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Asia Pacific: Perspectives
Center for the Pacific Rim
2130 Fulton St, LM202
San Francisco, CA
94117-1080

Tel: (415) 422-6357
Fax: (415) 422-5933
perspectives@usfca.edu

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Asia Pacific: Perspectives is a peer-reviewed journal published on average once a year in April/May. It welcomes submissions from all fields of the social sciences and the humanities with relevance to the Asia Pacific region.* In keeping with the Jesuit traditions of the University of San Francisco, *Asia Pacific: Perspectives* commits itself to the highest standards of learning and scholarship.

Our task is to inform public opinion by a broad hospitality to divergent views and ideas that promote cross-cultural understanding, tolerance, and the dissemination of knowledge unreservedly. Papers adopting a comparative, interdisciplinary approach will be especially welcome. **Graduate students are strongly encouraged to submit their work for consideration.**

* 'Asia Pacific region' as used here includes East Asia, Southeast Asia, South Asia, Oceania, and the Russian Far East.

Memory and the Vietnam War: A Daughter's Choice in Yung Krall's *A Thousand Tears Falling*

by Nathalie Huynh Chau Nguyen

Abstract

This article examines the representation of memory and loss in Yung Krall's *A Thousand Tears Falling: The True Story of a Vietnamese Family Torn Apart by War, Communism, and the CIA* (1995). The Vietnam War split this particular family along geographical and political lines. Krall's account narrates her observations, as a female child, of the hardships suffered by her mother and siblings in South Vietnam after the departure of her father and older brother for North Vietnam in 1954. Her story articulates and reconstructs a past framed by the war and the trauma and family division it engendered. Although she never stopped loving her father, Krall gave her allegiance to South Vietnam, working for the Army of the Republic of Vietnam (ARVN), marrying a US Navy pilot and eventually becoming a spy for the CIA. Her narrative is an extraordinary account of the opposing choices that she and her father (a highly-placed official in the North Vietnamese hierarchy) made with regard to the war and to Vietnam.

He didn't know that my problem had never been a lack of memories, but too many memories; my mind was like an endless movie, now a documentary, now a tragic drama in which my family's scattered members were the unwilling and unfortunate actors.

Yung Krall¹

These words by Yung Krall, in her autobiographical narrative *A Thousand Tears Falling: The True Story of a Vietnamese Family Torn Apart by War, Communism, and the CIA* (1995), refer to the workings of her memory and the recurrent and haunting images of the past that it conveys. Her story is a means of articulating and reconstructing this past, a past framed by the Vietnam War and the trauma it engendered. While traumatic memories are fragmented and "encoded in the form of vivid sensations and images" (Herman 1992: 38), Krall imposes a coherent shape and structure on hers. Her narrative is orderly and linear. It unfolds like a roll of film, with vivid and detailed images stretching from Vietnam in the late forties to France, England and the United States in the seventies. Krall's family, like many others, was split along geographical and political lines by the war. Her account narrates her observations, as a female child, of the hardships suffered by her mother and siblings after the departure of her father and older brother north of the 17th parallel in 1954. The partition of Vietnam into North and South following the Geneva Agreement led to the sundering of Krall's family into two separate units, the father and eldest son in communist North Vietnam and the mother and six younger children in non-communist South Vietnam. This separation was not only

geographical but political. Although she never stopped loving her father, Krall gave her allegiance to South Vietnam, working for the Army of the Republic of Vietnam (ARVN), marrying a US Navy pilot and eventually becoming a spy for the CIA. Her narrative is an extraordinary account of the opposing choices that she and her father (a highly-placed official in the North Vietnamese hierarchy) made with regard to the war and to Vietnam.

A Thousand Tears Falling forms part of a growing body of diasporic narratives by Vietnamese women.² Krall's account is distinctive for the following reasons: firstly, her perspective is that of a woman, a Southerner, and a civilian; and secondly, her personal journey is a rare and unusual one that led her not only to oppose her father and support the cause he fought against, but to become a successful operative for a foreign agency. Her story provides another dimension to a war whose representation has been dominated by the experiences of male combatants.³ Her narrative is a valuable contribution to the collective process of remembering and recording the war. It expresses loss and mourning – for parent and sibling, for country – but also reveals the fashioning of a new life and purpose in a new country.

