



These are stories of our generation.

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# 80年代 事件簿

'80s Diary in Taiwan 1

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'80s Diary in Taiwan

1 | Sean Chuang

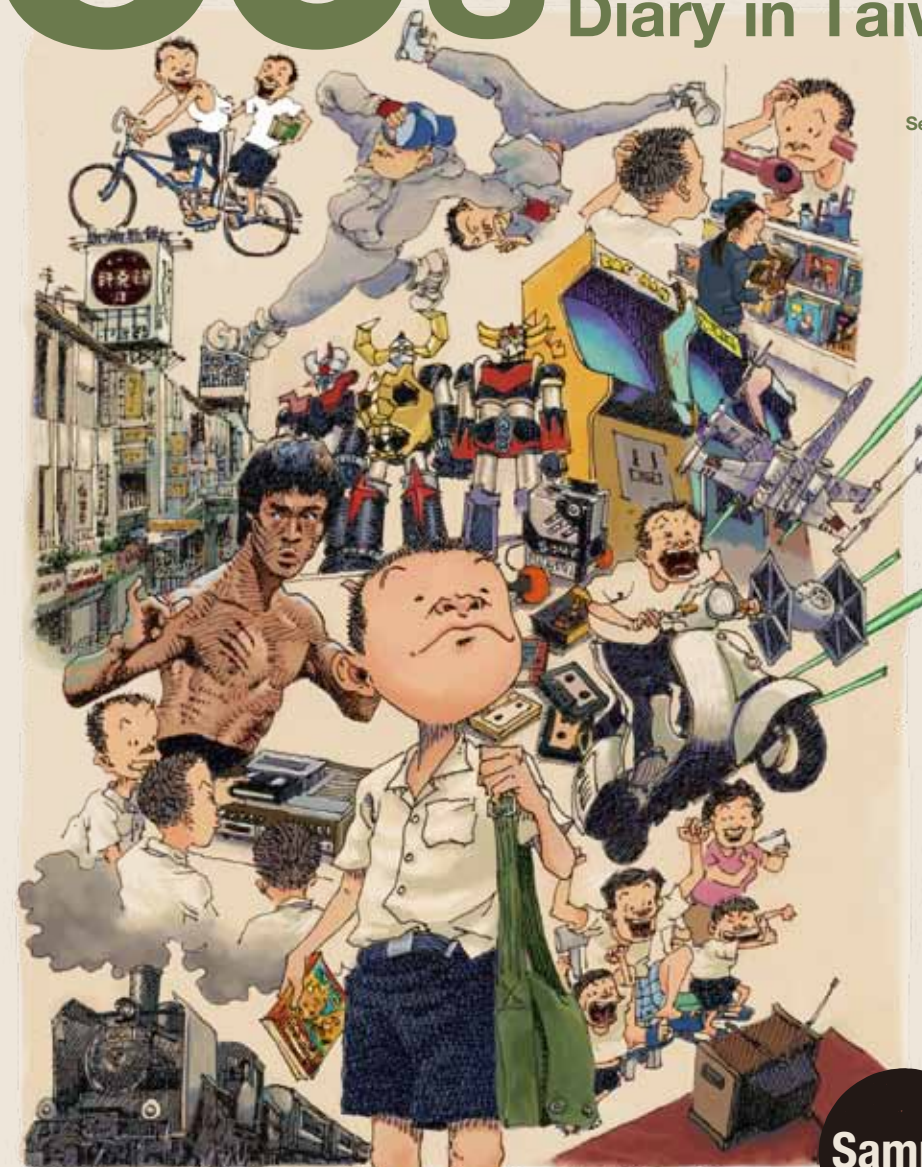
# '80s

## 80年代 事件簿

### Diary in Taiwan

小莊  
Sean Chuang

# 1



Sample

# '80s Diary in Taiwan

80年代  
事件簿

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Author: Sean Chuang  
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Who didn't love Bruce Lee as he deftly manipulated his nunchucks while seething with righteous anger: "Hi-ya!"

**Chap. "Bruce Lee"**

In school there was a five mm. limit to the length of boys' hair, and girls were required to have one cm. of earlobe showing. These requirements destroyed romantic young dreams of long hair flowing in the wind....

**Chap. "Hair Rules"**

"Are you willing to meet the person you are fated to meet?" Wearing the agreed upon T-shirt, you fidgeted as you waited to meet your pen pal for the first time....

**Chap. "The pen Pal"**

Looking sharp! Wearing skinny cropped pants and white canvas sneakers, we'd pack into basement discos to breakdance.

**Chap. "Break Dancing"**

With his unique writing style and point of view, Sean Chuang captures many warm recollections of that bygone era. Perhaps some are a little embarrassing and some the cause of a few regrets, but even more express poignant feelings or relief. Through these 12 life stories, let us pay respect to our youths.

