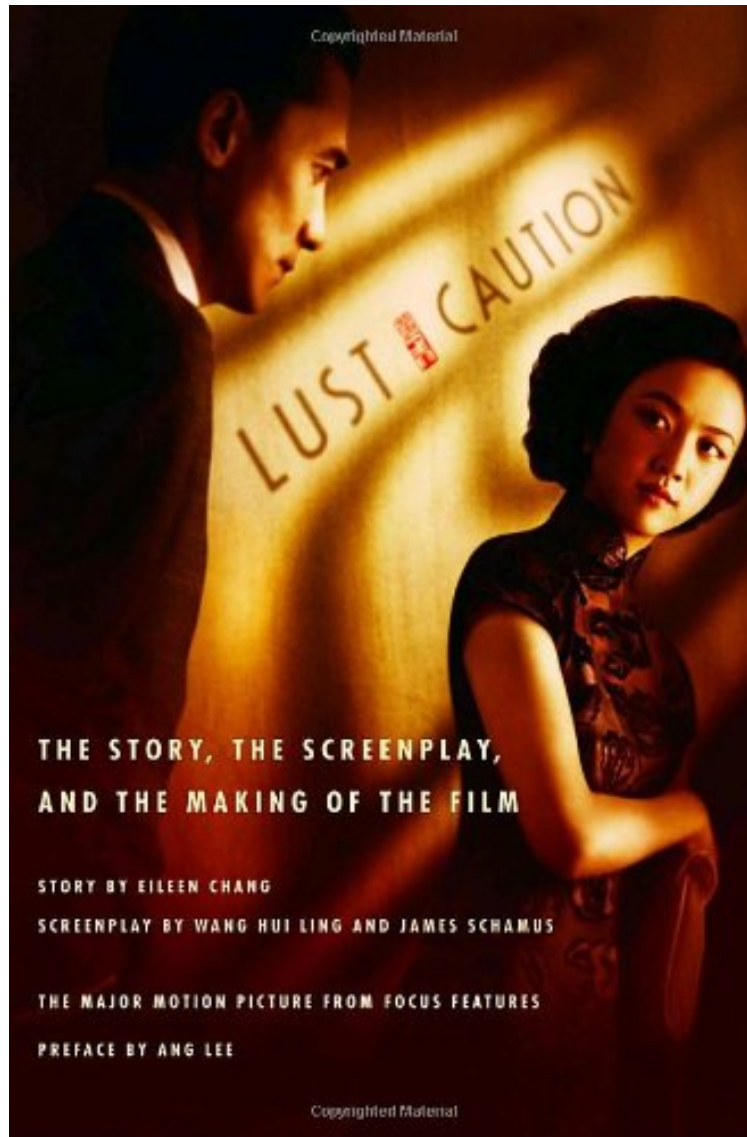


[Library ebook] Lust, Caution: The Story, the Screenplay, and the Making of the Film

# Lust, Caution: The Story, the Screenplay, and the Making of the Film

*Eileen Chang, Wang Hui Ling, James Schamus*  
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**Eileen Chang, Wang Hui Ling, James Schamus : Lust, Caution: The Story, the Screenplay, and the Making of the Film** before purchasing it in order to gauge whether or not it would be worth my time, and all praised Lust, Caution: The Story, the Screenplay, and the Making of the Film:

0 of 0 people found the following review helpful. Performance RealityBy Michael BrindleyThis book brings together