Krall's greatest loss was that of all the men in her immediate family: her father and two brothers. Her father's departure for the North signalled his official disappearance from his family's life. He was a Vietminh senator and, like many others, changed his name after going north for "re-grouping" in 1954, becoming known thereafter as Dang Quang Minh. He achieved a prominent position as the National Liberation Front (NLF) ambassador to the Soviet Union in 1965, arriving in Moscow in April of that year to head the largest NLF mission overseas.⁴ "The NLF delegation presented its "credentials" to the chairman of the Soviet Afro-Asian People's Solidarity Committee on April 30, 1965. An interview with Dang Quang Minh appeared in the Soviet publication *New Times*, in the edition dated May 26, 1965."⁵ Krall narrates that before leaving, her father destroyed the family photographs so that the authorities would have no documents to link him with his wife and children. For Krall, who was eight at the time, the damage was potent because with the photographs, all material traces of her link with her father were gone. Photographs of herself as a child had included him and were all destroyed, eliminating not only records of her own childhood but of that childhood in conjunction with her father. If modern memory, in Pierre Nora's words, "relies entirely on the materiality of the trace, the immediacy of the word, the visibility of the image" (1989: 13), then Krall's only means of conveying these early memories is through the written word. There are no photographic records of herself as a child to accompany her narrative.

The significance of the father's departure for a political cause is underscored in the following episode. Among the destroyed pictures was one of Krall and her younger brother Hai Van with the revolutionary leader Le Duc Tho.⁶ Krall recalls: "My mother took the photo and a pair of scissors and carefully cut me away from him; she then trimmed Hai Van away from the other side. She handed what was left, just the skinny body of Le Duc Tho, to my father and said, "Here, you

can have your comrade”(6). The mother’s gesture is heavily symbolic, since it underlines to her husband the fact that he chose the communist party over his own children and that by leaving them, he was cutting himself away from them. It also signified the severance of the children from the aims and ideals of the party. Other photographs survive: pictures of Krall’s siblings and mother, and of her father on his own, but Krall’s early years in the Mekong delta live on only in the memories of surviving family members and in Krall’s narrative. It is perhaps for this reason that her descriptions are so detailed. Her writing not only evokes the past: it is an affirmation of her identity. The act of writing, in this context, serves a therapeutic function by shaping traumatic memories into words and giving form to vivid and iconic images of the past (Henke 1998: xviii).

Krall’s narrative reveals that her father remained faithful to the party and that, to the end of his life, he put politics before his family. In that sense, he was always “lost” to his children. Krall made a number of fruitless attempts to reintegrate him into the family after the end of the war. She did not see her father again until 1975, the year that saw the fall of South Vietnam and Krall’s induction into the CIA. Father and daughter were briefly reunited in Tokyo, after a separation of more than twenty years. Dang Quang Minh was there as part of a delegation to attend the Ban-the-Bomb rally in August of that year. Krall flew to Tokyo with her son to see him, and informed the CIA that this visit was an entirely private family affair. Krall’s narrative illustrates the fact that the attachment between her father and herself remained steadfast despite the gap of years, experience and political beliefs. She gives a moving account of her first telephone conversation with him:

“Allo?” a voice said in sort-of-English, sort-of-French.

I don’t know how I knew immediately who it was, but I did. I wanted to call out “Father!” so badly I thought I would burst, but I also wanted to be cautious.

“Are you Ambassador Minh?” I asked formally. “Yes, I am. May I ask who is calling?” His voice was soft and clear, and somehow I could tell he was smiling.

“You were once Mr. Dang Van Quang, the senator from Can Tho before 1954, is that correct?” I asked.

I heard a little cascade of laughter, and in a friendly voice he replied, “That is correct. Now can you tell me how you know me that well?”

“I used to live in Bien Hoa, near Aunt Khue,” I told him, using the term “aunt” in the polite way Vietnamese refer to older persons, not in the sense of an actual relative.

“She is my sister! You must be one of the overseas students who came to meet the delegation at the airport when I arrived.”

