

of art, stayed with me throughout the filming of *Bruce Lee: A Warrior's Journey*.

Everything Lin Yutang listed as the qualities of the scamp “as ideal” were manifest in Brandon Lee. There were many reasons we loved him; we loved him because he did indicate to us the *joie de vivre* of being a man who was truly alive every minute of his life, and never ceased to grow. Never could it be said of him that he was like “the rest of us;” not for him getting on a treadmill and living the same year over and over again for the rest of his life. Brandon showed us that it was okay to live a little dangerously, or, at least, to try for an existence that was a little less constrained. I don't know if Brandon ever read Nietzsche, but in him he would have found a soul-mate. “Love your fate!” Nietzsche decreed, whatever it may be — and live every minute as if every decision was a choice made for eternity. Brandon would have smiled at that.

His example has inspired individuals from all walks of life; every week I speak with new fans of Brandon who each tell me something different about what he represents to them: philosopher, lover, free-spirit, individualist, artist, “hunk” (a recurring assessment), martial artist, comedian, family man, outdoorsman, supreme actor — the list goes on. Consider that at this moment, in a hundred countries and a thousand cities, tens of thousands of people are either watching *Rapid Fire*, *Showdown in Little Tokyo*, *Laser Mission*, *The Crow* or an old episode of *Kung Fu: The Next Generation* or *Ohara*, or reading some story or insight of Brandon's that has been subsequently committed to print; they are being slowly and gratefully molded into a sensitive wisdom by the ardor and excitement of Brandon Lee. Here is an immortality of the soul which makes almost insignificant the passing of the flesh.

For those of us who knew him, he has never left us; just as assuredly as the scamp lived then, the scamp lives now and beckons us from time to time, to stop taking life so seriously; to take time to laugh and smile and smell the flowers as we walk once more with him in the gardens of our mind.

