as "nitrogen deficiency" and "coup d'etat."

"It turned out to be another chance to goof around like old times, rather than a serious game," said alumnus Lawrence Hsu, who also attends Northwestern. "We saw how goofballs like Jerry Jiang...hadn't changed."

When it was suggested that he was also a goofball, Hsu replied: "Okay, sure. Put that in." After the game, many attendees



Back Row (L to R, boys): Owen Lei, Andy Huang, Eric Cheung, Raymond Tang, Lawrence Hsu, Jerry Jiang, Patrick Hou, and Andrew Chang

Front Row (L to R, mostly girls): YiShaun Chen, Yashih Wu, Yee Ting Wu, Justine Chiou, Suyun Wu, Emily Cheung, Grace Tang, Joy Jena.

began getting ready to leave. Some made plans to meet again later. But the sentiment was still the same.

“Chinese school was a big part of my childhood,” Chang said. “I’ve been going since I was five [years old]. It’s easy to get swept away when you’re out of the state and away from home, so it was nice to revisit T.O. and see familiar faces.”

Spoons In Hand: A Collection By *Justine Chiou*

- Happy birthday dad. *Baba, shenri quail*

Spoons in Hand

Breakfast was my favorite meal. There were always good things for breakfast.

Today, coffee ice cream on hot waffles with half a crunch bar and cocoa powder and crunchy cereal to top.

Tomorrow, hot cocoa with extra marshmallows with rice crispies mixed inside.

Daddy always ate icky stuff- like peanut butter and celery, or brussel sprouts on raisin bread with crème cheese. He always had odd things, like yesterday’s dinner and a glass of milk. My daddy was funny like that.

Breakfast was always good. Daddy and me, sitting across each other at the kitchen table, watching the sunlight creep across the kitchen tiles with our spoons in hand.

Strawberry Girl

Washing my hair was the best. Sooner or later my mom would scoop me up and drag me to the tub, already filled with large bubbles for the purpose. My mother always used strawberry bubble bath that came in a big clear bottle colored creamy-pink by the contents. One, two, three huge capfuls she would pour, right under the running water. Then, she would beat the water like you would a gigantic egg to create more.

By the time I splashed in, there were mounds of bubbles in the tub, all smelling like strawberries, in the steamy air. My mom would then wash my hair, careful not to get soap in my eyes she’d comment about how black it was, and how full and soft, and how it was just like hers when she was young.

After the first shampoo she would wash it in vinegar, and carefully rinse it out in the soapy water. Then, she would wash it again with Strawberry shampoo, just to make sure it was clean. My pillows were scented with strawberries for years.

I would wake up in the night reassured, because when strawberries are in the air, nothing wrong can happen.

Raven’s Wings and Paper Napkins

You will catch cold, my mother would say, if you run around with your hair wet and the windows open. Because I hated not hearing the sound of the crickets outside, and because I never liked hairdryers after I got my hair caught in the fan that one time, my dad dried my hair.

We would sit on the couch in front of the TV, me in my favorite jammies and matching slippers clutching the ubiquitous book.

My dad started with towels, careful not to pull too hard or snag a hair, carefully collecting the rivulets of soap-scented water that fell from my shoulders onto the couch. He always had more than one towel on hand.

You, he would joke, have too much hair. How about giving your old dad some? Us laughing at his growing bald spot, wondering what happened to all the hair, speculating if shoe polish would make it shine like a billiard ball.

He was never satisfied with just that. Somehow the air seemed too cold, or the water too dangerous for his precious daughter. He would then coax the moisture out with paper napkins collected from McDonalds dispensers expressly for this purpose. Gently, he would grab a thick strand and wrap it with the coarse napkin-wrap and squeeze. Gently, like polishing a raven’s wing with a cloth of brown.