I couldn’t hold it in any longer. With a sharp intake of breath I blurted out, “Papa, it is me, your daughter My Yung!”

There was a terrible, long silence on the other end of the line. “Papa, are you there? Are you all right?” I waited, and then

heard the “thunk” of the phone being dropped on a hard surface, perhaps a table. A few seconds passed, and there was a fumbling with the receiver as he picked it up again.

“My God! It is my daughter,” and then he couldn’t talk for a moment. I could hear him weeping (237).

The years of separation and of silence resulted in her delaying the moment of identification and seeking objective confirmation that it was indeed her father that she was speaking to. Instead of identifying herself immediately, she waited for him to confirm the name he was born with and his pre-1954 political appointment. She made sure of his identity before admitting her own. The mention of his answering the telephone in “sort-of-English, sort-of-French” provides an international dimension not only to their encounter, but to the lives of father and daughter—he as an official representative of the communist regime, she as the wife of an American and now a CIA operative. They were total strangers to each other’s lives and had not met for over two decades. Yet the sense of familiarity and intimacy is conveyed from Krall’s point of view: “I don’t know how I knew immediately who it was, but I did.” Of course, she knew it was him, while he had no idea that his daughter, whom he’d last seen as an eight-year-old child in South Vietnam, was in Japan.

From their subsequent encounter in his Tokyo hotel and the arguments that erupted between father and daughter, Krall’s narrative makes clear that although the love between them was undiminished, they were poles apart ideologically. Krall arranged for her parents to meet in Paris in 1975, and again in London in 1977, but her father refused to join his wife, children and grandchildren overseas, deeming it a betrayal of the party. Krall recounts his reasons for doing so: “I want the same thing you want,” he insisted. “My needs are not different from yours or your mother’s. You have my love, your mother has my loyalty, my faithfulness from a husband to a wife. But what you ask me I can’t deliver, for I’ll not walk away from my party” (383). Krall’s revelation of this divide between her father and herself underscores an already painful process of remembering. “Writing about a parent is never easy,” as Ursula Owen points out, “our parents lie at the heart of our innermost feelings, and are part of our innermost debates. For daughters writing about fathers, this difficulty seems to be acute” (1983: 10). A difficulty that was reinforced, in Krall’s case, by political division and lifelong separation.

The war also set Krall’s brothers on opposite sides. Her older brother Khoi was an officer in the North Vietnamese army (PAVN)⁷ and went to the Soviet Union for training in 1966, while her younger brother Hai Van joined the South Vietnamese air force and went to the United States for training in 1970. Krall’s book juxtaposes photographs of her brothers (in uniform) on the same page, a feature that brings into relief both their close family relationship and the political gulf that set them apart. Krall did not see her older brother Khoi during the war, but she grew up with Hai Van and was devastated when he died in January 1971 in a training accident in Georgia. He was twenty-one. Krall records her shock at this unexpected loss: “*It can’t be, I screamed in my*

head. Not him, not a twenty-one-year-old young man who hadn't even had a chance to fight for his country yet!" (203). Over twenty years later, her anguish is still patent: "How can one be "strong" and "take it well" when a little brother dies? I am still bitter about his death, still angry, and I miss him immensely" (204). Her brother's death is inextricably linked to the war, the division of her family and the loss of her country, and remains one of the most traumatic memories of the Vietnam War for Krall. In an article in the *Atlanta Journal-Constitution*, Elizabeth Kurylo writes: "His death still haunts Krall, whose stoicism crumbles as she talks about him. [...] 'When people say "I know your pain," they really don't. But the pain I carry from losing my brother taught me about other people's grief and the loss of their sons and their husbands and their fathers. That was the hardest thing in my life" (1998: D10). Krall's representation of wartime Vietnam is defined by her father's absence and the damaging effect of politics and war on family cohesion. Her brother's death crystallized this divide and made his loss even harder to bear as a result.

