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HOANG-VAN-CHI

THE FATE  
OF  
THE LAST VIETS

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HOANG-VAN-CHI

**THE FATE  
OF  
THE LAST VIETS**

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*Saigon*

- *To my brother who is in  
a Communist concentration  
camp.*
- *To his wife and children*
- *And to millions of others  
who, like them, could not  
escape to the free zone.*

*Hoang Van Chi*



## CONTENTS

|                                       | Page |
|---------------------------------------|------|
| BIOGRAPHICAL NOTE ON THE AUTHOR ..... | 7    |
| THE MAGIC TRICK .....                 | 9    |
| THE FATE OF THE LAST VIETS .....      | 13   |
| A SIN WHICH IS NOT ORIGINAL .....     | 21   |
| FIRST INTERVIEW .....                 | 30   |
| SECOND INTERVIEW .....                | 35   |

## BIOGRAPHICAL NOTE ON THE AUTHOR

Mr. Hoang-van-Chi, chemist and writer, was born in 1913 in North Vietnam. He is a graduate of Lycee Albert Sarraut, the French High school in Hanoi, and the University of Hanoi. He studied medicine at the University of Hanoi until World War II caused an interruption in his studies in 1940.

Mr. Chi joined the Vietminh in 1942. From then until 1954 he performed many services for the Ho Chi Minh regime, including military surgeon in the Vietminh army, Director of the mint, organizer and Director of a paper manufacturing plant, and Director of a chemical research project. He was awarded a certificate of praise and a nation-wide citation by Ho Chi Minh in 1948.

This does not prevent him from being arrested in 1954 as a landlord (class C), but later he was released because his detention caused unrest among other intellectuals who have been cooperating with the Vietminh.

A few months after his release he went to Hanoi. There he was comforted and caressed by Communist

leaders, and urged to join the « Vietnamese Socialist Party » a Communist dominated political organization which was set up to control the intelligentsia.

Five months later, despite the Communist overtures, Mr. Chi decided to flee to Free Vietnam. He is known to be a Vietnamese writer who has always described his emotions from an Asian point of view. He now writes for some newspapers in Saigon.

*The publisher*

## THE MAGIC TRICK

The Khmer people explain the strength and the ferocity of the tiger by a legend they tell in these terms :

There was once a king, very rich and much venerated by his subjects. He had at his court four high dignitaries, commonly named the four pillars of the throne and a clever astrologer called the « king's eye ». The queen was of an angelic beauty and the harem did not have its equal in the world.

But the king and the high dignitaries did not have their mind at rest. They were always afraid of an eventual invasion of the kingdom by some more powerful neighbours, because they did not have at their disposal the magic power necessary to defeat invaders if there was an aggression.

One day, the king got the idea of going to Takka-sila and to become a disciple of the Wise Man Disapa Moka. He announced his scheme to the queen and to the dignitaries. The queen asked to follow him, the four dignitaries and the clever astrologer expressed the same wish. The king assented and on one sunny morning, the sovereign and his attendants left their country and went to search for the magic power.

After seven days of walking, they arrived at Takka-sila and went directly to Disapa Moka's house. The Wise Man welcome them and taught them many of his secrets.

When he finished studying, the monarch thanked the Wise Man, took leave of him and returned home with his escort.



But unluckily a misfortune happened. The king and his followers got lost in the middle of a large forest, and at the tenth day they were short of food. Hunger was then awaiting them. The king then asked the astrologer :

We are now surrounded all around by a thick jungle that we cannot cross because there is no road, and we shall starve since we have no more provisions. So can you find some means which might save us from that disaster ?

— Sire, answered the astrologer, we can now put into practice the magic trick that the Wise man taught us, the one which will enable us to turn into a wild beast. We'll be able then to get through the brushwood easily and live upon small animals that we know how to catch. Then we'll take back the human shape when we arrive near the plain.

The king, the queen, and the four dignitaries commended and congratulated the astrologer for his ingenious idea.

The monarch then asked his followers which part of the beast's body each of them chose to be change

into. The four dignitaries asked to be the four paws ; the astrologer preferred the tail , the queen accepted the trunk. The head was reserved for the king.

When the arrangement was settled, they recited in chorus the magic formula they had learned, and immediately they changed into a huge tiger which bounded at once in the pursuit of deer and stag.

The misfortune was that, once they became a tiger our august travellers did not think any more about their going home to the native country. They lost by that very fact, their human conscience.



This legend full of wisdom reminds me of the history of the the Vietnamese Communist Party.

A score of years ago, some Vietnamese youths, among the most intelligent and the most passionate, fled to Russia with the fervent intention of learning there the science of revolution with the noble hope that they might when they returned home, deliver their countrymen from slavery and foreign domination. And when they were back in Viet-Nam, facing innumerable difficulties, they took recourse to the magic trick they had learned in Moscow, the bolshevist strategy.

Thy built up the Vietnamese Communist Party, put into practice the class struggle, slaughtered the

rich peasants ruined the middle-class peasants and, the small town-bourgeoisie, and drove to slavery the proletariat and the intellectuals.