the original story by Eileen Chang and its screenplay adaptation by Wang Hui Ling and James Schamus, as well as succinct pieces of thinking by director Ang Lee and screenwriter Schamus. For students of screenwriting, the comparison between source material and adaptation is fascinating - for one thing, the story is short but the film is long (but not 'too long'). More fascinating still is the examination in story and movie of how people can escape into a role that then becomes both stronger and more real than their 'real' selves. As a 'Resistance' story (here Chinese resistance to Japanese occupation in WWII Shanghai), it is perhaps implausible, but the setting is not the subject. 0 of 0 people found the following review helpful. Lust, Caution By m. whittemore Excellent collection of essays/photos. 7 of 7 people found the following review helpful. A fluid translation of a captivating tale By Minnow I read this book first in Chinese and then in English because I wanted to know how it was translated. Even for the Chinese reader Eileen Chang's original text could be hard to follow and necessitated rereading to fully grasp the details. Chang's writing is famously dense, lush, sensuous, and chock full of puns, symbolism and suggestion. She wrote with a vocabulary distinctive to her era and to her world. Her description of colors, for example, can be foreign to many contemporary Chinese readers. To translate her work will therefore inevitably strip the writing of that period flavor. Julia Lowell did an admirable job in presenting Chang's story in a very fluid and stylish manner in English, even if she could not adequately convey the mood that Chang evoked. In fact, it was easier to follow the plot by reading the English translation. Unlike her other fiction pieces, Chang's *Lust|Caution* was extremely spare. Though Chang had always been precise and terse with her language she never spared details. In *Lust|Caution*, however, she seemed to have deliberately skipped some descriptions. Chang provided the motive for the two central characters to become drawn to each other: Chia-chih and Mr. Yee chose their diametrically opposite paths during Japan's invasion of China but in the process both ended up emotionally repressed, insecure, and isolated. This void drew them together, but Chang only informed the readers that they had become intimate twice without further details. This was unlike her other novels/novellas that at least briefly described the seduction (*Red Rose, White Rose*) or what the character was thinking as she got intimate with her lover (*Love in a Fallen City*). Such deliberate omissions added to the mystique of Chia-chih's impulsive and fateful decision at the end, leaving readers lingering with imagination and postulation long after they finished the story. For Chang's fans, in particular, we wonder if the conciseness stemmed from Chang's reluctance to delve into a personal wound that inspired the story.

To me, no writer has ever used the Chinese language as cruelly as Zhang Ailing (Eileen Chang), and no story of hers is as beautiful or as cruel as "*Lust, Caution*." Eileen Chang's thrilling short story "*Lust, Caution*"--a devastating tale of love, betrayal, and manipulation set in Shanghai during World War II--marks with a forceful clarity her mastery of the form. Newly adapted into a major motion picture by Academy Award-winning director Ang Lee, *Lust, Caution* has become an equally remarkable addition to the work of one of the most internationally renowned directors. Included in this unique volume are the original story by Eileen Chang, as well as the screenplay by Wang Hui Ling and James Schamus. Key members of the production have written notes about Chang and about the process of adapting "*Lust, Caution*." With a biographical essay on Chang by translator Julia Lovell and eight pages of color stills from the film, this volume will become the definitive edition for film students and aficionados alike.

A dazzling and distinctive fiction writer. New York Times Book Chang's sensual writing has elements of both China and the United States; the smoky, formal world of respect for tradition and the irresistible, harshly lighted future. Los Angeles Times A master of the short story.... Chang's world is a stark and mysterious place where people strive to find their way in love but often fail under the pressures of family, tradition, and reputation. The New Yorker Chang has strong and sensuous power of description.... Her stories could hardly be more eloquent. New York of Books From the Trade Paperback edition. About the Author Eileen Chang (1920-1995) was born in Shanghai. She studied literature at the University of Hong Kong but returned to Shanghai in 1941 during the Japanese occupation, where she published two works, *Romances* (1944) and *Written on Water* (1945), that established her reputation as a literary star. She moved to Hong Kong in 1952 and to the United States in 1955, where she continued to write. She died in Los Angeles in 1995. Wang Hui Ling was born in Taipei, Taiwan, where she still lives. She majored in piano in the music department at Taipei College of Education before beginning a career as a writer of films and television programs. She has cowritten several movies for Ang Lee, including *Eat Drink Man Woman* and *Crouching Tiger, Hidden Dragon*, for which she was nominated for an Academy Award, among other honors. James Schamus is CEO of Focus Features, the studio behind such films as *Eternal Sunshine of the Spotless Mind* and *The Constant Gardener*. He is also an award-winning screenwriter and producer (*The Ice Storm*; *Crouching Tiger, Hidden Dragon*) and an associate professor at Columbia University's School of the Arts. He received his Ph.D. in English from the University of California at Berkeley in 2003. Excerpt. Reprinted by permission. All rights reserved. Though it was still daylight, the hot lamp was shining full-beam over the mahjong table. Diamond rings flashed under its glare as their wearers clacked and reshuffled their tiles. The tablecloth, tied down over the table legs, stretched out into a sleek plain of blinding white. The harsh artificial light silhouetted to full advantage the generous curve of Chia-chih's bosom, and laid bare the elegant lines of her hexagonal face, its beauty somehow accentuated by the imperfectly narrow forehead, by the

