

# **Yellow** on the Outside **Shame** on the Inside



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**Asian  
Culture  
Revealed**

by anson chi



Why do Asians *really* get straight A's? Why do Asians *really* become doctors and lawyers? Why do Asians *really* play the piano? Many people believe that the reason has to do with the pressure to perform and the pressure to conform, however, it goes much deeper than that—much, much deeper! This didactic novel reveals the truths about Asian culture, which will shock you to the marrow of your bones—and open a hidden world of long-guarded secrets.

## ABOUT THE AUTHOR



Anson Chi, born and raised in New York City, is an author, politician, model, activist—environmental, social, political—and retired engineer. He currently lives in a myriad of places, including Los Angeles and San Diego.

Yellow on the Outside,  
Shame on the Inside:  
Asian Culture Revealed

Anson Chi

Yellow on the Outside, Shame on the Inside: Asian Culture Revealed  
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United States Constitution - The First Amendment

"...no law...abridging the freedom of speech, or of the press..."

#### AUTHOR'S NOTE

This is a work of fiction. Names, characters, places, and incidents either  
are the product of the author's imagination or are used fictitiously, and any  
resemblance to actual persons, living or dead, events, or locales is entirely  
coincidental.

All parts of this book are done by Anson Chi.

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# THANKS TO:

You, the reader

Ryan & Christi

John Winston Ono Lennon

Martin Luther King, Jr.

Mohandas "Mahatma" Gandhi

Congressman (and My President) Ron Paul

To all those that helped, you know who you are

To all those that didn't help, you know who you are

(Bands that kept me focused while writing, in no particular order)

Warsaw · Joy Division · New Order

The Stooges

The Velvet Underground

Belle & Sebastian

Interpol

The Verve · Richard Ashcroft

The Smiths · Steven Patrick Morrissey

The Cure

And You Will Know Us By The Trail Of Dead

Many, many more...

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## A NOTE TO THE READER

I don't usually like to write an introduction—any introduction, including a note to the reader—since we all want to get to the nitty-gritty, but suffices to say, this note is important or else I wouldn't have written it.

This didactic novel is based on Asian culture, specifically East Asian culture which includes Japanese, Vietnamese, Korean, Thai, Chinese, etc. This novel is *not* based on the Asian culture of Russia, Tajikistan, or even Iraq—which are all countries in the continent of Asia. I must state this distinction of clarification so that there's no confusion in regards to the ethnicities and racial heritages mentioned in this novel.

Moreover, the philosophy of this novel targets Asians in general, *not* specific. When I say Asians overachieve to get straight A's, for instance, I'm not saying every Asian specifically—I'm saying Asians *in general*. I must state this distinction of clarification so that there's no “but there's the exception of...” since there are always exceptions to every rule.

Furthermore, the information in this book is not intended to offend; it is intended to change. Please finish reading this book before formulating any prejudices, in order to acquire the full grasp of my message.

All in all, this novel is based somewhat on my life but mostly on the lives of others: the experiences, the austere upbringing of the characters, the opinions, the philosophies, the principles, the tenets and the events—some of them true, even the characters, though I have disguised all their names. Of course, not everything is true because this is a novel after all, thus, you can't sue me; not that you would anyway.

So without further ado, please enjoy the journey from the gospels of a former Asian.

**Outset**

# 1

Doctor or lawyer—my only two options. These would be your only two options if you have Asian parents. You would think that you would be able to pick your own career, since you know, it is your own damn life. But not when you have Asian parents. So my only two options: doctor or lawyer. I wonder if my parents even know why I should become a doctor or a lawyer. Is it because doctors save lives and lawyers protect the innocent? I bet they didn't know that doctors these days are only trained in surgery and prescribing medicine and pretty much nothing else; doctors don't know anything about proven alternative medicine, homeopathic remedies, chiropractic therapy, acupuncture, yet, they make all the big bucks. And they're treated like gods because they supposedly know it all, even though they haven't cured one disease since what—smallpox? As a matter of fact, heart disease, cancer, diabetes, even acne is on the rise and more prevalent than ever before! Shouldn't these reputable, knowledgeable doctors, with such advanced medical technology, know why there are so many new diseases such as acid reflux? And why is there nothing being cured today, not the common cold, not even polio? Maybe it really is all about the money since doctors make big bucks on the sick and dying but not a penny once you're cured. Because once you're cured, you're no longer a customer—I mean patient; I guess the medical profession isn't all that benevolent or caring.

Perhaps I should consider becoming a lawyer; after all, it is my only other choice. I could go to law school and graduate magna cum laude, then my parents would be really proud of their only son. Besides, attorneys work really hard to protect the innocent—or do they? I read in the paper about how a group of lawyers filed motions against DNA testing for prison inmates sentenced before 1970, because many of them would have been found innocent, if they were indeed tested. And if they were found innocent, it would obviously be catastrophic for those insidious lawyers; money over morals, I suppose. Now, I'm not exactly Mother Theresa or the Dalai Lama, but I'd like to be able to sleep at night knowing that I didn't put someone innocent in jail for the rest of his or her life. And besides, they do have lawyer jokes for a reason. My personal favorite: “What's the difference between a lawyer and a

gigolo? A gigolo only screws one person at a time!" Hilarious!

So I guess my parents want me to become a doctor or a lawyer, for completely different reasons, other than what's important—like saving lives or protecting the innocent from an unjust, inequitable system; reasons being money and status, which of course, lead to power. My parents really want my little sister Jordan and me to become doctors—or lawyers if we couldn't hack it in medical school—just so we can make lots of money and then they can brag to all of their friends. I really can't think of any other reasons, since third place on the totem pole of Asian career options is engineering, and there's nothing moral or ethical about being an engineer; only the paycheck matters, so in the end, it all boils down to money.

So since it's really all about money, I guess I might as well become a prostitute, because I'll make just as much as any lawyer, and both professions are just as equally immoral. Plus, I won't have to put up with going to class anymore and I'll save my parents so much money; it's a win-win situation for everyone. Too bad Asian guys have small you-know-what, down you-know-where, so prostitution is out of the question. Of course, I'm just joking about becoming a prostitute, but I really may not be joking if I don't get into medical school.

Between you and me, what I really aspire to be—ever since I was a wee laddie born and raised in Irvine, California—is a writer. I remember telling Mommy that I wanted to become a writer, inspired by scores of the greats: Chaucer, Hemingway, Joyce, Faulkner, Ellison, Orwell, Gaiman, among many, many more. But she gave me a look, with harsh, derisive eyes, and shouted, "Write? What you write? Bullshit? Stupid boy!"—that pretty much ended my "never got up and running" career as a writer.

Well, I guess I'm done with my diatribe. I tend to digress inexorably whenever I have to sit here at the library waiting for Jordan to get done with her studying and her research. I don't even know why she uses the UCI (University of California, Irvine) library, since she goes to Stanford University, for crying out loud. Jordan should stay at Stanford, even on the weekends and not have me take her around everywhere. Just because I wasn't smart enough to get into Stanford doesn't mean I have to be her personal chauffeur.

Instead, my little sister decides to come to my school and take up my time. And she constantly reminds me of how she got a full scholarship to attend Stanford—big deal! It's not like UCI is deplorable by any means—not that it's all that great either. Everyone knows that it's the school to settle for if you can't make it to any of the Ivy League schools. And you're always reminded of how you didn't make it, especially when you drive to UCI on Harvard Avenue,

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