Krall's life story presents the construction and reconstruction of her identity through years of war and displacement. Her father's departure not only signified a personal loss, but led to the falsification of her identity. He instructed his wife to have false birth certificates registered for their children, with the father listed as "missing," which in legal terms meant that he was "unknown," so that they could not be linked with him. It is clear that these measures traumatized Krall and that she felt that she had lost an essential part of herself in the process. As she writes:

My mother stood before a judge and swore to the "truth" regarding her "missing husband," and the children of Dang Van Quang became children without a father. To complete the illusion, Hai Van and I got new names. I became Tran Ngoc Yung [...] For days after that brief appearance in court, though, I felt as if I had lost something very precious, very personal, and very powerful – my identity [...] That miserable paper that said I was a bastard child was important – important to the Diem regime, to the society we lived in, and worst of all to me, because it tore me to pieces and I couldn't tell anyone or complain to anyone about the lie I was forced to live (81).

The falsification of Krall's details and the obliteration of her father's presence were compounded by her name change, which signified a denial of her own identity. The "lie" that Krall was forced to live as a child was an official reality since these were the papers under which she, her mother, and her siblings, were recognized by the state. She was the daughter of a prominent communist, but this was a hidden reality, submerged under the daily exigencies of life in wartime South Vietnam. Against this context of war, Krall's problematic bond with her absent father allowed for no middle ground: she was either for or against what he represented. Her political convictions were shaped by her years in the South, by the anger and trauma that resulted from seeing civilian victims of insurgent terror and having classmates die in combat. Her narrative records her struggle to separate herself from her father's politics and to separate her father in turn from his politics. She tried to explain her feelings to others: "I tried to make her understand that I love my father

more than anyone else on this earth but I could not share his cause" (174). This dichotomy between loving her father, and hardening her opposition to the ideals and actions of the communist regime runs throughout her book. Ten years after her father departed for the North, her opposition to his cause took concrete form: at the age of eighteen, Krall applied to work for G-5, a propaganda and communications section under the command of Fourth Corps of the South Vietnamese army (ARVN). Krall's job was that of a news writer for the radio program run by G-5, which broadcast news to the troops and any others listening in. It was a venue that allowed her to speak out against the National Liberation Front while remaining undetected by her communist relatives: "no writers' names were mentioned on the 'Voice of the ARVN' radio program" (128). It was the closest thing she could manage short of enlisting in the army. She told the chief of G-5, Captain Nguyen Dat Thinh, the truth about her family background. His response underlines the internecine nature of the Vietnam War, which pitted father against son and brother against brother.

He puffed on his cigar and looked at me for a moment. Then, calmly and quietly, he said, "We have one thing in common from the start. I have two younger brothers who are officers in the North Vietnamese army." Thinh was one of 800,000 North Vietnamese who went south in 1954. His two brothers remained in the North (133).⁶

Krall forged a new identity for herself as a loyal citizen of South Vietnam, and this allowed her at last to break with her father's politics and follow her own convictions.

Krall refashioned herself anew when her circumstances changed again. She met and fell in love with a US Navy pilot in 1967 and moved with him to the States in 1968. She married and her son was born there, but the experience of leaving her country proved traumatic and resulted in marked feelings of displacement and disorientation. She has little recollection of either her marriage or her first months in the United States,⁹ and this is reflected in the sparseness of details regarding this period of her life. She writes, "I wasn't doing very well at all. I had dreams and nightmares of home almost every night: I dreamed of Viet Nam, of Sai Gon, I heard Vietnamese music, I dreamed of Viet Cong trying to break up my marriage" (202). Krall's revisiting of Vietnam, familiar people and places in dreams parallels that of many Vietnamese refugees and migrants.¹⁰ Such vivid dreams and nightmares are a means of reconnecting with a lost homeland and are common to displaced people (Thomas 1999: 177).

Krall's most dramatic reinvention was that of a spy for the CIA. Her successful work in espionage was in response to a series of factors allied to her displacement from Vietnam. One was clearly a determination to act for both her new and old countries—Vietnamese communist agents not only represented a regime she was opposed to, but were also harming her new country. Secondly, she acted in payment for her family's freedom and safe passage to America—she had given her word to the US Navy that she would do so. Finally, her actions were in memory of her brother Hai Van. Krall stressed to the CIA that she would never spy on her father. However, if her father's comrades assumed that, as his beloved daughter, her political beliefs coincided with his,