## Sean Chuang 小莊

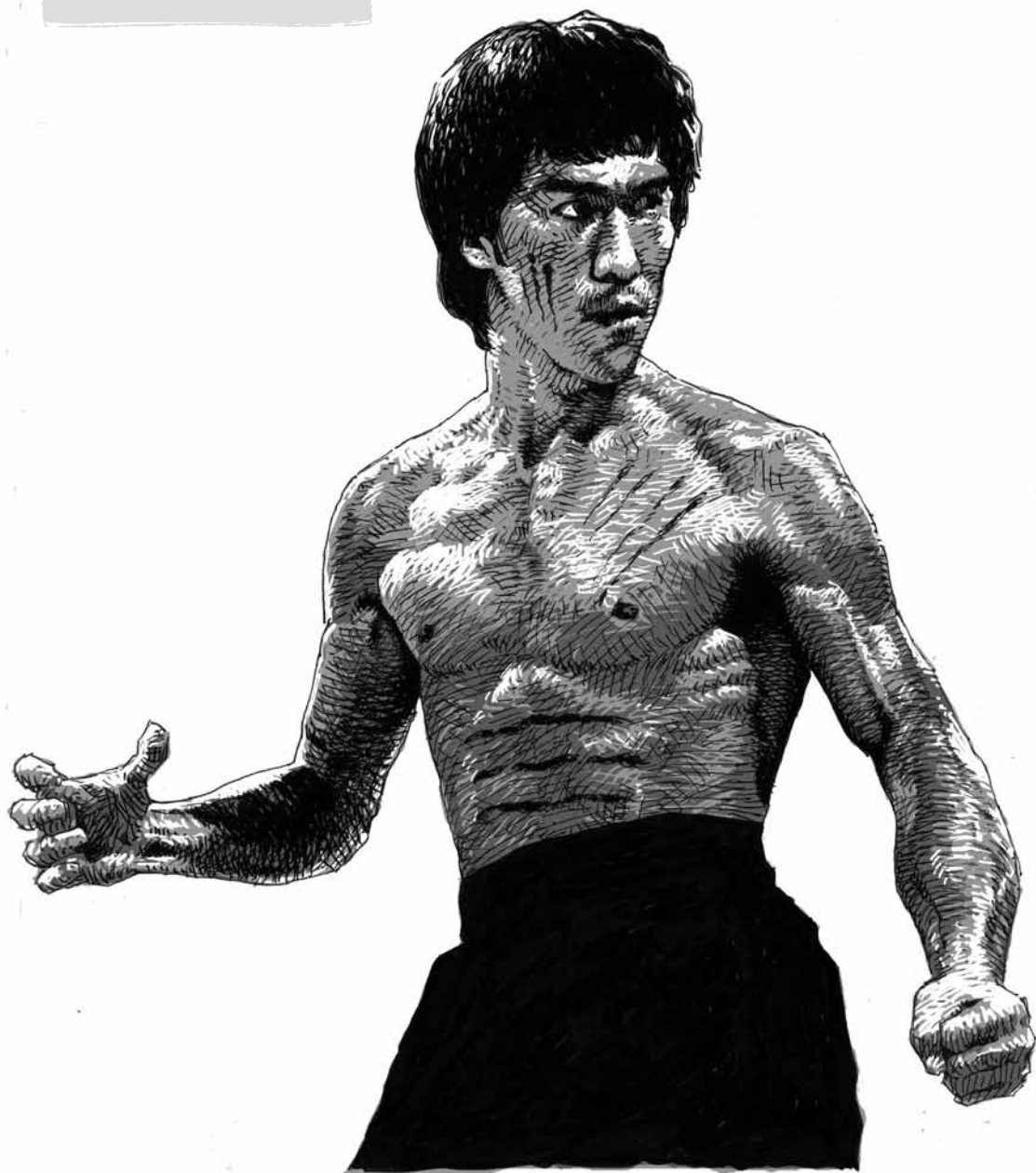


Sean Chuang is a director of commercial films. More than 10 years ago, He wrote A Filmmaker's Notes in the form of comics. The book, fresh in style, was well received.

In 2009 he finished his second personal work, The Window, a full-color drama comic that was 10 years in the making. Using a movie storyboard technique and a non-narrative pantomime approach for the entire comic, it received GIO's Graphic Novel Awards. Currently Sean Chuang continues to both film and draw. In 2013 he finished his third personal work, '80s Diary in Taiwan.

- 1995 廣告人手記 A Filmmaker's Notes
- 2009 窗 The Window
- 2013 80年代事件簿1 '80s Diary in Taiwan
- 2013 廣告人手記(最新版) A Filmmaker's Notes(updated edition)

# Bruce Lee

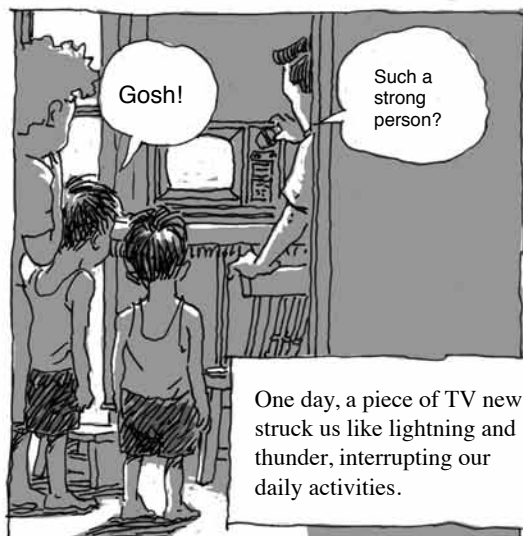




I was five that year and don't remember having a hero.