careless, framing wisps of hair. Her makeup was understated, except for the glossily rouged arcs of her lips. Her hair she had pinned nonchalantly back from her face, then allowed to hang down to her shoulders. Her sleeveless cheongsam of electric blue moiré satin reached to the knees, its shallow, rounded collar standing only half an inch tall, in the Western style. A brooch fixed to the collar matched her diamond-studded sapphire button earrings. The two ladies Tai-tai immediately to her left and right were both wearing black wool capes, each held fast at the neck by a heavy double gold chain that snaked out from beneath the cloak's turned-down collar. Isolated from the rest of the world by Japanese occupation, Shanghai had elaborated a few native fashions. Thanks to the extravagantly inflated price of gold in the occupied territories, gold chains as thick as these were now fabulously expensive. But somehow, functionally worn in place of a collar button, they managed to avoid the taint of vulgar ostentation, thereby offering their owners the perfect pretext for parading their wealth on excursions about the city. For these excellent reasons, the cape and gold chain had become the favored uniform of the wives of officials serving in Wang Ching-wei's puppet government. Or perhaps they were following the lead of Chungking, the Chinese Nationalist regime's wartime capital, where black cloaks were very much in vogue among the elegant ladies of the political glitterati. Yee Tai-tai was chez elle, so she had dispensed with her own cape; but even without it, her figure still seemed to bell outward from her neck, with all the weight the years had put on her. She'd met Chia-chih two years earlier in Hong Kong, after she and her husband had left Chungking and the Nationalist government together with Wang Ching-wei. Not long before the couple took refuge on the island, one of Wang Ching-wei's lieutenants, Cheng Chung-ming, had been assassinated in Hanoi, and so Wang's followers in Hong Kong were keeping their heads down. Yee Tai-tai, nonetheless, was determined to go shopping. During the war, goods were scarce in both the unconquered interior and the occupied territories of the Mainland; Yee Tai-tai had no intention of wasting the golden purchasing opportunity offered by a stopover in the commercial paradise of Hong Kong. Someone in her circle introduced her to Chia-chih, the beautiful young wife of Mr. Mai, a local businessman who chaperoned her on her shopping trips. If you wanted to navigate Hong Kong's emporiums, you had to have a local along: you were expected to haggle over prices even in the biggest department stores, and if you couldn't speak Cantonese, all the traders would overcharge you wickedly. Mr. Mai was in import-export and, like all businesspeople, delighted in making political friends. So of course the couple were incessantly hospitable to Yee Tai-tai, who was in turn extremely grateful. After the bombing of Pearl Harbor and the fall of Hong Kong, Mr. Mai went out of business. To make some extra money for the family, Mai Tai-tai decided to do a little smuggling herself, and traveled to Shanghai with a few luxury goodswatches, Western medicines, perfumes, stockings to sell. Yee Tai-tai very naturally invited her to stay with them. "We went to Shu-y, that Szechuanese restaurant, yesterday," Yee Tai-tai was telling the first black cape. "Mai Tai-tai hadn't been." "Oh, really?" "We haven't seen you here for a few days, Ma Tai-tai." "I've been busy a family matter," Ma Tai-tai mumbled amid the twittering of the mahjong tiles. Yee Tai-tai's lips thinned into a smile. "She went into hiding because it was her turn to buy dinner." Chia-chih suspected that Ma Tai-tai was jealous. Ever since Chia-chih had arrived, she had been the center of attention. "Liao Tai-tai took us all out last night. She's been on such a winning streak the last couple of days," Yee Tai-tai went on to Ma Tai-tai. "At the restaurant, I bumped into that young Mr. Lee and his wife and invited them to join us. When he said they were waiting for guests of their own, I told him they should all join us. After all, it isn't often that Liao Tai-tai gives dinner parties. Then it turned out Mr. Lee had invited so many guests we couldn't fit them all around our table. Even with extra chairs we couldn't all squeeze in, so Liao Tai-tai had to sit behind me like a singsong girl at a banquet. 'What a beauty I've picked for myself tonight,' I joked. 'I'm too old a piece of tofu for you to swallow,' she replied. 'Old tofu tastes the spiciest,' I told her! Oh, how we laughed. She laughed so much her pockmarks turned red." More laughter around the mahjong table. While Yee Tai-tai was still updating Ma Tai-tai on the goings-on of the past couple of days, Mr. Yee came in, dressed in a gray suit, and nodded at his three female guests. "You started early today." He stood behind his wife, watching the game. The wall behind him was swathed in heavy yellowish-brown wool curtains printed with a brick-red phoenix-tail fern design, each blade almost six feet long. Chou Fo-hai, Wang Ching-wei's second in command, had a pair; and so, therefore, did they. False French windows, and enormous drapes to cover them, were all the rage just then. Because of the war, fabrics were in short supply; floor-length curtains such as those hanging behind Mr. Yee using up an entire bolt of cloth, with extra wastage from pattern matching were a conspicuous extravagance. Standing against the huge ferns of his backdrop, Yee looked even shorter than usual. His face was pale, finely drawn, and crowned by a receding hairline that faded away into petal-shaped peaks above his temples. His nose was distinguished by its narrowed, almost ratlike tip. "Is that ring of yours three carats, Ma Tai-tai?" Yee Tai-tai asked. "The day before yesterday, P'in Fen brought a five-carat diamond to show me, but it didn't sparkle like yours." "I've heard P'in Fen's things are better than the stuff in the shops." "It is convenient to have things brought to your home, I suppose. And you can hold on to them for a few days, while you decide. And sometimes she has things you can't get elsewhere. Last time, she showed me a yellow kerosene diamond, but he wouldn't buy it." She glanced icily at Mr. Yee before going on: "How much do you imagine something like that would cost now? A perfect kerosene diamond: a dozen ounces of gold per carat? Two? Three? P'in Fen says no one's selling kerosene or pink diamonds at the moment, for any price. Everyone's hoarding them, waiting for the price to get even more insane." "Didn't you feel how heavy it was?" Mr. Yee laughed. "Ten carats. You wouldn't have been able to play