then she did not disabuse them and used her connection to him to successfully carry out her work as a CIA agent in those circles. It was her anger and grief at the desecration of the South Vietnamese flag at the Provisional Revolutionary Government (PRG) mission in Paris in 1975 that signaled her decision to succeed in her career as a spy and her determination “to be like a chameleon” (268). She found the flag being used as a bathroom rag. She writes: “In my mind I remembered the same flag covering my brother’s casket before he was buried, the same flag covering the bodies of my classmates who had been killed in combat” (267). Krall became not only a successful CIA agent but also carried out counter-espionage work for the FBI. She did undercover work at PRG missions in Paris and New York, and at the Socialist Republic of Vietnam Embassy in France. She also infiltrated Vietnamese communist networks in the United States and France and acted as a courier between the two countries. Her work led to the convictions of David Truong and Ronald Humphrey of espionage on July 8, 1978.¹¹

Krall’s narrative charts a remarkable journey, from daughter of a Vietminh senator to “bastard” child with father “unknown,” from child sympathizer to the revolutionary cause to opponent to the communist regime, from displaced war bride to American spy. Her shifts in identity encode not only a reaction to the historical pressures of the time, but also the formation of her own system of beliefs and values. This she could only do by distancing herself, politically, from her absent father. She gradually came to accept this separation between her father and herself, a separation that was all the more marked in that it was no longer a matter of physical and geographical distance between them, but an ideological gulf. Krall recalls: “As we embarked on our new life alone, I had no way of knowing when I would see my father again. And I would never have dreamed that when I did see him, it would be as a spy for the nation that was to become more of an enemy to him than the French had ever been” (38). At an interview in 2000, Krall explains the reasons for her actions:

When I was seventeen, I wanted to join the army to fight the Viet Cong, and in our society, especially in small towns, we needed soldiers, but there were many families who did not have a favourable view of soldiers and for a girl to join the Army was a no-no. This is something that I felt it was my obligation to do. I reminded myself, you’re doing this for the Southerners, you’re not against your father, you’re against his party.¹²

This was her means of overcoming the trauma and losses of the Vietnam War and of continuing her service to her country. Her behaviour counters the tradition of the “Three Obediences” (in which a woman owes obedience to her father when unmarried, her husband when married, and her son when widowed), and the perception of Vietnamese women as passive victims of the war. It reveals that women are active agents in their own lives and that there existed a plurality of views among civilians in the South. Krall’s mother joined her to settle in the United States, and her surviving elder brother did likewise in 1986, after numerous failed attempts to leave Vietnam.¹³ Krall is her father’s daughter in that, like him, she remained true to her beliefs. She acknowledges her similarities to him:

I recognized that I had many of the qualities of my father, even to my high cheekbones, my deepset eyes, and my overbite. Our personalities were similar, too. He was a fighter, having fought the French, capitalism, and the “American imperialists” [...] I was a fighter in my own way, not a noble one, perhaps, but a fair one like my grandfather had taught me to be. I also realized that our family was not unique (84).

Krall’s physical resemblance to her father underlines another parallel: a willingness to act for her political ideals. While it was perhaps not so unusual for a committed communist like her father to give priority to his political goals at the expense of his family, it was more so for Krall, as a daughter, to take such action against everything that her father believed in most deeply and to do so at considerable risk to herself.¹⁴ Krall’s decision to testify at the trial of Truong and Humphrey was a courageous one, since it followed the ransacking of her house and threats to her family. She had a seven-year-old child and had to send him away for safety as the time for the trial came close. Much of her work is still classified so is not revealed in the book, but her determination to operate as a spy and to go ahead with her actions reveals the same gritty decisiveness that characterized her father’s decision to leave his family for the “cause.” Krall states that it was he who taught her to love her country. It is ironic that the same sense of patriotism that motivated the father’s actions motivated likewise his daughter’s and younger son’s, but for the opposite side. The father could not control the way in which his children grew up and did not predict that the same loyalty and allegiance that he paid to the North and to the interests of the communist party, they would in turn owe to the South and its greater potential for freedom and political democracy. Krall and her brother Hai Van’s desire to protect the South was as determined as their father’s for the South to submit to the North. As Krall said to her father in Tokyo: “I do not accept the presence of the Ha Noi government in the South” (242). This family drama recaptures in microcosm the wider tragedy of the Vietnam conflict.