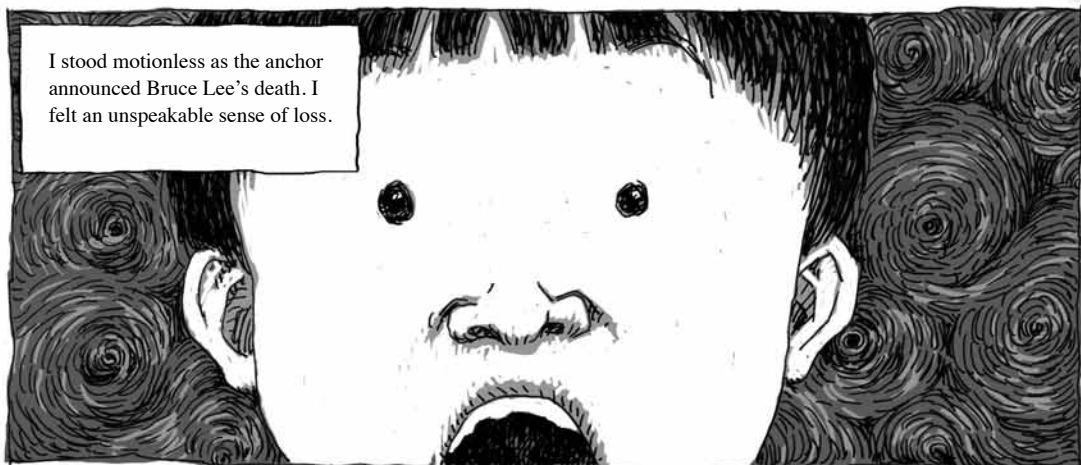
Or was he too dazzling for me to remember the other wannabe stars?



Gosh!


Such a strong person?

One day, a piece of TV news struck us like lightning and thunder, interrupting our daily activities.



I stood motionless as the anchor announced Bruce Lee's death. I felt an unspeakable sense of loss.

