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Waiter: The bill is right. Ye shall earn they bread by the sweat of the brow.

C: It looks that way. Yet I suppose it's the only solution to happiness.

T: Yes, but do you have to sweat for it?

C: You do at tennis or any other sport or accomplishment. Look at that woman. Don't you think she's happy?

T: She's certainly busy.

C: Yes, but she is accomplishing something as humble as it is. Are you getting off here?

T: No. I'm going on to Hong Kong. But as we're staying

T: for twenty-four hours here, I thought of looking over the town tonight, although it's a little late.

C: Oh, there's plenty to see at night.

T: You been here before?

C: I reside here. But you'd enjoy Shanghai in the day. It is really a beautiful city and has many interesting locals. There's the international settlement where the English, Americans and French have their sections there. Of course, there's the old Russian quarter.

T: The Russian quarter? Aren't they defunct now?

C: Oh, yes. Those palatial mansions that were once the homes of the late Tsar's diplomats are crumbling in decay now and are occupied by white Russian refugees, men and women who escaped during the Russian revolution. As many as forty live together in one house. Princes, noblemen, bankers, men who were once fabulously rich, now live there in poverty. It is a strange sight to see them in the morning on their way to work, leaving those palatial mansions dressed in working clothes.

T: What do they do for a living?

C: The younger ones are chauffeurs. Others are night watchmen in warehouses. But competition is keen and their pay is little more than a coolie. The younger women work in the night clubs, daughters of noble families earning their living as taxi dancers. But the older Russians are more or less destitute.

But if they have so little opportunity here, why don't they try to get to another country?

How can they? They are disenfranchised without a country, without a passport, or reason

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C: They are a bewildered, lost people, without hope or future.

(Voice of the steward is heard.)

OK

The affluence and splendor of the late Tsar has gone from the palaces.

Although the Palaces and ~~xxx~~

The Palaces and mansions were once occupied by the late Major Consulate.

Yes, all the splendor of the old quarter has gone.

Are all dilapidated and crumbling now.

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C: Objective, the happier we are [xxx] There's a bowl of rice.

T: You've been here before.

C: I reside here.

T: They you know something of the country.

C: A little, but in China there are many things (a great deal) the white man can never know. Do you get off here?

T: No. I'm going on to Hong Kong. But as we are here for twenty-four hours, I thought of looking over the town, although there's little to see at night.

C: Oh, there's plenty going on at night, of the kind

T: So I understand

C: Shanghai is interesting, but there's more to see in the day. There are the foreign settlements, the English, the French, the old Russian quarter.

T: The Russian quarter? They're defunct now, I suppose.

C: Yes, all the affluence of the late Tsar's regime has gone. The palaces and mansions are dilapidated and seedy now and are occupied by Russian refugees. As many as forty or fifty live in a house. It's a strange sight to see them leaving there in the morning in their working clothes.



T: I heard a lot about these white Russians. How do they live?

C: They don't. They exist. Some make a living one way or another, but the older ones are more or less destitute. A few work in night clubs, daughters of noble families, driven to dives and brothels. They are a bewildered, lost people, without a country, without protection, living a hapless existence.

Without protection?

Precisely. You see, if a foreigner gets into trouble

he is tried by the Consulate court of his country residency here. But the white Russians have no consulate. They are tried by the Chinese court whose laws can be cruel and ruthless in administering justice.

But why do they stay? Can't they go to some other country?

How can they? They have no passport, no means of entry into any other country. Their condition is tragic.

It's a sad world for some people.

happiness is induced by having a purpose in life.

It is the main spice of vitality.

Perhaps you are right. If happiness is having an aim in life, then their aim is more vital than ours. It's not the acquisition of diplomats or radios, but the fight for a bowl of rice.

A man's happiness is induced by having a purpose in life.

~~[xxx]~~

Perhaps you're right. They have real purpose in life. Something more vital than ours. It's not acquiring automobiles or radios, but a fight for a bowl of rice.

It's a fight all right.

Yes. But not alone for the coolies. The whole