A Thousand Tears Falling was nominated for the Georgia Writers’ Non Fiction Author of the Year award in 1996.¹⁵ The book generated emotional responses from readers, especially Vietnam veterans.¹⁶ By presenting the war from a South Vietnamese civilian perspective and giving it a human dimension, Krall’s narrative provides a space for individual and collective grieving and healing. Krall states at interview that she wrote the book for “people who have questions about Vietnam.”¹⁷ She achieved that objective, her work and her public talks impacting on the lives of several veterans by healing wounds that had festered for twenty or thirty years. *The Atlanta Journal-Constitution* reports the case of John Givhan, who lost a leg in Vietnam in 1964 and nursed a bitter grievance towards both the Vietnamese people and the United States government for thirty-two years,

until a diminutive Vietnamese-American woman [...] liberated him with a few simple words. “She looked at me and said thank you,” said Givhan, 57, now a retired lawyer [...] “For the first time, a Vietnamese person looked at me and said, ‘Lieutenant Givhan, if it had not been for you and your comrades, I would not be free today.’ It was overwhelming. It lights such a fire in my bosom that I cannot explain it” (Kurylo 1998: D10).¹⁸

Krall relates that she received the most reader responses from Vietnam veterans and their families, followed by middle-aged Vietnamese men (former soldiers, officers, and re-education camp inmates) and Vietnamese women, who recognized her family's struggles and pain as reflective of their own experiences.¹⁹ Her narrative reveals that close family ties persisted despite political division and dissension within families. She dedicated the book jointly to her parents and grandparents.

Krall's account exposes the contrast between the silencing of the South Vietnamese experience from most histories and narratives of the Vietnam War,²⁰ and her insistence on reminding the reader that the war was primarily a Vietnamese experience. Her writing raises pertinent questions about the way in which the past is signified and remembered, especially in relation to a controversial and highly politicized conflict. It takes its place in a wider project of "remembering" the Vietnam War—"who its heroes were, who must be forgotten, who may mourn."²¹ Her passionate belief in Vietnam and the ideals of the South is allied with a wish for people not to forget the struggles and suffering of the South Vietnamese. Her narrative re-inscribes the South Vietnamese experience into the historical and literary discourses of the war. It is a testament to those who died in it and those who, like her, lost loved ones. For Krall, telling her story is not only an act of memory but also a means of bearing witness to the trauma of the past. Her voice, ultimately, is that of a woman of courage and conviction, and contributes another thread to the tapestry of experiences that makes up the recorded memory of the Vietnam War. It is her memory of the people, places and events of the past that infuses her narrative with such immediacy. As Nicola King writes, "All narrative accounts of life stories, whether they be ongoing stories which we tell ourselves and each other as part of the construction of identity, or the more shaped and literary narratives of autobiography or first-person fictions, are made possible by memory" (2000: 2).²² The interpretation of Krall's memory makes for insightful reading: her exposure to both sides of the political divide gives an added depth to her motivations and actions, and encapsulates the many contradictions and complexities of the Vietnam conflict.

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ENDNOTES

1. Yung Krall, *A Thousand Tears Falling: The True Story of a Vietnamese Family Torn Apart by War, Communism and the CIA* (Atlanta: Longstreet Press, 1995), 229. Further page references, referred to in parentheses in the text, will be to this edition.
2. In addition to inclusions in collections of oral histories, there are over fifteen narratives by Vietnamese women published in the United States, Australia, Canada and France, but most have been published by small presses with limited distribution. The best-known are: in the United States, Le Ly Hayslip's *When Heaven and Earth Changed Places* (New York: Doubleday, 1989) (with Jay Wurts), and *Child of War, Woman of Peace* (New York: Doubleday, 1993) (with James Hayslip), which were made into the film *Heaven and Earth* by Oliver Stone in 1994; and in France, Kim Lefèvre's *Métisse blanche* (White Métisse) (Paris: Bernard Barrault, 1989) and *Retour à la saison des pluies* (Return to the Rainy Season) (Paris: Bernard Barrault, 1990), which were sold out in paperback editions and have recently been reprinted by Editions de l'aube. Recent narratives include Jackie Bong-Wright's *Autumn Cloud: From Vietnamese War Widow to American Activist* (Sterling, VA: Capital Books, 2001), and Anh Vu Sawyer's *Song of Saigon: One Woman's Journey to Freedom* (New York: Warner, 2003).
3. "In Vietnam, as hundreds of thousands of wounded men returned to their families and communities, as male veterans and reporters began to write about the war, public pity has focused on the male veteran. [Phan Thanh] Hao told me that 'everyone felt sorry for the men. There were so many veterans and they had so clearly suffered so much. Everyone could see it. No one thought about the women then.' The few writings from Vietnam available in English portray the "people's" war as one fought by men alone." Karen Gottschang Turner, *Even the Women Must Fight: Memories of War from North*