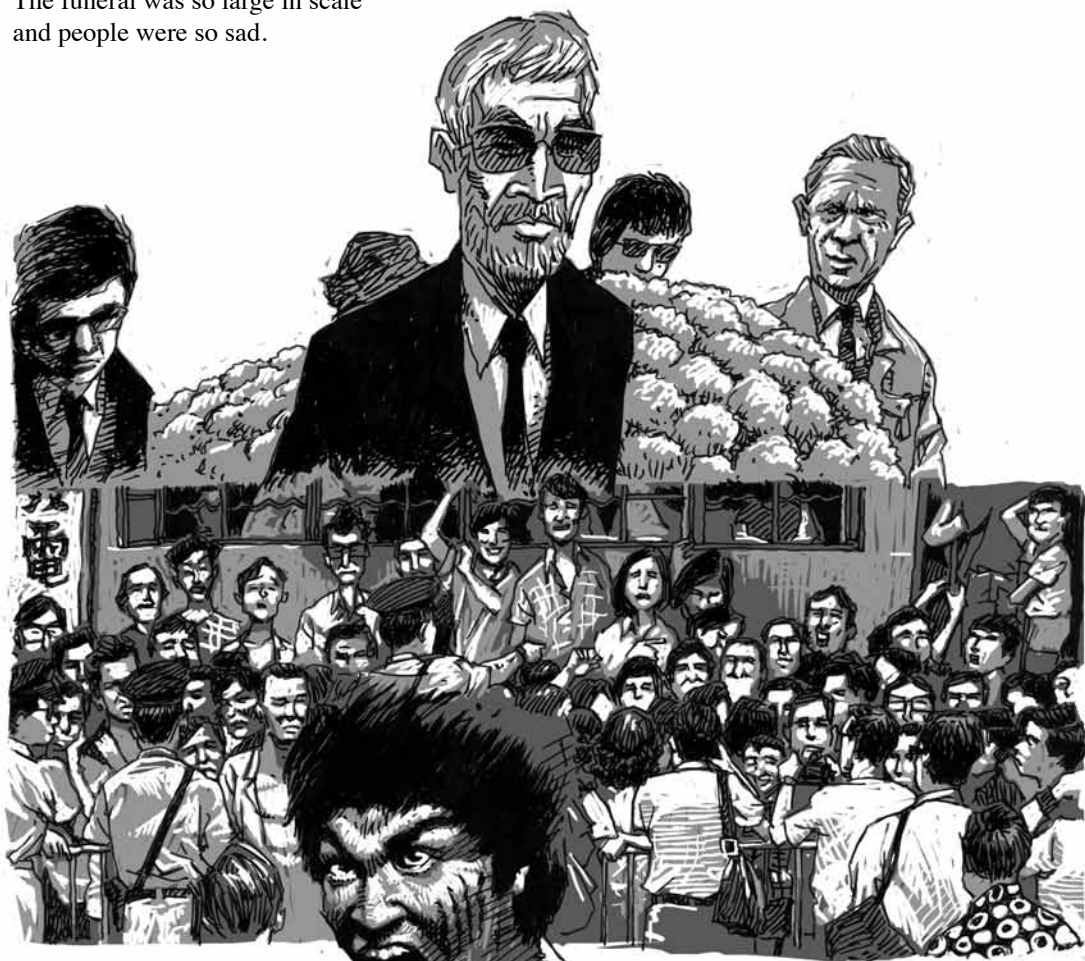




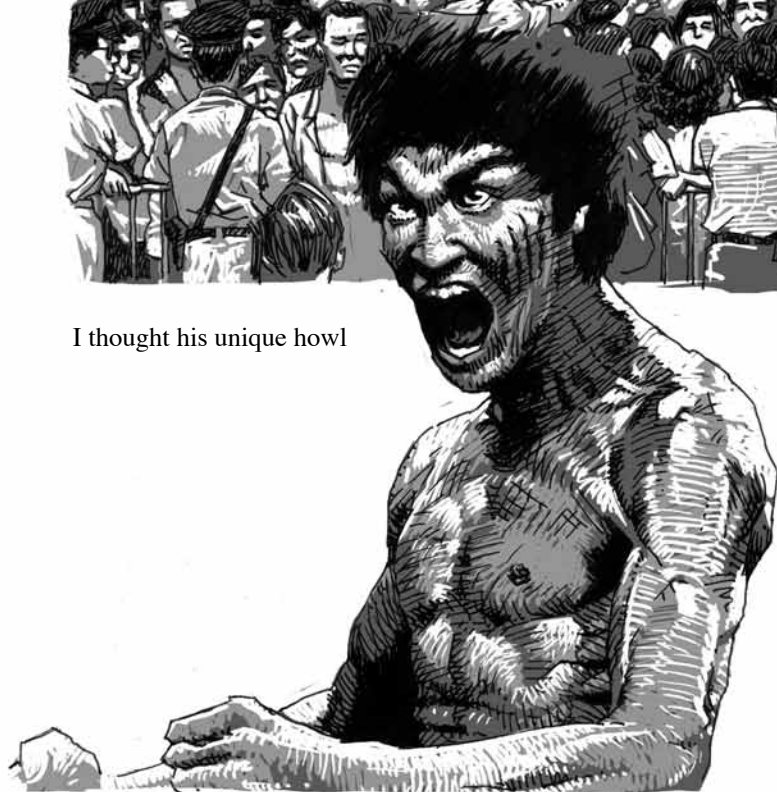
Unlike funerals of other important people, Lee's funeral attracted not only thousands of people to the streets,

but major movie stars, as if it was a star-studded "black carpet" event.

The funeral was so large in scale  
and people were so sad.

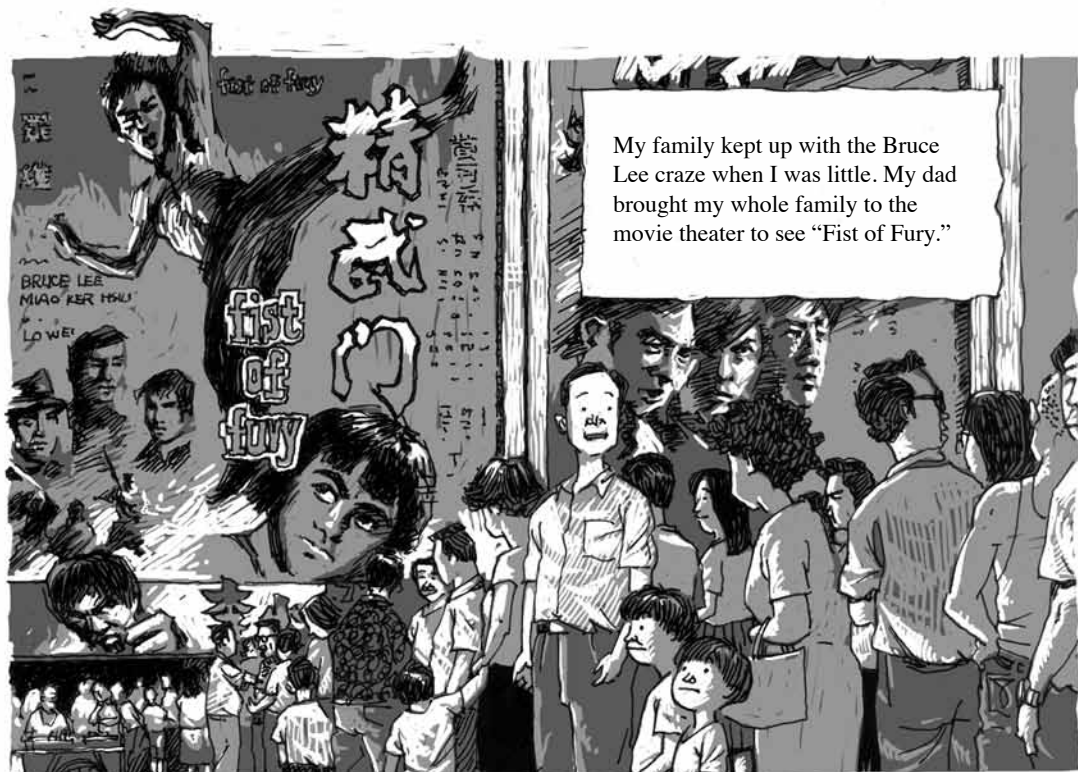


I thought his unique howl



would never be heard again  
after the memorial service,  
but I didn't know his legend  
was just beginning to take  
off.





