

However I met with good luck in this hopeless period. I met Comrade NGUYEN-HOAN, a competent actor along my adventurous road. We became close friends soon because we belonged to the same bourgeois element. We felt discontent, desperate and sad. Our love bloomed more and more beautifully in this atmosphere. However my state of mind became more and more decadent. The Communist Organization did not feel pleased when obliged to accept our wedding in the struggle period. One feared that our conjugal happiness would reduce the output one needed urgently. We met with great difficulties and incredible obstacles when asking permission to marry each other. One claimed that we needed good achievements in the struggle, firm viewpoints to be selected by the Organization.

I knew the poor case of a girl friend working in my branch and belonging to the key element of the Organization. She loved a cadre in the bourgeois element. Naturally their wedding was never approved by their higher ranking authorities despite her insistent implorings with tears overflowing her eyes. Then she was pregnant. Her leading cadre had not hesitation when obliging her to destroy her foetus.

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I was continuously haunted by the forced destruction of foetus. Comrade NGUYEN-HOAN had to appease and console me at all times. After he submitted his demand to marry me and before his firmness, the Communist Organization had to approve our wedding. However we were warned that we might not have babies in the struggle period. I was only a woman with anxieties and weakness of the Fair Sex. The strict discipline and the wicked faces of cadres in the Communist Organization haunted me ceaselessly even in the minutes when my beloved husband NGUYEN-HOAN and I were near each other in our private room.

After our wedding, we built a simple and modest cottage on a portion of land in jungle to live there. Daily I had to walk to the Supply Station to receive two rations from the Communist Kitchen Program Cadre or Lady Cadre. Along the road, I secretly hoped that we'd have a peaceful and happy house like that of my parents prior to my departure. In this simple house of ours, I would prepare good daily meals for my husband by buying necessary provisions in the regional market. We would have babies...But I knew that those simple and modest dreams might come true only in the Free region.

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I still remember...on the first days of our love, my husband said that sooner or later we'd choose freedom. I believed that he would keep his promise.

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Now I am very patient in waiting for the return of genuine happiness in our family and also in my own heart.

HO-NGOC-DUNG

I still remember...on the day I left my family, the Communist Organization in Phnom Penh let 2 close girl friends of mine ask my parents permission for me to visit the vicinity of Phnom Penh. My parents happily allowed me to do so without any hesitation. Ah! if they discovered my secret intention, surely they would never let me go easily as so.

Later, the bitter and brutal betrayal of those two girl friends Trinh and Thu Ba occurred. They left me lonely at the front door of Phnom Penh. A teacher named DAO THAI, teaching in an elementary class room, a Communist secret war zone where I met two poor comrades Nguyen-Thi-Rang-Dong and Dao-Thi-Thanh-Xuan having the same fate as I. They had an agitated and decadent morale after being entrusted to DAO THAI who disappeared later...We were transported to TAY-NINH province to be trained there in political affairs as well as in increasing productions. In April 1968, a number of lady cadres were designated to work as nurses. Myself, I might serve in The Psywar Entertainment Group/COSVN of Luu-Huu-Phuoc as actress in spoken plays.

My earnest patriotism gradually waned along with my enthusiasm in activities. I felt completely desperate when witnessing the bitter and brutal truth. I tired of the one-sided political teachings. I had to work as a soulless machine in according to the models pre-determined by The Communist Party though serving in the so-called Letters And Arts Branch. My feelings and thoughts were totally oppressed. I had to act to suit the guidance of party cadres.

Every evening, after dinner, all members in the Letters And Arts Branch had to participate in the self-control and self criticism study meetings in the conference room. This is the most dreadful seance I had to bear for 10 successive years. Hatreds, criticisms, calumniations were repeated over and over, day after day, there. I had to confess that in the branch of Letters And Arts of the COSVN, cadres aimed at attacking one another to gain the sympathy and support of higher ranking cadres.

In such a turbulent atmosphere, the only manner to express opposition was silence, absolute silence. I did not express my viewpoint. I did not strictly work. This was also my special character as a modest, timid, hesitating girl avoiding all emulation movements. Though being criticized many times by cadres, I was unable to correct that habit.

In the performances in various secret war zones I presented myself on the play stage, dancing, speaking like a pupil reciting by heart the lessons full of dogmas sent to me from the COSVN. I had no feelings in playing the role, no enthusiasm, no passion in the Letters, Arts And Plays. Many times, after the curtain fell I felt extremely ashamed with myself. I under-estimated myself. I had pity on the audience sitting before the play stage. Those spectators were never able to understand that I had to play a role to deceive them reluctantly. This was the greatest repentance in my life.

BY 4/73
DATE 4/73
SUBJECT

1584 ARTICLE

LADY CADRE HO-NGOC-DUNG: THE HOPELESS DAYS AND MONTHS

: PHOTOGRAPH OF :
: HO-NGOC-DUNG AND :
: HER LOVER :

Lady cadre HO-NGOC-DUNG, born in 1950 in Phnom Penh. Before following the Communists in 1967 she was a school girl in the 11th Form, Providence High School in Phnom Penh. Later she was designated to serve in The Psywar Entertainment Group/COSVN as actress in spoken plays. In 1971, she married Comrade Nguyen-Hoan. In 1973 along with her husband she rallied to the RVN Authorities in TAN CHAU district on the road to perform a mission.

Her father is Mr. HO-NGOC-DINH, 50 years, repatriating to VN a long time ago to become an official in The City Hall of Saigon.

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According to the V.C. terminology, I am a bourgeois element. On the first days, when living among Communists, I did not understand why they hated this social class of mine so much. Though being a bourgeois element, I had created nothing harmful to them. Why did they hate me? I was a daughter in a simple family. Our material life was not abundant. My father was only an illustrator obliged to work hard to have money enough to send his children to school.

When being 17 years old, I left my family to follow them. I had the above feelings after living among Communist cadres for some days.

Though having the Vietnamese nationality, I was born in Phnom Penh. From my childhood till that departure day I knew nothing about my fatherland. My parents related that their former house was built on the bank of the immense Mekong in a sweet village where they lived near each other for a period before going to Phnom Penh, capital of a neighbouring country. I had only such a simple souvenir of my fatherland in my pure spirit. However that souvenir was already sufficient for me to love my fatherland eternally.

Later my parents sent me to Providence High School, managed by French sisters of mercy. I reached the puberty when studying in the 11th form. The patriotism grew more burning and insistent. Early in 1967, NVN Communists were able to urge my girl-friends and me to leave school for their secret war zone. Confessing truly with all of you, dear readers, at that period we knew nothing about the Communism. Moreover, Communist cadres worked secretly and cleverly. They considered themselves as Vietnamese Patriots. They used most beautiful words to seduce us, having only pure and earnest patriotism. Due to this reason, I left school firmly to follow them without the permission of my parents. I became an ungrateful daughter.