Vietnam (New York: John Wiley & Sons, 1998), 8.

There exists a substantial body of memoirs and collective memoirs by Vietnam veterans in the United States. See, for example, Joe P. Dunn, "Texts and Auxiliary Resources," in *The Vietnam War: Teaching Approaches and Resources*, Ed. Marc Jason Gilbert (New York: Greenwood Press, 1991), 201-225, 216-217.

Renny Christopher refers to an emerging canon of Vietnam War literature and writes, "the American cultural mythology that emphasizes individualism and the primacy of personal experience has caused the U.S. mythologizing of the war to focus narrowly on soldiers' private experiences, thereby depoliticizing representations of the war and excluding Vietnamese 'experience' of the war, because, for most American soldiers, any Vietnamese experience was by definition outside of their experience." Renny Christopher, *The Viet Nam War/The American War: Images and Representations in Euro-American and Vietnamese Exile Narratives* (Amherst: University of Massachusetts Press, 1995), 2.

Marc Jason Gilbert refers to collected writings by major Vietnamese leaders and to collections of oral histories of Vietnamese refugees in "Broadening the Horizons of a Course on the American War in Vietnam," in *The Vietnam War: Teaching Approaches and Resources*, Ed. Marc Jason Gilbert (New York: Greenwood Press, 1991), 79-113, 91 and 93.

John Schafer points to the Indochina Monographs published by the US Army Center of Military History in Washington D.C., which include accounts by South Vietnamese military leaders. See John C. Schafer, *Vietnamese Perspectives on the War in Vietnam: Annotated Bibliography of Works in English* (New Haven: Yale University Council on Southeast Asian Studies, 1996). URL: <http://www.yale.edu/seas/bibliography/chapters/chap3.html>.

4. Douglas Pike, *Viet Cong: The Organization and Techniques of the National Liberation Front of South Vietnam* (Cambridge: The M.I.T. Press, 1966), 342-343.
5. Pike, *Viet Cong*, 342-343.
Dang Quang Minh features as the "NLF diplomatic representative to [the] Soviet Union" in Robert K. Brigham's *Guerrilla Diplomacy: The NLF's Foreign Relations and the Viet Nam War*. Ithaca: Cornell University Press, 1999. xv. Brigham writes that in 1972, "In Moscow, Dang Quang Minh, the Front's diplomat, met with several high-ranking Soviet officials to clarify the NLF's objections to the October 11 [Henry] Kissinger-[Le Duc] Tho peace proposal." Brigham, *Guerrilla Diplomacy*, 106.
Krall's book contains photographs of her father in the Soviet Union in the sixties, including with the NLF delegation at the Kremlin in 1966.
6. Le Duc Tho was the chief negotiator for the Democratic Republic of Vietnam (DRV) at the Paris Peace Talks in 1973. Brigham, *Guerrilla Diplomacy*, 113.
7. People's Army of Vietnam (PAVN).
8. Approximately a million refugees fled from North Vietnam to South Vietnam. See Bernard B. Fall, *Viet-Nam Witness 1953-66* (London: Pall Mall Press, 1966), 76, Joseph Buttinger, *Vietnam: A Political History* (London: Andre Deutsch, 1969), 420, Dennis J. Duncanson, *Government and Revolution in Vietnam* (London: Oxford University Press, 1968), 207, Neil L. Jamieson, *Understanding Vietnam* (Berkeley: University of California Press, 1995), 232-233, and Stanley Karnow, *Vietnam: A History* (New York: Viking, 1983), 238.