The theater, including the aisles, was packed with people.



I didn't have a seat, so I sat on the armrest of my dad's seat and raised my head to look up at the movie screen.



The audience were very responsive. They were filled with righteous anger against the Chinese traitors and the Japanese villains.

When Bruce Lee ripped off a piece of paper that read "Sick Man of Asia" from a plaque

and stuffed it into the mouths of two lame Japanese samurais

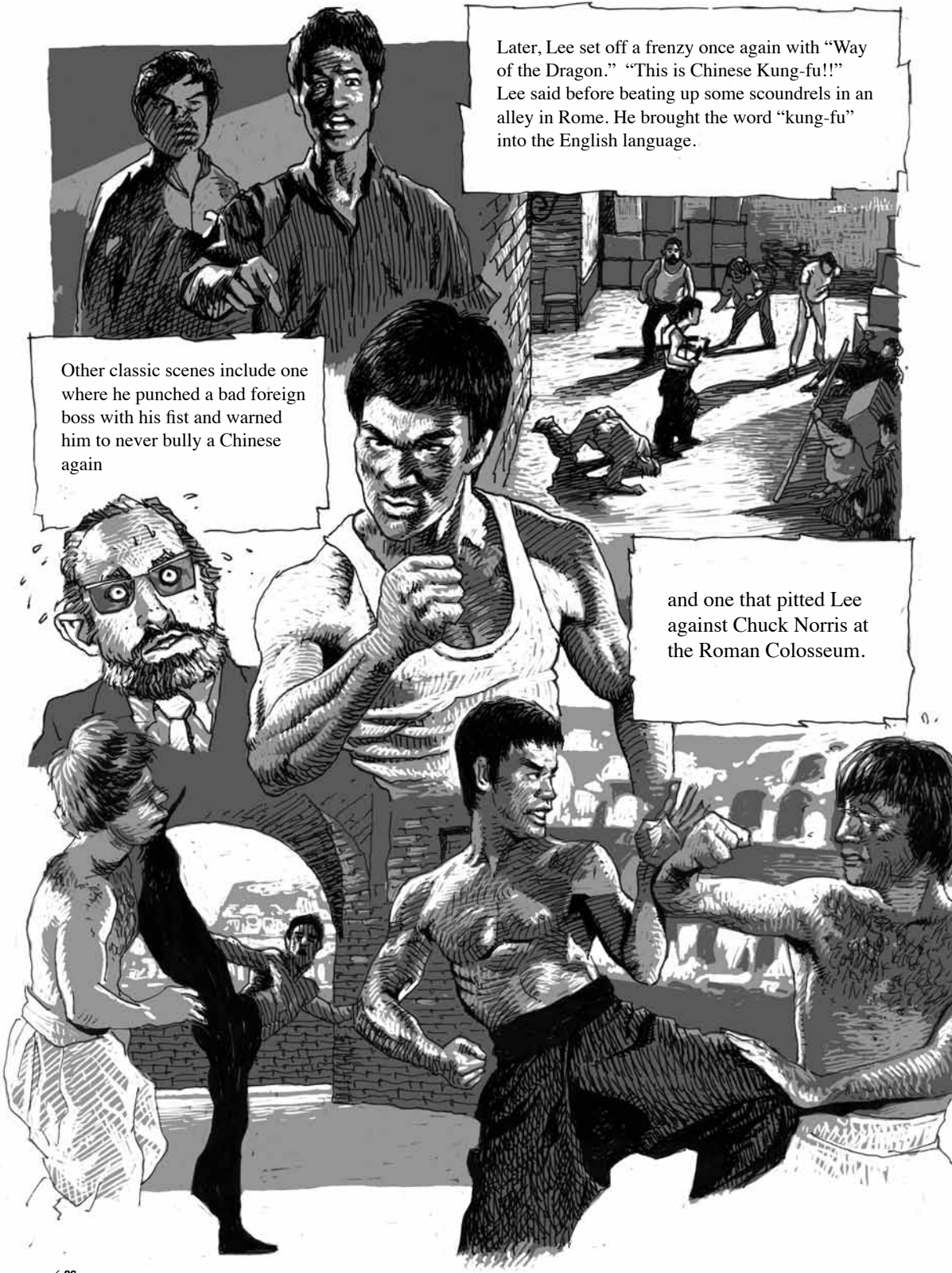
the audience burst into thunderous applause!



Of course, there is the classic scene in a park when Bruce Lee yelled “wacha!” before flying into the air and smashing a sign that read “No Chinese and Dogs Allowed” with his foot.

As soon as the film ended, a swarm of enthusiastic audience flocked to the store and lined up to buy nunchakus so that they could practice at home...





Later, Lee set off a frenzy once again with "Way of the Dragon." "This is Chinese Kung-fu!!" Lee said before beating up some scoundrels in an alley in Rome. He brought the word "kung-fu" into the English language.