Having tasted blood they became thirsty for it in the long run and, like the tiger in the legend, they now cannot do without slaughters and atrocities. They do not care any more about the happiness of the Vietnamese people about whom they had been so anxious, and, like the king and his dignitaries, the members of the Vietnamese Communist Party have lost every human feeling. It has left only the tiger's ferocity.

Nguyen-Ai-Quốc (Nguyen-the Patriot), who 30 years ago did not have any other passion than his nationalist faith, has by applying the magic formula he learned from Stalin, turned into Ho-chi-Minh, the horrible tiger of the Tonkinese jungle who has annihilated millions of victims.

## THE FATE OF THE LAST VIETS

Following the signing of the Geneva Accords last year, a million freedomloving Vietnamese poured across the 17th parallel to escape the Communist regime of North Vietnam. The refugees usually felt compelled to tell people of the South about the horrible things they had witnessed under Communist domination. Thus, one million persons revealed more than a million crimes of the Viet-Cong.

They told how, in one month, the Communists killed more than 90,000 people in a single province, the Province of Quang-Ngai. This cruel slaughter wiped out almost 18<sub>o</sub>/<sub>o</sub> of the entire population, and the whole province was in deep mourning. Refugees also revealed that hundreds of thousands of men and women were massacred in North Vietnam during the Communists so-called « agrarian revolution », and that nearly a million were isolated and starved. Never before, in their 4,000 year history, did the Vietnamese suffer such a terrible misfortune.

Is this wanton slaughter of innocent people the greatest crime of the Viet-Cong?

Others have recounted how the Viet-Cong imposed on the farmers an « agricultural tax » amounting to 50<sub>o</sub>/<sub>o</sub> of their crops, thus reducing 10 million people to a con-

dition of semi-starvation. Perhaps the crime of gradual starving of 10 million persons is greater than the outright massacre of one million.

Still other refugees tell that North Vietnam is now merely a sub-prefecture of Communist China, similar to the former condition of Kiao-Tchi, which was only a district in the Kingdom of Tchao-T'ò. At the present time, activities in all fields are directed and controlled by Chinese « advisers », who give their orders in the Mandarin tongue, and must speak through interpreters.

In the military field, there are « advisers » from battalion level up to the highest rank. In politics, there are « advisers » who go out into the least villages. In economic matters, the Chinese are now teaching that Vietnam, being an agricultural country, must develop agriculture only, while the Chinese develop industry. In the realm of culture, songs and dances imitate the Chinese airs; Chinese films are shown everywhere, and « Uncle Mao's » thoughts must be studied night and day.

Ho-chi-Minh has offered his country to Mao Tse-Tung, just as My-Nuong, (1) having offered her father's

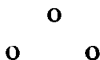
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(1) Tchao-T'ò was a Chinese general who captured Kiao-tchi, the ancient territory of Viet-nam in 207 B.C.

According to legend, Tchao-T'ò waged war against Kiao-Tchi, but was unable to conquer it because An-Duong-Vuong, king of Kiao-tchi, possessed a magical cross-bow. Realizing the futility of his efforts, Tchao-T'ò conciliated with An-Duong-Vuong, and asked for the hand of the king's daughter, My-Nuong for his son Trong-Thuy. The king consented.

magical crossbow to Trong-Thuy put her country under the yoke of feudal China. Thus, in the middle of the 20th century, the territory of North Vietnam suffers the same fate as did Kiao-tchi at the beginning of our era.

High treason is certainly more of a crime than murder or plunder. But the Việt-cong have committed a crime which is worse than high treason, murder or plunder.



In 1912, after overthrowing the Tsing (Manchu) dynasty and relinquishing the Presidency of the Republic of China to Yuan Tche Kai, Sun Yat Sen paid a visit to Japan. The leader of the Japanese Koku-min-to Party, one Inukai, gave a banquet for the great Kuomintang leader. During the dinner, Inukai said to Dr. Sun, «I have learned that you have had the opportunity to visit Hanoi, Vietnam. Tell me, what do you think of the

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After the marriage, placing complete confidence in her new husband, My Nuong showed the cross-bow to Trong-Thuy. At the first opportunity, Trong-Thuy stole the sacred weapon, replaced it with a common cross-bow, and departed immediately for China.

He told his father of the theft, and Tchao-T'ò decided to attack the kingdom of Kiao-tchi. King An-Duong-Vuong took his cross-bow to resist, but the magic power was gone. Tchao-T'ò invasion was successful and the kingdom of Kiao-tchi was absorbed into his Nan-Yue territory.

Vietnamese people? » Sun replied : « The Vietnamese are slave by nature. They were formerly dominated by China ; today they are governed by France. Those people have no future. »

« I do not agree with you on that point », replied Inukai, « and I will tell you why. From ancient history we know that there were once a hundred autonomous tribes which inhabited all the territory extending southward from the Yangtse River. These tribes were called The Hundred Viets. Ninety-nine of the tribes were gradually assimilated by the Han people under the reign of Han Ou Ti. Only one tribe, the Vietnamese people, survived and have maintained their own distinctive character. Many a time their country has been invaded by foreigners, but the Vietnamese have always succeeded ultimately in driving them out and recovering their independence. They are now, indeed, dominated by the French. They have not yet driven the French out because they cannot match them in arms or scientific knowledge. But I firmly believe that people who have been able to maintain their distinctive cultural characteristics, such as the Vietnamese have done, will sooner or later become independent again ».