mahjong with that rock on your finger."The edges of the table glittered like a diamond exhibition, Chia-chih thought, every pair of hands glinting ostentatiously except hers. She should have left her jadeite ring back in its box, she realized; to spare herself all those sneering glances."Stop making fun of me!" Yee Tai-tai sulked as she moved out one of her counters. The black cape opposite Ma Tai-tai clatteringly opened out her winning hand, and a sudden commotion of laughter and lament broke the thread of conversation. As the gamblers busily set to calculating their wins and losses, Mr. Yee motioned slightly at Chia-chih with his chin toward the door. She immediately glanced at the two black capes on either side of her. Fortunately, neither seemed to have noticed. She paid out the chips she had lost, took a sip from her teacup, then suddenly exclaimed: "That memory of mine! I have a business appointment at three o'clock, I'd forgotten all about it. Mr. Yee, will you take my place until I get back?" "I won't allow it!" Yee Tai-tai protested. "You can't just run away like that without warning us in advance." "And just when I thought my luck was changing," muttered the winning black cape. "I suppose we could ask Liao Tai-tai to come over. Go and telephone her," Yee Tai-tai went on to Chia-chih. "At least stay until she gets here." "I really need to go now." Chia-chih looked at her watch. "I'm going to be late. I arranged to have coffee with a broker. Mr. Yee can take my place." "I'm busy this afternoon," Mr. Yee excused himself. "Tomorrow I'll play all night." "That Wang Chia-chih!" Yee Tai-tai liked referring to Chia-chih by her full maiden name, as if they had known each other since they were girls. "I'll make you pay for this; you're going to treat us all to dinner tonight!" "You can't let your guest buy you dinner," Ma Tai-tai objected. "I'm siding with Yee Tai-tai," the other black cape put in. They needed to tread carefully around their hostess on the subject of her young houseguest. Although Yee Tai-tai was easily old enough to be Chia-chih's mother, there had never been any talk of formalizing their relationship, of adopting her as a goddaughter. Yee Tai-tai was a little unpredictable, at the age she was now. Although she had a dowager's fondness for keeping young, pretty women clustered around her like a galaxy of st...