Other classic scenes include one where he punched a bad foreign boss with his fist and warned him to never bully a Chinese again

and one that pitted Lee against Chuck Norris at the Roman Colosseum.



After Lee's death, his last film and first Hollywood film "Enter the Dragon" was immediately released and received the same feverous responses.



So the movie company pieced together "Game of Death" from Lee's unpublished footages. Although Lee appeared only in the final fight scenes that lasted less than 20 minutes, the film became another box office success because fans missed him greatly.





Suddenly, there was a gap in martial arts movies. A bunch of actors called Bruce this, or Bruce that, waited for their chance to make their marks. But their clumsy imitation of Lee only led to a lot of strange martial arts films.



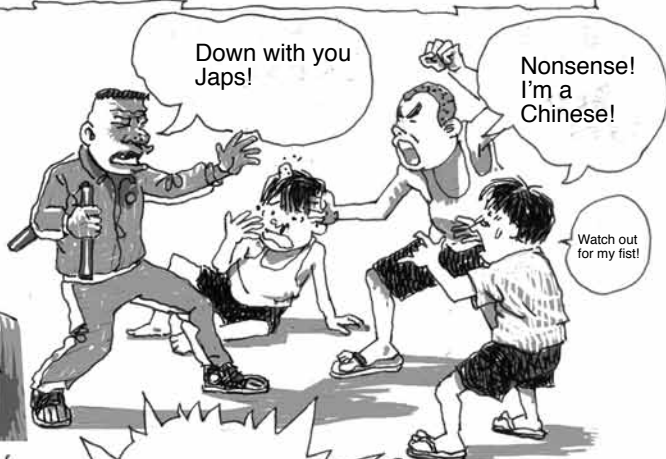
So the film companies had to screen Lee's old films once in a while to satisfy the fans. This went on for over 10 years. Every now and then, the Bruce Lee whirlwind would return.





Bruce Lee had influenced our generation so much. We all once wished we were invincible and were proud to be Chinese.

Almost all boys from my generation had played with nunchakus. We usually began with the plastic ones. After becoming familiar with them, we would borrow the real ones from our elder brothers. Then we would give up after bruising our faces a few times...



**Stop fooling around!**



Some people also sneaked around nearby boxing halls to learn some martial arts moves so that they could "strengthen their body and nation."



I remember practicing a side kick with my elder brother one day and kicking a huge hole into the closet.

Oh crap!

!



After my mighty mom came home, she gave us both a beating.

What the hell are you looking at?

In junior high school, hormones made teens moody and things got more violent and aggressive. The slightest mistake in words or behavior provoked a bloody fight.

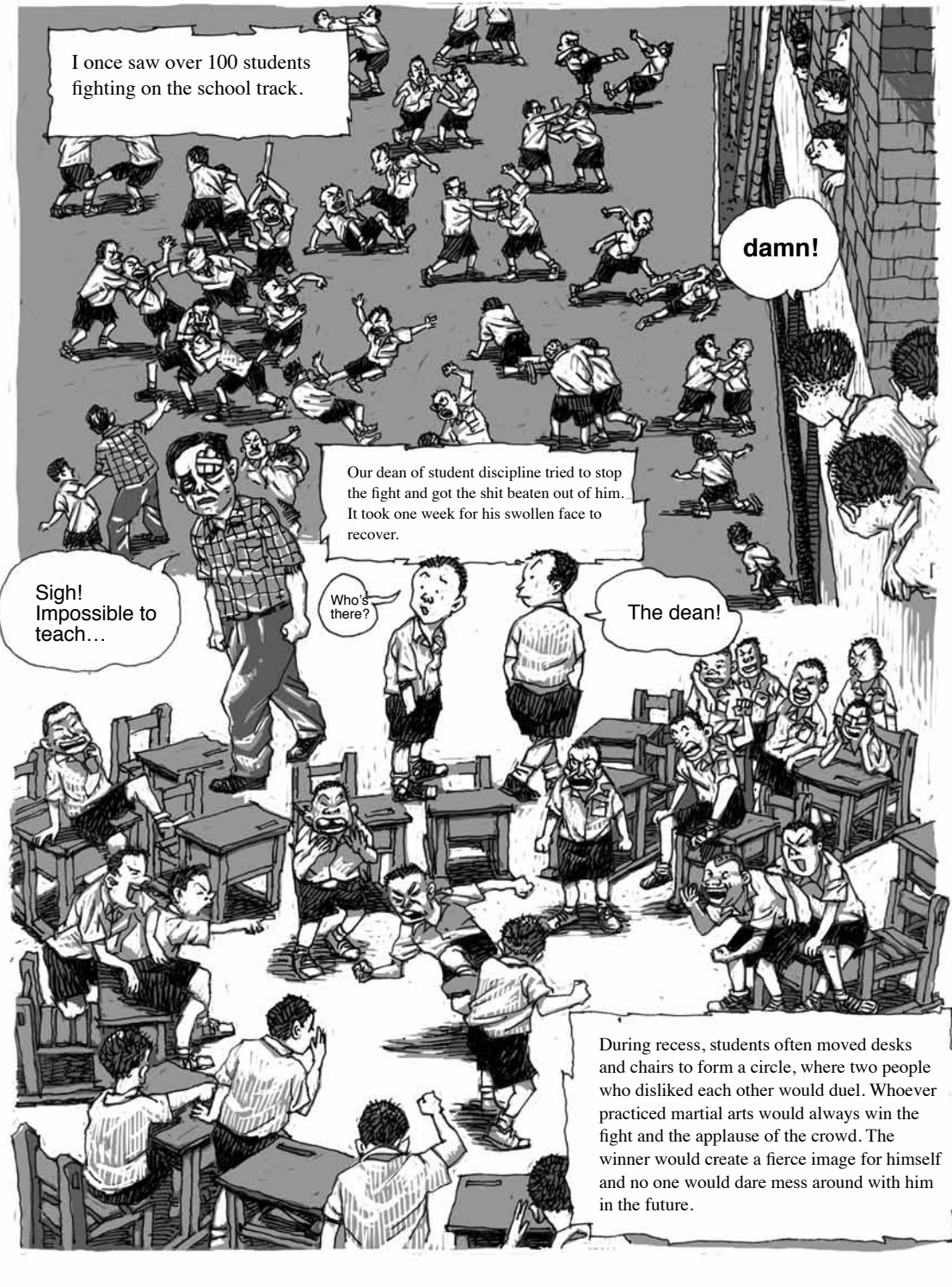
What?