書名：The Making of 40 Photographs

作者：Ansel Adams (1902~1984)

推薦人：馬馭

在總結五、六十年的事業攝影經驗，Ansel 在 1983發表這本書（精裝本），爾後又二次加印平裝本。千橡圖書館有本1997年的平裝本。

40張照片是他一生作品中的極小部分，但每張照片的註解詳細到什麼相機，鏡頭，濾鏡，底片，天候，沖洗用化學藥品及感光紙等等，就好像聽他講課一樣。仔細圖推敲這些情景，就多少了解一些他如何捕捉那個影像，如何在感光紙上表現出藝術上的造詣。

有關Ansel Adams的書不少，但這本對攝影初入門者有很大的助益。很值得對攝影有興趣的人一讀。

書名：How to Win Friends and Influence People

如何贏得友誼及獲得信任

作者：Dale Carnegie

編譯：林憲正

推薦人：小草

良好的人際關係不僅是事業成長的關鍵，同時是生活愉快的重要因素。這本書是 Dale Carnegie 為二十世紀初美國著名的卡內基訓練課程所寫的一本書。書中運用許多古今中外成功與失敗的例子，教導我們如何在贏得友誼的同時，也獲得他人的信任。哈佛名教授威廉·詹姆士說「比起我們應該的樣子，我們只是半醒。我們只用到一小部份的生理和心智資源。老實說，人類的生活離他的極限還差很遠。它具備很多習慣上未能運用的能力」。這本書的目的就是幫助我們發覺、培養這些潛能而成為成功和快樂的人。

書名：讓高牆倒下吧

作者：李家同

推薦人：馮瀚緯

出版社：1995年 聯經出版社

當您流覽於簡樸，毫不矯揉造作，不掉文，毫無匠氣的字裏行間，您必定也會同時感受到自己的心靈隨著篇篇令人無奈、心酸的文章而心疼。但在心疼的同時，讓這本書帶著你鑽出死胡同，越過圍繞你心靈的高牆去看看真實的世界，用你的手去觸摸，也讓圍繞你心靈的高牆倒下吧。

作者付出愛、關懷、寬恕，不是為自己個人的解脫，也不是私心為自身的上天堂，更不是為名利、炫耀與虛榮。基於人道的關懷、對生命的尊重，在他的心中，必定有一股無堅不摧的信念，鼓舞他寫下如此撼人心弦的文章。

本期轉錄「我只有八歲」一文。這篇文章是李家同先生在看到美國一位南非記者拍攝的一張照片後所寫下。照片中一個小女孩因戰亂而奄奄一息時，一隻大禿鷹已迫不及待地等在後面，準備飽餐一頓。

多數人在看到類似照片時，「好殘忍」或是「好可憐的孩子」的念頭只是一閃即逝，充其量，只不過是一張照片罷了。也因為如此，這篇文章帶來的震撼甚於其它。

如同李家同先生所說，我們生活在一堵高牆裡，安逸、美好。牆外的世界我們看不見，縱使看得見，面對周遭的不幸，大多數的時候，我們只是一個旁觀者，一個吝於伸出援手的旁觀者。這篇文章，給了我們一個自省和深思的機會。

我只有八歲

【錄自 讓高牆倒下吧／李家同 著】

我是盧安達的一個小孩，我只有八歲。

我們盧安達不是個有錢的國家，可是我運氣很好，過去一直過得很愉快。爸爸是位小學老師，我就在這所小學唸書，放了學，我們小孩子都在家附近的田野玩。家附近有樹林，也有一條河。我大概五歲起就會游泳了，在我們這些小孩子中，我不僅游得最好，也跑得最快。

因為是鄉下，我們附近有不少的動物，我最喜歡看的是老鷹，牠們飛的姿態真夠優雅。可是我也很怕老鷹，因為牠們常常俯衝下來抓小動物，有一次，有一隻小山貓被一隻大老鷹活活抓走。

有一次我問媽媽：「媽媽，大老鷹會不會把小孩抓走？」

媽媽說：「傻孩子，小孩子旁總有大人在旁邊的，老鷹不敢抓小孩，因為牠們知道大人一定會保護小孩子的。」

我懂了，所以我永遠不敢離開家太遠，我怕老鷹把我抓走。

今年，我開始讀報了，看到報上名人的照片，我老是想，有一天我的照片能上報多好。我的親戚朋友們都說我是個漂亮小孩，也許有一天我會像邁克傑克遜一樣地有名，報上常常登我的照片。

三星期前，爸爸忽然告訴我們，我們的總統遇難了，他認為事態嚴重，因為有心政客可能乘機將事情越搞越糟。

就在那天晚上，一群不知道那兒來的士兵進入了我們的村子，我睡著了，什麼都不知道，第二天早上才知道村子裡所有的男人都被打死了，爸爸也不例外。

媽媽居然還有能力將爸爸埋葬了，當天下

午我們開始流亡。現在回想起來，媽媽平時是一位很軟弱的人，這次忽然顯得非常剛強，惟一的理由是因為她要將我送到安全地帶去。

媽媽在路上，一再地叮嚀我，有人非常恨我們，因此如果發現有壞人來了，可能來不及跑，可是我是小孩子，跑得飛快，一定要拚老命地逃走。媽媽也一再叫我找一棵樹，或者一塊大石頭，以便躲起來，讓壞人看不到。