Dr. Sun blushed, and did not reply. He understood the implication in Inukai's remarks. He detected the insinuation that he, Sun, was not as good as the Vietnamese. He realized that Inukai knew that he had

come originally from Kwantung Province, and that his own people had once been one of the Viet tribes, and had long since been assimilated, losing their cultural identity.

As soon as the banquet was over and Sun-Yat-Sen had left, the Japanese statesman telephoned all the Vietnamese students then residing in Tokio, invited them to his house, and recounted to them the interesting anecdote. He congratulated himself on having won the argument with the great Chinese politician.

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In recent years, living in the Communist-controlled zone of Vietnam, I have seen unmistakable evidence that the Vietnamese people there are being « Sinoized ». More than once I have attended executions and have seen the people cheer and clap their hands when the condemned were shot to death. Never would our ancestors have applauded such tragedy.

I have seen with my own eyes the Communist cadres enter the homes of those classed as « landlords » — people who had already been financially ruined by the many contributions they had made to the Resistance during eight years of war — to confiscate a paltry jar of eggplant, or some ragged clothes, and then parade in the streets after having « denounced » and murdered

the poor victims.

Seeing men commit murder for a pittance reminded me of a robbery which occurred when I was in Yunnan, China. A man, walking along a deserted highway, noticed that he was being followed by a suspicious. He was worried lest the man behind him think that, because his pockets were stuffed, he had a lot of money, and the man might want to kill him for it. He turned to the man, therefore, and said, « I don't have a cent, I have only two melons in my pockets. Let's share them ; I will keep one, and you may have the other. » The bandit stabbed him and seized both melons.

In North Vietnam, the Viet-cong have starved and killed a great number of people for the « crime » of maintaining an above-average standard of living, that is to say they were fortunate enough to have a little nuoc-mam (a Vietnamese fish sauce, used for seasoning) to season their rice, and, for this they had all their goods confiscated — their goods usually consisting only of gilded idols, which, although no longer used under the religious prohibitions of the Ho-chi-Minh regime, were nevertheless retained by the people. To kill a man in order to confiscate his unused idol is comparable to killing for a couple of small melons.

Another time, in the course of an indoctrination session, I saw an entire group of students weep loudly when one of their number refused to confess anything

in the period which was supposed to be devoted to self-criticism.

Ho-Chi-Minh has wept — Pham - van - Dong has wept — all the population must weep in the manner of the South Chinese, laugh in the manner of the North Chinese, and « be cruel in the manner of the Mongols ».

Everybody knows that a scant five years ago, the Vietnamese people did neither laugh nor weep like that. Mr. Norman Lewis, a British journalist who visited Vietnam in 1951, remarked in his book, « A Dragon Apparent », that the « Vietnamese people were silent and introverted, smiling continually. » In former times they did not behave as they do now. We may find evidence in the writings of the Jesuit Priest, Borri, who, after visiting Vietnam in 1622, said, « ... This lovable and easy Disposition is the cause of much Concord among the n. They all treat one another as familiarly as if they were brothers, or of the same family ... and it would be considered as the most vile action, if someone had something to eat, be it ever so little, should he not share it with all those about him, inviting all his neighbours to take a little. »

A great change has begun. The last tribe of the Viet is being Sino-ized, suffering the same fate as the ninety-nine other tribes more than two thousand years ago.

The biggest crime of the Viet-cong is that they are uprooting the cultural identity of the Vietnamese peo-

ple north of the 17th parallel. They are determined to erase Vietnam from the ethnological map. The future of the last Viets is imperiled.

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Nevertheless, I believe that Inukai was right and Sun-Yat-Sen was wrong. The Vietnamese people are determined to resist the ruthless Communists. After all, didn't a million of them flee the Chinese-controlled zone, carrying nothing with them but their pride and their cultural heritage?

## A SIN WHICH IS NOT ORIGINAL

May 1954. We were in all 600 «landlords» of the whole district of Thieu-hoa (Thanh-hoa province), concentrated in the camp of Dai-Bai in order to attend a class on the crimes of the «Owning classes».

We had finished studying two lessons. Each one had lasted exactly 10 days, and that morning we entered into the final phase of study, called the «Recapitulation». Prior to that day we were divided into groups of 30 persons each, but we were now all gathered in the assembly hall to be given the last instructions before we began writing an auto-criticism of ourselves.

All of us were very pale, and have visibly grown thinner. Our hair was all ruffled and our eyelids were swollen because for three weeks we had not been allowed to sleep; day and night, we had never shut our eyes even for one minute. Woe to the one of us who was surprised in the act of dozing, because he would be sentenced to stand in the garden under the hot sun if it happened in day-time, or to look fixedly at a lighted lamp hung just in front of his nose if he was caught in night-time.

The assembly hall was the interior of a very big pagoda adorned with huge pillars. Its roof had been partly destroyed by a recent attack of French Air Forces.