What?

What?

It's hard for teenage boys to understand the difference between violence and justice. Lee's films always stress that the purpose of learning martial arts is not to fight, that violence cannot solve problems, and that heroes don't use force until the very last minute. But those neat moves are what attract the young. Who cares about the other stuff?





I once saw over 100 students fighting on the school track.

damn!

Our dean of student discipline tried to stop the fight and got the shit beaten out of him. It took one week for his swollen face to recover.

Sigh!  
Impossible to teach...

Who's there?

The dean!

During recess, students often moved desks and chairs to form a circle, where two people who disliked each other would duel. Whoever practiced martial arts would always win the fight and the applause of the crowd. The winner would create a fierce image for himself and no one would dare mess around with him in the future.

With time, the aces claimed their territories and didn't reveal their skills easily.

Students who enjoyed fighting had to make up something else. I learned later that the fashionable term for it is called "bullying."

Actually, those who have been in a fight know that there are no invincible men.

**Fight!**  
**Huh?**

No matter how cool your victory, you had to bear those bruises and pain for a few days and be severely punished by the school.





Nowadays, the heroic spirit is drowned by exaggerated computer special effects. It's also harder to tell right from wrong. Bruce Lee finally faded away and became a memory in our childhood.

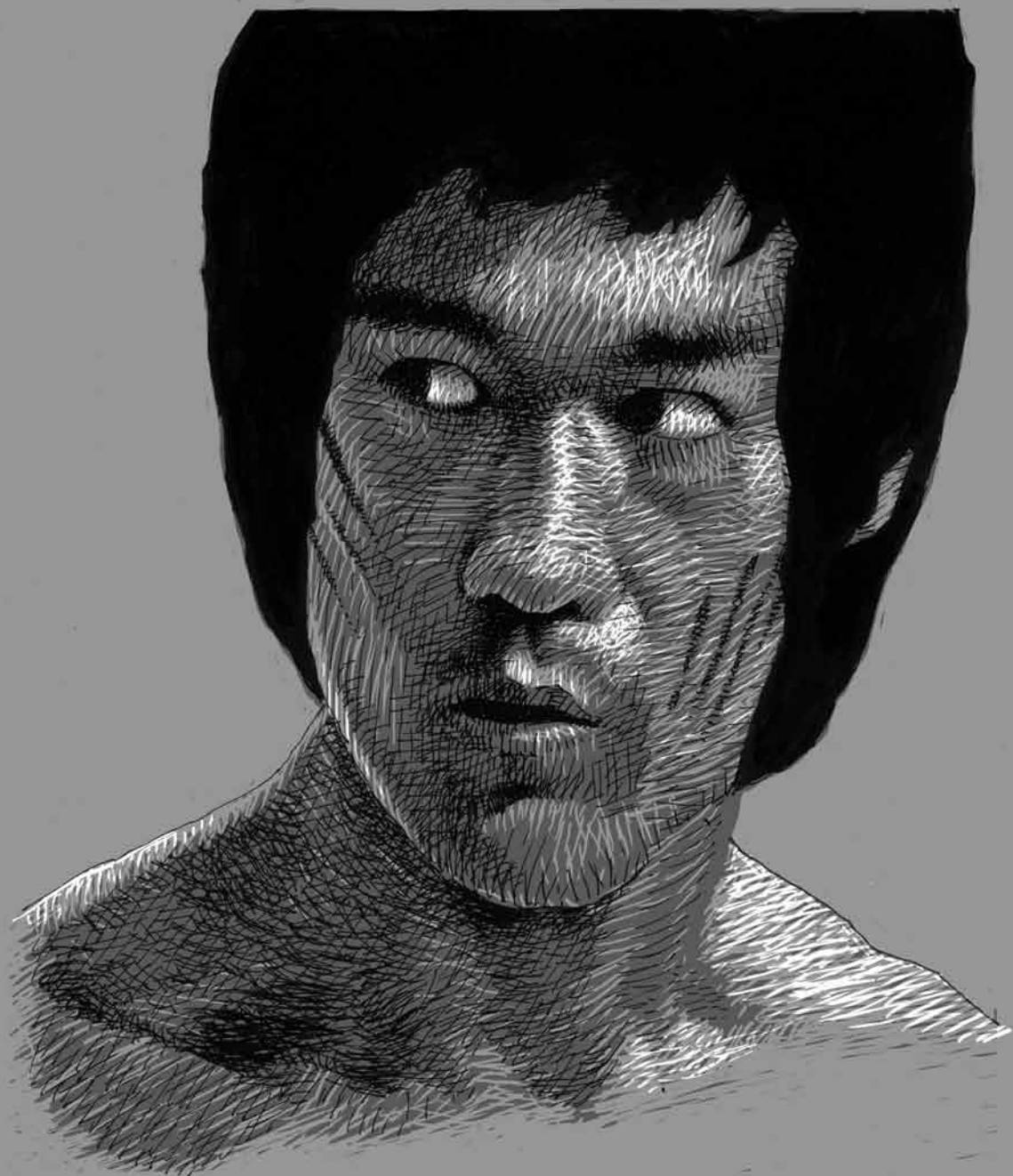


As we grow older and our bodies grow weaker, our powerful enemy is no longer someone we can get into a fight with, but the social pressure and survival issues we need to face throughout our lives.



The almighty superheroes cannot substitute Bruce Lee as an idol in our memory. After all, Bruce Lee is a legend which we had a chance to participate in!





IN MEMORY OF BRUCE LEE 1940~1973



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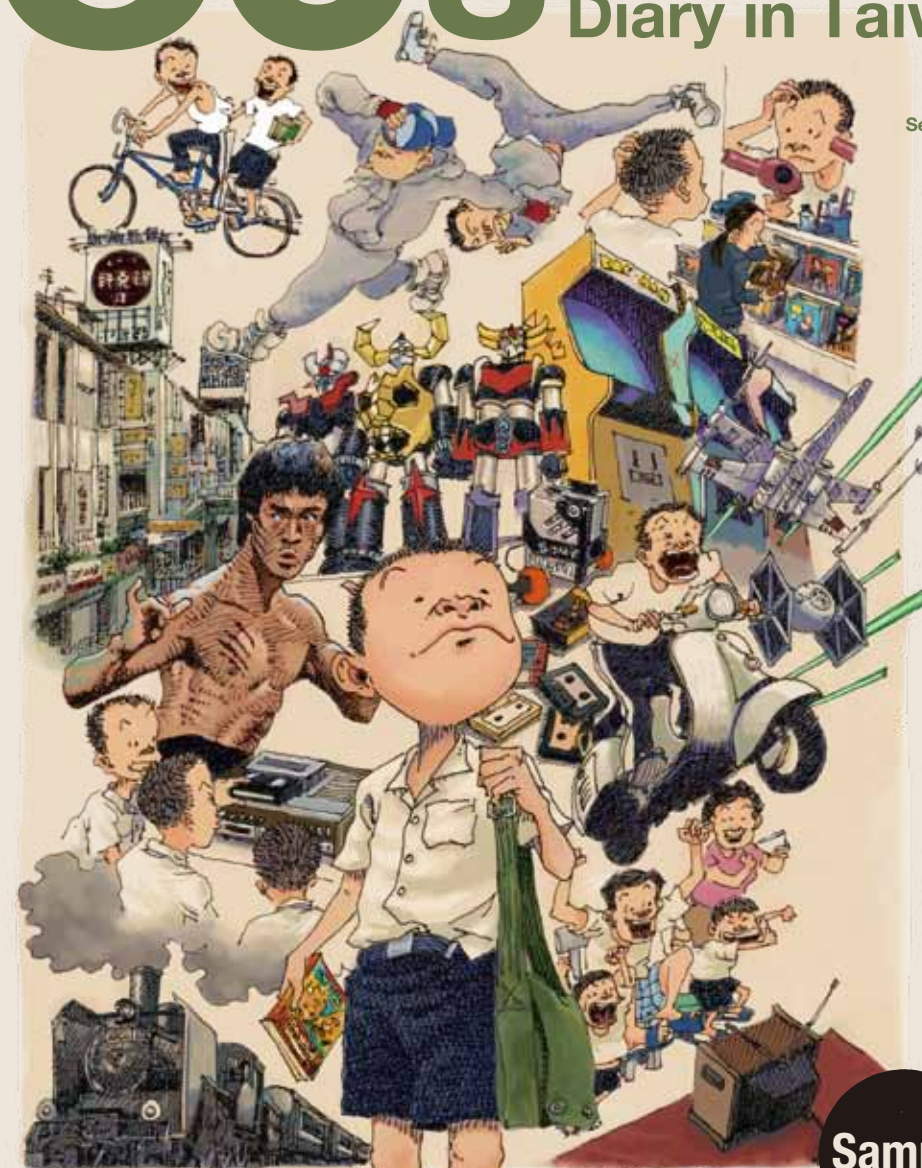


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