就在逃亡的第二天，壞人來了，媽媽叫我趕快逃，她自己反而不走，我找到了一棵大樹，躲在樹後面，可是我看到了那些壞人殺人的整個過程。媽媽當然也死了，這批士兵沒有留一個人，不像上次，上次他們只殺男人，這次沒有一個人能逃過。

士兵走了以後，我才回去看我的媽媽。看到媽媽死了，我大哭了起來，因為天快暗了，我怎麼辦？我只有八歲！

虧得還有一個大哥哥也活著，我猜他大概有十幾歲，是個又高又壯的年輕人，剛才他一定也躲了起來，他看我好可憐，來拉我走，他說我們一定要趕快走，找到另一個逃亡的團體，人不能落了單。

我和這位大哥哥相依為命，也找到了一批逃亡的人，好幾次有救濟團體給我們東西吃，雖然很少，可是都虧得這位大哥哥，替我弄到食物吃，如果不是他的話，我早就餓死了，因為小孩子是很難拿到食物的。

由於我們都大半處於飢餓狀態，我們都越來越瘦，這位大哥哥也不是壯漢了。有一天，他說他要去一條河邊喝水，我告訴他最好忍一下，因為河裡都有過死屍，他說他渴得吃不消，一定要去冒一下險。

當天大哥哥就大吐特吐起來，而且虛弱得走不動了。他要休息，然後勸我不要管他，和其他大人一起繼續得逃亡。這次我堅決不肯，決定陪他，他到後來連跟我吵的力氣都沒了。

我偷偷地摸了他的額頭，發現他額頭好燙。

大哥哥昏睡以後，我也睡著了。等我醒過來，我知道他已永遠的離開我了。

我和大哥哥說了再見以後，走回了大路，不知道什麼原因，我從此沒有看到流亡的難民，我只有那片麵包，二天內，我只吃了這一片麵包，我已越來越走不動了。

就在這時候，我發現一頭大老鷹在跟著我，它原來在天上飛，後來發現我越走越慢，索性飛到了地面，我走牠也走，我停牠也停。

雖然沒有見到任何逃亡潮，卻看到了一部吉普車開過來，我高興極了，以為他們會救我一命，可是吉普車沒有停，我心裡難過到了極點。

吉普車開過去以後，忽然停了下來，車上有人走下來，我的希望又來了。可是那位先生

並沒有來救我，他拿起一架配有望遠鏡頭的照相機對著我拍照，當時那位大老鷹站在我附近。照完以後，吉普車又走了。

我這才想起這位先生一定是一位記者，他要趕回去，使全世界報紙都會登到這一照片，老鷹在等著小孩過世。

明天早上，你們在吃豐盛早飯的時候，就會在報紙上看到我的照片，我不是很希望能上報嗎？這次果真如了願。

你們看到的是一個瘦得皮包骨的小孩，已經不能動了。可是我過去曾是個快樂、漂亮而又強壯的小孩，我曾經也有父母親隨時陪在我的身旁，使老鷹不敢接近我。我曾經全身充滿了精力，每天在河裡游泳。

現在，我只有一个願望，在老鷹來啄我的時候，我已不會感到痛。

飢餓的蘇丹

這張照片是凱文卡特，贏得九四年普立茲新聞特寫攝影獎的作品。那是一個蘇丹女童，即將餓斃跪倒在地，而兀鷹正在女孩後方不遠處虎視眈眈，等候獵食女孩的畫面。

這張震撼世人的照片，引來諸多批判與質疑。當人們紛紛打聽小女孩的下落，遺憾的是，卡特也不知道。他以新聞專業者的角色，按下快門，然後，趕走兀鷹，看著小女孩離去。在他獲頒這一生最高的榮譽，兩個月之後，卡特自殺身亡。是否因為道德良心上的遺責，所以卡特才無奈的結束自己的生命，我們不得而知。但你可知在我們周遭，正有無數這樣的圖像在形成、在發生，但你我是否也僅止於按下人生鏡頭的快門，然後，漠然地擦肩而過？