9. Krall said at interview: "I was in shock for a long time, probably for six months. I was in California, but my heart, my mind, my dreams were always in Vietnam." Interview with Yung Krall in Atlanta, 27 November 2000.
10. See Mandy Thomas, *Dreams in the Shadows: Vietnamese Australian Lives in Transition* (Sydney: Allen & Unwin, 1999), 177.
11. The men were found guilty of transferring US national security documents to the Socialist Republic of Vietnam. Quinlan Shea represented Yung Krall in her effort to "get the CIA to declassify her manuscript." He writes that, "After a lengthy trial, in the course of which Mrs. Krall was the principal government witness and was subjected to extensive, gruelling cross-examination, the jury convicted Ronald Humphrey and David Truong of espionage on July 8, 1978. Each was sentenced to fifteen years' imprisonment." Quinlan J. Shea, Jr., "Afterword" to Yung Krall, *A Thousand Tears Falling*, 410-412.
12. Interview with Yung Krall in Atlanta, 27 November 2000.
13. Interview with Yung Krall in Atlanta, 27 November 2000.
14. "Shea writes: "We do know that it was exceedingly dangerous work. Bill Fleshman [FBI] told me that he was always torn as to how far to let Mrs. Krall go operationally, because of the great personal danger she regularly faced." Shea, "Afterword," 411.
15. Letter to Yung Krall from Betty Anderson and Virginia Davis, Co-Chairmen, 1995 Georgia Author of the Year Awards Committee, dated February 14, 1996.
16. See Kurylo, "Honored Patriot," D10. Unpublished letters to Yung Krall from John B. Givhan dated 13 July 1996 and from Bob Crissman dated 21 July 1996.
17. Interview with Yung Krall in Atlanta, 27 November 2000.
18. Kurylo, "Honored patriot," D10.
19. Interview with Yung Krall in Atlanta, 27 November 2000.
20. "According to historian George C. Herring, the South Vietnamese have been conspicuously absent from most histories of the war. Indeed, in our collective rush to find explanations for the US failure in Vietnam, we may have accepted negative stereotypes of the ARVN that do no fully explain the conduct and outcome of the war." Robert K. Brigham, "Dreaming Different Dreams: The United States and the Army of the Republic of Vietnam" in *A Companion to the Vietnam War*. Eds. Marilyn B. Young and Robert Buzzanco (Malden, MA: Blackwell, 2002), 146-161.
Anthony James Joes writes of "the much-neglected South Vietnamese military and militia" in *The War for South Vietnam 1954-1975: Revised Edition* (Westport: Praeger, 2001), xiv.
21. Suzette Min refers to the Vietnamese American artist Khanh Vo's work *April 25, 1975 (resonance)* as "part of a national project that Lisa Lowe describes as the "re-membering" of the Vietnam War – who its heroes were, who must be forgotten, and who may mourn." Suzette Min, "Remains to Be Seen: Reading the Works of Dean Sameshima and Khanh Vo" in David Eng and David Kazanjian, 2000. Eds. *Loss: The Politics of Mourning*. Berkeley: University of California Press, 231-250.
22. Nicola King, *Memory, Narrative, Identity: Remembering the Self* (Edinburgh: Edinburgh University Press, 2000), 2.

Nathalie Huynh Chau Nguyen lectures in French in the School of Language and Media at the University of Newcastle, Australia. After completing a B.A.(Hons) at Melbourne University, she won a Commonwealth Scholarship to Oxford University, where she obtained her doctorate. She has published articles on Vietnamese Francophone literature in *The French Review*, *Intersections: Gender, History and Culture in the Asian Context*, *Mots Pluriels* and *Of Vietnam: Identities in Dialogue* (Palgrave, 2001). She is the author of *Vietnamese Voices: Gender and Cultural Identity in the Vietnamese Francophone Novel*, Northern Illinois University Monograph Series on Southeast Asia Number 6 (Southeast Asia Publications, 2004)